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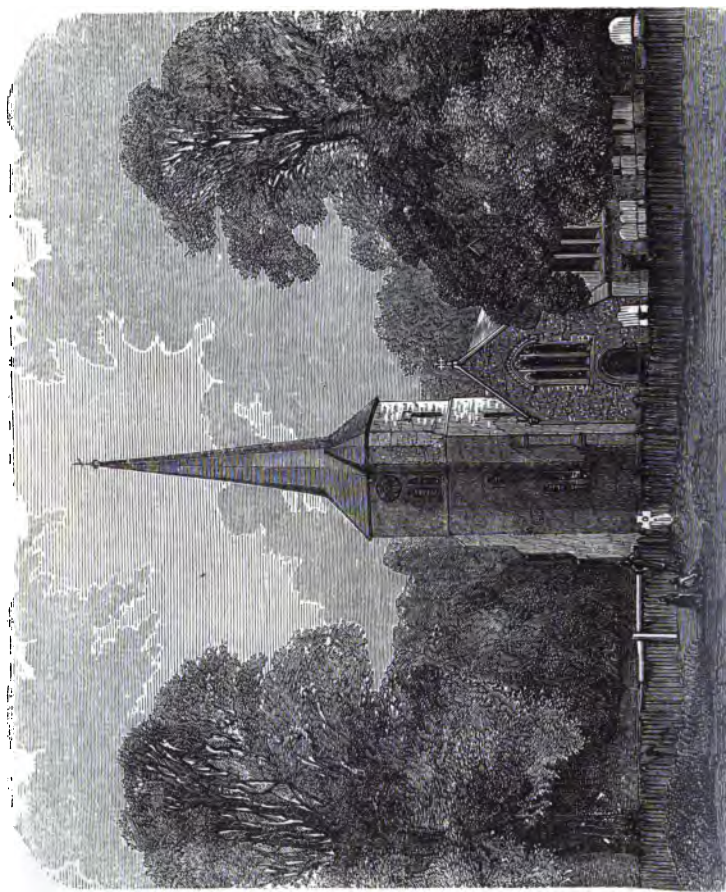












THE

# Churchman's Companion.

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VOL. XXI.—MDCCCLVII.

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THE

# Churchman's Companion.

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## UNA; A DOUBLE STORY.

### CHAPTER IX.

" On the right hand the boys had their places ;  
But on the left—there stood the tremulous lilies  
Singed with the blushing light of the morning, the diffident  
          maidens,  
Folding their hands in prayer."

"I GIVE notice, that the Confirmation postponed in consequence of the illness of the Right Reverend the Bishop of the diocese, will be held on Saturday next, in the Church of the Holy Trinity, Oakridge, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon. The candidates in this parish are to attend at the Parsonage on Tuesday and Friday evening next."

Then followed notice for the celebration of Holy Communion, Sunday next being Whitsunday. Many a young heart in Calne bounded joyfully as Mr. Malford read the invitatory address.

"No one ever told us he had recovered, oh! I am so glad," assailed Mildred's ears on the walk home, after evening service.

"He may have nominated a deputy," was the only answer they could elicit from her; but during dinner, their papa satisfied them with the assurance that another, a Colonial Bishop of Lebano, would officiate. Mildred Lyte was presumed to have a very definite knowledge of ecclesiastical matters and dignitaries, and she was at once appealed to as an authority, as to who and what he might be.

"Is he a nice, proper sort of man?" asked Florence, childishly.

"We do not question the character and qualification of our superiors, Florence," stopped all further curiosity.

"Don't tease yourself with Harry and Edward to-day, my dear, I can easily manage their lessons," said Mrs. Malford to Edith, at the close of dinner: but if one day was more trying than another to her mother, Edith knew it was Sunday, and she started in self-reproach. The proper hour to hear the little boys was before morning service, while her sisters were at school: to-day she had neglected this duty, dreamily idling, while her mother feared she had been grieving in solitude.

"Oh, if you please, mamma, I will have them now," she said, in a tone so energetic that it made the others laugh.

"They can come to me," my dear," answered her mother, gently, "except perhaps that too much meditation is not wholesome for you."

"I'll be bound that her meditations were Purcell when a chorister, or S. Louis, or an angel, or some other pencil study," insinuated Willie, drily, "and the poor urchins got nothing but a close holiday this morning. I went into the nursery twice, and found them all at sixes and sevens."

"A mischief-maker, and a peace-breaker," said Florence, angrily, ready to decapitate Willie, if a well-aimed frown were weapon enough. Rose frowned too, and looked lost, and Edith's eyes had no escape but in her plate of gooseberry tart.

"The sooner you find your commission and sword, the happier for you, Master William," said his father, "a crotchet with a strong force of women is an ugly business."

"Could such a small neglect provoke so many words?" mused Edith, in contrite shame, the only silent one among them; "and after all, I am bound by no real duty to have the children," but at her side was one who flinched not from extraneous offices when once fairly weighed and undertaken. What did she once say, mused Edith, that impulse would not stand for principle, and I must not be slothful in business. "Come with me, little ones," she said, in her cheerful tone, as they all left the

dining-room. A good resolution enough, but it had saved her present dejection, to have argued thus at the beginning of the day.

"You'll let them off in time for your lecture *al fresco* again," suggested Willie, as he drove the little brace along the passage by their pinafores. He had gone one step too far in his pertinacity: a sound box on the ears from Rose's strong hand, sent him reeling upstairs, thoroughly dismayed and silenced.

"You will like to walk with me to Oakridge after service?" asked Mildred of Edith that afternoon.

"You preferred to go alone last Sunday," was the evasive, somewhat haughty reply.

"True, but this afternoon I invite you, Margaret is quite alone."

"I wish very much to see Margaret, and will come if you please."

Placid, fair, and trustful, looked Margaret Dudley on this, Edith's first visit after her arrival: that arrival was too tardy. Her uncle slept calmly when she came into his room, and she stood by watching vainly for his waking; before Holy Ascension day closed, he had entered into rest. On Edith his last precious blessing was bestowed; his last loving gaze on earth had rested on her face. Edith kissed Margaret with more than mere sympathy, but she could scarcely bear to look at, or speak to her. She bade madame tell Margaret how sorry she was, and how much she felt for her, and turned hastily into the garden.

Edith was as truly grieved as she appeared: it was as though she had played the hardest, most cruel part possible; she herself could not have borne it had they changed places: if Edith loved, it was warmly, passionately, and she judged in this case of others by herself. For Margaret to have been with Lancy as she had been with Mr. Dudley, would have been almost a death blow,—and she could not forgive herself the apparent commission of an injustice; she recalled to mind her own frequent annoyance at Margaret's *officious* presence in past scenes,—her secret desire for some signal revenge, so lately even as in the matter of the Christmas decora-

tion business. In good faith her wish was accomplished in judgment, and turn it which way she might, Margaret stood in the light of one martyred and injured at her hands. There arose but one means, and that in the eyes of many a trifling one, of making reparation. Mildred's presence was evidently more soothing and grateful to Margaret than any other; she should have her at any rate; though Mildred was the best home counsellor, the main-spring there, and she especially could ill spare her just now. Edith's love was strong to rivalry, therefore there was real denial in yielding Mildred up bodily; and her urgent plea sounded inconsistent, when on her return from the Vicarage, she hastened to her mother, with "May Mrs. Lyte stay at the Vicarage until after the funeral? Mrs. Leigh has her own parish, and cannot be constantly there; we shall all be glad of respite from lessons this week," and she who had hung her head, and carried even outwardly the token of her loss, lifted up lightly, and ran almost joyously to find Mildred, and ask her to return and be poor Margaret's companion. Mildred listened with her lip in its peculiar mode, near to a smile, at the impetuous request.

"You do not know how little human consolation Margaret needs; I am not sure I should not be an intrusion all that time."

"There is little fear of that, madame, I should like to be Margaret, to have been injured, and for you to love me as you do her. I could almost make up my mind to be a sister, if I might call you Mildred, and you would speak such comfort to me if I were in trouble."

"Rather say," returned Mildred, "that you would aspire to being a sister, only never so lightly; for it is a holy privilege, not a secondary choice. What did you mean about Margaret being injured?"

That was soon told: the angry wish and its fulfilment, the hatred of all Margaret's unconscious goodness, stifled until it festered in her heart, and was so bitterly requited now.

"I would give anything, everything, even you, madame, to her, to undo that wrong, and to have charity rooted thoroughly in my heart."

"Could you come into God's immediate Presence in the Blessed Sacrament on Thursday, without this charity? can you respond week by week, to that verse in the Litany, 'from envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness?'—the tone was really stern and admonitory.

"No, no, Madame, it was quite gone then; I was frightened, I confessed it all to Mr. Leigh that morning, I knew you would hate me for it."

"That is no word for Christian maiden: Edith, look up, listen to me. It is an opening into our inner hearts, we meet on closer ground through our faults and failings."

"*You* are so good, you do not understand such wickedness."

"Edith! if you will prove your love to me, never say such words again. They grate upon my ears far more than Margaret's praises could have done on yours. Go away now, I will go often to the Vicarage, but not stay altogether."

"She's wee and she is wilfu'," murmured Edith, retracing her steps with less elasticity, for her errand, though it had lightened her heart, had not eased her mind. She really had wished to do something magnanimous in her own private notions, by relinquishing Mildred; and the refusal a good deal discomfited her, though not as it would have done a few months ago.

Friday was the day of the funeral: quietly and simply as his devoted life had been spent, was the Vicar laid to his peaceful rest. The two curates, the two churchwardens, Mrs. Leigh, Margaret, poor broken-hearted Spencer, and the two or three other servants, were all who followed his remains. Eight of his friends, clergy of the neighbourhood, who had loved and respected him during his life, came as pall-bearers; and the chaplain of the Bishop, who had been his personal friend, was there to represent him, and officiate.

Saturday was the day of Confirmation: so closely yet all consonant, our Church gives forth her different rites and blessings.

Thirty candidates, including Edith, Florence, and Rose, mustered at Calne Parsonage; and there were



missing, Mrs. Lyte's three pupils: Felix Brown, whom for some unguessed reason, she had adopted as a likely hand at the organ, arguing from his name if any asked,—Steenie, the blacksmith's son, swarthy and wild as ever lad that wielded the hammer, and Ambrose Smith, the coachman's only boy.

They made their appearance however at the last moment, each rejoicing in a new hat and gloves, from the hands of Madame: they had brought to Madame intelligence that a good deal changed the aspect of the day's events, and for which the young ladies would have little thanked them, had it ever come to their proper knowledge. Edna Lewis, the schoolmistress, and Jeremiah Holt, the ancient schoolmaster, were to marshal their respective charges to Oakridge. Now Calne school was unusually large for a district parish, and though Edna set out with seventeen of the girls, there were still nearly thirty left under the care of the monitor or assistant, Ann Barton. Poor Ann had the misfortune to own a brother who through some miscalculation was a servant to the Bishop of Lebano; and the very natural desire arose to get a sight of the wanderer as he passed so near. Village gossip spreads speedily: Ann Barton lodged with widow Brown, Felix's mother, who had seen her crying. She had begged Edna to let her take the candidates to Oakridge, but Edna was one of those worthies, who would deem it considerably *infra dig* to allow a sub even for so honestly a reasonable purpose, to take her place. Saturday was the morning for needlework, and the inflexible Edna would not give a holiday: Mr. Malford might if he had thought of it, but he either did not, or else believed it would only bring an additional crowd to the church; so poor Ann cried hopelessly over her stitching and seaming.

There were two cripples among the candidates: twins, who had been deformed from their birth, and could neither of them walk unassisted beyond the length of the school,—so it had been arranged that the carriage should take them, Willie and Annie the first time, and return for the other party. Mildred accompanying the first cargo, deposited her helpless charge as near the chancel

as she was able, then hastened to the Vicarage to bid Margaret farewell, who was going that day after service back to the Home, her future abode for life. Mildred pencilled down a hurried note for Margaret to deliver for her. "You are going to stay to see him surely! Oh! Mildred, he will be so disappointed, he cannot stay even for luncheon, because he is to be at Redburn by three o'clock; do you know, as a matter of duty you ought to see him."

Mildred smiled in doubt, "He will not say so, give him my note before service, I suppose he comes here to robe,—good-bye, I hope we shall meet next winter: Ambrose is waiting."

"Perversity, thy name is Mildred," murmured Margaret, looking after her; she was driven away, in less than ten minutes Ambrose put her down at the school corner, and she disappeared, making Ann Barton cry a little more for very joy, as she bade her go off and dress at once, for the Bishop would leave almost directly after service. Then Mildred ensconced herself amid a circle of sewers with a large paraphernalia of white and lilac print and calico. The girls were good and diligent, and not a little proud to have the Miss Malfords' lady to instruct them; the said lady appearing wonderfully at home in her new post.

How they joyed in that fine morning: the sun was high and hot, the sky cloudless. The larks made rivalry with the full bonnie peal that welcomed him who was numbered among the Apostolic successors; and an almost endless train swept forth in due order from the school house on the hill side, that faced down directly, though the path was circuitous, into the green kirk yard. The two chaplains headed the procession: then the choristers, beginning the chant at the lich-gate; then the clergy of Chichely, Ingleburn, Highghyll, Burnslie, and Calne, then the prelate, lastly the children, taking up the glorious eighty-fourth psalm, as they went to their appointed places in that very gem of a building: the veiled maidens and the subdued youths taking their respective positions in the north and south aisles, while the organ rolled forth in solemn swell, parts from the Stabat Mater.

Cold and trembling were her fingers who played, for it was her farewell service: but it was Margaret's choice, her uncle liked her to preside whenever she stayed there. The secret of Margaret's good and striking playing, lay in no gift like Mildred's,—she played even as she prayed or praised in God's holy House, with devotion and deep reverence; and in that lies the secret. Sacred pictures, painting, ecclesiastical needlework, church windows, all that is beautifully wrought to contribute to the adornment of His Temple, if the zeal, the spirit to honour and give glory to Almighty God be wanting, is then surely done in vain, and the work, be it what it may, lacks completeness, nay, lacks life itself.

Edith and her sisters were in the first ranks, and whether by mere accident, or by the teaching of that charity she had prayed for, her eye fell on the deformed children where Mildred had placed them: she put out her hand, and gently led one of them forward, Florence or Rose brought up the twin. O children, it was an awful moment! God's Voice speaking into your young glowing hearts, and they counting up the mystery of the coming of the HOLY SPIRIT, of their own vow, of its hereafter fulfilment.

Was it in token that Edith should walk in the Light she would fain see, that upon her head the sunshine fell in its many coloured refulgence through the rich dim south window, making her hair bright as with a glory, because the angels kept her? One would have fancied it might be. One blessed her as his folded hands lay over her; but it was an inward, unspoken benediction, unrecorded to the ears and thoughts of men. They retired, and more and more, and streams of moving beings kneeling a short moment for the outward impress,—for the sevenfold gift, came on and went: in winding lines among the arches, through screen and chancel, with hearts far more varied than the dresses in which they were attired. Humble, scarce comprehending, yet trusting spirits: doubting, thoughtless, vain, and uncaring: who shall say? who shall try the spirits of the children as they passed? Many minds did wander, for some the prayers in that short service were said in vain,—for

some in condemnation. All outwardly were decorous and well-behaved; some listened, our three maidens among them, to the Bishop's brief yet loving address: he spake as if he knew them individually, as a tender father, not as one who had been a stranger altogether to his native land for eleven long years: the servant of Him Who for three times that period was an exile from His FATHER'S Home.

His lofty and dignified presence had still an unmistakeable sign of his labours in the scorching tropics. He dismissed them with the accustomed blessing, and the parting voluntary, 'Rejoice, O ye righteous,' died on the ear half way up the hill side, and Margaret's work was over here in all likelihood for ever.

Edith's step faltered as she passed the low priest's door; for her dress swept the new green grave. "Blessed are the dead which die in the LORD." She whispered this text over to herself, and was comforted. Then she looked round for Mildred, who of course was not visible: her eye encountered Charlotte Auley, smart and frivolous; next the Lockton party, but it wandered vainly for her it sought, and she followed her own train to the school. Mr. Dudley had arranged a dinner for the candidates from his three parishes; and it seemed not well to deviate from his plan; accordingly sixty-two waited at the well-spread board, until the Bishop with Margaret Dudley on his arm, followed by the curates and chaplains, entered and said grace for them. Ann Barton looked very happy in spite of all Edna's frowns and lectures, and she reached the acme of her joy when Miss Dudley called her, and the Lord Bishop hissed' spake to her, and told her the lady at Mr. Malford's would always know where to direct letters for her brother. Ann curtsied very meekly, and she felt highly honoured when he begged her to get him a potatoe and a glass of water from the tables. "Poor little maid," said his Lordship, turning to Margaret, "she does not know how she stands in the way of a promised reward for my journey, nor guess how I am disappointed."

"I told Mildred you would expect her," answered Margaret, and Rose's quick ears overheard her add, "yes,

the smallest is the youngest," though almost immediately he patted the deformed twins, and asked their names; and they were both of an age. He walked round the room again, still keeping Margaret by him. "This is the way, walk ye in it," "has not Mildred made her life subservient to this text in its highest interpretation?" How it would have gladdened Edith to hear one so good and great thus extolling and appreciating her whom she did not fully understand; and the warmth in which Margaret had seconded his opinion, had given her fresh grace in Edith's eyes. Presently the barbarously punctual Barton came in to announce the carriage. The three maidens in their white dresses floated about as servitors to the feasters; Ann Barton looking downcast, stepped outside to shed a parting tear of good-bye, and the children at a sign from Mr. Malford rose to give three hearty cheers for the honoured Bishop. In the tumult he came up to Edith, shook hands kindly, and said something about her keeping in mind this day, then followed by his attendants, he bowed to all and departed. Had Margaret told him she was unhappy that she alone met his especial notice? The bells rang cheerily, the children feasted on with endless appetites, but the charm of the proceedings was broken. Edith missed her best old friend, she missed her well tried new one, she thought of Lancy, till the hot noisy school grew insupportable, and she went with Margaret to the Vicarage, where her mother was waiting, who required little persuasion to return home. The day was over: it had recorded one secret act of self-denial, openly it had been cloudless: and when Edith slept her dreams were bright, and a voice more loving and gentle than she had heard before, whispered, "God bless and keep thee a jewel for His heavenly crown."

The little golden cross that met her waking eye might have shaken her faith in the reality of the dream, as dressing in the pure white garments of yesterday, she wore it beneath. And thus opened the solemn glorious morrow, the Feast of Pentecost,—the maidens' first Communion.

## PART II.—UNA.

## CHAPTER X.

“ So Lily from those July hours  
No wonder we should call her,  
She looked such kinship with the flowers,  
Was but a little taller.”

“ A SHELTERED nook in old Cornwall! then, my love, it is the place exactly, we will go and look at it next week: the sister of the rector of the parish, nothing could sound more to the purpose. Mira, come here.”

A child about six years of age sat in the window of a grand house in Eaton Square; (they are all grand there though;) she liked to watch the many-fashioned equipages, the many-coloured horses, the varied liveries, as the *haut ton* came home from its airings on those brilliant summer evenings, or set forth for the dinner, or the reunion select.

“ Mira, papa calls you,” said the lady who had been addressed.

Mira, if the child in the open window was she, paid little heed to papa or mamma. She came however from her place with a sly roguish glance at each parent, and then stole the largest, sweetest biscuit from the silver tray where the coffee waited. Tossing it joyously from the balcony, she clapped her little hands, and then came in all tardy obedience to her father.

“ It was a dear, tattered old beggar, papa, and he wanted some supper,” she said, in excuse. “ Both going again to-night!” she added in a pettish, disappointed tone, for looking up, she saw they were both dressed for going out.

“ And what will Mira say if some day we both go away, and never come back again?”

“ Mira would cry very long, and ask the great God to give her another papa and mamma.”

“ My fairy fanciful,” he answered smiling, “ now look out again, and see if the carriage is coming.”

"Naughty carriage, don't come yet," said little Mira, peeping out hastily, and running back to swing between her father's knees.

"Would Mira like another home, always in a green garden, with plenty of flowers and birds?" asked her mother, looking sadly and yearningly on her only little daughter, who turned an eye of childish wonderment upon her, and went on with her swing.

"We will find a pretty home and a kind mamma somewhere," said her father, but at that moment, to the little girl's horror, a tall powdered footman opened the door with, "The carriage waits," and an obsequious bow.

"Send Clare here," said the mamma, to her own maid, who brought her brodered cloak, "Mira will like to stay a little while and look out."

"Good-bye, mamma darling; good-bye, Mr. Papa; kiss me once, twice, my lips, my curls."

"My own odd little jewel!" and the fine man, in his courtly dress, instead of leading his wife to her carriage, seized his Mira, and rushed down stairs with her, meeting Mrs. Clare in the hall, to whom he consigned his little laughing, frolicking sprite, and they drove to the palace, to the last court dinner to them.

Mira's father was just appointed to the Neziran consulship. He was a young man of ancient family, of high diplomatic talent, and in the very hey-day of his years, with as fair and sweet a young wife as ever graced a book of beauty, or a queen's boudoir.

On this night her eyes were downcast, her white bosom heaved with its own hidden trouble, that even a royal word of sympathy came not *mal-à-propos*, and queenly lips spoke graciously and soothingly to the young sorrowing mother.

"What courage to leave your only child behind!"

The eyes of the young consul gleamed with proud affection, as he stood distant in the circle, and saw his wife the centre of regard; and before they left that night, he heard the royal lady whisper an appointment for a private farewell.

"She will be my Mira's friend, Henry; she is the mother of all orphans," said the consul's wife, as they

drove back to the house, which contained their treasure.

He murmured some expression of gratification, but his own head was filled with thoughts of his appointment, with the especial regard his sovereign had bestowed on him.

The next morning at breakfast, when his privileged daughter sat either on his knee, or on a clear space of table by him, breaking the seals of what letters she chose, expressing shrewd contempt for others of a certain official appearance, her mother, pale as her pale morning robe, began gently to reintroduce the subject of Mira's future abiding place.

"I thought you said last night, the queen was going to have her."

"Nonsense, Henry, but let us go and see the home you mentioned."

"What, in Cornwall! I cannot possibly spare a day, much less a week; we can find a home in the suburbs somewhere with Clare. You women might hunt one up."

Little Mira extricated herself from her father's embrace, and sped like light to her mamma.

"*We*, not she, will stay, if you have not time to provide for her properly," was the lady's answer, as she put her arm round her little fawn.

"Here is a famous group," he said, tossing away the frown, and coming behind them to look into the full length glass opposite. "So she is to be left among the Cornish men; suppose we go on Saturday, it will leave one clear day."

The mother sighed, as her merry baby girl clasped her fat arms round her neck, and said,

"Mira will be so big and old when mamma sees her again. No, I'll try so very hard to be as tiny as a tiny lady-bird, mamma; I will always be your tiny, dear little Mira."

"Then you will settle to go down into Cornwall on Saturday, Henry," asked his wife again, to secure him to his appointment.

"Yes," he replied, kissing them both, and flinging his daughter like a bounding tennis ball to the opposite sofa,



"but faith, she's too small and trumpery a baggage to be worth so much consideration," and he walked away to Downing Street.

The child brought her lessons for an hour, while the mother felt as if the golden thread of their co-existence lay almost beneath the fatal shears.

This was Thursday: on Saturday morning early too for royalty to receive visitors, the carriage of the consul's wife drove to the palace. It was Mildred Lyte's farewell; it was her little Mira's introduction to a guardian lady, who never forgot those to whom she had once promised her protection. Perhaps her own childless state made her so very loving to little children, so very thoughtful towards mothers. In the quiet of her own private apartment, free to be loving and womanly, she folded her arms round the little girl, and played with her nut-brown locks, and encouraged her wilful speech, saying in her bland gentle manner, that it was a pity they thought of sending the child so far, it would put her supervision quite beyond practice. The listening mother stood by with full tears gleaming in her eyes. She was privileged to all this thought and care, for she had been a favourite young maid of honour, until in one of the intervals of duty Henry Lyte proposed and won her,—won her, not from the bosom of a loving home circle, for she had no relations, and no friend, except the warm heart of her benign mistress.

"And now, Mildred," she said, as the visit drew to its conclusion, and others claimed her gracious ear and presence, "now, Mildred, you are going from us young and happy, but your husband is impetuous and self-willed, pray that you may influence him from running counter to his own advancement."

Mira's brow was kissed in pledge of her true interest for Mildred, who knelt and kissed her hand.

"Little girl, you will like to remember your first visit to Queen Adelaide, here is a keepsake for you," and a collier of brilliants glittered on the white muslin pelisse. "God bless you both—farewell."

"Are you sure this is Maveryn, Henry?" inquired

Mrs. Lyte, as late in the afternoon of the same day they drove slowly up a steep village street, "how very pretty, look, Mira."

"And if my new mamma is as pretty as this place," exclaimed the child.

"You little jade, in that case you would soon forget us both," said her father.

A green gate opened in a nearly straight avenue of lime trees, and the carriage stopped before Miss Maxwell's house. Close by, so close that the green wire fence looked only like a make-believe boundary, stood the Church. The white stones looked over at the sun-flowers in the garden, and the sun-flowers and the lilies waved towards them, in respect for the memories to which they were sacred.

"Mildred, this is not exactly the approximation for our daughter," said Henry Lyte, as the sombre stillness of the churchyard broke upon them.

The little one sat mute, half shrinking from that tempting looking home, without her own mother to console or chide, without her tall, funny papa to tease and plague her out of her propriety.

Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Lyte were ushered into Miss Maxwell's presence. Nothing could have been more prepossessing than their introduction into a large solid-looking room, where sat Miss Maxwell, and her brother the Rector of Mavelyn, for they made an imposing entrée. The grand and handsome Lyte, his elegantly-dressed and fair-looking wife, and their white gossamer child, with Mrs. Clare, half nurse, half governess, in the rear. Miss Maxwell, to whose care the little flower was to be transplanted, was the eldest child and only daughter of Mavelyn House. One brother was married and settled far away, and one, the youngest of the family, still in single blessedness, held the family living, and thrived upon pupils.

Mavelyn itself was an isolated parish, at least eight miles from any town, standing out high above the sea, which glistened silver-like low down before, while very far behind, too far to disturb, rolled the hum and riot of the busy world.

The Rectory was scarcely a stone's throw from the Lordship; its grounds flanked the northern side, as these did the western. The situation in point of finer, soft air, was exactly what had been urged for the nursling; warm undoubtedly, and sheltered from all harsh winds; for the climate to which the Lytes were bound, had been cruelly deemed unfit for their little child. The highest medical authorities had pointed out the certain consequence of risking her constitution, so they must be separated, neither parent knowing well how to begin to realise the sundering.

Miss Maxwell was a tall, well-made gentlewoman of the past school, fair and comely, with smooth grey hair rolled under a head-dress; she had a very benevolent expression of face, a dignified carriage, and years medieval. When she called Mira to her side, and asked her name, the petted maiden looked up assured into her eyes, and answered,

"Mildred Eleanor. I have another name, but it is only for papa and mamma; Clare, you must never tell it."

"And how old are you?"

"I am to be seven when the great lilies come next month."

Mr. Maxwell was charmed with the originality of the child's speeches; he had been talking to her father of the coast, of the local state of agriculture, and other general subjects, but Mira won him soon to be engrossed with her, though he found himself posed by her first query,

"Are you two going to be my new papa and mamma?"

Miss Maxwell, with true English courtesy, insisted on their making her house their hotel until Monday. She said that such a matter could not be decided without very great deliberation, and they would have a fair opportunity of judging if they stayed; and little Mira went to bed in her new home, and rested as happily as the cuckoo under its foster birdie's wing.

The Lytes liked the Church, they liked the household arrangements, in short it was the precise spot they sought. The only difficulty was Clare. Miss Maxwell

objected to her remaining after the little girl had grown familiar, for she intended to make little Mildred her own especial charge, and to educate her at any rate at first, requiring only a trustworthy woman as maid and attendant for her. Now Mrs. Clare was just the wrong individual to meet these requirements; she flattered herself that for the next two or three years she should superintend the little lady *in toto*, and then, as a matter of course she had, and must always have, a subordinate. Miss Maxwell's tact was effectual: at the expiration of two or three months, if all went satisfactorily, Mrs. Clare was to be dismissed, and little Mildred left to her own resources.

She said she should cry very much if they went away, and indeed she did, till her long chestnut curls were dripping with her ocean of tears.

"Will you never come and be my own mamma and papa again, never?"

"Yes, yes, Mira, come, I must have you compose yourselves; why Mildred, you are quite the worst."

Mildred turned an almost reproachful eye upon her husband, but saw that he too was more than half unmanned. He fidgeted and bit his lip, bent his head, and laid the wee hand on his bosom so tightly that he hurt it with his pressure.

"Papa, only promise to come home, and let me be Mira again."

The elder Mildred was too young to bear this great loss—no wonder the philosophy of the daughter utterly failed; the warning of her royal friend hung like a presage over her; the parting with her little treasure felt like a certain doom; if change or coldness, or any sorrow should come, how she would need that fairy nestling for loving and consoling. And yet the next moment, she condemned a thought that wronged her own devoted husband, as he suffered one last kiss, then parted them by carrying Mira away to Clare.

"After all, we are the best off, for we have each other," he whispered, as the postilions mounted and bore them from her,—was it for ever? an earthly for ever?

Little guessed they then how far safer it was for their one, their only one, to be in that bright sheltered nook in old Cornwall, than tossing amid the turmoil and experiences of public life.

She promised to be happy enough under Miss Maxwell's judicious care, for her nature was one that exacted love from all within its influence, whether she gave or withheld her own.

To Mr. Maxwell she was almost a greater magnet than to his pupils; pleasantries that find a hold with little children were stored up for her; he bought all the fairy tales he could lay hands upon, and troubled himself to read them to her moreover. While his pupils, how they spoiled her, and how she queened it over whenever it was her will. They brought her birds and butterflies; they painted her picture. One scaled a mighty rock at her challenge to rob an eyrie; and when descending with his prize he was nearly on *terra firma*, his foot slipped, and he fell backwards into the sea. She only clapped her hands, and called him brave, and bade him free the eaglet lest they both should drown.

Soon she was everything to all of them; the best thing Maveryn contained was that wee bright Mildred. She held firmly to her resolution that her pet name should never be hers from other lips than those of her father and mother, but the young men at Maveryn Rectory bethought them of a title for her. There were none to match her; she stood unapproached in their eyes even as a mere plaything, so they named her Una.

Sometimes Miss Maxwell speculated a little, how far there was wisdom in the constant association of her little charge with those of the rougher sex, and so much her seniors; but she had to make her reflections solo, for her brother was no advocate for putting restraint upon the sylph of Maveryn House.

"She is no beauty," he would argue, "though she is so winning; when she arrives at a more dangerous age, either I will give up pupils, or you shall take her away and introduce her into life, or her father may return, or—really, Agnes, I don't see why the child's ways should

begin to perplex you, she is a little body of the wrong sort to fetter."

"No Xenophon again to-day, Gordon?"

"Upon my word, sir," the youth stammered out, criminating himself by his confusion.

"Now, look to it," continued Mr. Maxwell, very sternly, as he stood neatly stitching his sheets of sermon paper together. "Look to it, it is a moral deficiency, and for the next, expect the very strongest imposition I can inflict."

"Very good, sir, but at the same time, you will greatly oblige me by locking up your bloodhound," answered Gordon, with a coolness almost amounting to effrontery.

"Nec scribit nec legit, will be the sentence against you at the University," added the tutor, affecting not to hear Gordon's plea.

But he repeated it.

"Will you kennel Leda, to save me from further delinquencies?"

This time it was a very straightforward tone. Gordon was not then doing Xenophon, but scrawling unreadable problems before the window. "Leda vel Una, I see, I see, the whole matter," and Mr. Maxwell smiled under his eyelids; it would have tried him to have to do with the old Greek, when a little English witch sported in his very sight, out just beyond the window.

"You are right, Gordon," he added, breaking out into that merry laugh he had learned from little Mildred. "The thing shall be done, Xenophon and Dickens are less incompatible than Xenophon and Leda, with Leda's playfellow."

Gordon was the last of the set of young men who were at Mavelyn Rectory, when Mildred first made her appearance there.

## CHAPTER XI.

" Her soul, like the transparent air,  
That robes the hills above,  
Though not of earth, encircles there  
All things with arms of love.

" And thus she walks amid her girls  
With praise and mild rebukes,  
Subduing e'en rude village churls  
By her angelic looks."

THE next new boy was Mr. Maxwell's own nephew, Henry Maxwell, but he was younger than the generality of pupils, who came merely for a year or so, and then drafted off to the university or the army, doing him credit almost without exception, for he was a tutor of known repute, otherwise his house so far down westward, would not have been so readily and always filled.

For two whole years none other shared Mr. Maxwell's parental kindness and care, none other usurped all the honour of Mildred's companionship and society than Henry Maxwell. Alas for the weakness of poor Aunt Agnes! That good lady, who had fluttered and worried her worthy life almost to extinction, at the probable right or wrong of the consul's child mixing unrestrained in the sports and amusements of her brother's pupils, never fashed her kind heart one instant over her nephew's exclusive appropriation, and there was but one short year between them in age. We mortals are proverbially short-sighted when it is against interest or inclination to see far.

But little Una, for she was Una to them all, had one great trouble, one sorrow, though comparatively short-lived as a summer day. News came, in her father's bold handwriting, from that hot, trying climate, with a deep black border, and his own official seal upon the letter, and it told his far off daughter, in brief, but heart-wrung anguish, that she was motherless. A short mortal fever had stricken her; and he added, but only in a private note to Miss Maxwell, "The duration of her sufferings,

thank God, was very soon over, but her incessant ravings were for her child, and she so upbraided me (until they had to send me from the room) for letting them ever be separated. Be kind and tender to my child, dear madam, for I feel the mother's heart was broken in the severing."

Again Mildred cried very long, yet being a mere child, she wore out her grief before she wore out her mourning; for she was scarcely ten years old, and Henry Maxwell compassionated and sympathised, for he had lost father and mother both; and thanks to the generosity of his uncle, Maveryn was in all probability to be his home.

One would scarcely say these two children had a very strong bond of union between them, Mildred took such odd fancies. To-day she would be too cold and proud to speak to Henry; to-morrow, all rule and domineering; while he was high spirited and somewhat proud too, and hated her incivilities, though he longed to bring her down to understand him. They were never enemies for many days; they went to church together daily, and sat opposite each other on the north and south; they had a common interest in so many matters, that it was inconvenient to be at variance.

As they grew older, the aspect of things gradually changed. Miss Maxwell kept Mildred closer to her studies, and they were of no mean order; while Mr. Maxwell, instead of letting her run unbonneted through the churchyard to the rectory to get her small daily quantum of Latin, came himself to her at stated hours on certain days, and work, straightforward, steady education, became from henceforth the order of the day. The two children had their separate plans and amusements, and when they met it was not for quarrelling. Henry sighed, and looked often moody, and at last asked his uncle, if he never meant to have more pupils, frankly telling him it was stale dull work, especially now Mildred was so much withdrawn.

Mr. Maxwell thought it over; talked it over with his prime counsellor sister; it was for Henry's sake principally, that he had given up having young men to read with him, that he might give his undivided attention to



him; and it was from policy on Mildred's account too. But the sapient Agnes saw no harm, if it did not overtax her brother. Then in due course came an addition to Mavelyn, in the person of a heavy, unwieldy-looking lad, about eighteen; he too was a Maxwell, bearing the affinity of first cousin to Henry, though not of nephew to the rector, nor did he personally resemble either of them. George Maxwell was a youth of laconic speech, very plodding, very honest and downright in all his words and ways, but no one got much out of him. He was heir to a baronetcy and a rich property, and it was said that he would change his name on the assumption of his title.

What little Mildred saw of him she liked. She was a child for taking unaccountable fancies; she liked his great red hand to tie up her garden creepers, or to copy her music, better than the delicate-fingered dutiful Henry; she liked him to talk to her about his prospects. He was going to India the next year, and he told her that when his uncle died, his name would be the same as hers,—he should be George Lyte; not that they were related, he said; they might have been so at some very remote period, but they were not that he could find out now. He used to talk to her about his mother, and their place far away in Scotland, where they had never lived since his father's death; and of his one brother, three years younger than himself, of whom he always spoke with a fond pride. Mildred did like the honest-hearted young man, and no one else could draw him out; and when at the end of a year he went away, he left a blank such as an elder brother might make in a young sister's thoughts. He was no loss to Henry; he thought him slow at any rate, and deep as well as dull; he did not understand Mildred's appreciating him so thoroughly; he would have changed—in good sooth he vowed so to himself—he would have changed face and figure with cousin George, to have won such favour in gentle Una's eyes.

Henry was growing tall and comely, even handsome. At fourteen, he was five feet nine, and his open, manly face, gave him grace in many eyes, but strangely not in

her's. All that was upright and honourable in his own sphere, he did, and did it well ; yet his loneliness fretted him, till boy as he was, he grew enraged with his symptoms of ingratitude. A home, a very father, and most liberal friend in his uncle, all that he needed even to luxuries, and discontented. Henry Maxwell wished almost that he could be sent into the world, to work and labour, and fight for himself, and forget that bright home by the sea side, forget relations, friends, and all that had become parts of his daily self, and most of all forget Una.

"She loves everything and everybody but me," he mused ; "she lays her head on Leda's neck ; she speaks tenderly to the old cripples and little children of the village, but she hates me ; she thinks me nothing but a poor fool, unfit for brave service like cousin George ; unlearned for the priesthood ; she thinks me a mere penniless wight, living upon charity. Verily, O Una, I am neither pauper, dolt, nor coward ; it shall be for none of these you read me so slightly."

Henry rode well ; he plied the oar with skill when the huge waves tossed and engulfed his little skiff ; with the first signal of distress at sea, whether by day or night, he was up and on the alert among the most fearless sailors ; there were seldom wrecks on that part of the coast, but on dark stormy nights, when the wind dashed the breakers higher than the high rock land on which Maveryn stood, Henry liked to steal out of the comfortable rectory, and away to the high tower, the beacon of former days, and light once more the great guiding lantern, which, unknown to his uncle, he had remodelled and fitted to its original purpose.

Mr. Maxwell was not a little astonished one hot morning, after a night of thunder, and darkness, and storm, when a poor fisherman's wife out of the village waylaid him after service, and thanked him with ten thousand thanks for saving her husband and two sons last night.

"Sir, the boat had drifted away," she said, "and the storm came on, and they must have been all lost but for the young gentleman's lamp in the church ; it showed them straight to the cove, and but for that, sir, we never should have seen them alive ashore."

Mr. Maxwell was well enough delighted with this new feature in his philanthropic nephew; he published it at Maveryn House immediately: and certainly Aunt Agnes lavished praise sufficient for herself and Mildred also, but she too, looked up from her coarse charity work, with her bright grand eyes, and said half to herself,

"I always thought him something great and chivalrous."

"Come, Una, no, is that an opinion or a compliment? either could scarcely be sincere."

She had not expected a response; she was angry that her simple expression should be doubted, and vouchsafed no further. Only she bent her little head, a sure sign in those days that she was offended, and worked on faster, but in silence.

That morning, as they passed the rectory, she heard Henry singing or whistling over his gardening, and at night, he brought her some peculiar sea weed, rare, because it could only be found in the most dangerous, overshadowing piece of rock. There was an involuntary blush upon his cheek, as she looked up and thanked him, and praised him for what she had heard of his kind thought and humanity. The confusion of his look puzzled her, and she could not finish what she meant to say.

Never could have been two dreamers, dwelling so near each other, whose visions were so very different. Their secluded lives only fostered the romance, that each in their own secret heart, liked to entwine about their future. Mildred's was the more enviable, consequently her aspirations were the gayest. She was self-willed, and indomitably proud by nature, yet, save with one or two slight provocations from "the boys," she had lived eight years at Maveryn, without ever being proved or put to trial. Miss Maxwell ruled by love, and Mildred could have obeyed none other rule. Her will was never crossed, because it went entirely with those she loved; never by discipline or foreknowledge, was little creature more unfitted to cope with the stern realities of life, than she who built her store of troubles in prospective, like sand castles of the fishers' children on the beach below.

She was very happy ; trained carefully in the bosom of her mother Church ; ignorant, that in other places a cold neglectful system prevailed ; incredulous, if told that in many parishes matins and evensong, prayers for the sick, or thanksgiving for the saved, were never offered but one day in the seven. With a Christian lady's duties she was growing fully conversant, she went with Mr. or Miss Maxwell among the sick and suffering poor, though she never faced death once during her parochial visits ; she had part of the school entirely under her jurisdiction ; she knelt among the humblest villagers on week days, and among her girls on Sundays ; she learned daily to realise how the great practical end of our lives is for use or abuse, that none may sit aside from the great common duty of helping one another, and like Henry Maxwell, in her limited sphere she well fulfilled her part.

When Mildred was fifteen, the Bishop of the diocese came to hold a Confirmation in one of the neighbouring parishes, and she and Henry were prepared for it. But a fever, not uncommon at that season, laid many on a sick bed, and some in the grave ; among the former, Mildred from want of due caution in visiting the sick, and Henry from contagion conveyed to him by his uncle, and the Confirmation passed for both at that time.

It was strange how this illness altered Mildred ; from the playful, half-formed girl, she ripened suddenly into blooming, dawning womanhood. Henry felt, the moment they met after convalescence, that she had the start of him ; that he was still a boy of no consequence, though his years out-numbered hers ; and she looked at him and marked that he had grown taller and handsomer and pale, but her maidenly reserve did not express so much even to Miss Maxwell. They had both a common subject in the missed Confirmation, and their names were said first respectively in the list of children of the church who thanked God for their recovery. And then, the barrier of separation of other days was raised between them ; and they met more and more rarely, save in their common FATHER'S House.

## THE NEW YEAR.

"— the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever."—*Heb. xiii. 8.*

"Those who weep not here, shall weep eternally hereafter."—*Ecclesie Græca Monumenta.*

"When you are on a journey, do not mind the singing of certain little birds."—*S. Eligius, Bishop of Noyon.*

"My woman's weakness nerved to strength divine ;—  
We'll quaff life's aloe-cup as though 'twere wine."

*S. Elizabeth of Bohemia.*

"Oh—thought of despair and horror—one lost soul.—The tenantless clay wept over—tenderly watched—followed—and deposited—while the soul which animated it, beyond control or knowledge, had entered on immensity and eternity."—*Winifred.*

"Blessedness is better than happiness."—*Sartor Resartus.*

"A HAPPY year—new happy year," is heard on every side—  
Is happiness of mushroom growth since yestreen old year died ?  
Look back—'tis gone—with all the joy—the sorrow—and the pain—  
And if you might—would you live o'er—each hour that's gone again ?  
If so—the common greeting wish—"a new and happy year"—  
May sound indeed like sweet bells chiming music in your ear :—  
But if His chastening Hand hath bid thee bend, yet not complain—  
Like sweet bells jangling out of tune must sound the hollow strain.

A year of peace—a year with God—the old sins left behind—  
The heart renewed in childlike faith—and eyesight for the blind—  
'Tis thus I greet the new year's dawn—Christian—for you and me—  
Poor shipwrecked weary mariners upon a treacherous sea :  
But He is near to save and aid—He hears our fearful cry—  
Just as He heard His own belov'd in their extremity :  
The same stars shine above our heads as nightly glitter'd then—  
When He Who made the stars yet deign'd to speak with sinful men.

The song birds in our forest glades the same notes warbled then—  
When He their Maker deign'd to wear the form of mortal men :  
The lilies of our fields gave forth the same sweet odours then—  
When He their loveliness approv'd beyond the works of men :  
And we are toiling in the storm—just as they waver'd then—  
When He—the SAVIOUR—deigned to calm the tempest-beaten men :  
And can we doubt He hears to-day our every secret moan ?  
When twice-a thousand years to Him are but as short days gone.

If feeble is our mortal frame—He pities our frail dust :—  
If poverty hath bitter pangs—He left His poor in trust—  
And He was poor :—we know He mourn'd and wept beside the dead—  
And when bereaved—on His dear Arm—we crave to rest our head :  
And if in faith we walk amid a fiery furnace here—  
His angel by our side conducts—and sanctifies each tear :  
And if within a broken heart the Cross of JESUS hides—  
As balm of Gilead cleanseth wounds—so healing peace abides.

Then if you bid a happy year—pray God to bless and speed—  
 We have no succour save in Him in our last hour of need ;  
 We may not see another year—nor “ happy ” can we be—  
 Unless we hope to live with Him throughout eternity :  
 The fashions of this changing earth can yield no lasting rest—  
 Let all the world prove foes so we in His dear love are blest ;  
 His strength sufficient—not our own—we are in weakness tost—  
 And if we cling not to the Cross—we fail—we sink—we’re lost.

With plaints and patient prayers on white lips mutely trembling—  
 In humblest guise we kneel before Thee undissembling ;  
 Out of this cruel world in trial paths bewildering  
 Shepherd adored—Thou onward lead’st Thy weeping children ;  
 The grief that has lain stone-like on our dying hearts shall fade—  
 When these vile rusty earth-chains burst—the laws of time obey’d ;  
 And as the enfranchised Dove ’mid splendour rifted flies—  
 Our vision wings shall spread where angels welcome to the skies.

## IN MEMORIAM.

### CHAPTER II.

“ Death ! thou wast once an hideous uncouth thing,  
 The shells of fledge-souls left behind,  
 Dry dust, which sheds no tears, but may extort  
 But since our SAVIOUR’S death did put some blood  
 Into thy face,  
 Thou art grown fair and full of grace ;  
 Therefore we can go die as sleep, and trust  
 Half that we have,  
 Unto an honest faithful grave ;  
 Making our pillows either down or dust.”

*George Herbert.*

THE grave yawns as a great gulf between Christianity and heathenism. The true faith and misbelief cannot then be confounded. Face to face with the dead, all disguise falls off, and on the one side we hear the shrill, mournful wail of hopeless eternal separation,—on the other, the grief, bitter but most salutary, for loved ones parted only for a while, to be reunited hereafter. Lamentation, not for the dead, however—

“ For precious friends hid in death’s dateless night,”<sup>1</sup>

but for ourselves, that we have lost for a time the solace

<sup>1</sup> *Shakespeare.*

of their earthly love and companionship—the stammering but eloquent prattling of infancy, or the visible sympathy of steadfast friendship.

The grave of our Blessed LORD was His altar and the place of His triumph. The funeral service of His Church solemn but jubilant, was the note of defiance, clear and distinct, before which heathenism cowered and trembled. More than any other solemnity of the Church's ritual this was hated by pagan persecutors, and clung to by Christian Confessors. In vain were the bodies of Polycarp and other martyrs burned, that so this service should not be used. In vain did Julian the Apostate forbid the Burial Office. The funeral procession moved on, and misbelief, awe-struck, fell before the rite which proclaimed the death of another Christian, and the certainty of a Resurrection to Eternal Life for all those who die in the LORD. This was one of the Church's most telling weapons. It pierced, indeed, as it pierces ever, to the dividing of the joints and the marrow. In the time of natural, yet sanctified grief, every word of the burial service tells the mourner that—

“ There is a place beyond that flaming hill  
 From whence the stars their thin appearance shed,  
 A place beyond all place, where never ill,  
 Nor impure thought was ever harboured ;  
 But saintly heroes are for ever said  
 To keep an everlasting Sabbath's rest,  
 Still wishing that of which they're still possest ;  
 Enjoying but one joy, but one of all joys best.”<sup>1</sup>

Christianity from the very first was associated with the tombs. To men in general, this seemed mere accident : we may reverently trace in it the mysterious appointment of Eternal Wisdom. In the ages immediately after the Resurrection of our Blessed LORD, the cemeteries without the city walls were usually the places resorted to for worship : more, however, to avoid molestation than to escape persecution. These cemeteries (*koimeteria*, dormitories, or sleeping-places,—for to the body death is but a deeper, longer sleep,) were not so distant that the heathen would not know of the Christian worship held among the tombs ;

<sup>1</sup> Giles Fletcher's "CHRIST'S Victory," Part I. vi.

but the gloomy, hopeless creed of the heathen made them shun the field of death, and so this dread of theirs secured the Christians from frequent interruption in their religious services.

This same horror of death and of the dead, showed itself in many ways. The ancient laws of Rome directed that the bodies of the dead should be buried without the walls of their cities, because paganism dreaded the sight or the thought of death, which was cheered by no promise, and associated with no sure and certain hope of a resurrection to eternal life. Some have fancied that this law was dictated by a regard for the health of the living: it in fact arose from the dread which the heathen felt at the touch or sight of a dead body, or even of a funeral: and so the dust of mortality was directed to be burned or buried at a distance, "that the sacred places of the city be not defiled!"<sup>1</sup>

Thus, too, at the revival of letters, when the taste for pagan literature grew, and pagan fashions and modes of thought infected all writers, we find the same wish to escape from the sight of death springing up and showing itself in schemes for burying the departed at a distance from the homes of the living. Regard, however, for the dead, and reluctance to part from even the clay image and home of the soul so dearly loved, prevented for a long time the success of all such heartless schemes, and the churchyards even in the midst of our crowded cities, still remained the last resting-places of the dead, and the hallowed prayer-places of the living. One of the holiest instincts of our nature was disregarded when this ceased to be: for to remove the bodies of the dead to a distance, is to encourage forgetfulness of those who equally with us are members of CHRIST'S Mystical Body, and fellow-heirs of the same deathless promises. Looking at the importance of this feeling to the well-being even of civil society, it would have been wiser to have sought fresh modes of keeping alive the memory of the dead, rather than to weaken or destroy any tie which binds us to the past—any means which in the slightest degree hinders selfishness in man. Washington Irving truly remarks

<sup>1</sup> Bingham, Orig. Eccles., Book xxiii., c. 1, § 2.



that "one cause that perpetuates the memory of the deceased in the country is, that the grave is more immediately in sight of the survivors. They pass it on their way to prayer; it meets their eyes when their hearts are softened by the exercises of devotion: they linger about it on the Sabbath, when the mind is disengaged from worldly cares, and most disposed to turn aside from present pleasures and present loves, and to sit down among the solemn mementos of the past."<sup>1</sup> These are inestimable advantages, which ought not to have been lightly cast away. We need every aid to counteract the deadening influence of worldly business upon the mind, sufficiently active, without borrowing this unchristian practice with regard to the dead.

All the funeral rites of heathenism proclaimed its belief that death, as the revolutionists of France declared, "is an eternal sleep," and that the body—beautiful yet to the eye of affection, whilst the "calm decay" which follows death is stealing over the once bright eye and eloquent lip of childhood,—is only an object of pollution. Hence the command in the old Roman laws, so often repeated, and in such tones of pitiable dread, that all funerals should take place by night. Worn-out heathenism prating of philosophy behind its mask, and shrinking in the terrors of worse than second infancy at the dust which at the first God took, and made therewith a mortal child! Hence also the cypress bough and the coffin of cypress: because this tree, when once cut down, shall flourish never again. But Christianity, leaning upon the Cross, points in all things to "the Day Star," the "Sun of Righteousness," rising, and in that rising of His, raising all men by virtue of His Resurrection. For this the funerals of Christians were always in the blaze of day: and accompanied with torches,—emblems of the True Light, and attended by priests and singers, chanting solemn but consoling psalms, the bodies of her children were borne forth.<sup>2</sup> The mourners of earth, cheered by these hymns of "the sweet singer of Israel,"—as though, too, they would in this way part for a while with those who

<sup>1</sup> The Sketch-Book, "Rural Funerals."

<sup>2</sup> Bingham, Orig. Eccles., Book xxiii. cap. ii. § 6.

needed no more to sing any psalm of earth, since they had come to—

“The place where David hath new songs devis’d  
As on his shining throne he sits emparadis’d.”<sup>1</sup>

So, also the cypress bough, with its mournful untruth, “these shall we see never more,” was banished from Christian funerals, and buried in the grave of dead heathenism, and the yew, emblem of immortality and imperishable life, rose in the churchyard, and flung its shadow on the mounds of those whose bodies were but sleeping for a while below.<sup>2</sup>

After Christianity had so increased that Emperors and Kings of the earth owned the religion of the Crucified, and followed in the steps of the Galilean fishermen, the laws which hindered the establishment of churchyards within cities and around the walls of the church, fell gradually into disuse. In the fifth century, S. Chrysostom tells of some great princes in his time that upon their death-bed desired to be buried in the porch of the church, that although they were taken away from being present at the holy service which they were wont to love, yet their bodies, even in the grave, might, as it were, be doorkeepers for ever in the house of God.<sup>3</sup> This privilege was first granted to princes who were builders of churches; afterwards the same place of burial was permitted to all other founders who might desire it. Those whose true life began only after death, or rather, whose life here was the beginning of life eternal, learned to look upon the emblems and the face of death without dread. The loved one is but half lost whose grave is near enough to be daily wet with tears, and over whose dust the morning memory and the evening ejaculation come gratefully and unbidden.

And not to the living only is the holy ground around our churches the natural place for the burial of their

<sup>1</sup> Giles Fletcher’s “CHRIST’S Triumph,” Book iv. stanza 35.

<sup>2</sup> Some yew trees in our churchyards are supposed to be as old as the 5th century—others even older. Some writers suppose that the British Christians loved to build their churches near to an old yew-tree, and hence that some of these trees are older than the preaching of Christianity in this country. Saint Patrick is believed to have carried this custom of planting the yew-tree in churchyards from this his native country into Ireland.

<sup>3</sup> Bishop Hacket’s Sermons, p. 445.

dead; the dying Christian, full of the blessed assurance of the Resurrection of the body, and of the present happiness of the parting soul, desires yet to live in the memory and in the sight of those he is leaving for a while. To him it

"Sweeter seems  
To rest beneath the clover sod,  
That takes the sunshine and the rains,  
Or where the kneeling hamlet drains  
The chalice of the grapes of God,"<sup>1</sup>

than at a distance from the footsteps and the throng of kindred. Amongst all the singularities of men, we read of none which led them to desire to be buried at a distance from their fellows; but of many, both of the evil and of the good, who have especially chosen their last resting-place on earth, so that their dust might still be near those whom they loved in this life. The simple tomb of white marble which covers the dust of Bishop Lowth's child, hard by the chancel door of the church at Cuddesden, by its position, even more than by its touching epitaph, tells of the affection of daughter to father, and of father to daughter. And that strong love which Bishop Ken bore to the people under his charge, was shown in the injunction of his will, that wherever he might die, he should be buried "in the churchyard of the nearest parish within his diocese, under the east window of the chancel, just at sunrise."<sup>2</sup> There, with face uplifted to the east, to greet the first gleams of the uncreated light of the Sun of Righteousness coming in clouds of great glory to judge the quick and the dead, he and all Christians are buried, and in the way in which they lie down to rest them in the dust,<sup>3</sup> they confess the great truth which the Church

<sup>1</sup> Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

<sup>2</sup> Life of Ken. By a Layman, p. 803, second edit.

<sup>3</sup> "The heads [of the dead] are always placed towards the west, looking up into the east, in which quarter of the world they hope for the appearance of the Sun of Righteousness at the Resurrection."—(*Staveland on Churches*, p. 260.)

"In some parts of the Western Church, Priests and Bishops are buried the reverse way, with the head to the altar, and feet to the west. This is the custom in Roman Catholic countries, but it is contrary to the old usage of Christian Rome, and to all Catholic antiquity."—(*Dr. Rock's Church of our Fathers*.)

teaches by every word and sign—by every prayer and hymn—by every solemnity of her worship, and every whisper of comfort uttered by her priests to the dying, as well as in her Creeds, "I believe . . . the Resurrection of the body, and the Life Everlasting. Amen."

"GOD IS LOVE."

'Twas love, 'twas wondrous love, in Nature's earliest morn  
That plann'd the world and bid it then be born,

Start into day :

God said—and all was done,  
Earth, sea, and sky from nothing come,  
Love's voice obey.

'Twas love, Redeeming Love, when Adam fell,  
Devised his restoration, strange, yet well :

Yes it was so,

The SON of GOD Himself did die,  
Light brought to those far-off and nigh  
For them to follow.

'Twas love, all-hallowing love, that o'er the deep  
His living influence shed, to wake from sleep

The mass confused :

That through the prophets since the world began,  
The great JEHOVAH's will made known to man ;  
Good thoughts infused.

That love, the Church's Comforter and guide,  
Through damning heresies and schisms wide,

Will always be :

And oh ! may differing people by that Spirit led  
One Church acknowledge as one living head  
In unity.

F. W. L.

## THE EPIPHANY, OR THE MANIFESTATION OF CHRIST TO THE GENTILES.

"The word Epiphany in Greek signifies Manifestation, and was used at first both for Christmas Day, when CHRIST was manifested in the flesh, and for this day (to which it is now more properly appropriated) when He was manifested by a star to the Gentiles. This day was also called *the day of the Holy Lights*; and the *Theophany, or manifestation of God*. The principal design of the Church's celebrating this feast, is to show our gratitude to God in manifesting the Gospel to the Gentile world, and vouchsafing to them equal privileges with the Jews, who had been all along His peculiar people, the first instance of which Divine favour was declaring the birth of CHRIST to the wise men of the East."—WHEATLY.

ON this Festival, which occurs twelve days after Christmas Day, the Church brings before the minds of her dutiful children their LORD and SAVIOUR in His kingly character; and this alone of all the special holy seasons, exhibits to us the glory of the MESSIAH, unclouded by the consideration of His humiliation and suffering. We joy at Christmas, but we are filled with adoring wonder at the humility of the mysterious Incarnation, the becoming flesh, of the Eternal God. Our hearts beat high with exultation at the gladsome sound, "He is risen! He is not here;" but Easter joyousness is associated with the sadness of His preceding Passion: and in like manner, His Ascension is associated with His having once humbled Himself to come down thence, whither He is now going up with pomp and glory. But in His Epiphany, or manifestation to the Gentiles, CHRIST is represented in His kingly character; and as such, in the time that now remains before we begin our Lenten preparation, we are called upon to appear before Him, and render Him a spiritualized homage.

There are in all, three great manifestations of our SAVIOUR which the Church commemorates or calls to mind this day, all which we are told by an ancient archbishop,<sup>1</sup> happened on the same day, though not in the same year: viz. First, His manifestation by a star, which con-

<sup>1</sup> S. Chrysostom.

ducted the wise men to come to Him and worship Him, as alluded to in the Collect and the Gospel. The second manifestation was that of the glorious TRINITY at His Baptism, mentioned in the Second Lesson at Morning Prayer. The third is contained in the Evening Second Lesson, and exhibits to us the glory and divinity of CHRIST, as displayed in His miraculous turning of water into wine at the marriage feast at Cana in Galilee.

On the night of the Nativity or birthday of CHRIST, some shepherds, who were watching their flocks in the fields, were informed by an angel of the wondrous fact that day accomplished, and they were sore afraid at the heavenly host; but their confidence was restored to them, and they went and found that that was true which had been spoken to them. On the same night a star appeared to the Magi, or wise men of the East, who being accustomed to watch the motions of the heavenly bodies, or being, as we should say, astronomers, discovered that it differed from ordinary stars. Now these Gentile astronomers were accustomed to look upon the appearance of a new star as a token that some one was born, upon whose shoulders great power should rest, and being led, by the general expectation of mankind at large, to expect that about this time MESSIAH would come, they were divinely influenced to place meaning in this star, and to connect it with the prophecy of Balaam, which had doubtless lingered among the Gentiles, that "a *star* should come out of Jacob, and a sceptre rise out of Israel." Having seen this sign of a star, they had grace to understand and follow its guidance as far as Jerusalem, and then, having it no longer as their beacon guide, they were incited by the fact of their being at the gates of the temple, to seek further teaching from the ordinary guides of religion, the priests of the Church. Where there were no appointed teachers, *there* God interfered, beyond the course of nature, as their Guide; but no sooner did they come within the range of His appointed ministers, than He left them to seek information and knowledge at their lips. The Jewish priests listened without interest to their wonderful tale, and distinctly answered the inquiries of Herod and the Magi: yet their

blind and hardened hearts refused to receive the light which was pouring in upon the path of those who were not of the family of promise. The prophecy of Micah came to their recollection, and citing it, they plainly pointed out the spot where He Who was born King of the Jews should be. And yet they put forth no energy to accompany the illustrious strangers, but left them, alone and unbefriended, to pursue their search after Him Who then came to His own, but His own received Him not.

But these Magi were not really alone. Having shown their willingness to act upon the directions given them, and setting out to act upon them, (without heeding their ignorance of the way to Bethlehem,) as they went, again the ALMIGHTY sent a star to guide them, and it came and stood over where the young Child was. Well might they rejoice with exceeding great joy, that they were thus once favoured; and yet to how strong a trial was their faith now to be submitted. They were in search of a king; they were, in agreement with eastern custom, carrying costly gifts, wherewith to acknowledge His Majesty, and describe His character; and lo! the light by which they had been guided, rests over the stable of a caravansary, the out-house of an inn! And in the manger they see the Infant, wrapped in swaddling clothes, to whom they were prepared to do honour. But their faith stood the trial: they staggered not through unbelief. The same grace which enabled them to follow the star, led them to receive the omen of its standing still above that humble scene. Its bright light gave unearthly lustre to the mean dwelling, and clothed in more than common splendour the helpless Babe before them. They saw and acknowledged One more than a king; they fell down and worshipped Him, and offered and presented themselves, and their souls and their bodies, and their possessions; their gold, their frankincense, and their myrrh: all that they had and all that they were. There was meaning in what they did. By their humble gesture and lowly reverence, they showed the claim He has upon our bodily worship, no less than upon our spiritual affections. They offered themselves as the

work of His own hands : they offered myrrh, as that with which the dead were embalmed, in token that He to Whom it was offered was to be delivered to death and the grave, for our salvation : they offered gold, where-with tribute is paid, as to a king, whose kingdom shall have no end : and frankincense, as to a God Who was made known to them that sought Him not. Let us, who are of the same Gentile family, learn from these eastern Magi. Let us bring to God the humble and adoring worship of our souls and our bodies. Let our spirits rise in fervent longings towards the throne of the Eternal FATHER of spirits ; let our hearts be humbled and bowed down in the sight of the Searcher of hearts, and let our bodies be willing servants of our spiritualized affections, lending a devout reverence to Him by Whom they were made, and by Whom they are preserved here, and by Whom they will be glorified hereafter.

Let us present of our gold in works of charity and of mercy. Let us minister to the wants of His poorer members : the wants of their souls and of their bodies. Let us be ready to bear our part in the great purposes of the Church, at home and abroad ; nor let us spend our money in unduly honouring our own houses, or in providing finery for our dress, while the house of God is mean and without ornament. Thus, bringing of our gifts to CHRIST, through His Church, we shall offer an odour of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well pleasing to God.<sup>1</sup>

Let us bring of our frankincense, by the earnestness of our prayers, and our general attention to the various matters of worship required at our hands ; and thus shall our prayer be set forth as incense, and the lifting up of our hands as an evening sacrifice.<sup>2</sup>

Let us present of our myrrh, by bringing the flesh into obedience to the spirit : killing the body of this flesh, and bringing it into subjection to the law of CHRIST. Let us die with CHRIST, that our life may be hid with Him in God. Thus mortifying our affections, we shall present our bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is our reasonable service.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Phil. iv. 18.<sup>2</sup> Psalm cxli. 2.<sup>3</sup> Rom. xii. 1.



Of the offices for this day we may observe, that in the Lessons and other portions of the Scriptures appointed to be read, we have exhibited to us the several ways by which CHRIST was manifested to mankind:—1. By the Prophets, who foretold His appearance, and have described Him by such circumstances and characters as peculiarly belong to Him. 2. In the Gospel, where the history and completion of what had been foretold by the Prophets is faithfully related.

The manifestation of CHRIST to the Gentiles, is nowhere so clearly foretold by the Prophets of the Old Testament, as by Isaiah, especially in chapters lx. and xlix. ; and for this reason our Church has made choice of them for her two First Lessons on this great festival. In the Morning Lesson, the glory of the Christian Church, in the abundant access of the Gentiles, is described, and the great blessings flowing to it after a season of affliction. In the eleventh and twelfth verses, we have a significant emblem of the catholicity of the Church of CHRIST, extending its limits to all nations, and open to all comers : differing in this from the former Church and people of God. The Evening Lesson shows the rejection of CHRIST by the Jews, and that He would be sent to the Gentiles ; and describes GOD's love of His Church. This Lesson is, if we may so speak, an alternate discourse between CHRIST, the FATHER, and the Church. The MESSIAH is introduced calling to the Gentiles, and declaring His commission and authority from GOD the FATHER to invite them into His Church : He complains of the small success He was to meet with from His own people, the Jews, but is encouraged by the prospect of succeeding more happily with the Gentiles ; that to them He should be a light, and the salvation of GOD unto the ends of the earth ; that their kings should arise and worship Him : that He should be for a covenant of the people, to establish the earth, to set the prisoners of sin and Satan free, and chase away the darkness of ignorance and error.

Of the Second Lessons we may observe, that in the Morning we have set before us the Manifestation of CHRIST at His Baptism. Now He was at that time not

only declared by the voice of GOD to be His beloved SON, but more particularly His office of Priesthood was there in the most solemn manner conferred upon Him: first, by an audible declaration of the FATHER from heaven, and then confirmed by the descent of the HOLY GHOST upon Him, visibly indicating Him, and no other, to be the Person designed and appointed by that voice. Great is the comfort, and most useful the doctrine, of the manifestation of CHRIST'S Priestly office, which was conferred upon Him as on this day. He is not only our Sacrifice, but our great High Priest, and ever liveth in heaven to make intercession for us. And we should infer hence the great honour of the priestly office, not on account of the gifts of those by whom it is exercised, but on account of Him Who confers its authority, and who, through its ministry, conveys great and special benefits on His Church. And we should also remember, that "no man," how great, how pious, how learned, how eloquent soever he may be, "taketh this honour to himself, except he be called of GOD as was Aaron:" i. e., outwardly, by GOD'S appointed ordinance.<sup>1</sup>

In the Evening Lesson, as we have already said, we have a proof of CHRIST'S Divinity, in His miraculous change of water into wine, at the marriage feast. As this was the beginning of miracles, which JESUS did in Cana of Galilee, it may not be out of place here, to say one

<sup>1</sup> "Hence the clergy are not only called 'the lot of God's inheritance,' but are styled His ambassadors, as sent and commissioned by Him to treat with us, and to declare the conditions on which He is willing to be reconciled. \* \* \* The *office* indeed a man may, and too many do, intrude into without a lawful call; but the *honour*, or authentic administration, no man can take to himself, without the Divine warrant and institution. They call themselves ministers of the Gospel, but their preaching is no preaching, no embassy from God, except they be duly sent by Him, or by those whom He hath authorised to send labourers into His vineyard. Their sacraments are no sacraments of CHRIST: they may have the outward and visible sign, but they cannot have the inward and spiritual grace, being administered without, yea, contrary to His authority. The same may be said of their other ministrations; so that without a divine legation from God, no man can take the honour or constitute himself a priest unto God; or receive a power from others, who have themselves no power to give it."—WOGAN.

word on the nature of the witness given by miracles. A miracle is an exertion of the Divine power in a manner different to, or beyond, the customary operations of the laws by which God governs the world. And to those who do miracles in God's Name, God bears them witness that they are on His side, and have His authority. But CHRIST, by working miracles in His own Name, showed that the authority came from Himself, and that He was Himself very God of very God.

The Epistle declares to us the great mystery of Godliness: how God manifest in the flesh, Who was first manifest only to the Jews, was also manifested to the Gentiles, and thereby preached and believed on in the world.

In the Gospel, we have the history of the visit of the wise men, which we have already considered; and with a few words on that for which we pray in the Collect, we may conclude this evening's meditations.

We pray that we may obtain the fruition, or full enjoyment of the glorious Godhead. We are reminded that it is not our natural eyes, but our spiritual eyes of faith and love, by which we must look for CHRIST; and it therefore becomes us to keep our spiritual sight clear. Sin will make us see dimly; it will place a cloud between the SAVIOUR and ourselves. Let us then put away all sin and uncleanness from us, and be pure and holy as God is holy. But even the eye of faith needs guiding points by which to find the SAVIOUR; and if it would attain unto the knowledge of Him, it must be invigorated and strengthened by prayer; it must rest upon the written Word, and employ the help of all the means of grace, or it will fail in bringing the soul to CHRIST. And the eye of love cannot acceptably be exercised in enjoying the fulness of God's love, unless it have duties on earth in which to employ itself. And while we do our very best to work out our own salvation, let us be mindful of those who still sit in darkness and in the shadow of death; and, remembering the great debt of gratitude we owe to God, because although we are Gentiles, yet still CHRIST was manifested to us, let us do all we can that the light of the Gospel may shine upon the heathen and take from them their darkness. Let us help the Church in her

missionary efforts, and let each one of us, however high or humble our sphere, ask our clergyman to put us in the way of contributing our mite—our copper,—our silver, or our gold, as the case may be—to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign parts: a society whose sole aim it is to fulfil the Church's duty in reference to this great festival.<sup>1</sup>

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## ELOISE.

### A SIMPLE SKETCH.

FAIR and beautiful was the situation of the sweet village of Lipscombe. There were few that could in any manner vie with it. The sea washed its shores with gentle murmurs, and it needed no great exertion to imagine (sea though it were) that it was like

Some fair lake that the breeze is upon,  
When it breaks into dimples and laughs at the sun.

The hills too surrounded it on every hand, and rising above one another, tier after tier, added to its beauty and seemed to be its protecting shelter, from the fierce winds that ever and anon prevailed on the coast. True, it had no great wealth of which to boast,—but it was decked with all the gems of nature. It was in a little cottage (methinks it is now before me) with its variegated walls that told of ancient days,—its lovely trellis work of flowers neatly trained around its door,—its fuchsias, its hyacinths, and roses, all succeeding each other in due season, in fact, with all those choice adornments that render an English cottage a cause of pride, that Eloise lived.

She was one whose early days had not been spent in a cotter's home. Hers was a happy childhood,—no care, anxiety, pain, for her parents were well to do in the world; but she, when grown up, preferred to share the fate of a

<sup>1</sup> From the Churchman's Sunday Evenings. By the Rev. A. Watson. This work contains brief reflections on the Church's year.

poor but honest fisherman, and from her high estate descended to suffer toil with one she loved. Whilst her husband lived she had no cause to regret her choice. Faithful and true, he laboured early and late for her support,—nay, more, to secure her comforts he thought she might miss. She was his earthly idol: no toil, no danger, no labour too great, if only he could find a smile upon her face, when he brought his boat to shore, and ran with almost childish glee to his home consecrated by the worship of Almighty God, and holy love. The smiling face, the cheerful fire, the opened book solemnly read, the prayer humbly offered in that cottage home,—presented a sight by which England's greatest nobles might be taught a salutary lesson.

But this state of happiness was not to last. Fourteen years had Eloise and Henry known of wedded life. It was soon to have an end. It was the 15th of Nov. 18—, dark and fearful was the night, as Henry put off from shore. He launched his bark, nothing doubting,—launched it but to come to land no more. Anxiously beat the heart of Eloise, she would have detained him, but could not. Lingeringly she stood upon the shore as the oars were pulled, and the boat sped on its way. In an hour the storm arose, a storm fierce and terrible,—once seen never forgotten. Such a one there hardly had been within the memory of the oldest villager. It was grand but terrific. The waves rose one after the other mountains high. The breakwater was as their plaything. They dashed over it with impetuous fury, as if there were no impediment in the way. As they battled with each other with great strength, their spray seemed to dash almost against the clouds. The thunders roared, and the lightnings flashed. The whole village rushed to the shore, full of dread for those who were then on the deep waters. Eloise too stood on that shore. Her heart beat within her, whilst her lips breathed in prayer. Her whole seemed now to be at stake. Henry who had tended her with such constant care, who had made her every wish his will,—was amidst the boiling surge that raged around the breakwater. Could he be saved? would the boat stand the test? Henry could swim, but who

could hope to make way against such a sea? These were her thoughts, and too soon were they answered! The vivid lightning, that seemed to stay for the purpose, showed the boat shattered to pieces, and her husband contending against the waves. Oh! the agony of that moment! Oh! the pain not soon to be healed. Pale was her cheek, and faltering her voice, as she said, "Oh! LORD, in mercy save!" But it was not so to be,—he sank to rise no more until the sea shall give up those who have found their last resting-place beneath its waters.

Poor Eloise was led back to her cottage fainting, and overcome with grief. That cottage now so lone and drear; that cottage where the empty chair was no more to be filled, where that voice so full of love and joy, should no more be heard, where the children would ask, "Where is father?" and the answer would be, "He is not here,—he sleeps in the sea, and is at rest in Paradise." Calm though keen was the grief of Eloise. "Oh! my GOD," she said, "one is taken and the other left. No more shall he kneel by my side, and lead our prayers: no more soothe me with words of love and hope; no more walk to that dear old church, where we were made one, knelt side by side at the blessed altar, and were fed with the Body and Blood of CHRIST,—all this is over, and yet we are one still, unseen though he be, we still are one. But yet to see him sink before my eyes. Oh! this is bitter, bitter, bitter,—yet let me, LORD, bow to Thy will. Thou hast promised to be a Father to the fatherless, and a Husband to the widow. Teach me to believe this, for Thy word is true, and O, grant that I may be enabled to say, 'He hath done all things well, for what Thou doest is good; for Thou, LORD, art good and gracious, and Thy mercy endureth for ever. Not my will, but Thine be done.'"

Not many weeks after Eloise moved to a still more humble cottage, situated in a forest, some distance from the village. It was an unwise step, for in so doing she cut herself off from all who could have given her assistance, as well as from the means of grace to which she had been accustomed. Soon, too soon alas! was she conscious of this. Her strength began to fail her, and she could

not walk as she had been wont, the long distance to the village, in order to do a day's work, and earn something for her family. Famine therefore literally took up its abode in her house; and keen and bitter were the pangs that rent that poor mother's heart, when she looked upon her children, with their wan and pallid faces, their withering forms, and eyes red with weeping, because they craved for food, and there was no one to give them any.

Bad enough to bear was all this under any circumstances. No work and children pining. Yet amid all Eloise endeavoured to bear unrepiningly her bitter lot.

Trouble, it has been said, never comes alone. The cloud gets blacker and blacker, until it seems the very shroud of despair; no single, solitary star, no ray of hope to cheer the weary soul. It was so here. Henrietta, the eldest child, could no longer hold out, for lack of food her slender form was wasting away. The eye always bright, was becoming daily brighter: the cough, little regarded at first, began to be heard with painful anxiety, and dreaded by the loving mother. The cheek once pale, was ever and anon suffused with a hue that might vie with the peach's bloom; the sprightly laugh no longer rang through the house; the happy voice, which once rendered joyous that home, sunk as it were into a mere undertone, sweet and gentle. The hand of death was plainly upon her. The mother gazed upon her child, and looked up to heaven.

"Oh! Henri," she would say, "'tis sad to see thee thus,—to see thee suffer, and none to help, but Mr. King, who has so kindly attended thee, and he says that we must part."

"Thanks be to God, mother, Who giveth us the victory. Fear not, I feel almost as I did on my Confirmation day, and when I first knelt at the altar to receive my SAVIOUR'S Body and Blood. Oh! had we never come to this forest, I should now have had our dear old Priest to tend me, watch over me, pray with me; he would have been here to listen to the detail of my offences against God, and comforted me; yes, even above all to give the Holy Communion for my support."

"Support, yes, that support which I so much need, to enable me to part with thee, poor though I am, for O ! I dread the bitterness of parting."

"Dread it not, my mother: we are one in faith, and hope, and love now,—and so we shall be then. I am only going to rest early—a little before you. My only prayer is—and how it can be granted I know not—that a priest may yet come to tell me of heaven, and give me the last rites."

"If so GOD will, happy shall I be. Let us pray that He will in mercy grant this our heart's desire."

Two days had passed away. It was Christmas Eve. The snow lay thick upon the ground. The forest under such circumstances was almost impassable. There appeared to be no cessation of storm. Snow, snow, snow, nothing else but snow and wind, which made such drifts as would have caused the boldest heart to faint. Hopeless in her chamber, with her solitary light, watching with prayers and tears over her daughter's deathbed, sat Eloise. She seemed lost in thought, or rather, lost in prayer. A knock at the door startled her. What can it mean, harm or good? thought she. Who can be in the forest such a night as this? But if the knock startled her, the voice of a man asking admittance, startled her still more. In fact, she trembled in every limb, yet summoning up courage she went down stairs to open the door, thinking perchance that some benighted traveller might be seeking a shelter beneath her roof. She trembled as she held the latch in her hand. She hesitated still. Again the voice without exclaimed, "Of Christian charity let me in, the snow is drifting fast,—have mercy and GOD reward you." Eloise was touched, but hesitated still. "Whoever you are however, none shall say that on such a night I turned you from my door."

As soon as the door was opened, she found that by admitting strangers she was entertaining angels unawares. His dress told at once that he was a Priest, and as he passed the threshold, he said in gentle voice, "Pax vobiscum."

Oh! who can tell the thankfulness of that poor wo-



man's heart, or the joy of that poor suffering child. "Welcome, reverend father," said the mother. "Food I have none to set before you, meagre is my fare,—yet the widow's prayers shall ever bless you. My poor daughter is now adying, and craves the last rites." It is needless to add that the hour of midnight witnessed the solemn celebration—and the soul of the sufferer departed to its rest, on the Festival of the birth of Him Who came to give her life. The Priest interested himself for Eloise, she returned to the village, brighter days shone upon her. But ever during her life, the voice of praise was heard in her dwelling, and ever did her soul magnify the LORD. Reader, remember two texts, "Many are the troubles of the righteous, but the LORD delivereth him out of them all." "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

W. B. F.

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## THE FOUNTAIN IN THE GARDEN.

### CHAPTER I.

O Fount of endless life,  
O Spring of water clear,  
O Flame celestial, cleansing all  
Who unto Thee draw near.

ONE bright summer day I wandered in a garden, a very beautiful one. The sun seemed to love being there, for it was always smiling on it. Shady walks broke in now and then through the green turf, looking so pretty as to make one wish to know where they led; now winding round mossy banks laden with flowers, and now through thick groves among whose bright leaves the little sunbeams ran in and out, chasing one another almost as merrily as the children, for there were children too in the garden. Numberless groups of bright, happy little ones, were all about me; some running up and down the banks, tossing the beautiful flowers from one to another, and others were sitting in groups, laughing and talking.

Over many of these children there was a beautiful dove hovering ; sometimes it would fly round and round the child, and if it were taken notice of, and fondled, would perch on his shoulder, or nestle in his bosom, and sing so sweetly that the child would forget his play, and be quite lost in the little bird's song. But many of the children did not seem to care for their dove, nor to hear its voice. And yet the bird would not be sent away altogether ; it would fly down in the silly child's path, and look up to him with its loving eyes, and entice him by its sweet voice—many and many a time by its very love forcing the child to take it up again. And even if the little one would not notice it, but went on careless and unheeding, till the dove was forced to fly away, it would only go to a tree hard by, and sing on and on, hoping at length to draw the child to it again.

In the midst of the garden, rose a Fountain, such as I had never before seen. It threw its clear waters high into the air, and as they fell again, they looked so passing bright, that the eye was quite dazzled by splendour. When the waters reached the ground, they bounded away in a clear broad stream, hither and thither flowing to every part of the garden, looking as bright lines of light over the flower-carpeted mead and darker grove, and wherever they went, being the springs of new freshness and beauty.

But my attention was drawn from the wonders of the garden, as I saw coming towards me one of grave and gentle appearance ; he called the children round him, and told them he had brought a message from the King, to Whom the garden belonged, and Whose ambassador he was—that they must leave their play and come and listen to him. Some laughed and went on with their sport as though they had not heard the summons, but many drew near to the teacher as he led them under the shade of a spreading tree, and in kind and loving accents gave them the message his Master had sent him to deliver.

“This beautiful garden belongs to a very Great and Glorious King, Who dwells beyond those highest mountains, in the land that is very far off. And He has placed you here, to see whether you will really love Him and try

to please Him, and if you do, in a very short time, He will take you to His own beautiful home, where you will be always with Him and dwell in His Love."

"And what does the King require of us? how can we reach the far-off country?" said Ernest, one of the eldest of the group.

"The work the King gives you," replied the teacher, "is to wreath garlands of the beautiful flowers around us. This may appear very easy, but there are more difficulties than you imagine. Though at first all the flowers in the garden were planted by the King Himself, many have since been set by a wicked enemy, who has put them here purposely to deceive you, and in the hope of spoiling your garlands. There are some plants which you cannot mistake. This lovely and fragile white flower, which always grows in such abundance when the breeze from the distant hills is wafted towards it, and these rich crimson blossoms shedding a warm hue on the flowers near them, are so bright and beautiful, that nothing the enemy has can ever equal them; but with some of the smaller ones you may often be very much at a loss. And your King so kind and loving, has not left you without many means of help. The white dove which was given to each of you on entering the garden, is one guide which you have always at hand—and while it stays with you and sings its sweet song, you are quite sure you are gathering the right flowers. But if you become careless or indifferent about your work, you will grieve your little dove: it will leave you, and you may lose the comfort of its sweet voice altogether. From these books too, you will get further help how to distinguish the flowers of the King's planting from those of the enemy. If you study them attentively you will soon learn what flowers you should avoid, and what are quite indispensable to your garlands. You will read of many of the Great King's dutiful and obedient children, who were once tried as you are, and who are now at home in the far-off land. See how they formed their wreaths, and imitate them as far as they followed the King's directions. There is one Pattern Whom you cannot copy too closely. It is the Son of the Great King, Who came to this country many

years ago and lived as you are living, and Whose work was so perfect that no other garland has ever been able to compare with it. The time He spent here was very sorrowful and full of pain. His work was more difficult than any of yours can ever be : the rough storms fell upon Him, and the bitter wind blew round. His day was very dark, and the night came quickly on, yet He accomplished the work His Father had given Him to do, and gladly bore all the sorrow that you might have an example how to bear sorrow too. He is now gone back to His Father's home, to prepare for you mansions so beautiful that you cannot even picture them to yourselves, but if you take Him for your Example, you will one day share His glorious home."

"Is there any other way by which we can distinguish the right flowers?" asked one of the children.

"Yes, when you are doubtful about some particular one, and do not clearly understand whose planting it is, you must look very earnestly towards yonder mountain, where you can just see a little reflection of the light from the land where the Great King dwells. As you kneel with eyes and heart fixed there, your King will Himself answer you, by causing a soft breeze from His own home to be wafted round, soothing and refreshing you, and if the flower is one you may gather, its leaves will gently move as the breeze dies away. Sometimes, the answer may not come at once, you may have to wait and to look again and again, but if you watch diligently, the King will not fail to send it.

"But of the one help without which all others would be useless, I must now tell you. In all parts of the garden runs a clear bright stream, flowing from the fountain placed here by the Son of the Great King. He knew your garlands would never be accepted by His Father unless they were very perfect, and He knew they could not be kept fresh and blooming without an ever-flowing supply of water, so He left His beautiful home and His Good Father to come here and open this fountain for you, and what He bids you do, is to bathe every flower you gather in this crystal stream, and to sprinkle your wreaths again and again with its precious drops ;

this only will prevent them from fading, and will render them such as the Great King will accept. The stream will not, however, always be visible, unless you seek for it, and if you gather many of the enemy's flowers, you will be likely to forget it altogether; and your garlands will droop and die."

"But when will the King take us to His beautiful home?" asked a fair-haired little girl, named Alettua, whose bright blue eyes had been eagerly fixed on the teacher.

"That question, my child," he replied, "I cannot answer; none but the King Himself knows when you will be summoned. It cannot be very long before His messenger comes for you, and it may be very soon. This is the time He gives you to work, and puts all these helps within your reach. If you wish to be prepared when He sends for you, and to be taken to His beautiful home, you must begin without delay."

### *Questions.*

Q. What does the garden where the children were placed by the King signify?

A. The Church of CHRIST in the world, into which we are all adopted in our Baptism.

Q. What is meant by the flowers of which the children were to make their garlands?

A. They are intended to represent the gifts and graces of God's Holy Spirit, which He gives and promises to increase in us if we strive for them in the way He appoints; the flowers also signify the good works which by His help we are enabled to perform.

Q. And what are the flowers the children were to avoid?

A. "The works of the devil, the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, and all the sinful desires of the flesh."

Q. What does the dove given to each child signify?

A. The personal presence and guidance of the HOLY SPIRIT.

Q. Why did it leave them, if they did not heed it?

A. To show that we grieve the HOLY SPIRIT, and cause Him to depart from us, when we refuse to follow His guidance.

Q. Why did it try to win notice from the children?

A. Because God's Spirit is always striving with us.

Q. What do the other helps given to the children symbolize?

A. The Holy Scriptures, which are given as "a light to our feet and a lamp to our path," and prayer, by which we are to make known our requests to God.

**Q. What is the Fountain ?**

**A.** The Blood of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, in which we and all our works must be washed to ensure their acceptance with GOD the FATHER, and through which alone all Sacraments and means of grace are made efficacious to our salvation.

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## THE PRIMROSE.

EVERY thing connected with a train is undeniably unpicturesque and unpoetical, excepting, indeed, the smoke, which, as it curls into fantastic shapes, and mounts upwards, might suggest many a fancy for dreamlanders: but all else is so hard and heavy—so imbued with a ponderous iron look, that it requires an effort of the imagination to associate with a train any idea of its prominent use and attribute—*swiftness*.

The word readily suggests images of birds on the wing,—antelopes speeding their course in graceful bounds,—a ship in full sail, gliding over a rippling sea before a favouring wind—an arrow darting through the air: anything, in short, sooner than that great iron-linked chain of iron-bound carriages, attended by officials who look as if constant contact with that strongest of minerals had acted as a tonic on their frames, and imparted rigidity even to their manners and countenances.

So think I as, seated in the corner of a comfortable first-class carriage, I wait the departure of the London train from Southampton, and amuse myself by watching the proceedings of the crowd of persons assembled on the platform. Among them are specimens of almost every class and grade in life, from the highly-bred aristocrat, with his tranquil, easy manner, from whose shoulders a fussy valet takes all the occupation of the journey, to the sturdy rustic, in the clean round frock, whose locomotive wardrobe is tied up in a red cotton handkerchief, slung on the end of his walking-stick. He looks like what I imagine he is—an upright, independent Englishman, content with "that state of life unto which it has pleased God to call him," and knowing that as long as he does

his *duty* in it, he is as useful a particle of the great basement of his country's social edifice, as yonder peer is of the polished columns that support the roof.

But now there is a general hurrying towards the carriages. Barrows loaded with luggage are wheeled rapidly along; lady passengers arrive, breathlessly running to be in time, followed by provokingly deliberate porters, marching slowly, with boxes and parcels in their hands. The door of my carriage opens, and a gentleman enters—deposits a cloak and leather bag on a vacant seat, and takes his place in the corner opposite to mine.

“Times! Daily News! Morning Herald!” shouts a boy whose occupation, apart from selling newspapers, might seem to be, to sum up at parting, all the fuss, noise, and hurry that has taken place before. There is now a sound of doors clapping, and “Tickets, please!”—then of a bell—then a short, pert whistle, and now a long continuous piercing shriek from the engine—and we are off.

How like life it is, as we rush along through quickly-varying scenes,—some of picturesque beauty, some of fertility and industry; costly dwellings of the great, and rich—humble abodes of the poor; long, barren wastes, and now a dark tunnel, where there is no light—heaven obscured by earth, but not for long. We are out in the broad daylight again. We see a village clustering round an ivied church. We would fain gaze long on the peaceful picture, but no; like all the rest it passes—passes—and fades away! Then the stages of varying length, where some commence and others finish their journey, and the great terminus at the last for all!

Here I ceased to ruminate, and turned my thoughts to my solitary fellow-traveller. He was a gentlemanlike, military-looking man, whose age I might have guessed to be between fifty and sixty, had I not discovered before starting that he was one of the numerous passengers who had just arrived from India: parched complexion and a worn appearance were, therefore, not to be taken into account in the outward indications of his age, which was probably under fifty. I had observed that he looked grave and thoughtful when we first set off, but I also noticed that as we whirled our way through meadows and

hedges, with distant prospects of hills and woods, all smiling in their delicate spring garments under a bright May sunshine, he gazed out with an expression of deep enjoyment in his countenance: but he spoke not, and as every return of his head to its resting-place in the corner of the carriage was accompanied with a transition to sadness, I did not venture to break the silence which kept us two fellow mortals enclosed within a space of not more than a few feet in circumference, as entirely strangers to each other as if our respective positions were, one at the north, and the other at the south pole.

I had just begun to build a little fabric of guesses about his history, when the train stopped at a pretty little station, with a neat flower garden extending up the embankment on either side. I looked through my side window, charmed with the bright aspect of the sweet blossoms that adorned so meekly the side of the great highway. My fellow-traveller appeared to notice them too. For he looked out of the window with a peculiarly brightened countenance, and seemed desirous to get out of the carriage to approach nearer to the flowers, but he was prevented by a porter saying, "Can't, sir—you are just off!"

"Well, here, my good fellow," said the gentleman, hastily slipping money into the man's hands, "just give me one of those flowers," pointing to a tuft of primroses nearly opposite to us.

The man looked astonished, but with a clumsy, awkward air, obeyed, and I could almost have smiled at the violent contrast presented between a *railway porter* and a *primrose*, had not the flush of emotion with which it was received by my companion turned my ideas into another channel.

"It is thirty years since I have seen one," he said, as if half apologising for showing so much interest about it.

"They are universal favourites," I said; but I added no more, for on glancing at the intelligent eyes that bent over the flower, I saw that they were moistened with tears. Again there was silence; but it did not last long, and when we once entered into conversation, by one of those mysterious sympathies that occasionally supply the place of long acquaintance or intimacy, we were soon engaged in frank and interesting conversation.



He told me much of his personal history, the outlines of which, as touching the motive for relating this little incident, I must reveal here.

He had left home a boy, and had led the usual life of an officer in India. Thrown amongst those who lived for pleasure, he had adopted their ways for a time, which led to temptation and sin, and he had now returned to England to find a home in her bosom,—for he had no longer one within a narrower sphere. In an absence of thirty years, Death had cut off all his nearest and dearest kindred. He spoke as one whom sorrow had made “wiser and better.”

“Each stroke,” he said, “made me pause in my thoughtless career, for indeed I had gone far and fast in it. But, even when at the worst, I treasured one recollection with tender veneration; it was that of my mother. She was an angel, if ever there was one in this world! The prayers and hymns she used to teach me in my childhood—the affectionate counsels she used to give me when a boy, and her broken parting words of anxious love, remained fresh in my memory, and saved me from committing many an unworthy act. This,” he continued, looking down on the primrose, “was her favourite flower. It brings me back to the shady woods, where, on just such early summer days as these, I used to gather them with her.”

His voice faltered, and he stopped speaking. When he resumed again, he took a faded-looking letter from his pocket-book and opened it. It appeared to be written in a delicate female hand, and within its folds lay the pressed form of a little faded primrose.

“This,” he said, “is the last letter she ever wrote to me; with her dying hand she inclosed the flower!”

Fair messenger! there it lay. It had traversed land and sea on its mission from maternal love; and it now rests close to the heart of a way-worn man of the world, a drop from the dewy memories of holier days, which helps to swell the stream of everlasting life.

We sat once more in silence—the silence of deep thought: his thoughts, probably, turning sadly to scenes of early happiness with friends whom he should see on earth no more—mine, dwelling on the evidence I had

just had of the value of a mother's love—the weight of a mother's responsibility—and oh ! blessed privilege—while the heart lies open and unoccupied, to pour into its recesses thoughts of all that is holy, true, and beautiful—to whisper to the young spirit, struggling for supplies in its increasing immortal vitality (even as the little mortal frame claims the nutriment necessary to its growth) of the love that surpasseth that of a mother ;—to store the virgin cells of memory—that early-awakened power—with treasures for days to come. The world may teach other lessons, and tastes spring up for other pleasures, but the heart is wont to return to its childhood's recollections, and never, perhaps, more so than when bowed with a sense of its departure from their innocence.

We feel how minutely our great poet understood the windings of the human heart, in reading his description of the death-bed of the most debased reveller in the ways of sensual pleasure that his mighty pen ever drew. He lies at the threshold of that goal to which all must come, but, as the mists of death dim all recent recollections, and the fleshy clothing recedes from the escaping spirit, one memory seems to waken from its long sleep, and bear him across the now stagnant gulf of sin and defilement which separates him from his days of innocence. What he saw there, we are not told ; but he is heard to *talk of flowers, babble of green fields, and call on God.*

May every mother who reads this, be spared the sorrow of having her gentle teachings only remembered at the last moment of a wicked life ; but the allusion bears a deep lesson which a due reflection on it will teach.

And now we are at our journey's end. The train stops, and I bid God speed to my fellow traveller. He has fastened the drooping primrose in his buttonhole. I see it as he moves along, meet companion and symbol of the pure memories of a mother's love which have brightened and softened a journey on the iron road of life.

M. H.

GIPSIES.<sup>1</sup>

## CHAPTER I.

WHO does not feel a certain interest in the race of the gipsies? There is something peculiar, we had almost said fascinating, in their appearance. They have a way of their own, whether angry or pleased, and who, we should like to know, could imitate the insinuating tones of voice, in which some swarthy, dark-eyed damsel, with her glossy black hair, endeavours to persuade the credulous to take a peep into futurity. Nor can our readers feel less interest in them than other people,—nay, they ought to feel more, since we have had the pleasure of publishing in our pages more than one admirable tale concerning them. Who are they, what are they, whence derived, &c.? are questions which we are now about to answer, as best we can, giving at the same time some few of the customs they observe.

The gipsies are differently named in different countries, the French call them *Bohémiens*; the Dutch, *Heydams* (*Heathens*); in Denmark and some parts of Germany they are called “*Tartars*,” among others *Charami* (*Robbers*). In Hungary they were formerly called *Pharaohites*, (from Pharaoh Napeth) Pharaoh’s people; and the vulgar in Transylvania continue that name for them. The idea of the English appears to be similar, in denominating them ‘gipsies,’ (i. e., Egyptians); as is that of the Portuguese and Spaniards in calling them *Gitanos*. But the name *Zigeuners* obtained the most extensive adoption, and apparently not without cause, for the word *Zigeuner* signifies to wander up and down,—for which reason it is said our German ancestors denominated every strolling vagrant *Zichegan*. When we remember the wandering habits of the people, and the fact that they are to be found in almost every part of the globe—the fitness of the name cannot be questioned.

<sup>1</sup> The fullest work on this subject is Hoyland’s. 1816.

The inquiry as to the race from which they are sprung, has afforded ample ground of controversy. For a long period their Egyptian origin was universally admitted, and they were regarded as pilgrims, which they gave themselves out to be, and in which character they imposed upon the credulous, and even obtained the grant of safe conduct through various countries. "Great wonder it is not," says Sir Thomas Brown, "we are to seek for the original of Ethiopians and natural negroes, being also at a loss concerning the original of gipsies, and counterfeit Moors, observable in many parts of Europe, Asia, and Africa. Common opinion deriveth them from Egypt, and from thence they derive themselves, according to their own account hereof, as Munster discovered in the letter and pass which they obtained from Sigismund the Emperor; that they first came out of lesser Egypt, that having defected from the Christian rule, and relapsed into Pagan rites, some of every family were enjoined this penance to wander about the world; or as Aventinus delivereth, they pretend for this vagabond course, a judgment of God upon their forefathers, who refused to entertain the Virgin Mary and Jesus, when they fled into their country."<sup>1</sup>

In time, however, this Egyptian theory was put down, upon the ground that their own language differs essentially from the Coptic, and their customs are the very opposite of those of the Egyptians, whilst, as has been observed, "no part of the world is, I believe, free from those banditti, wandering about in troops, whom we by mistake call gipsies, and Bohemians. When we were at Cairo, and the villages bordering on the Nile, we found troops of these strolling thieves, sitting under palm trees, and they are esteemed foreigners in Egypt." Moreover, they have a language peculiar to themselves, and this of such a nature, that the one from which it was derived could not be made out for a length of time. But as the knowledge of the oriental languages increased, some light was thrown upon this difficult subject, and it is now generally supposed that they are of Indian origin, and that their language contains a goodly mixture of Hindustani.

<sup>1</sup> Inquiries into vulgar and common errors, p. 275. Fol. Ed.

Other grounds for believing their Indian origin, are thus stated by Hoyland:—

“The whole great nation of Indians is known to be divided into four ranks or stocks, which are called by a Portuguese name—castes, each of which has its own particular subdivisions. Of these castes the Bramin is first; the second contains the Tschecteries, or Setreas; the third consists of the Beis, or Wazziers; the fourth is the caste of the Suders: who upon the peninsular of Malabar, where their condition is the same as in Hindostan, are called Parias, and Paners.

“The first were appointed by Brama to seek after knowledge, to give instruction, and to take care of religion. The second were to serve in war; the third were, as the Bramins, to cultivate science, but particularly to attend to the breeding of cattle. The caste of Suders was to be subservient to the Bramins, the Tschecters, and the Beis. These Suders are held in disdain; they are considered infamous, and unclean from their occupation, and they are abhorred, because they eat flesh; the three other castes living entirely upon vegetables.”

The origin of the gipsies from this tribe is further confirmed by a variety of particulars,—such as similarity of habits, thieving propensities, dancing girls, &c. The fact of the gipsy language being deduced from the Hindustani, is fully established by a letter from Mr. Marsden, read by Sir Joseph Banks, before the Society of Antiquaries, in London, in 1785. It is most probable that they were driven away by a war, which arose in 1409.<sup>1</sup> Brand, in his Popular Antiquities, says, “The gipsies, as it should seem from some striking proofs derived from their language, were originally from Hindostan, where they are supposed to have been of the lowest class of Indians, named Parias, or as they are called in Hindostan, Suders. They are thought to have emigrated about A.D. 1408, or 1409, when Timur Bey ravaged India, for the purpose of spreading the Mahommedan religion. On this occasion so many were made slaves, and put to death, that a universal panic took place, and a very

<sup>1</sup> Sir Thomas Brown, without any evidence, considers that they came out not far from Germany.

great number of terrified inhabitants endeavoured to save themselves by flight. As every part of the North and East was beset by the enemy, it is most probable that the country below Multan, to the mouth of the Indus, was the first asylum and rendezvous of the fugitive Sadars. This is called the country of Zinganen. Here they were safe, and remained so, till Timur's return from the victory of the Ganges. Then it was that they entirely quitted the country, and probably with them a considerable number of the natives, which will explain the meaning of their original name."

Certain it is, that about this period they appeared in Europe, and scattered themselves very rapidly through Germany, France, and other countries, as before observed, in the character of pilgrims. They came into Britain about 1512, and were not long in putting into practice the same habits for which they are still so remarkable. They were like their successors, adepts in all kinds of tricks and devices: filthy in their garments, and their habits anything but pleasant. As now, so then, they cozened the silly and unwary; had the hand touched with silver, and made much gain by palmistry; moreover turning the heads of thoughtless country girls, they carried off from them money, spoons, and any other valuables of which they might be possessed. They became notorious for all these practices, and whilst the common people were delighted with their skill, dexterity, and specious promises, persons in a higher state of life were looking upon them in a far different light. They are thus described in the 22nd of Henry VIII.

"An outlandish people, calling themselves Egyptians, using no craft, nor feat of merchandize, who have come into this realm, and gone from shire to shire, and place to place in great company; and used great, subtle, and crafty means to deceive the people, bearing them in hand, that they by palmistry could tell men's and women's fortunes; and so many times by craft and subtlety have deceived the people of their money, and also have committed many heinous felonies and robberies;" they are ordered to leave the realm,—whilst an act passed in the 27th of the same reign, rules thus:—

"Whereas certain outlandish people, who do not profess any craft or trade, whereby to maintain themselves, but go about in great numbers from place to place, using insidious underhand means to impose on his Majesty's subjects, making them believe that they understand the art of foretelling to men and women their good and evil fortune, by looking in their hands, whereby they frequently defraud people of their money; likewise are guilty of thefts and highway robberies; it is hereby ordered that the said vagrants, commonly called Egyptians, in case they remain one month in the kingdom, shall be proceeded against as thieves and rascals, and on the importation of any such Egyptian, he (the importer) shall forfeit £40 for every trespass."

From this it would appear that the gipsies were held in such repute as to cause the matter to become one of such moment, as to demand an act to check the importation of them. Henry was very much embittered against them, and during his reign, many were re-shipped to France. Other acts in later reigns were passed, by which any subjects of the realm being found on terms of friendship with the gipsies, or tarrying with them for a month, or who had disguised himself like them, should be guilty of felony, without benefit of clergy. Yet notwithstanding all these precautions, they numbered some ten thousand in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in which the last recited act was passed.

In other parts the gipsies fared much the same as in England, being received in some, banished from some, and put under the ban of the Church in others. The habits of the whole race are much the same whether on the continent or in England. Strong and hardy, no change of climate or of weather seems ever to affect them, or, if it does, it is certainly to no great extent. They can bear to travel barefoot in the most bitter cold of the keenest winter. This doubtless must be attributed to the manner in which the infants, slung behind the mothers' backs, are inured to hardship from their earliest days. Although they go about in such a sad plight, yet they are exceedingly fond of dress,—the women taking especial pride in providing when they can

a very fine and gaudy head-dress. A motley group it must be confessed is a gipsy camp, as one comes upon it in the lane or by the hedge side, and yet there is something picturesque about it. Here the tent, the fire, the crock with the soup, and the *et ceteras*; there the mules, asses, horses, dogs, and other such accessories: and the laughter that plays upon the gipsies' faces if perchance the crock contains a piece of some beast that has died without being killed,—a luxury this the greatest they can enjoy—for their theory is, that the flesh of a beast, which God kills, must be better than that of one killed by the hand of man. Many of those gipsies who have a settled home take a pride in collecting vases of silver, and plate; handing it on from generation to generation, each one being bound to maintain, and if possible to increase the stock.

They are an essentially idle people, and would do anything, even endure hunger itself, rather than set themselves regularly to work; those who do follow any trade at all are chiefly tinkers, and carpenters. The following is the description given by Twiss of the gipsy in Spain:—

“They are very numerous in Murcia, Cordova, Codis, and Ronda. The race of these vagabonds is found in every part of Europe.

“Their language, which is peculiar to themselves, is everywhere so similar, that they are all undoubtedly derived from the same source. . . . The men are all thieves, and the women libertines. They follow no certain trades, and have no fixed religion. They do not enter into the order of society, wherein they are only tolerated. It is supposed there are upwards of 40,000 of them in Spain; great numbers of them are inn-keepers in the villages, and small towns; and they are everywhere fortunetellers. In Spain they are not allowed to possess any land, nor even to act as soldiers. They marry among themselves, stroll in troops about the country, and bury their dead under water. Their ignorance prevents their employing themselves in anything, but in providing for the immediate wants of nature: beyond which even their roguishness does not extend, and only endeavouring to save themselves the trouble of labour, they are contented if they



can procure food by showing feats of dexterity ; and only pilfer to supply themselves with the trifles they want ; so that they never render themselves liable to any severer chastisement than that of whipping, for having stolen chickens, linen, &c. Most of the men have a smattering of physic and surgery, and are skilful in tricks performed by sleight of hand." That the gipsies do manage to keep themselves to these small punishments is certain : and equally so that there is great consternation in the camp, if any commit a very heinous offence : we were witnesses of this a few years ago. A fine, handsome gipsy was being tried for a great offence. The court was crowded with the clan. Tears trickled down the faces of the women, and the men looked the very pictures of the greatest possible anxiety ; their looks were those of grief condensed.

As has been before said, the gipsies were diversely received by different nations. No attempts were ever made to treat them otherwise than vagabonds, until Theresa resolved to make an experiment with the Hungarian gipsies. The following were the rules drawn up, as given by Hoyland.

First, with respect to religion. They must

1. Not only be taught the principles of religion themselves, but early send their children to school.
2. Prevent, as much as possible, their children running about naked in the roads and streets, thereby giving offence and disgust to other people.
3. In their dwellings, not permit their children to sleep promiscuously by each other, without regard to sex.
4. Diligently attend at Church, particularly on Sundays and holidays, to give proof of their Christian disposition.

5. Put themselves under the guidance of spiritual teachers, and conduct themselves conformably to the rules laid down by them.

Secondly, with regard to their temporal conduct and better mode of living. They are bound

1. To conform to the custom of the country in diet, dress, and language ; consequently to abstain from feeding on cattle, which have died of distemper ; not to go

about in such unseemly dresses ; and to discontinue the use of their own particular language.

2. Not to appear any more in large cloaks, which are chiefly useful to hide things which have been stolen.

3. No gipsy, unless he be a gold-washer, shall keep a horse.

4. Also the gold-washers must abstain from all kinds of bartering at the annual fairs.

5. The magistrates of every place must be very attentive that no gipsy waste his time in idleness ; but at those seasons, when they have no employment, either for themselves or any land-holder, to recommend them to some other person, with whom they shall be compelled to work for hire.

6. They are to be kept particularly to agriculture. Therefore

7. It is to be observed, where possible, that every territorial lord, who takes any gipsies under his jurisdiction, do allow them a certain piece of ground to cultivate.

8. Whoever is remiss in his husbandry shall be liable to corporal punishment.

9. They shall be permitted to amuse themselves with music, or other things, only when there is no field work for them to do.

Such were the regulations adopted by the Emperor Joseph the Second.

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## BIOGRAPHY OF DEAN PRIDEAUX.

HUMPHREY PRIDEAUX was born in Cornwall, on the 3rd of May, 1648, being the youngest son of Edmund Prideaux, of Padstow, Esq. Being intended from the very first for Holy Orders, he received the first part of his education in the Grammar School of Liskeard and Bodmin, from whence he proceeded to Westminster, where he became a pupil of the celebrated Dr. Busby. He was elected king's scholar, and proceeded in due course to Oxford, where he was admitted a student of

Christchurch, by Dr. Fell. On the 22nd of June, 1672, he took his degree of B.A., and was soon employed in literary labours by Dr. Fell, who had the management of the University Printing Press at this period. An edition of Florus, with notes, was his first work, which was followed in May, 1676, by his "*Marmora Oxoniensia*." He was only twenty-six years of age, when this was published. Yet it established his reputation, and his name was well received in France, Germany, and Italy. But it led to more substantial rewards than mere fame. A copy of it was forwarded to Lord Chancellor Finch, afterwards Earl of Nottingham, who first sent him his son as a pupil, and, in 1679, presented him to S. Clement's, Oxford. This year, Prideaux published two tracts out of Maimonides, which he entitled "*De jure pauperis et peregrini inter Judæos*," and to which he added a Latin translation and notes. He published this work with a view to facilitate the reading of Hebrew without points, he holding at the time the office of Hebrew lecturer. His patron conferred upon him a prebendal stall. He was admitted B.D., Nov. 15, 1682.

Upon the death of Nottingham, which took place Nov. 18, 1682, Prideaux found another patron in Lord Chancellor North, who presented him to the living of Bladen-cum-Capellâ de Woodstock, his institution taking place 17th Feb., 1683. He did not leave Oxford, but continued to discharge the duties of the various offices he held in that university. Dr. Fell gave funds, &c. for the building of a parsonage house at Woodstock, the management of which he left in the hands of Mr. Prideaux. Whilst he held the office of tutor in his college, he endeavoured to put down many evils that had crept in, and to secure better discipline than then prevailed.

In the summer following the invasion of the Duke of Argyll into Scotland, and of the Duke of Monmouth into England, took place, and after their failure, Mr. Prideaux seeing that no little confusion would take place, resolved to leave Oxford, and settle down upon his church preferment. He married, took the degree of D.D. in 1684, exchanged his living of Woodstock for Saham, in Norfolk, and took up his residence as Prebendary of Norwich.

The affairs of the Cathedral were in a very unsatisfactory state, but he set himself to work to reducing them into order. In fact the whole management of the temporal matters seems to have devolved upon him.

He became involved also in several controversies, and published his work entitled "Validity of the orders of the Church of England made out." It is needless to dwell upon the events that took place during the reign of James the Second, seeing they are all known as matters of history. Dr. Prideaux was most zealous in his opposition to reading the declaration of indulgence, which had been commanded to be read during divine service, in all churches, on pain of ejectionment.

After the Revolution, a Convocation was held in 1689, to consider the famous scheme of comprehension, in favour of which Dr. Prideaux wrote a pamphlet, entitled "A letter to a friend relating to the present Convocation at Westminster," which commanded a ready and extensive sale. It is needless to add, that the views he took upon these and other similar subjects, were beneath the standard of the Church of England. Finding a new Dean at Norwich, he took up his residence at Saham, where he celebrated hebdomadal services, and spent his time there, partly at Norwich, and partly in visiting the Archdeaconry of Suffolk. When Dr. Lloyd was deprived of the Bishopric of Norwich, because he would not subscribe to the oaths, great exertions were made to secure the see for Dr. Prideaux, but, had he been nominated, he would have unquestionably refused, both for the same reason as led to Dr. Lloyd's deprivation, and the friendship that existed between them, especially as the last act of the Bishop had been to make Dr. Prideaux Archdeacon of Suffolk.

The Doctor was held in high repute by the dignitaries of the Church, and his opinion was constantly required upon points of the greatest difficulty. In the first session of parliament for instance, after the new Bishops had taken their seats there, two bills were introduced, one for the regulation of pluralities, and the other for the prevention of clandestine marriages. The draft of the former was submitted to Dr. Prideaux by Dr. Burnet,

then Bishop of Salisbury. This was not approved of by the Archdeacon. A new bill was therefore drawn up by him, restricting pluralities within five miles distance, from church to church measured by the road. This bill was however, thrown out by the Lords. The bill for the prevention of clandestine marriages, which made it *felony* for the clergy to have celebrated any, found in him a determined opponent. He contended that if the laws which then existed were put in force, there would be no need to pass new ones, much less such sanguinary ones against the clergy.

In 1691, he was offered the professorship of Hebrew at Oxford, which he declined for several reasons. In 1692, he expressed himself grieved beyond measure at the ignorance manifested by the candidates for Holy Orders, and regretted that there were no foundations in the universities, to urge men on to the diligent prosecution of theological studies. So also after the passing of the Toleration act, he was very zealous in explaining to the clergy its bearings, and insisting that it was their duty to look well after their people, and to make the proper presentments. This letter he published in 1701, at the end of his Directions to Churchwardens.

At Michaelmas, 1694, he resolved to resign Saham altogether, on account of the climate not agreeing with the health of himself and family, and because of the greater advantage of residence in Norwich. Upon his return, the care of the Cathedral devolved upon him, as it had done before, and the Dean being non-resident, he had ample scope for manifesting his powers in this respect.

His zeal for the Church continued unabated, and on the preferment of Dr. Tenison to the Archbishopric of Canterbury, he addressed a letter to his Grace, containing an account of the English settlements in the East Indies, together with some proposals for the propagation of Christianity in that part of the world. Remarking, at the end of the pamphlet, that it was a great work, and it would be a great thing if the Clergy alone could undertake it, he adds, "Whenever it shall be thus undertaken, though I serve the Church mostly upon my own estate, yet my

purse shall be opened as wide towards it as any man's. I will readily subscribe a hundred pounds at the first offer; neither shall I stop here, if the work goes on; and if others will give proportionably, I doubt not but a great deal might be done therein."

In 1696, he was instituted (on the presentation of the Dean and Chapter of Norwich,) to the vicarage of Trowse, a small benefice within a mile of Norwich. In the following year, he published his *Life of Mahomet*, three editions of which were sold during the year of publication.

Convocation had now been for some time silenced, and some of the Clergy began to contend that the synod of the Church had a right to meet without awaiting any "summons from the Crown." This gave rise to a dispute upon that subject, which was carried on with great heat on both sides, and still subsisted when Convocation met in December, 1701, in which a new debate arose concerning the privileges of the Lower House, where a majority of members claimed to be on the same footing as to the Upper House, as the Commons in Parliament are in regard to the House of Lords, i.e., able to adjourn by their own authority, apart from the Upper House, when and at such time as they should think fit. This the Upper House, i.e., the Bishops, would not admit, but insisted that the ancient usage which had been all along continued was, that the President adjourned both houses together, and to the same time, and that this was signified by a schedule sent down to the Lower House, and that this practice they would abide by, and allow of no other. Dr. Prideaux, who attended this assembly by virtue of his Archdeaconry, concurred with the Bishops so far as thinking them in the right; but when they required that the Lower House should break up as soon as the schedule came down, and appoint no Committees to sit and act on the intermediate days, he was clearly of opinion that in both these particulars they were wholly in the wrong.

Two months were taken up in arguing and debating these points, which were contested with the same heat as the former, as well without doors—where a swarm of pamphlets issued from the press—as within the House. At length the Lower House appointed a Committee to

consider of some method for accommodating this dispute, that so they might be able to proceed to the other business for which they were called. Dr. Prideaux was one of this Committee, which sat some time; but before any report could be made, the Prolocutor fell ill and died; upon which there arose a new debate about appointing his successor; but this did not last long, for within a few days after, on the 8th March, 1702, King William died, which put an end to Convocation.

On the 8th of May, 1702, Dr. Prideaux was appointed Dean of Norwich, in succession to Dr. Fairfax. His energies here were not allowed to sleep. His activity appears to have been most surprising. He really seems to have done whatever his hand found to do. He was a man of practical character, and practical work, no dreamer, no theorist. Many abuses had crept in. Persons of evil and ungodly modes of life had been appointed to offices in connection with the sanctuary. All such he instantly dismissed, filling up their places with the best men he could find, so that at length he brought the whole choir into perfect order.

In 1705, the Dean had a very signal deliverance from great danger. Dr. Hayley, late Dean of Chichester, being then in the neighbourhood, Dean Prideaux went to make him a visit, and while he was there, the servants of the house, without the knowledge or privity of their master, made his coachman so drunk that on his return he fell off the coach-box, and the horses, taking fright, ran away near three miles at full speed, till at length they were accidentally stopped by a poor labouring man returning from his work, and happily the Dean received no harm. This was a deliverance which he was ever after thankful to God for while he lived.

Continuing diligent in his labours, and following his literary pursuits, elucidating chiefly in his later days the question of tithes, he was at length attacked by a painful disease, which rendered a severe medical operation necessary. This was successfully done, and he was enabled to take up his residence at Norwich. He prepared a new edition of his "Churchwarden's Guide," and worked at his "Connection between the Old and New Testament."

the first part of which was published in 1715; the second being published two years after. In quiet repose, broken indeed at times by sickness, he lived until All Saints' Day, 1724, when he went to rest, aged 77. The following is the character which has been drawn of the Dean.

"He was tall of stature, well built, and naturally of a very strong and robust constitution, which enabled him to pursue his studies with great assiduity, and enjoyed great vigour of body and mind. His parts were very good, rather solid than lively; his judgment excellent. As a writer, he is clear, strong, and intelligent, without any pomp of language, or ostentation of eloquence. His conversation was a good deal of the same kind,—learned and instructive, with a conciseness of expression on many occasions which, to those who were not well acquainted with him, had sometimes the appearance of rusticity. In his manner of life he was very regular and temperate, being seldom out of his bed after ten at night, and generally up at his studies before five in the morning. His manners were sincere and candid. He generally spoke his mind with freedom and boldness, and was not easily diverted from pursuing what he thought right. In his friendships, he was constant and invariable; to his family he was an affectionate husband, a careful and tender father, and greatly esteemed by his friends and relations, as he was very serviceable to them on all occasions."

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### BESIDE ALL WATERS.<sup>1</sup>

We are glad to see among the Clergy of this city a growing disposition to increase the number of night-services, on Sundays, and on one or more evenings of the week. When the Rector of a Church is without an assistant, it is, of course, impracticable to carry this out to any very great extent. Yet much could be done in

<sup>1</sup> We extract the above from the "New York Journal," as the subject on which it treats is of great moment, and it is here well handled.



particular neighbourhoods, by co-operation among the Clergy, by interchange of pulpits, by holding special services alternately in their respective parishes, and by other expedients of a similar character.

Whatever objection there may be to night-services in certain respects, there can be no question, that to a very large class of people,—a class, moreover, embracing the great majority of those to whom the Gospel was designed to be preached,—the evening is almost the only time they can go to Church with any regularity, or with any proper preparation of mind or body. The mother of a family without servants knows no Sabbath *day*. In the morning the children have to be equipped for Sunday school. This process over, household duties fill up the hour in which they are absent. As the Church bells begin to ring, the children go home, their restless vivacity chafed to fever-heat by the partial restraint to which they have been subjected. No music in Church-chimes under such circumstances! No thought of Church-going enters the anxious head of the prudent mother. With a blessing upon Sunday-schools, so long as they last, and a secret wish, perhaps, that, like the week-day schools, they could be made to last all the day, she has now to put forth all her state-craft, to exercise all her generalship, to make the best disposition possible of the little army, to which lack of employment is almost instantaneous demoralisation. One or two she sends off, under trusty guidance, to some convenient meeting. One, perhaps, is quartered for the morning on a good-natured neighbour. Another, the most troublesome of the band, who will make mischief at home, and fall into mischief if allowed to be idle in the streets, may possibly be honoured with an embassy to some distant quarter of the city. By such strokes of policy, quiet enough may be secured to allow the poor mother to prepare dinner for her hungry charge. As to Church-going, she dreams not of it. And if she does not go, of course her husband will not go. For it is as true of the tree of life, as of the tree of knowledge, that Adam eats not, unless the woman first takes of the fruit, and offers it to him.

Such is Sunday life among a highly respectable class

of the virtuous, and we may even go so far as to say, the *religious* poor. The day, even more in many cases than during the week, is a time of bustle and excitement. And if, in spite of all, a troubled Martha manages now and then to go to Church, the chances are still that, like her Gospel prototype, she will repair with "cumbered" mind to the presence of the LORD, and the services of the sanctuary will be crowded out of heart by the thought of the "much serving" which ever awaits her.

But it is a different case when the evening has come, and the cares of the day are over, and the younger children, safely bestowed in bed, have ceased from troubling. Then Martha begins to think that the end of a thing is better than the beginning. She has a moment of comparative tranquil meditation. The fountain of natural religion, which during the hurry and bustle of the day has been almost literally a fountain sealed, begins to bubble up in the stillness of the soul. The words of the wise are heard in quiet. The night of the natural day, being lighted from within, becomes the morning, as it were, of the spiritual day. Martha, for one happy moment, has become care-free; and to be care-free is itself a kind of dawning of the Kingdom of Heaven. She sits down for a while. She withdraws into the chamber of her heart. She thinks, she dreams, perhaps she prays. At this happy moment a Church-bell strikes on her ear; or peradventure it is a voice of psalmody, wild, plaintive, and irregular,—a terror and a torture to operative ears, but to Martha, who, though an "operative," is no operative, it floats in upon her soul, like the song of the angels to the slumbering shepherds of Judea. "Peace, and good-will" are chimed forth from every link of its linked sweetness. Martha longs for peace. As is the case with the working classes generally, she is full to overflowing of "good-will to men." She rises from her seat; she looks out of the window. Just over the way there is a broad-fronted, square-windowed, green-blinded, little brick meeting-house, which, seen by sober daylight, is but a melancholy symbol of that religion which closes its eyes for six days of the week, and opens them only on the seventh; but now, all glorious from within, its harsher

features softened, its dulness lighted up, its baldness veiled, and resonant, to Martha's ears at least, of heavenly music, it seems the very substance of those shadows of the spiritual world which have occasionally mingled with the dreams of her thoughtful moments. Martha thinks so; or, if she does not think so, she acts as if she did. She puts on her shawl and bonnet. Across the dark miry street she hastens to the light. Eagerly she hurries in, as a storm-beaten dove flies into its window. She takes her place among the expectant congregation; and, if the preacher that evening is not singularly void of the grace of his profession, she goes home with at least a resolution to go to that "meeting" for the future, as often as she can.

But is this place she has gone to a Church? No, gentle reader, the probability is, that it is not. It may be, for all we know, a Millerite conventicle. It may be an assembly of those people who call themselves Christians. It may be a slough of Universalism. It may be a Mormon pit.

Yet it resembles a true Church in this respect at least, that it is a net spread for those whom CHRIST commissioned His own Apostolic ministry to fish for, and to catch. It has a better Church "note" in this particular, that it is not a net hung up *to dry* on the high peaks, as it were, of our social system, but is spread low down in the waters of the common level of humanity. It is spread in the way of the fish. It is put where the fish swim. Experience having shown that certain classes of human souls are more accessible to religion by night than by day, these wily fishermen, wise in their generation, exercise their calling in the one season as well as in the other.

We rejoice to see any sign that Churchmen are beginning to recognise the importance of this principle. We hope what has been done in this way is the beginning of a growing work. Let our Churches be open as often as possible, and at all possible hours. Let efforts be made to have the special services specially lively and attractive. Let the Clergy work together in this. Let proper means be used to bring strangers in. Let there be

preaching, lecturing, exhorting, to suit all capacities. Let our Churches, in short, be made to do double duty, and the principle of "sowing beside all waters" be fully carried out. In this way the cry for increased accommodation is capable of being met. With all our want of new churches, we have already a vast deal more room than is used. If we would learn to make the largest possible use of what we have, we might expect with greater confidence that God would put it into the hearts of those who are able, to furnish more.

### Reviews and Notices.

*Parochial Sermons, Second Series.* By the Rev. G. R. PRYNNE. Mr. Gurney has a strong idea of the stupidity of sermons composed and delivered by his brother clergy, or the great mass of them. Well! every man has his hobby, and there is no reason why any one, if he likes, should not ride "sermonology" to death. There certainly is much force in a great deal that Mr. Gurney says. Perhaps also the class of clergy whose sermons he is in the habit of reading, or to whom he has the pleasure of listening, may be in a great degree liable to his remark. He is not, we should imagine, accustomed to the perusal of the works of those, whose minds have been cast in the mould of primitive antiquity, and are content to follow in the steps of the great masters of the Church of Christ. This volume of Mr. Prynne's, for instance, is a case in point. His former volume won our hearty praise,—and as some time has elapsed since it was published, we are enabled to say, we are glad to say, a great improvement in Mr. Prynne's matter, though that of the former volume was exceedingly good. His sermons are all that can be desired, —and his delivery we know, does not, as is often the case, detract from their merits.

*A Letter to the Right Honourable Stephen Lushington.* By the Rev. C. S. GRUBER, B.A., Incumbent of S. James, Hambridge, Diocese of Bath and Wells. We confess to being among the number of those who wish that this case had not arisen, as it is most painful to have the doctrine involved, discussed in papers, which are circulated in "the palaces of sin," and bandied about from court to court. This is sad, very sad indeed. But yet, whether wisely or not, it has arisen, and none can but admire the moral courage, and honest maintenance of what he believes to be true, in one of whom the *Leader* some years ago truly spoke, as the brave George Anthony Denison. But, moreover, we go further, and say that those who do not entirely agree with the Archbishop, and who have means, are bound to aid him in his defence, not only in admiration of him, but on personal

grounds' also. In him the question of religious liberty is now being fought. There is a tyranny being used now, which overrides any thing and every thing, and "tua res agitur," may the Archdeacon well say to every one of us. We are glad to see from his advertisement, that he is receiving support, and to find that his friend, Mr. Grueber, still continues to argue as if he were determined to fight every inch of the ground. If any one can establish the several points for which the Archdeacon contends, it is Mr. Grueber. His extensive reading upon this grand doctrine of the faith,—his clear-headedness,—his sound common sense, and now and then his sharp hitting, render his pamphlets particularly valuable,—and if we acknowledge a preference for any, it is for the one just published, and addressed to the learned Assessor, whose judgments will render him celebrated for—what we will not say. We recommend this Letter to our readers' attention, and would gladly give a digest of its arguments, but that our space will not allow us so to do. We may say that upon this subject the Bishop of Exeter has written a letter of address to his clergy, recommending to wait patiently—upon the principle, that in quiet and confidence shall be your strength. It is gratifying to find this venerable and aged prelate able to write such a letter, and his words should and doubtless will have much weight in many quarters.

*The Watch-Tower Book*, by the Rev. C. W. B. CLARKE, M.A., Senior Curate of Lamborne, is an admirable volume of extracts from the Fathers, interspersed with original remarks, applicable to the season of Advent. There is a warmth of style, which must take, and do good.

*Office for the admission of a Chorister*, is a form of great utility, and meets an acknowledged need. It is, we should say, an exceedingly impressive service, when well rendered.

The names of Dr. TYE, and Mr. REDHEAD, are a sufficient guarantee of the character of *Hymns for Advent and the Epiphany*, without any comment of ours.

The Madeira case has been again re-opened in a *Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury*, by the Rev. A. J. D. D'ORSEY. As stated in this pamphlet, we do think he has much ground for just complaint.

*The Life of the Saints* is like all Mr. CARTER's discourses, pregnant with truth, and cannot be read without profit.

*Church Music*, by CARL ENGEL, we must reserve for a longer notice.

*Ion Lester* is a most beautifully written book, containing some highly wrought scenes, and illustrating the principles of the Church. There are some parts which are gems as specimens of writing and deep feeling. We quote one,—

"The autumn days were dying, and the mysterious winter rest drawing near. The harvest days were past, and the kneeling groups

in S. Edmund's had joined in their earnest Priest's thanksgiving for the fruits of the earth, and had seen the golden ears and the clustering grapes gleaming above their altar,—the offerings of the earth once cursed for Adam's sin, now hallowed by the Second Adam into a sacrament of life.

"And now keen winds and shortening days marked the year's decline, and Ken Lester, feeling the change from the bright summer and the genial autumn, scarcely dared to venture from the house, a very sheltering nest of love, so tenderly was he cared for; while Ion took his solitary, now daily, walk over to the parsonage, to see little Willie.

"For there a change had come, and the loving eyes that watched him in his quiet home could no longer be blind to the shadow ever stealing onward towards the morning light of that young child's life; and yet in their saddest hour of anticipated bereavement, all sorrow-stricken as they were, they could discern the approaching form, not as a fearful spectre, but as a glorious angel advancing to throw open the gate of the Good Shepherd's fold to one of those little ones, whose guardian spirits always behold the brightness of their FATHER's face.

"But the days passed on, and the changeful autumn faded, and the fallen leaves lay sere and withered on the ground, yet the little sufferer lingered; and when the sun's rays were warm and bright, he was drawn out by Tim, sometimes attended by his mother, sometimes by his uncle or Mr. Westbourne, and the village children would hush their noisy sports as he approached, while their elders gazed upon the fair boy with love and tenderness.

"Ion's visits were so anxiously looked for by the child, that he scarcely ever missed a day; and often, when Clement entered the parsonage to inquire after Willie, he talked with loving pride of 'his Mr. Lester;' dwelling with delight upon his words and actions, and narrating how that, having once mentioned his Uncle William's having carried him in his arms to see some desired sight, Mr. Lester had asked his mamma if she would trust him to do the same, and had taken him to Lester Court, into the house, to see all those beautiful pictures, and that little chapel, with such a window,—he had dreamt of it afterwards, full of angels, with those very tints gleaming on their wings; and over the grounds, too,—what flowers there were! and all because he had once said he should like to go there. And Clement, thinking with roused feelings how friendless and isolated he would seem without Ion, felt that he, too, could re-echo the child's words, 'How good and kind he is!'

"But Willie gradually became more weak and languid, and the days were cold and dreary, so that his out-of-door excursions were likely to be soon discontinued. He had, however, expressed a wish to see the Church once more, and Ion promised to come over on the first fine, mild day, to accompany him.

"Willie watched very eagerly indeed for the sunshine, morning after morning; and Mrs. Spencer consulted the barometer, and studied the clouds, and referred very frequently to the vane, for information respecting the position of the wind, besides appealing to the meteorological experience of all her friends; until, after many

disappointments, a fine bright morning raised her hopes, and Mr. Bernard, to his sister's entire satisfaction, pronounced a favourable opinion of the atmosphere, and left Willie for his daily round of duties with the observation, that if Mr. Lester came, he might venture to join him.

"Poor Tim was in an equally anxious and expectant state as his young master. The little carriage was brought out completely ready, and placed at the door, and his own simple toilet considerably hastened, before he went into the parlour to receive Mrs. Spencer's numerous instructions, and to strengthen Wilibert's conviction that he would not again be disappointed; and then Tim took up his station at the parsonage gate, to give the earliest notice of Mr. Lester's approach,—a post of suspense which he was not long doomed to occupy.

"After the little delay, ensuing from Mrs. Spencer's voluminous expressions of gratitude and pleasure at his arrival, Ion himself carried his young charge to the chaise; and then onward they went across the village green, where the crisp frost lay upon the withered leaves, and sparkled like diamonds beneath their feet; while above, the sky of cloudless blue rose high and clear beyond the dark branches of the leafless trees, whose sharp outline came out so distinctly from that radiant background; while scarcely a sound was heard to break the stillness of all around, but the distant tinkling of the sheep-bell, and the clear notes of our winter bird issuing from a neighbouring thicket, like the chant of faith even amid the ruins of hope.

"To the Church Ion took his young charge, and then to Lester Court, to see Ken; and afterwards the brightness of the morning clouded over, and Willie, being tired, they turned back again towards the parsonage. When Ion had seen him within the shelter of his home, he left him, with a promise of calling again in the evening to learn how he was after this exertion.

"The afternoon proved dull and gloomy, and in the evening, when Ion again directed his steps towards the parsonage, the snow, which was falling at intervals, lay upon the ground in a smooth, unvarying sheet of spotless white, coldly beautiful; its pure surface only ruffled by the wind, as it drifted the scarcely congealed mass, or rudely shook it like a shower of downy plumes from the leafless branches of the trees. It was a beautiful scene, but it was sad and melancholy to hear the hollow winds as they drove the capricious clouds across the darkened sky, and obscured the faint and glimmering light that had previously reflected upon the snow-covered ground; or, with a crash, shattered the withered arms of some ancient tree, whose sharp outline had a moment before stood out in dim relief from the surrounding gloom. And then that same tempestuous element would sink into subdued echoes, as it swept past like the sad, repentant sigh of remorseful violence.

'Was't a spirit's wail,

That woke that chord so wild, so mournfully?'

"Ion pursued his way in silence, yet he was not alone. He had been met by Clement, who, on learning the object of his visit, had expressed a wish to accompany him.

"My dear Mr. Ion, you are indeed kind to my poor boy to come

out in such weather,' said Mrs. Spencer, meeting the young men upon their entrance, 'and Mr. Clement too. Your coats are almost white with the snow; do give them to me, and Sarah shall shake them. Mr. John is up stairs now with Willie; he came over to bring a pair of partridges,—so thoughtful in a boy, you know. But I have no reason to say that, either; for I am sure I have never met with anything but kindness from boys. I think Willie is right when he says that every body is kind to him; and Mr. John, I find, is always singing to him: he has a beautiful voice,—as fine, I think, as our best chorister. But I am forgetting my jelly, and I don't want to be doing it when William comes home; so I know you will excuse me. You can find your way up stairs to the boys, I dare say, and there is the lamp. Remember the step down into the room, for the doctor slipped one day, thinking the floor level with the staircase.'

"Ion found his way without any accident to the child's room, holding out a guiding hand to Clement; but he paused with his hand upon the lock to listen to Jack's exquisitely-toned voice, rising in the sweetly solemn notes of an ancient melody. The sounds ceased, and as they entered, Jack started up, with a cheek and brow crimson with embarrassment, although he was a little relieved to find it was Ion, who kindly asked him to continue, and expressed a hope that he might be no interruption.

"Jack murmured some unintelligible reply, but Willie, eagerly possessing himself of Ion's hand, said that the singing was concluded, and that he was very glad Mr. Lester was come, since he was sometimes so selfishly delighted with Jack's singing, that he forgot he might be tired; they were both so good to him, and he always liked to see them, but they must not stay long with him that evening, for he had heard his mamma say it snowed, and perhaps it might get worse.

"Jack had at first attempted to take an abrupt leave, but Ion asked as a favour for his company home, an honour too much prized to be refused: neglect and contempt had made him so sadly conscious of his own deficiencies, that he imagined his society would always be rather avoided than sought.

"Clement exchanged a few words with Willie, and then, while Ion was talking to the child, he watched him in silence. His reflections were strangely sad, and yet at the same time pleasurable. It was peaceful to gaze upon the face of the sick child, with his little thin hand clasping Ion's, and a dawning smile upon his pale lips. But it was not the beauty of external form alone that had attracted the attention of the young man: it was something more hidden, more secret. Had not a holy sign been traced upon that youthful brow? Did not a gleam from the font yet seem to linger there? But it was the comparison which conscience suggested to Clement,—how different it was with him! He had 'marred his holy birth,' and yet was there no hope for him? Was there no light from the Mercy Sign once traced upon his brow, to dispel the mists which had gathered over his doubting heart? Was there no abiding virtue in the baptismal wave, which might yet refresh his weary soul, and strengthen him



again for further trial? Yes, there was the fount of penitence which should renew the stream of spiritual life, and from the scattered drops of the baptismal dew, the rainbow of promise would shine forth in the glorious and merciful beams of the Sun of Righteousness."

It would certainly be most neglectful in us did we not mention with especial commendation, a volume entitled *Sermons on Holy Seasons*, by the Rev. G. HUNTINGTON, M.A., Clerk in Orders of the Cathedral Church of Manchester. (London and Oxford: Parker.) When we remember the coldness in this respect, which marked Manchester Cathedral many years ago, we cannot but rejoice that such discourses are now delivered within its walls. They are sound, practical, most eloquent, and well delivered could not fail of making an impression.

Mr. DE MONTGOMERY'S *Hours of Sun and Shade*, (Groombridge and Sons,) is in many ways a remarkable volume. It is the production of a young author, who seems to have known suffering, if we may judge from some of the strains sung by the bard. Condensation is a habit acquired by time, as well as judgment, as to what to print, and not to print. Had Mr. De Montgomery been much experienced in literature, he would we think, have used the pruning hook more freely. That he can write poetry, and good poetry too, is certain. His translations are exceedingly successful and well done. As appropriate to the season we extract

#### "A NEW-YEAR'S LAY.

[LANGBEIN.]

"OUT of heaven's starlit halls  
Comes there forth a glad New Year,  
And from ev'ry side resound  
Prayers and wishes in his ear.

"WANT complains: 'My drink is water,  
Bread as hard as stone is mine:  
Like rich epicures, oh, give me  
Dainty fare and gladd'ning wine!'

"AV'RICE cries: 'I cannot rest,—  
After gold I still must strive:  
Let my idol in the chest  
Ever flourish, ever thrive!'

"Says AMBITION: 'I am struggling  
Up the mountain-height of pow'r;  
To a station more exalted  
Raise me with thy ev'ry hour!'

"SELFISHNESS entreats: 'Give all—  
Give, give ev'rything to me!  
Care not for the throng around,—  
Mine let all thy presents be!'

"FRIENDSHIP prays : ' Be thy best treasures  
To my faithful friend supplied !  
For myself demand I nothing,  
So that nought is him denied.' "

" And we others all beseech :  
' Give each dweller on this sphere,  
In the palace or the cot,  
Happiness throughout the year !' "

*Sonnets and Verses from Home and Parochial Life, (Masters) the* greatest portion of which have received the imprimatur of the Rev. J. Keble, do not therefore need more than mention. We see now and then the influence of the master whom the author has evidently studied. We select as a specimen,

" CHURCH BELLS.

" They knew the mysteries of sound who reared  
The Churches of our land, for o'er the hill  
Clear floating down the vale, no sudden thrill  
Of bells in pulse sharp and distinct was heard ;  
But as of choral voice, the strains appeared  
In ' tumult sweet.' They sang creation's praise,  
Redemption, peace on earth—whate'er could raise  
Above this trial world, whate'er endeared  
Earth to the thankful man, or told of heaven,  
Blent with that mystic chime. O thou my heart,  
Respond in diapason soft, each chord  
Attuned by grace Divine, for so much given  
To lighten care, and teach the sacred art  
Of prayer and trust in GóD's harmonious Word."

*Long Long Ago*, is a charming volume, from which we hope to extract a tale in our next.

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### The Editor's Desk.

There is a great dearth of church news, and nothing of general moment, except it be the Dodson Judgment, which needs no notice at our hands, as we canvassed the one given by Dr. Lushington, both in our own pages and elsewhere.<sup>1</sup> The death of Mr. Hussey, Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History, Oxford, however, demands a passing word. He was a man of great judgment and discrimination ; of much kindness of heart, and plodding assiduity in the discharge of his duties. His loss will be much felt in the University, where he was exceedingly popular, and much beloved. He was appointed by the Crown to the Professorship in 1842, and is succeeded by Canon Stanley of Canterbury.

<sup>1</sup> " Ritual Observances and Choral Services." London : Masters.

## THE CABINET.

**THE NAME JESUS.**—Speak we concerning this Name, because, since all others are given to please men, this is the Name which the Mouth of the LORD gave. There is no other name by which we can be saved. Let who will write barbarous names—names which, as some affirm, it is not even lawful to mention. Let Thy Name, JESUS, be ever in my heart and mouth; in my mind and on my tongue: for it is one of not less utility, than authority. Gabriel says to Mary, “And thou shalt call His Name Jesus;” to Joseph also he says, “And thou shalt call His Name Jesus;” and adding the cause and meaning of the name, says, “For He shall save His people from their sins.” So also to the shepherds, “I bring you tidings of great joy. The SAVIOUR Which is CHRIST the LORD is born to-day. Cause of great confidence is the Name of JESUS: a name so longed-for, loving, pleasant, saving. Were it said, “God cometh!” terrible is this Name among the kings of the earth. Conscious of my sins and wickedness, I should flee from His Presence, for fear of His Name, as Adam fled, and could not escape. He Who looketh upon the earth and maketh it tremble—Who toucheth the mountains and they will smoke—Who taketh away the breath of princes—Who is terrible among the kings of the earth—would have seemed intolerable to me, and such-like, whom conscience accuses and sin weighs down, had He not tempered the terror of His Majesty not only in the form of man, but also in the name of salvation. Why, then, should we any longer fear? JESUS came: came as a SAVIOUR to seek and save that which was lost. He came not to judge but to save—not to destroy, but to redeem. As it is written, “The Son of Man came not to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved.” Jesus, then, it is Who saves—CHRIST Who heals: for He heals by the oil of His mercy.—*S. Peter de Blois.*

Let the lost rejoice that JESUS is come to seek and to save that which was lost: let the sick, because JESUS is come to heal the contrite in heart, by the oil of His mercy. The prophet comprehends both these in his brief saying, “Heal me, and I shall be healed; save me, and I shall be safe!” CHRIST it is that heals. JESUS that saves.—*Idem.*

**PERSECUTION.**—The mustard seed does not, unless it be bruised, put forth its qualities; so if persecution fall upon a holy man, forthwith what had seemed weak and contemptible in him is roused into the heat and fervour of virtue.—*S. Greg.*

**MAN'S DIGNITY.**—High dignity of souls, that each from its birth has an angel set in charge over it!—*S. Jerome.*

**HUMILITY.**—How much soever you humble yourself, you cannot descend as far as did your LORD.—*S. Chrys.*

**LOVE.**—Love makes right, and well-nigh nothing, all things, however dreadful and monstrous.—*S. Aug.*

**THE GOSPEL.**—The Gospel preaching not only offers manifold gain as a treasure, but is precious as a pearl.—*S. Chrys.*

# THE Churchman's Companion.

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[FEBRUARY, 1887.]

## UNA; A DOUBLE STORY.

### CHAPTER XII.

"Now is the ocean's bosom bare,  
Unbroken as the floating air;  
The ship hath melted quite away,  
Like a struggling dream at break of day."

Two more pupils! Hurrah! Henry's health and courage revived at this news faster than with all the tonics. Two more; one older, and one younger than himself. He confessed to Aunt Agnes, that it was a great relief to him; that he was sick of the maundering uncompanionised life. It pleased him to an almost childish extent, though his ardour was a little damped with the intelligence that one was cousin George's younger vaunted brother, the Winchester boy, coming to read for Oxford; and the other, his name did not transpire at present. The first reception would have been awkward for the youths. No lady of the house gives a dull unfinished feeling, especially to those who come fresh from the comforts of home; for their idea of the household economy is based on the mother's presiding influence; so that from time immemorial, it had been the custom to spend the first evening at Maveryn House, where Agnes Maxwell's benign presence scattered all un-at-home notions.

Thither then, as of old, the new comers were to repair. There was more grace for their reception than had been the lot of many of their predecessors, for a quiet pleasing maiden sat near the head of the table; and it might recall a sisterhood at home, or at any rate, give a social appearance to their new abiding place.

George's brother; her old generous friend George. Mildred fancied herself predisposed to like that brother from all George had said of him. The other pupil not being fortunate enough to hold favour, was honoured with little pre-consideration; but she gave him more than a second thought, or a second look either, when he did appear; for being no casual observer of faces, when she saw one that pleased her, she generally liked to mature her idea thereof.

It was an autumn evening, late in September; not chill and changing as we in other parts of England understand that season, but hot and bright was it in that dear old genial south.

The windows in the dining-room at Maveryn, stood wide open to the breath of autumn flowers; and to the hoarse caw of the chough, as he winged his heavy homeward way from the sea.

Miss Maxwell stood in her well-made, rich purple dress, and by her side stood Mildred; by the side of the good Agnes, she looked tiny, but she was a bright wee thing, with wondrous fascination in the animated expression of her countenance. Whenever they were thus alone and unoccupied, a shade crossed the kind lady's brow, and she sighed deeply, as only grown up people can. If Mildred looking up, ventured to ask of her trouble, she would hesitate, then gently kiss her cheek and say, "Not now, another day, it will be soon enough;" and Mildred forbore further. To-night it was so; for into her mind had settled the wearying truth that the time drew on when this child's home would be far distant and different; when the young motherless girl must take her own right place among the grand and fashionable. Twice already the queenly patroness of her dead mother had written to Mildred, inviting her to remember the early promise to befriend her, offering her high protection and home in her retirement during her father's prolonged absence.

The widowed majesty was still the same warm-hearted, earnest friend, as when in her court splendour she gave a farewell benediction to the two Mildreds.

Must Mildred ever leave Maveryn? Yes, Agnes, it

has been ever in the front rank of her day-dreams, though with no spark of ingratitude towards you. Nature must be humoured, and she thinks that as her baby-life began, so her grown-up life ought to continue; she will like to take her own right place at her father's side some day, when he comes home, lonely and needing her, all inefficient as she feels herself, to try and fill the bitter blank. Therefore separation comes like a constant under-song in both her heart and that of Agnes, while neither ever strikes the melancholy note. It is thus with them to-night.

But now four pairs of feet were treading hastily through the graveyard grass, and she was curious to see her old friend in his brother, whom it was no especial treat to Henry to welcome. Yet the two were talking in real cousinly fashion as they came along the lawn; while Mr. Maxwell brought up the rear with the junior boy.

So bent was Henry on introducing his share of the importation to Aunt Agnes first, that he walked on in hurried state to the proper garden entrance, while his uncle, bounding slily over path and border, beckoned his young charge to follow, and with his merry laugh of accomplished mischief, introduced Lancy Malford as they entered by the window.

"There, Una, is a playfellow for you, Henry has hugged his off elsewhere. I consign you to Miss Mildred's patronage," he added, "the big boys will consume each other's sole attention for a time I suspect."

Mildred came readily forward, and led him to Miss Maxwell, who having asked his name, age, and county, was receiving an answer to the first question, when the two in all due form entered the room.

"Sold!" whispered Mr. Maxwell, in quiet triumph, as he caught Henry's eye; that dark eye flashed, although he smiled as he introduced his Cousin Cyril to Aunt Agnes, then to Mildred.

"You cheated, sir; you took advantage of your privilege for a precedent."

"Ay, ay, Henry, and for once it was na' the blue bonnets first over the border: the ladies will pardon I doubt not."

So they might, but Henry Maxwell was not always proof against such frustration.

Cousin Cyril was no counterpart of cousin George. He more resembled Henry: his eye was of the same deep earnest blue, the same clear complexion, but not browned as Henry's by sun and sea, whilst his hair was fair, and lighter in its sunny shade than Mildred's. He was very small and slight, and very youthful looking, though two years older than his tall cousin. They must be hard to please who could not get on at once with him. There was an encouraging frankness in his rich voice, a gentle, albeit a manly address about him, that caught one knew not how; yet the only sign of relationship with George, was the humour that played about his mouth.

The first dinner was easy and agreeable, and, strange to say, there were no adventures to recount. Lancy had little to say, for he was fresh from his father's study, and this first separation by such unmeasurable distance did not tend to raise his spirits. But with Cyril, the boundless sea before them, the glorious prospect everywhere around, the mellow touch of autumn faintly reminding them of the summer's fading hours; all seemed to lift him up to talk joyously; and when Henry asked him if it was not pleasant work to fraternise with so large a company as in old Winton, he raised his happy face, poising his answer carefully.

"You must have the advantage of us I imagine."

Henry was not prepared to deny this, when he thought of the dainty treasure Aunt Agnes kept, and his glance fell involuntarily on Mildred.

"Such an expanse of sea and sky must open out your faculties for work," continued Cyril, unable to break the charm of that sunset in the glistening waters.

"You have heard of habit moulding chains," said Mr. Maxwell, amused at his rapturous sentiment. "We have grown to look on these things with profane and careless eye, eh, Henry, Mildred?"

"I could have believed it impossible," was the reply.

"He is one who confirms your opinion," said Miss Maxwell, looking towards Mildred.

Cyril merely bent to her cordial unanimity.

"You will find a poor book-worm of nine years' standing, who knows nothing outside the fusty walls of his college, very fresh in some notions I fear," he continued apologetically to Henry and his tutor. "My brother tried in vain to put me in training for Maveryn."

"Fancy George coaching," said Henry aside to his aunt.

"You must have been slightly infantine in George's day," remarked Cyril, "I do not recollect his mentioning you."

Rudely cool as was this speech, Mr. Maxwell could not forbear applauding.

"Those two young men agreed to differ," he said, "perhaps you two will differ by agreeing."

The quick single bell began at this moment for the evening service, and broke up a pleasant antecedent to many an after bright meeting at Maveryn House.

"Lancy Malford,—it is a pretty name, and a pretty lad too who bears it, Mildred. We must take him to ourselves for a time, he seems sadly at sea at present."

"He is truly and literally at sea," responded Mildred, as she watched Henry's boat push off with the trio.

"Henry has taken a happy liking to his cousin; my brother tells me their tastes are strikingly similar."

"I should never have thought so, though they are very much alike in externals."

"It never struck me, and yet, yes they are, very; how odd, I should be sorry; Henry is *our* hero," she added suddenly, as if some doubt crossed her.

"The people all think him one, and they are, I believe, very proud of him," answered Mildred.

"Undoubtedly, and so are we. He remembers your high encomium too: but you rarely praise now."

"Does he? I have forgotten it. I know very few people, but I always think I should not admire exactly that sort of character."

"Well, my dear, you are at liberty to express your opinion," said Miss Maxwell, a little anxiously.

"Henry is so fiery; he does noble deeds on impulse. I should like a steadier nature, one to be depended on."



"Henry has never given you cause to mistrust him," answered his aunt somewhat hurt.

"Me! oh no, but I have nothing to do with him. I am not speaking ungratefully, indeed, but you know I like far better to watch the moonlight lying out soft over the sea, than the occasional summer lightning; it is more brilliant, but then in the intervals all is dark. Is it an unkind simile, Miss Maxwell?"

"I suppose not," and Agnes smiled, and mused over it thus,—*"She likes an equable character, then Cyril is the moonlight of her simile,"* but with this the prudent Agnes concluded her soliloquy. "And I think we might have him to walk with us, and if we make an expedition my brother might spare him; we were talking of Lancy you know, Mildred."

Mildred had not thought so, and she made no answer. She was calculating how long those gathering storm clouds would be before they came up and broke their fury. They were rising slowly with the wind, while the hapless boat, with its bold helmsman, played in the sunshine, passing further from safety with every stroke of the oar.

No fisher's wife or daughter could more truly predict the chances of weather than the maiden Mildred; and though the autumn equinox had passed, she premised danger before many hours.

"He might ride with you, my dear, he has been accustomed to sisters I find."

We, who knew her not, might have said she was wilful, or dogged, for again no reply, when Mr. Maxwell joined them on the high ledge of rock where they were sitting.

"What of the tide, lady watchers?" he inquired merrily.

"O, Mr. Maxwell, look!" said she in a quick eager tone.

"Nay, Mildred, you have been dreaming like some astrologer of old, this last half hour. I shall be jealous if my brother brings you down from the clouds."

"No, have I? I beg your pardon, but the wind, and tide, and clouds, are all following."

"Whose is that boat yonder?" he asked, taking out his glass.

"They are Henry and the others," replied Miss Maxwell, roused by the observation. "They are hoisting sail, and do not look behind them. What do you think, Mildred?"

"If they try to return, the cloud will meet, and then no boat could live. Out at sea it is a dead calm."

"Henry is not generally mad, we must wait."

They stood still, watching; all around the little smacks made for the shore; the gulls screeched over the rocks; the heavy stagnant heat passed, and the wind began rumbling and whistling chilly over the cliffs.

"Perhaps you had better get home," said Mr. Maxwell presently. "Henry never yet met with a mischance."

His teeth chattered, and he looked white, either with the sudden change of atmosphere, or from an unexpressed fear, and he turned down the zig-zag descent to the shore.

The ladies presently obeyed his orders. From their windows they could watch any vessels that stood out far enough; but the high rock land stretched rather over the beach, and boats could have steered out of sight beneath them, and yet not have reached safe harbour.

One by one the brigs and ships that were away in the horizon, caught the reflection in their canvas, and grew black and grim in the distance. Henry's boat, so long a mere speck upon the troubled water, was now nowhere visible. Miss Maxwell paced the room in agitation. Mildred sat cool and thoughtful, and at last she said, "I am going to the organ, if you have no objection."

Miss Maxwell made none; it is more pleasant to be alone, than troubled with an indifferent companion. All this promise of a violent storm, the three youths in the extremity of danger, and Mildred desiring to go quietly to the church and practise, did rather provoke the good Agnes.

"Surely," she reflected, "I have brought up the child hard-hearted; her natural affections have had no outward growth; she is too high born and proud to waste

them on us, and those belonging to us," and she turned again to her dreary watch at the window.

Half an hour went by; there could be heard no sound of the organ in Maveryn Church; seen, not heard, might be a maiden on her knees at the low chancel step, listening to the roaring breakers without, praying to the Great God of Love and Mercy within. Mildred never could get accustomed to the grandeur, without the awe, also, of the storm; she knew she was useless and helpless in such extremity, but why should she fold her hands, and rock to and fro, and cry, and do no more for the peril of others? She liked that low chancel step, and the still earnest invocation, for she felt sure it was her part and duty; and they who can do nothing, can do much in doing this. She was troubled on hearing a foot-step in the aisle quite near her, when she rose and found the rector himself. His approval she read in his face, and by his silent pressure of her hand, and she went to the organ at once, and he up the cramped spiral staircase to the tower. She had taught herself this playing, with a little aid from the village organist, himself probably an amateur. The Maxwells were a musical family; the rector's was the fullest and best voice in the parish; Henry's fast fining down to a rich bass; and although George made but a beetle-like hum-drum, his brother aspired to a share of the Maxwell talent, and sat among the tenors in the Sunday choir.

Mildred played, the rector watched, till she grew restless, and joined him in the far look out. It had grown terrific. There was no sound above, below, anywhere, but the angry dash of waters. Mr. Maxwell made room for her by his side, and said, "Could she have lived through all this?" He asked as if she were the experienced sailor. She did not speak; she pressed both hands tightly over her forehead to exclude all sight, every object, but one speck in the frothy distance. To him even with his glass, all was a dreary void.

"Lend me your glass," she said after some minutes, without moving her position. "I know it! I can tell by the coloured prow,—look, Mr. Maxwell,—directly between us and that tall mast."

He took the glass, but could make nothing out.

"It is a chimera of your own I fear," he said, after some seconds' intense straining, "or it may be a buoy; I do see something; they could neither row nor drift; all the elements are against them."

"Can you not see now; there is the red band where the eagle sits; if we had but one glimmer of sunshine you would not doubt me."

He looked again in despair.

"I wish I could get the exact focus," he said nervously. "Here they are nearing now lying close to their oars, there is no one in the stern." They topped a mountain of foam, and he caught them pretty well, considering the distance. "One of the service boats went out at three o'clock for a cruise," he said disappointedly.

"Mr. Maxwell, I am certain that is Henry's boat; do believe me," she said imploringly.

"I must believe, and I must also thank you for your other help this afternoon."

She blushed, and her eyes fell, as she dashed off, (not the sea spray, it could scarcely gain such altitude,) but some hasty damp upon her cheek. Then looking up confidently into the priest's face, she said, "It was my only way of helping; you will not betray me."

"A father cannot wrong his children," he said, and she understood him, and presently they went down together.

The twilight was fast giving place to darkness; the storm raged still; the beacon lights began to flash around; the wind sang in the lime trees, and swayed and tossed them, as if it had a very spite against their standing rooted and unscathed. It promised to continue through the night, and as they were leaving the church Mildred said, "If Henry were here, he would light the tower lantern."

"That is a bright thought, wait here for a moment, while I fetch a light."

She stood in the deep porch, shivering, with the great keys jingling in her small fingers, and pondering over the dangers and losses, done and doing with this storm. She followed Mr. Maxwell once more up the crooked

steps and watched the process of illumination with curiosity.

"Do you suppose it can be seen far?" she inquired.

"No, I should hesitate in lighting it in that case, as it would mislead others, but our men say it only shows far enough to be useful to them, they have begun to consider it invaluable. May there be few to need its guiding this night," he added, watching the flame rise high and steady, throwing strange delusive spectre shadows around.

"That will do, eh, Una, for an unskilled hand," and the two descended once more.

All this had been a matter of time; the boat meanwhile had made head against the storm, and in the churchyard, shaking the spray from their drenched hats and hair, stood two out of the three adventurers.

"We are safe and sound, we poor landsmen," said Cyril, with a disconsolate face, "we left Henry to front the thick of the storm."

"Where!"

"I am to beg your pardon that he took us out so far into danger; he found us cumbersome timber, as he expressed it, and sent us home."

"Where have you left him?" inquired his uncle impatiently.

"One of the coast-guard boats was out, and he made lame Levi, who was with the crew, take charge of us, while he stepped into his place. They heard a distress gun, and sent us home to order the life boat."

"Brave and ready," responded Mr. Maxwell, "we must hear more of this; go now, Mildred, and tell Agnes he is safe, and you boys get in quickly and change your dress. I must hear the news below."

The scene below was one for which Mr. Maxwell was scarcely prepared. The intelligence and official command brought by lame Levi, an old disbanded cripple of the company, had put all on the alert; torches were glaring, officers consulting, fishermen and fisherwomen talking fast and loud.

"I'll wager my life she is on fire," said one of the lieutenants. "Ho there, launch."

"Don't tell me, man," another was saying incredulously. "Signals! why there must be twenty thousand score of them to blaze like that. Lieutenant Buchanan is right, she's afire!" and solemnly, during a slight lull in the storm, the impatient minute gun boomed over the deep.

"Go, my men, the tide is with you," said the cheering voice of the commandant; and away like a bird the gallant boat heaved off to work deliverance.

"Some think it's the Hecuba; she lay off leeward in the morning, and some think it's the Clementine steamer."

"God help them if she's afire," added the man, who answered Mr. Maxwell's inquiry. "The Clementine should be coming in now, perhaps she's struck; it's most as awful as I've ever known, sir."

"Can a six oar ride?" inquired the Lieutenant on watch, in a thundering tone, of some sailors near.

"Give us leave, sir," answered at least a dozen willing voices, and a second boat unmoored, for at that instant, the flickering uncertain light shot up into a hundred tongues of flame.

The women on the beach shrieked with terror; it was so powerfully appalling that many turned their backs upon the sight, while many an earnest English "The Lord have mercy upon them," was audible."

"She's a far way out, depend upon it," said one of the villagers, "and may be they won't reach her."

"Silence there! I won't have my men daunted," said the anxious officer; "It is for life or death: I am right in going, Mr. Maxwell?"

"Undoubtedly:" and the Clergyman shook hands with him earnestly, as he parted on his errand of uncertainty, his boat taking up the track of the life-boat, in the flickering reflection of the burning mass on the mighty waste of sea.

Lame Levi soon discovered Mr. Maxwell pacing the sandy beach, and hobbling up to him, he asked, "Does your honour's reverence forgive me for leaving the young gentleman with our boat?"

"All right, Levi! I have no doubt he wished it."

"Sure he did, your reverence, for a crippled hand like

me is no use ; an' he's a gallant lad—a heart o' oak, sir, —sure, I ask your reverence's pardon," added the honest old tar, for Mr. Maxwell turned away, sickening with the desolate vision of destruction riding at will before his eyes.

The men differed much in their opinion as to the real distance of the ill-fated vessel ; all, however, concurred in the certainty that she was very far out at sea ; and he thought of his charge—of his fatherless, motherless boy, out in the wild combat, and of the amount of human life in jeopardy in that awful hour, till looking at his watch by the torchlight, he found it already the hour of evening service. With a thankful heart, he climbed the rough stepping-stones of rock, thankful that in the midst of his anxiety there was a cessation, and that in the holy calm of prayer, he might rest his strained spirit.

He had a very scanty congregation that night, and when the hour for rest came, few went to their beds, or even to their homes. The shore was thronged with watchers, till the morning broke in the East, and the burning wreck faded, as the day-beams grew stronger, and the three boats, freighted only with their respective crews, came merrily in sight.

The hero of that long night of peril lay at length, sound asleep, at the bottom of the last boat that hove in harbour. He had worked with the bravest heart and most untiring hands, and wearied with the praises—rough, blunt, and genuine, that were heaped upon him, as well as sick with untold physical pain, he shut his eyes and ears in slumber, from which he was only roused by the voice of Lieutenant Buchanan.

"Now, Mr. Maxwell, come ashore ; you are in need of a softer pillow than these rough planks here."

Poor Henry ! he tried in vain to shake off the stiffening fatigue that had insensibly crept over him in that cramped position, and leaping from the boat, he disappeared as fast as possible up the height.

"There's a sailor for you !" cried one and another ; "it will be a crying shame if the Parson keeps him from the sea."

"The captain himself was not a cooler hand in the very thickest of it," said another. And one long, loud, hearty

cheer followed the hurrying steps of the valorous youth. He reached the rectory, and bursting into his uncle's study, his bright excited face put on its first smile since the event.

"I am all safe and sound. I hope you have forgiven me?"

"Welcome, my boy!" replied his uncle, heartily, himself scarcely crediting his own sight. The tall, manly figure—the flushed, darkened cheeks,—no whit the worse, save in his dress, since they had parted yesterday.

"I say, you were a nice gentleman to take the charge of my pupils, and hand them over to other hands," and Mr. Maxwell, elevating his eyebrows, looked woefully severe.

Henry did not look up. A worn, wan look was coming on his face in place of the momentary hue of freshness, and his uncle, not regarding him, added, seriously,

"Were there many lost last night?"

"Not one, uncle; the Bravura was wind-locked, and could not move to help, but the boats made a continuous chain of conveyance between the two vessels, and she took them every one on board: she will be round at Plymouth with the tide. It was excellently managed."

"And not an accident?" and with this he looked fixedly at his bold nephew.

"Not a mischance worth naming. Lieutenant Buchanan is wonderfully intrepid, and prevented all confusion. One infant fell overboard, and one poor woman was dreadfully burned."

"And were these all?"

"Why, poor souls, all their belongings went to the bottom: but it is only a passenger ship, and subscriptions will now help them in that way."

"And your own arm, Henry, why carry you that so straight and helpless?"

"Heugh! the wretched limb. Perhaps Mason could bring it soonest to its senses."

Henry's left arm hung broken and bruised in his coat-sleeve. Mr. Maxwell looked troubled—vexed, indeed—as he rang the bell.

"My dear fellow, this is the very last risk in any body's defence that I can allow. I shall have you maimed now, and killed eventually."



"Better me than lame Levi, with his old wife and young grandchildren."

"Send down to Burian instantly,—send the pony for Mr. Mason," said Mr. Maxwell, to the servant who answered his ring. "Now let me get your arm free in the meantime, Henry: the pain must be unendurable."

"I would rather save it for Mason to unfetter, and I think I will get some breakfast. What o'clock is it?"

"Half-past seven," answered Mr. Maxwell, and at eight o'clock was service.

Henry was getting feverish, as well as hungry; he had little inclination to be moving, and yet felt restless, and altogether unnerved, and he paced the room trying to drink some coffee—trying to eat some bread, and feeling with each moment more unaccountably queer and ill.

The other boys were not down yet, neither Cyril nor Lancy having grown enough accustomed to the sea air to wake a moment beforehand. The morning chimes roused them, but Henry went on before to church, his useless arm hanging a dead weight under the pilot cloak his uncle threw over his wet, disordered dress.

He could scarcely follow through the service, the pain and irritation grew so intense: the damp standing out on his white forehead,—the clenched fingers of the right hand, and the compressed lips testifying its excess. Indeed, had he considered the effect probable upon others besides himself, he had better have stayed away; but he had looked only for the relief and rest to himself in the interval of waiting for the surgeon.

Henry was only rivalled by Mildred in the love of all the parish, and the small congregation walked away from church full of pity and strong interest for him.

"He did look so wonderful white and bad, and so dazed and uneasy," remarked one woman to her companions.

"He acted like an angel from heaven among 'em all last night, so our Bob tells me," said another sturdy matron; "They say the young lady took on about it yesterday dreadful. Bless him, he's got one pretty heart to look upon him, any how!"

At the instant of this speech, Mildred tripped close by

them down her own path to the house. Cyril and Lancy went on in front to the rectory, while Miss Maxwell followed slowly with her brother and nephew. Seldom was Agnes Maxwell's voice heard so high-toned and energetic, when they were once safely through the wicket gate.

"Do you know, brother, your voice was as hoarse as a crow's this morning. I heartily wish you were a hundred miles inland."

"Never mind,—with you for a nurse, I shall stay here contentedly."

"You have been up all night; think of it,—and a man with such an unusual amount of parochial labour."

Henry was about to say, "It was my fault!" but Agnes saved him.

"It is only since you have taken such children of boys and worn yourself out about them."

More and more appalling and unbearable grew the weight of the broken limb, and more sick and ghastly grew Henry's look. He staggered as he attempted to hasten forward, and fell—but it was against the ready arm of the doctor, who had arrived, and was coming from the deep porch to meet them.

"Lend me your shoulder; thank you," he said, rousing himself to a last courageous effort, while little Mr. Mason propped his tall slim figure as well as he was able, "Get me to my own room, I don't want to look a complete gaby. Get off my coat."

"Stop, sir, be patient,—allow me," said Mr. Mason, himself amazed at the boy's coolness; "just lie down quietly. Why, I do believe—yes, the bone is broken."

"To be sure it is. I have been aware of that long enough. Aunt Agnes," he added, subduing his tone as she entered his room, dismayed, as the real state of things unfolded itself, "Aunt Agnes, it will be all right by and by; don't you stay. It was my fault that my uncle was up all night. Come up again when it is set."

Mr. Maxwell and Mr. Maxwell's housekeeper went in and out with preparations. Miss Maxwell, in all points exceedingly discomfited, went, as ordered, down stairs.

"Now, Mr. Mason," said the patient, the tone of irritation vainly calmed, finding vent again, "be quick and

release me," and he took up the scissors, and ripped open the sleeve with his own hand.

"Will you have chloroform?"

"Will I have a strait waistcoat! I shall need one presently, if you are not quick."

The bone, with a compound fracture above and below the elbow, was no easy task to replace, and the poor fellow was entirely spent before it was all done.

"The constitution is vigorous,—there is no cause for fear," said Mr. Mason, when safely out of Henry's hearing; "the system, as you see, has been a little overtasked, but that will not be unfavourable just now; you must prepare him to keep his room a fortnight, perhaps."

"You must chain him, there," suggested Mr. Maxwell, doubtful how graciously a mandate for fourteen hours would be received.

"Eh! no: there will be no difficulty. He will be very little disposed to move, and you can amuse him, and pass the time. I will look in again in the evening."

Agnes was not happy until safely seated by Henry's bedside, but he was then sleeping as if no pain or power of earth could wake him; and assured that he was really resting, Mr. Maxwell went his rounds into the lower village.

The place was alive with the adventures of the past night. All who had taken part in them came forward, anxious to have the honour of explaining and expatiating on Henry's gallant acts. No one would have put out so far, but at his earnest—almost angry—pleading. He would have gone alone in his own feather of a boat, if they had gainsaid him. And it was well that they did second him, for promptitude only intercepted that horrible catastrophe.

"He did work," the men reiterated, "like an angel from above." He directed signals to the far-off outlying Bravura: and later, when the bravest hearts had begun to despair, and death and destruction stared them in the face, the other boats he had summoned by *Lame Levi* came up with fresh men and fresh courage to the rescue. He never left the ship until the captain himself did, and at that moment a little child fell overboard in the hurry of transferring it to the boat. Henry sprang into the

sea, and brought it up safely, but by some clumsy mischance, one boat jammed against another, crushing him between them. Some one said there was a shout of pain, and he was quickly extricated, but then all the work was done. Every soul was safe, and the raging flames were spending themselves in licking out the embers of the lost vessel; while the people—the rescued—with voice unanimous, called loudly for their young deliverer.

He was nowhere visible. He lay curled up and still at the bottom of one of the boats, and thus they brought him home. For four or five hours he must have endured the greatest misery, but it was untold. His self-command and natural influence made him a moving wonder in the confusion, and his bright face and active form in the thickest of the danger, acted electrically in the scene.

Mr. Maxwell listened to the narration with gladdened feelings; and some of those rough seamen were moved to tears, when he explained how great must have been his nephew's actual suffering.

The people grew impatient to see him long before his term of imprisonment came to an end. They did love him warmly, and they did miss the light of his bright face more than anything. It was quite unnatural to have him nowhere about.

### CHAPTER XIII.

“ — To be wroth with one we love,  
Doth work like madness in the brain.”

For some weeks he lay quiet and resigned in his little room, looking out with a mere peep of sea between the shadowing lime-trees. Cyril was his chief guardian. He read to him, waited on him, dressed him when he might get up, and was in very deed a brother to him: yet they were essentially different in almost every point. Cyril was so enthusiastic—so enraptured in his expressions—whether merely of a character that struck him in some book he had read, or even only in admiration of the beauty of that pleasant place wherein just now his lot had fallen.

And he was deeply read. The hard Greek and fascinating Hebrew were as early and playful friends to him; and Henry had a secret longing, not of envy, to have some of Cyril's high prophecies, which were occasionally spoken by Mr. Maxwell.

Henry's advantages lay in a more accomplished education. He read German and Spanish into English, with an ease and fluency that would put the labours of translators to flight; while Cyril had never mastered more than a little French, by necessity, of the modern languages. His course was marked out plain and straightforward. He was to go to Balliol, to prepare for Holy Orders, and ultimately to settle down in a family living that was being held for him somewhere on the borders of Wales. His visions of the future were so bright and hopeful, that whenever he indulged in them, they had almost a bad effect on Henry by the contrast. His course was uncertain; he had no high aim, like his cousin: his future depended upon chance, or the generosity of his friends.

A sick room, tenanted by what temperament soever, becomes a study. Those two youths, opening out their full ideas now they were so much alone, grew gradually into each other's frankest confidence; but boys are not like maidens, and it appeared singular how little their daily converse was tinctured with romantic speculations. Henry's ambition was to get well and at liberty, and then to set forth into the world with some settled purpose; Cyril's, to purify and prepare his daily life for his future calling.

Maveryn rectory was a happy school for such preparation. A practical, unostentatious Churchman, far above the ordinary run of country Clergymen, was the rector; devoted parishioners showing the healthy working of his system,—with an occasional squabble or downright skirmish in the lower village, as a reminder that on earth the Church's soldiers must be ever militant: all was beneficial.

Cyril and Henry were perfectly at rest in each other's friendship. The superiority of years in the former, was more than counterbalanced by the famed exploits of the sea boy, by his commanding stature, and the extended

experience of life among men, in comparison with the circumscribed world-knowledge of a school-boy.

"Come out, old fellow, and leave your fusty lexicons to do me honour," and Henry's invalidish face and slung arm appeared in the doorway of the study.

"Come on," he repeated, "you are safe for a 'double first,' and what more would you?"

The books were closed with a bang. Cyril thrust his fingers through his straying locks, and rose on the instant to do his cousin's bidding.

"Safe for a double first?" he asked, looking up with his own cloudless smile, "I should like to know who is safe for anything? wait one second," and he doubled a scrap of pencilled paper, in the leaves of his prize Thucydides. "Now I am with you. Is it to the beach, to Roger, or Sodger, or Lame Levi, or One-eyed Phil?" and he began to whistle a merry tune, while he assisted Henry into his great coat.

"That is an odd song for indoors," said Mr. Maxwell, from the dining-room.

"I beg your pardon," stammered Cyril, "I never shall learn manners."

Henry smiled. Something of the complete gentleman breathed naturally through every movement of his cousin, needing only the polishing of domestic society.

"It is simply an infraction of household rule. I presume you had licence for such in the honoured walls of Winton," remarked Henry.

"Oh ay, to whistle each other to sleep if it seemed advisable. But what a sieve of a head mine is; Mr. Maxwell has told me of this twenty times."

"He is likely to tell you twenty more, if needed, unless he by any chance treat you with express deference."

Cyril was on the very point of whistling off this flattery, when the first note brought him to a recollection and a burst of laughter from them both at his memory.

"We'll go first to the house, I will show myself to my aunt, and then down to the shore: it is glorious to be abroad again."

The day was warm and sunny, but there was a thick sea fog, common in November. "When is the tide in?"

he inquired, as they paced the solemn strip of grave yard.

"I dinna ken," answered Cyril, in innocent ignorance.

"Don't know, land bookworm, don't know," exclaimed Henry.

"At twelve o'clock high spring-tide," said Lancy Malford, from behind some myrtle plants where he was digging.

"That's right, thank you ; but halloo, little master, what are you doing in my lady's garden?"

"He is weeding for me," said Mildred, herself coming forward, rosy with labour, to offer her willing congratulations to Henry on his first appearance.

"So then you made him so learned on the matter of ebb and flow?" asked Henry, leaning languidly against a tree.

"She told me you would be lost without knowing, and so I learnt it from her," explained Lancy.

"Thanks, Una," said Henry ; and the same confused expression was upon his face as in days lang syne, when he knew that she had praised him.

"Miss Maxwell is out," she said ; "and she thinks if you go down the cliff in your first walk you will not find it easy to get back again."

"I should be a useful crutch in your necessities," said Cyril, laughing, for he scarcely reached up to his shoulder.

"Is there anything to be done at Sky Point?" inquired Henry, frustrated in his first wish.

"Nothing," returned Mildred, eagerly ; more ready with the nautical information than either Cyril or Lancy. "There is nothing, there has been nothing stirring ; the sea has been hushed and calm."

Mildred took off her garden gauntlets, and went hastily to bring a bench for Henry, which so astounded the other two that they could only leave him to make apologies for very shame.

"Fie upon thee, man !" exclaimed Henry ; "it would never have been one of George's delinquencies ; but you have small perception of the gentle craft, and I am slow at teaching you."

Cyril lingered close by, playing with some loose weeds, and looking thoroughly corrected, while Mildred set

earnestly to work again, only glancing up occasionally to speak or listen.

It was the first time Henry had seen her save from his window since the wreck, and he stayed there ostensibly to rest, but the charm of fatigue gave him excuse to watch her, in her simple holland dress, her brown hair coiled in massy cables round her small uncovered head, for Mildred ever disdained a shelter from the sun and the sea breeze, and this she might do with impunity: for her complexion, like the lilies that were blooming at her birth, loved the sun's kiss and grew fairer for it.

"If you mean to be at Sky Point for the tide," said Lancy, "you had better march, considering your tortoise pace."

"Sky Point is further off than it used to be," said Henry, evasively, watching a gull sail off in that direction.

"Will you have a camp chair with you?" inquired Mildred, adding to Lancy, "you go with them, as I must be at school by twelve o'clock to give some new children their dinner."

Lancy ran in for his bow and the camp chair, and Henry, stretching his length of limb, started lazily; owning that the day was enough to pull one down.

"How are you for a marksman?" he said, as they advanced slowly towards the high point: "look at that sulky old gentleman, could you hit him, Cyril Maxwell?"

"Shoot at a hundred and twenty paces on the wing? no," answered Cyril, watching the fine old chough sailing or tumbling as the current met him aloft.

"You—you can do nothing:" and Henry sat down on the elevated rock and sighed.

"Granted, nothing," answered the accused, not a whit discomposd. "Cricket, an oar in fresh water, and a run with the hounds, and my contemptible qualifications are summed up."

"Hunt! do you mean that you ever did?"

"Of course, whenever I got the opportunity; at my uncle's in the season."

"I could never bring my mind to that."

"Your lands are not adapted for it, there is not a pack worth naming hereabouts."



Henry whistled. "Lancy, boy, did you ever follow the hounds?" he inquired, trying his strength of party, before he ventured into an argument.

Lancy turned round, quite unaware on what ground he was questioned. "My father is a clergyman, and not rich : I could not hunt if I would, but I think I would not if I could."

"So far in my favour, I should not have guessed it to be numbered among your qualifications, Cyril."

"And wherefore not? you yourself can ride like a master equestrian, and I have seen you not very choice of ground either."

"Do you think it fear?" and the deep crimson came fresh into Henry's cheek.

Cyril's laugh rang echoes among the rocks as he replied, "Fear in a Maxwell! I would swear no kinship with you before I would impute fear to one of our name, nathless I'll know your objections."

This open sort of clan pride tranquillized the proud spirit in a moment. "One can ride far and fast for one's own diversion, but from what point of view does it add to a man's dignity to scour the country in scarlet, like a mock warrior, with a set of yelping hounds at his side, and a fox's brush in the van."

"*Chacun à son gout.* Did you ever try it?"

"Catch me," was the contemptuous retort.

"Then you have no right to pronounce judgment; what is so invigorating on a mild morning, with a fine scent and a full field?"

"The broken neck, or at least the blown horse as a contingent," remarked Henry.

"My days are fast drawing to an end for such sports," continued Cyril, gravely. "You have a thousand other resources : mine have always been limited."

"Do you see him, I could sling him : look, Cyril, down in that cleft," said Lancy, advancing cautiously, with his eye fixed on the same bird after which Henry's sportsman gaze had longed. Henry rose and crept towards the ledge where the two stood.

"I say, I could sling him, if you would start him gently."

Cyril stepped aside. "I hate shooting as he does hunting."

"The greater fool you," Henry was tempted to murmur, *sotto voce*, adding aloud, "You make neither butcher's boy nor post boy of yourself in this case: it is a game of skill. Try, Lancy, boy," and he shook down some loose earth to startle the bird a little. "Have at him, he'll sail like a kite when we put him up. Whirra-sh"—and a heavy fall of earth brought him up dusky and stately from the deep cleft. One of Lancy's polished stones went up singing above his head, he tumbled over and over, and fairly fell a few feet below them.

Cyril looked on with an interest apart from theirs: Lancy shouted with success: Henry waved his sound arm and looked mischievously delighted; while Cyril went down by the most frightfully hazardous descent, in the hopes of shortening the poor bird's miseries.

"It was beautifully hit, Lancy, and it is a new accomplishment which we must learn of you; Cyril, I don't believe you are a chicken," Henry added, as his cousin climbed to them again with the dead bird in his hand, and a distressed expression on his face. Cyril and Lancy had been from the beginning staunch allies, and Lancy was by no means desirous of a rupture. He turned to him somewhat timidly, "you will not be won to approve my skill?"

"Skill!" the look of disgust was almost overstrained, as he stroked the glossy plumage, "you are a young hand to ask applause for such wanton practices."

"Well, stuff it as a trophy of your southron feats; this cousin is certainly too nice, what does it weigh?"

Cyril was pulling some of the longest and most beautiful feathers from the wings: when he had finished, he hurled it by main strength to an incalculable distance, saying in reply, "It is a dead weight in the ocean."

"Dastard! renegade!" a hundred titles of involuntary respect crowded to Henry's lips, while Cyril stood unmoved, watching the waves encircling the spot where he had flung the subject of their cavil.

"If I had my two arms, Cyril, you should follow fast: I will forgive the cowardice, but not this."

"He is older than you are," suggested Lancy. Henry would not listen. The clear blue veins swelled in his temples, his eye dilated till it grew dark violet in his fury.

"I have lived here seven long years, and not even your loutly brother ever crossed my will,—nor should you, were I not the helpless log you are secure against."

Cyril turned his fair face, beautiful in the contrast from its serenity, towards his angry cousin.

"God made you weak and helpless, Henry, in as brave an act as ever human arm achieved; thank Him that He thus checks your wish to do evil."

"Coward, preacher!" but Henry was stayed a longer string of epithets as by an electric thrill: words clear and low close to him.

"So quickly sinning!" Miss Maxwell and Mildred stood close to them,—but he could not mistake the speaker. It was a troubled murmur wrung sorrowfully from her, rather than an intended rebuke.

"Oh, Mildred, I am so glad you are come, the tide is coming gloriously," said Lancy, feeling sure the presence of the ladies would bring Henry to his senses. "Come down with me, will you?" Mildred obeyed, only too glad to escape: these scenes were not altogether new to her, but at this moment unexpected.

Henry sat half entranced: no juncture could have been more unfavourable for him, or more advantageous for Cyril: and that delicate pleading reminder, how it shamed him.

"The fresh air does not agree with you, Henry, you had better be getting homeward."

To this hint he had to listen humbly, and to be pained by the shade of sorrow on his aunt's benevolent countenance.

"Surely you were at high words," she said, "and I quite thought you cousins were in a fair state of amity."

"It was my fault, madame, I provoked the lion," said Cyril frankly.

"I made a brute of myself," returned Henry, as heartily, watching the descending figures of Lancy and Lancy's companion.

"Aunt Agnes," he said abruptly, "Cyril and I have

an account to settle, we don't mean to be magnanimous and smother feud, would you mind leaving us to fight it out?"

"In words, not in deeds, then," returned Agnes, taking up the path in which the others had passed.

Henry rose too, and began his retreat by slow degrees, talking as he stepped cautiously and leaned heavily on his strong staff, the changing light falling on his wan face, and bringing out distinctly the traces of passion still too sadly evident.

"Tell me now, old fellow," he said, with an effort, "did you not take me for the truest humbug in the universe?"

Cyril walked steadily half a pace in advance, clearing every possible obstacle from the path, with his head bent down and his lips closed.

"I never felt my blood boil as it did just now, as if a fiend possessed me. Cyril, will you hear my acknowledgments?"

Cyril drew back, and offered a shoulder for Henry's assistance. "It was my fault," he persisted, when he did speak. "I might have known there needed no counter irritation in your case, and I tell you I am exceedingly sorry as it is."

The weight that leaned heavily, though it had at first disdained the proffered help, was an eloquent rejoinder: Henry remembered how Cyril had taken charge of him day and night, had read to him, brought him the village news, done all he needed brotherly and heartily, and for this.

"In the face of heaven, and on the first sight of my own gallant sea, how foolish,—how wicked must I have seemed."

Cyril had grown mute once more: he adjudged Henry's sudden veering round to calm, to nothing higher than the abrupt presence of the ladies; less to repentance than to mortification; and he perversely refused to appreciate Henry's florid speeches, or to sympathize with him in his sense of disgrace.

"Cyril, how old are you?"

"Nineteen last May, wherefore?"

"You are older than I am by two years, and they have given you self-mastery."

No answer.

"Or is it the difference of disposition? I verily believe you would stand by and see a storm, without glorying in it, or watch a wreck, and not seize a plank to go forth hand and heart to the rescue."

"These are fresh insinuations of weakness;" and this time Cyril's cheek burned scarlet, though the words that followed were singularly calm and dignified.

"I have no right to preach to you, Henry, you are still but half convalescent." (Henry kicked inwardly.) "I know you are ruler here by grace, but at school we went by seniority always: forgive me if I have presumed."

"Have the goodness to knock me down at once. I see how you would crow if you were cock of the walk."

"Don't effervesce again," said Cyril, laughing. "I won't take you home in a gale, at any rate—what do you say to our eschewing Sky Point, and our discussion for aye?"

They had reached the Rectory, Henry wearied to a degree threw himself on a sofa in the dining-room, without another word: Cyril went to find his tutor, and bid him take care that Henry's luncheon should be of a very strengthening nature, and then he retraced his step to the Point, summoning old Leda for his companion.

"A coward he called me," mused Cyril, as he went his way. "'*Ira furor brevis est*,' on account whereof I'll pardon him; yes, Leda, madam, I am going down there, if you have no objection you may come too."

"What, ho, there! is it sound in the tarn?" he called aloud to some fishers who were mooring.

"Your honour, no, it's a swamp of rotten sea-weed and such."

Cyril's clean morning suit, and his slight somewhat dainty *tout ensemble* looked little in character for such an expedition; and the fishermen having delivered their opinion, went home to dinner.

The boiling waves were still washing high, but the tide had turned: the dead crow had been thrown back nearly to the very spot whence its fatal flight had been winged.

"Ah! I see," thought Cyril, "I can bring you and clear it all; hi! Leda, good dog, go down and try the footing." But Leda declined, both on account of her growing infirmities, and also a sagacious belief in the impracticability of the descent. "But my friend beast, I have my character to vindicate, so go I must."

Rough, loose, almost perpendicular rocks, grown over here and there to make it more deluding, was the descent he proposed to himself. No human being was visible near him: on the opposite cliff stood Maveryn House, the Church, and Mr. Maxwell's, divided from Sky Point by the little bay far down below.

Had Cyril erred in setting himself so decidedly against Henry's will in a matter so trifling? he thought so: he pitied his cousin's hot temper, and the mortification of Miss Maxwell and Mildred becoming its involuntary witnesses: his own temperament was very different, he was gentle and yielding from principle where a question of right and wrong was not involved; and where people called him taciturn or studious, he was often gathering light from other characters whereby to mould his own.

The villagers thought little of him: he walked a quiet sort of shadow at Henry's side, their idol, the bonny reckless lad who they knew would give his right hand to serve them day or night. But it needs not always daring deeds to show a true and noble soul, and Cyril was as knightly and chivalrous in some eyes as his gallant cousin.

"Leda, my lady, if I fall you are to come to the rescue, do you observe?" he said starting—now with a headlong run of two or three yards, catching at crag or stone, now pausing to dare himself on his perilous way till he came to a narrow ledge that overlapped and terminated abruptly. "Coward, now, or fool hardy," he was inclined to murmur, while Leda to instil fresh courage howled piteously above him.

The tide had already receded from the flat rock immediately though some feet below him: his landing-place came to a sharp angle on one side, but on turning it, he found only a great fissure like an open sepulchre in the cliff. There was nothing for it, but to lie down on his face and

let himself slide gradually till his feet touched the under rock.

This was accomplished : then another rather perpendicular run brought him to the very spot where lay the trophy of Lancy's skill, the brightest plumes of which were floating gaily in his own hat. What further could he do to prove where he had been ?

Three small black heads, three pairs of scarlet feet and the low modulated cry of the chough arrested him, and closely secreted he found the nest, and five little nestlings in hungry and angry commotion at the prolonged absence of the parent bird.

Securing the whole prize carefully in his pocket, he attempted now to scale the precipice, which he discovered to be more a romantic than an easy task. The sides of the rock were slippery, the scanty vegetation gave way at a slight pull, and Cyril fell like the old wife in the fable, only with his dinner at stake.

Alexander at the Sogdianian fortress : stories of Herodotus, his heroes, with their straits and shifts, came to his memory, but not to his aid.

Firm steps and courage, one terrace was gained : while the one above favoured him. The rock itself was of a softer composition, and there were some curious looking slits deep enough for footing cut in the chalk.

Cyril did not reckon that human genius and fancy had traced these, and that they could read as plain English characters, H. M., M. L., or he might have been cautious of subverting them to his footsteps ; but by their help he gained finally the peaked rock ; though the whole had been three or four hours' rough exercise, and the sun was dropping red and fiery like a misty lamp into the ocean, when he and Leda turned homewards.

He left the tender choughs at Mavelyn House as he passed, as a gift for Mildred, and he heard from Henry how they had since laughed over the rencontre together ; but he did not tell Cyril what had restored him to such perfect good humour, since the morning.

"It would turn many a steadier head than yours, I advise you never to try it again ;" for Cyril explained all in detail, and Henry fixed a steady stern regard upon him,

to see if he had penetrated his boyish secret meant for himself and the sea birds only.

"Don't try it again," he said nervously, twisting the tassels off the sofa cushion, and reading his cousin's unconsciousness in his face, as he offered the right hand of amity. "This ebullition of folly in me, might have cost your life."

So it read literally, but the sentence could bear another construction.

## THE LORD'S GARDEN.

"Without, I am surrounded with mallows and asphodel; while within I am but a corpse."—*Ancient Inscription.*

"The creeping mallow and the asphodel are observed to thrive on the funeral clod; superstitious persons of antiquity thought the dead extracted a kind of nourishment from the seeds of the asphodel. Homer tells us, that after crossing the Styx, the shades of the dead passed along an extensive plain of asphodel."—*S. Pierre.*

"... because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets: Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God Who gave it."—*Ecclesiastes xi. 5-7.*

"Rest? Rest?—shall I not have all eternity to rest in?"—*Sartor Resartus.*

"Where had the released spirits fled? Had they all met together in the unknown worlds beyond the skies?—Was none of the number missing or lost?"—*Winifred.*

Come to our dear Lord's garden where Æolian harpings sigh—  
Where cypress trees raise sombre arms towards the arching sky;  
Mysterious depths repose beneath their dark funeral screen—  
Beneath the grey and hallow'd Cross—beneath the hillocks green.

Around the entrance gate twine not festoons of favourite flowers—  
It leadeth to no silken tents nor pleasant jasmine bowers;  
But welcome is the ancient shade from garish light of day—  
And welcome is the Emblem Blest of life amid decay.

A pathway wendeth from the gate—a broad and level way—  
Adown it at the gloaming hour the mourners' footsteps stray;  
'Tis fringed with fair white asphodel—and creeping mallows shed—  
No fragrance o'er that beaten track—the bier-path of the dead.



A solemn wind—Memnonian—swells ;— and oft-times may be heard,  
 The Robin-redbreast's thrilling note—that dearest social bird ;  
 It skimmeth lightly o'er the sod—disturbs no quiet bed—  
 But soft and sweetly singeth still a requiem for the dead.

Thrice hallowed is the old bier-path : may none in mute despair  
 Kneel down beside beloved dust when slowly passing there ;  
 The LORD's own garden path is not a dreary road for those—  
 Who yearn to find in JESU's arms a rest from earthly woes.

And may the shadow of the Cross rest on our earthly home—  
 Until we're borne within the gate—when angels whisper " come ;"—  
 And as we tread the path which we must one day ne'er retrace—  
 May love of JESUS fill our souls and every fear displace.

## THE FOUNTAIN IN THE GARDEN.

### CHAPTER II.

" Thy home is with the humble, LORD,  
 The simple are Thy rest,  
 Thy lodging is in childlike hearts,  
 Thou makest these Thy nest."

Now when the teacher had finished speaking, the children all looked grave and thoughtful for a time, but many of them were soon laughing and playing on the grass, as though they had nothing else to do, while others began to pluck flowers in all directions, and hastily to twine their garlands. I resolved to watch one little group, as they went gently away from their teacher, talking eagerly ; they appeared to belong to one family—Theophilus and Elizabeth, Ernest and Alethea.

Theophilus and his sister began seeking for flowers together, but the boy would do nothing without first consulting his book, and he gathered no flower until he had earnestly looked towards the far-off country, to see whether its leaves were moved by the breeze from the mountains, while Elizabeth quickly tired of such cautious movements, and rambling far away from her brother, soon joined a party of children who were playing on a

bright flowery bank. I remained watching Theophilus, as his garland grew rapidly, and marked its unceasing beauty. The white blossom of which the teacher had spoken, was there in great abundance, and gave to each smaller flower, as it came fresh from the sparkling waters, a delicate and most lovely hue.

It appeared very easy for Theophilus to select his flowers. As he watched, the breeze quite stirred their delicate leaves, and he was seldom at a loss; he looked very happy and peaceful—the beautiful white dove was always with him, nestling close in his bosom, and singing in a sweet low voice to the little child. Theophilus loved his bird indeed; he used to fondle and watch it, and was never so happy as when listening to its soothing song. There was always glad sunshine too for him—only a few bright clouds flitted past, and I thought if the task assigned to the children by the King were so easy when they followed His direction, surely none would fail through disobedience or carelessness. The boy persevered in his duty, choosing no flower however rare or fragrant, till he was sure it was one that would be accepted. Beyond all, he never forgot the crystal waters, and as he had been told, his wreath kept bright and beautiful.

His stay in the garden was very short. The King, Who dearly loved this little child, sent His messenger for him before the sun had risen very high, and the boy had only time to plunge his garland once more in the bright stream, when he was borne away, his little dove still with him, singing louder and more clearly as they neared the distant mountains. I knew there was no fear for Theophilus, and I felt very thankful, that one at least of these fair children, was safely at home in the far-off land.

I turned to look for Elizabeth, and found her weeping bitterly for her brother; her dove was gone, and beside her lay a broken and withered garland, composed alas! not of flowers such as the King would approve, but of those that had been planted by the enemy. There were many varieties of hurtful and noxious plants, and I saw at once she could have made no use of any of the helps

offered her by the King. The teacher, whom I had seen in the early morning, stood near, remonstrating with her but to no purpose. She said she had spent her morning in gathering the flowers, and had done her best to make her garland; it had died, and she could not help it, and now her brother was gone away and she was quite miserable.

"Have you studied the directions given in your book? or watched for the breeze from the mountain? or have you bathed your flowers in the crystal stream?" the teacher asked.

"No," replied Elizabeth to each of these questions, "I could not."

"And where is your dove?" continued he, "have you hurt it and driven it away? Did you not listen for its song?"

"I do not know," answered Elizabeth again.

I wondered to find her so sullen, but presently I saw close to where the little girl sat, a tall dark plant, which almost overshadowed her. It had been placed there, the teacher said, by the enemy, and possessed such hurtful properties, and so deadened those who came under its influence, that sometimes they never recovered from its effects.

"Oh! can you not force her from it," I eagerly asked "before it is too late?"

"I may not do so," he replied sorrowfully.

But he went near again, and told her of all she would lose, and how the King, loving and kind as He was, would assuredly punish her if the messenger did not find her striving to please Him. She could not be permitted to dwell in the beautiful country, nor again to see her brother.

But though Elizabeth still wept bitterly, she showed no inclination to rouse herself, and made no movement towards restoring her garland.

Once more the teacher spoke, and said gently, "Was it not good in our Blessed Prince to open the fountain for you to restore your flowers? You, who have wasted so much of the day, and have so little time to make your wreath. Will you not love Him for it, and try to please Him?"

"O, yes," said Elizabeth, suddenly rising, while the tears, but no longer despairing ones, streamed from her eyes, "the King is good, and I will try to please Him. How could I have so long forgotten Him? Do you think I shall yet have time to make my garland?" she added, anxiously.

"You have the present time, my child," he replied, "how short it may be we cannot tell, therefore do not delay."

While they were speaking, the soft low notes of the dove were heard in the distance, though it could nowhere be seen. Elizabeth listened breathlessly, longing to find her comforter, and to bring it again to her bosom. Her tears fell fast, as she remembered how she had grieved and hurt it, and she thought if it would only return to her, she could not watch over it enough. As she tried to follow the sound of its note, the path became rough and steep; her feet were sadly hurt by the rugged stones, and her strength appeared hardly equal to the task, but the sweet song grew clearer and more clear, and the child's flushed and eager countenance, showed how earnestly and hopefully she was seeking her lost treasure.

At length she saw before her, glistening in the bright sunshine, a crystal stream, and when she found it was indeed the fountain opened by the King's Son, and as her heart was filled with love to Him for having done so much for her, the dove once more came to its home beside her, and found a warm shelter in her loving arms. Again her tears fell fast—now they were tears of love and gratitude. But once more the sweet song was heard, and Elizabeth remembered the work that was before her. She knelt lowly and humbly, waiting for the breeze to direct her what flowers to gather, and as a faint air fanned her face, and she rose refreshed and cheered, she saw moving in the breeze, and growing on the borders of the crystal stream, a plant she had not even noticed before.

It was a trefoil plant, very hard to pluck, requiring all her strength, and very painful to handle, with sharp set thorns along the stem; but its leaves continued to move in the breeze, and Elizabeth saw that however difficult to

gather, much of it was required for a garland. And indeed after a time she began to love that flower: it was very beautiful when bathed in the crystal waters, and during the whole time her wreath was in progress, this blossom was constantly mingled with her other flowers.

Another thing I remarked. She often appeared to be directed by the breeze to gather flowers the most unlike to those she had before chosen. These were found with much difficulty, and often only in places where the child's strength would scarcely carry her; but in every trouble she looked to the far-off land, and the breeze came to direct her.

Her beautiful dove was always near, and sang sweetly and so cheered and comforted her, that she could never love and fondle it enough. Sometimes, now, indeed, she chose the wrong flowers, and had parts of her garland to undo; but the crystal waters made her work appear so fresh and bright, that I could not doubt if she only persevered in the use of them, her garland would be accepted by the Great King, and a home be given her one day with her brother in the distant country.

### *Questions.*

**Q.** What class of persons is Theophilus intended to represent?

**A.** Those, alas! very few, who have preserved their baptismal innocence, and by God's special mercy been kept from grievous sin.

**Q.** Why was his task so easy?

**A.** Because he trusted entirely to the guidance that had been given him, and acted by it.

**Q.** Why did the dove never leave him?

**A.** Because the HOLY SPIRIT dwells always with those who desire His presence, and follow His leadings.

**Q.** What does the white blossom mean, and why had Theophilus so great an abundance in his wreath?

**A.** The gift of faith; which, as with all spiritual gifts, God strengthens and increases in us, in proportion to the use we make of it. As Theophilus trusted entirely to the promised guidance in the choice of his flowers, and by that guidance was led to these rare blossoms, so if we faithfully correspond with the grace already bestowed, God will give it us more abundantly.

**Q.** What does the tall plant under which Elizabeth was sitting signify?

**A.** A state of despair, into which she was brought by continued acts of unrepented sin.

**Q.** What was the motive that led her to seek the promised help ?

**A.** The love of CHRIST, than which nothing has more power to rouse us from sin.

**Q.** Where did the dove at once lead her ?

**A.** To the clear fountain, which she had so long neglected.

**Q.** Why did she find the flowers so difficult to gather ?

**A.** Because the tendencies to sin retain their power over us long after the acts themselves are forgiven.

**Q.** Why were the flowers she had to gather sometimes so directly unlike those in her former wreath ?

**A.** Because GOD not only helps us to subdue our evil desires and passions, but will, if we work with Him, give us graces the very contrary to those sins which, through Him, we have overcome. Thus He takes away pride, and gives humility ; anger, and gives love, forbearance, and gentleness ; wilfulness gives place to obedience and submission ; love of praise, to meekness and self-renunciation.

## BELLECOVE.

"Without Me no friendship is of any strength, nor will be durable ; nor is that love true and pure of which I am not the author."—*Imitation of CHRIST.*

"Religion tells of amity sublime,  
Which no condition can preclude : of One  
Who sees all suffering, comprehends all wants,  
All weakness fathoms, can supply all needs."

*Wordsworth.*

"Take up the Cross, thou may'st not choose thine own ;  
The one appointed is the safest, best :  
If weak and faltering o'er rough paths unknown,  
The Shepherd's Hand will aid thee to thy rest,  
Within the fold, and shield thee in His Arms,  
All wanderings over—hush'd all dark alarms."

"Of Time and Eternity."—*Churchman's Companion.*  
*Vol. XIX., p. 43.*

WHEN old Mr. Tresham retired, with a small life-annuity as his only income, from the pursuits of active life, and was compelled by loss of fortune to forego many luxuries to which he had been accustomed, it is probable that Bellecove possessed other attractions for the broken-down merchant than its merely natural ones, from the fact of his having visited it in youth, under happier auspices.

Bellecove almost resembles an inland lake,—it being so much hemmed in by surrounding rocks, that a narrow channel only is left for the flow and reflow of the tide.

Here it is almost always calm ; the sea-ripple dies gently on the yellow sand, and through the clear water the bottom is readily seen. The open sea, however, is beyond ; and we can hear the murmurs—those mysterious, soothing murmurs, which bear no resemblance to any other earthly sound. Leave the silver lake—sail forth out of that sheltered cove by the narrow outlet—and before you lies the vast plain of waters, stretching away to the furthest horizon. But on the shores of that secluded cove—so sweet and Italian-like—were pleasant homesteads and cottage gardens, where primroses and violets timidly peeped forth, as if no ocean surged and foamed so near.

In one of these cottages Mr. Tresham, with his daughter Euphane, took up his abode, renting it by the year, and with a little judicious outlay, transforming the rough dwelling into a home of comfort, if not of elegance.

There was an old house beyond Bellecove, uninhabited, on which Euphane gazed with deep interest, because her father, when young and hopeful, had first met and wooed her mother there, and because its situation was such as to please and satisfy Euphane's taste.

Steep and precipitous banks led down to the shore of the bay, and also to the shores of the open sea ; in the cove, the sea was always silent—but against the proud defiant buttresses of the extended coast-line, the white passion of the surf was unrelenting.

What a glorious view there was from the windows of the old house of Bellecove, over the ocean, mapped out into great spaces of light and shade : of light, where the sun glances on the water, or the moonlight falls softly and holily in those long, long pathways, on which the spirits of just men ascend to heaven ; of shade, where the summer breeze follows the cloud along the water, or the curtains of night fold over, leaving but the stars and the moon to shed their mellowed light upon the sleeping earth. Here, too, floated the sweet echoes of church bells, from an inland church, whose chimes were justly celebrated for their exquisite music. Then beyond were woods,—dark, grand, waving woods, and pasture lands, and hills ; there were primitive shepherds, with crooks in their hands, keeping watch over their flocks by night ; there were

woodcocks and pheasants in the sombre covers,—and among huge gnarled oaks, the delicately-fashioned fawn moved silently past, like the stealthy creature of a dream. And beyond all—far, far away in the great distance, rose up one over the other, a succession of snowy mountains; and in warm, summer weather it was a real comfort to see these cool, white hills—their influence seemed to reach the gazer, as the eye would sometimes rest upon the virgin snow.

It was no wonder that Euphane loved the old house of Bellecote; and often wandered through the vacant spacious rooms; gazing from the windows, and thinking—ah! such strange dreams did she sometimes indulge in: but we must lead her back to her own cottage, and hear something more about her, before we can countenance or sympathise with such her reveries.

Mr. Tresham's two younger daughters were married, though not to rich men, and both had increasing families. Mr. Tresham's only son, Justinian, after an honourable college career, had become, through the medium of a college friend, the private secretary of Lord Mervin, in whose family he was partly domesticated. Lord Mervin was a busy and universal philanthropist, always engaged in sending out missions of various descriptions, religious or patriotic, or else in receiving missionaries at home, and reading reports, and arranging committees, speechifying, and attending public meetings.

And Euphane only remained with her old father, and he was rich and blest in this treasure, which money could not purchase; nor its want deprive him of—the treasure of a good, affectionate, and pious daughter: for such, in the true acceptation of the words, was Euphane Tresham. Self-denying, practical, dutiful, and cheerful,—who could have conjectured that the deformed old maid, so matter-of-fact in the performance of life's daily duties, concealed within her heart a depth of sentiment and delicacy of feeling which hard folks are prone to call “romance.”

Euphane was her brother's senior; and though he was well-looking and gracefully formed, and she the reverse, yet it was impossible not to trace the strong resemblance in their lineaments to each other. Yet in her all was



resignation, sweetness, and composure, while he betrayed the struggles of the worldling. Euphane lamented the change in their circumstances, from affluence to comparative poverty, for her father's sake, and because they could no longer bestow luxuries on her sisters, who found such assistance so very acceptable. For herself she mourned, more because the change had still further increased the separation betwixt them and her brother, whom she understood better than any one else in the world and loved with a devotion so entire as to make her in danger of indulging in idol-worship. She—the poor deformed—debarred from the indulgence of those sweet and natural affections which constitute woman's being; she, who might never listen to the tale of first love, lavished on this dear brother the deepest tenderness of her nature. She was proud of his talents, his learning, his grace, and many generous qualities: but love did not blind her to his errors, and with heart-pangs indescribable, Euphane knew that one so fondly beloved was careless on the subject of religion, though good taste prevented his becoming an open scoffer.

Honour—the honour passing current in the world—and the highest principles of moral rectitude, governed the actions of Justinian Tresham; but he would have turned away with a smile, had any one addressed him on the vital topic—concern for his soul. What had high breeding to do with the religion of CHRIST? It was all very well for poor folks, but a young and accomplished gentleman and scholar,—what had he to do with such matters?

Justinian sincerely reciprocated his sister's affection, and in all perplexities flew to her sympathising heart for comfort or counsel. Of a refined and fastidious taste, and of a temperament poetical and imaginative, and with so much to admire and love in his unselfish disposition, yet was the absence of that ruling principle which governs CHRIST's flock bitterly deplored by Euphane. Not that she spoke much on the subject, for she had learnt that silence is often more eloquent than speech; but she prayed for the soul's welfare of one so near and dear, and she watched and waited with faith and hope, that in the

LORD's own time, "the stony heart might be turned into a heart of flesh."

Justinian came to Bellecove often as the duties of his appointment permitted: and most refreshing these flying visits proved to the man immersed in the affairs of the world. On the shores of the quiet bay, the brother and sister walked arm in arm, enjoying unrestrained converse; and in those hours, when Justinian's eye wandered over the waste of waters, watching the ocean sunset, or absorbed in contemplation of some far-distant sail, when the mysteries of ocean kindled both their hearts, then Euphane yearned towards him with inexpressible yearning and sadness: for she knew too well that the Creator was not in his thoughts. Nor did she, fearing ridicule, dare to express to him her own reflections, when gazing on these wonders of creation: that He Who formed them all—He to Whom the vast deep's subject—condescended to walk on these waters, to appease the storm—to lull the waves. But no: at present there was a gulf betwixt this brother and sister, dearly as they loved each other.

"I have strange presentiments about this old house, Justinian," said Euphane, when they were clambering the precipitous banks, leading to the empty dwelling, "I cannot help fancying that some individual is to inhabit it who will in some way or other exercise an influence over our destinies."

"What! my sober Saint Euphane talking of presentiments?" said her brother, laughing, "you only scolded me lately for indulging in foolish day-dreams or fancies—I never expected to hear you own to such folly."

Some peculiar train of thought caused Euphane to sigh and turn away, not wishing to pursue the strain of conversation; but Justinian did not forget her words—he seldom forgot the quaint sayings of his sister Euphane, and when she wrote to tell him among other fragments of local interest,—that the empty house of Bellecove was let, and their old friends the Heskeths had taken it, he asked her in reply, if "worthy Mrs. Hesketh was to be the mysterious personage exercising an influence over their destinies?"

Euphane smiled; for she had not forgotten her own words; and the Heskeths rose to her mind's eye in all their common-place, but most excellent qualities, so that she laughed outright.

Mr. Hesketh was a crony of old Mr. Tresham's; and after being a bachelor all his life, had married at the age of threescore, a most worthy woman,—“suitable in all respects,” as he expressed himself. Mary Hesketh had been a governess all her life, in highly respectable families; and Mr. Hesketh wished for a companion, and he saw Mary, and Mary consented to become Mrs. Hesketh. “They didn’t care much where they lived,” said Mrs. Hesketh, “so they had a snug house, good air, and an old friend near. They had only a moderate income to retire upon, and Bellecove seemed quite the thing, from the description given of it by the Treshams.” So the Heskeths came to see the house—liked it—and the bargain was concluded, and as Mr. Hesketh wisely observed, “if Mary found it dull, or otherwise not to her taste, they could but find another house.” But whoever would have imagined for a moment that Mary Hesketh ever was dull? When Euphane heard that she had always been a governess, and was an elderly lady, she pictured to herself a prim, grave, old maidish personage, thin, tall, and upright. But great was her pleasant astonishment to behold in Mary a round, comely, merry, benevolent little soul,—scarcely looking as if she had seen fifty summers, full of fun and good humour, and wit, and sound information. Mr. Hesketh chattered, and Mrs. Hesketh talked, and they had friends to stay with them, and old Mr. Tresham found Bellecove a much pleasanter place since the Heskeths came to reside in it.

“Where are your presentiments now, Euphane?” said Justinian laughingly, during one of his visits,—“I don’t think Peter Hesketh or his wife will much affect our destiny.”

“No, indeed no, dear,” replied Euphane, blushing, “but yet—yet, my brother—the foreboding is at my heart, that in their house—the empty house of Bellecove—where the sad sea music murmurs a dirge beneath the walls, day by day, night by night—in that house—we

shall meet with one who will exercise an influence over us and ours.—I cannot help the feeling, and who would think the crooked old maid of Bellecove dreamt such things?"

Justinian's answer was to clasp his sister to his heart, for he never could bear to hear her allude to her personal misfortune: he had ceased to regard it with regret. She was so richly adorned with mental charms, that he forgot she might still be an object of pity to strangers.

"I know who will love that good Euphane Tresham," said Mary Hesketh, to Peter her husband,—“cannot you guess whom I mean, Peter?"

"There's no great difficulty in that guess, Mary Hesketh," replied Peter, "seeing your head runs on one person of late. I agree with you, that Gloriana Lyle will take to the deformed body very kindly."

"Now Peter Hesketh," broke in Mary, quite angrily, "I must beg of you never to use that word when you speak of Euphane Tresham; I for one, cease to see the twist, if twist she has: for her sweet face, and superior mind, make her beautiful in my eyes in all respects, and sure I am that Gloriana Lyle will think so too."

"I am almost inclined to be jealous of Gloriana, my dear," said Mr. Hesketh, with a smile; "your thoughts are so taken up about her."

"Ah, Peter, I have known her so long, and so well, and now she is coming to us, and I am preparing for her, it's natural I should talk of her often,—dear creature—Gloriana will revel in this view. She was the cleverest and dearest pupil I ever had, Mr. Hesketh, and proud am I to receive her beneath a roof of my own," (and with a beloved husband of my own) perhaps the happy Mary whispered, for there was the sound of a hearty kiss, and Peter said half aloud,—“there's no old woman like my old woman, and Gloriana is a lucky girl."

There was such a genial sunshine about Mrs. Hesketh, such a genuine and Christian flow of kindness, that to a merely superficial observer, it might have appeared as if her life had been a peculiarly smooth and pleasant one. But she had experienced many rude rubs and harsh encounters during her pilgrimage. Her experience as a gover-

ness did not exempt her from many painful recollections; nor were those connected with her residence in Miss Lyle's family, among the least painful. She spoke of Miss Lyle as an orphan, but not dependent; nor was she ever weary of descanting on her manifold perfections. Euphane had rarely known the companionship of her own sex, her sisters having married young, and she having so much avoided moving in general society during their days of prosperity. This want of congenial companionship had probably tended to foster a reserve in Euphane, which was not disagreeably perceptible in her manner, sweetened as it was by her natural kindness of disposition, and Justinian of all others, possessed the power of unfolding the precious treasures of her pure heart, garnered up from the world's knowledge; but he had not access to all its hidden depths, he had not the master key which alone could unlock the golden doors,—he did not love his SAVIOUR.

Speaking of Miss Lyle in one of her letters to Justinian, she thus described her:—"At first I thought Miss Lyle a plain person, she is so pale and quiet, and not in the first spring of youth; but extreme elegance of movement and demeanour characterize her, and her beautiful eyes redeem her countenance from ever being ordinary. Most serious and holy eyes they are, and she is the gentlest creature in the world—her voice is low and sweet, and her intellectual supremacy is something astonishing, according to Mrs. Hesketh, and she must know, though Miss Lyle is so quiet. I think of her when I am not present with her, as of one whose like I have never known, and Justinian, please don't smile, she makes no parade of religion, but she is not ashamed of Him, and she mourns that at Bellecove there is no daily Prayer; perhaps you might think her very strict in her notions, but I do not, and I daily more and more like and admire her."

And in every letter which Euphane Tresham wrote to her brother, there was mention made of Gloriana Lyle; though all unconsciously Euphane drew a picture, wonderful as the Pre-Raphaelite conceptions of her new friend, until at length Justinian declared he must find time to visit Bellecove, and see the phoenix. But time

was not found by Lord Mervin's secretary, until it seemed to be coming to an end with him, so far as sub-lunary affairs were concerned ; and with health shattered from over-work and late hours, the medical advisers of Justinian Tresham, peremptorily ordered him to rest ; and after the crisis of fever with which he was attacked had passed away, to seek change of air and repose of mind in his father's house at Bellecove.

Hither accordingly he came ; worn out and attenuated in body, but strong in mental resolve and proud energy, not to suffer physical debility to master his powers of mind. Nevertheless, sickness, and the LORD'S HAND, proved too strong for the rebellious worm ; and Justinian, week after week, as if chained by the Power he disowned, remained a prisoner at Bellecove, gradually recovering strength, it is true, but so slowly, that only enduring faith could have borne up patiently against the ravages of disease, and he was not patient.

During this period of trial, of course he became acquainted with Miss Lyle ; and it was difficult to define in what manner his whole demeanour underwent a change, when in her society ; he became more earnest, more grave, and addressed her with more deference than he was wont to exhibit towards other folks. There was a retiring humility in Miss Lyle, which required to be overcome, ere she conversed freely ; but by degrees, Justinian succeeded in drawing forth many of her sentiments, and found with surprise, that her knowledge was by no means superficial, nor calculated for display ; but solid, of wondrous depth, and so varied and quaint, that although she cherished the simplicity and faith of a little child in all matters of religious or traditionary belief, she also had the imagination of an enthusiastic poet, and the heroism of a martyr. Justinian revealed to his sister that Miss Lyle only wanted colour and animation to be quite lovely.

"I often think," responded Euphane, "that we see her to great disadvantage here ; and I picture her to myself, wearing jewels, and amid scenes calculated to animate and excite her : surely she would then shine as a star."

"You are not very flattering to ourselves," replied Justinian, with some pique in his tone, "if we cannot

succeed in animating her saintly ladyship, though I must confess I prefer her as she is, she makes me always think of starlit skies and distant music, when I encounter her soft, holy eyes."

"Ah! I am so glad you think so, Justinian," responded Euphane, cheerfully, "that is just my own feeling: I knew you would appreciate such a rare and gifted being."

"But," replied Justinian, with earnest gravity, "you and I may feel differently: I may appreciate her perhaps too highly for my own peace of mind, for there is a coldness about her towards me which chills flesh and blood; do you think, dear, she could love, or is she superior to such weakness?"

Euphane started; she had not thought of this, they had all been so happy of late, and the days had glided on so peacefully, that she had not marked the lapse of time, or the changes time was weaving in all around her. She had never thought of Miss Lyle, as of one to be loved with human passion; but now the danger was pointed out to her by Justinian, she marvelled that she had not thought of it before.

It appeared to Euphane Tresham, as if she had known Gloriana in some former state of existence, when every emotion had been transparent, and they had read each other's hearts as in a glass. Some invisible electric chain—some hidden link vibrating in perfect unison—operated mysteriously to draw them closely together in the bonds of love and friendship. Both were unworldly: both owned a current of spiritualized aspiration, of which the world is not cognisant. Euphane's seniority and physical affliction, rendered her an object of tenderest respect and chastened pity to Gloriana; Euphane regarded her with a kind of silent devotion and interest, which only such an one as she could experience towards an individual of her own sex. Doubts, misgivings, and anxieties, crept into Euphane's guileless bosom as she was led to observe more narrowly the deportment of Justinian towards Miss Lyle.

Wherefore did he say that Gloriana was too good for him, too superior, too indifferent? Wherefore did he yet hang on her words, her looks, and court her smile?

"It can end but one way," thought Euphane, "I know, I am persuaded that Gloriana's influence can do all things: she does not dislike Justinian; no, no,—I am sure of that; she will instil that which I have failed to do; she will save him; she will be the blessed means appointed to bring him home—home to his God."

One morning a letter arrived from Lord Mervin, recalling Justinian instantly on affairs of moment; he sought Miss Lyle in his impetuous way, he offered her his hand, his heart, as lovers offer: 'tis an old tale. But he was rejected; affectionately, tenderly, with sweet womanly urbanity, but decisively. Miss Lyle had no intention of changing her condition; and she added—(Justinian repeated this to his sister), "I would not dare to wed one who does not love the SAVIOUR, does not openly acknowledge Him."

"O, what a fool I have been to cast myself at the feet of this cold, insensate, hypocritical woman."

"Hypocritical, no, Justinian, not that," sobbed Euphane, trembling to witness her brother's agony; "not hypocritical, not cold, not insensible."

"Yes, I repeat the words; I thought she cared for me, I felt sure she did, or I never would have made such a fool of myself. However, adieu to Bellecove for the present. I am not going to pretend to be saintly, even to win the hand of a Gloriana. I'm as good as most: nay, better, I believe; but I'm not a sanctified-looking sinner, I am not a hypocrite, and I abhor all such trash; I'll have none of such nonsense." And with such like words on his lips, Justinian Tresham fled from Bellecove, rejected, disappointed, and angry with himself and all the world. Wonder we not at his next proceeding.

There was scarcely any perceptible change in Miss Lyle's manner towards Euphane after her brother's departure; she was if possible kinder and more affectionate, yet more silent and grave than usual. She seemed often to evade being alone with Euphane, and Mrs. Hesketh regarded her with anxiety. Miss Lyle did not even plead "a headache," that common-place ailment of idle single ladies, assuring Mrs. Hesketh that she was perfectly



robust, and in her usual health. Euphane could not unfold the page of mystery ; but dazzled and confounded by the unknown language, meekly folded her hands, and sought a refuge where she always sought it, in prayer at His Feet. It was as if a heavy stone lay over the portals of Miss Lyle's heart, which she by no means suffered to be rolled aside ; but yet the heavy weight oppressed her. The first intimation Euphane received of Gloriana's intention of quitting Bellecove, was from Mrs. Hesketh ; and nothing being said in contradiction to this by Miss Lyle, Euphane concluded the arrangements were made with the full acquiescence of both parties. Miss Lyle did not ask Euphane to correspond with her, she did not even say there was a probability of their soon meeting again ; but as she strained Euphane in a long passionate embrace to her heart, a sigh so deep and sorrowful escaped her, that Euphane involuntarily whispered as she returned the embrace—"May God direct and support you, dearest Miss Lyle."

"He does—He will," was the reply, and so they parted.

The affairs of daily life went on just the same at Bellecove, as if Justinian Tresham had never met Miss Lyle, and as if Miss Lyle had never brightened the gloom of Euphane's lot. Mr. and Mrs. Hesketh had friends staying with them, and went abroad visiting friends in return ; and Mrs. Hesketh said, in reply to Euphane's anxious inquiries, that she had heard from Gloriana, who was "quite well" according to her letter ; but Mrs. Hesketh, though a kind, cheery, comfortable creature as ever lived, had a dry way with her of evading any questions she disliked ; and as Euphane seldom intruded questions on any one, it may be supposed not much information could be gleaned respecting Miss Lyle. Once only Mrs. Hesketh volunteered information ; she was alone with Euphane, walking on the shores of the quiet bay ; and Euphane remarked how Gloriana would have enjoyed such a bright, soft day, venturing to hope she was better when Mrs. Hesketh last heard.

"Yes, yes, my dear, I hope so ; but Gloriana has had her bitter trials and griefs, and her sister was as bright and lovely as herself."

"Her sister!" exclaimed Euphane, in amazement, "I did not know she had a sister."

"A sister in Paradise, my dear Miss Tresham," responded Mary Hesketh, in a grave, sad tone, "she was wilful though, and she married—married a man devoid of religious faith, and sealed her own life-long misery. She died during a sea voyage with the husband she had chosen, and she was buried beneath the waves. Gloriana mourned over her, knew there was no help, no healing on earth for that poor broken heart; and solemnly promised when they parted, never to wed one who——, but I must say no more, I have no right to betray Gloriana's secrets; and you see, my dear Miss Tresham, one reason why Gloriana is so fond of the sea, her sister is buried there, and she would sit in her room here by the hour together at night, looking over the waste of waters, and fancying she could see the White Women gliding far, far away in the distance, and hear their mournful dirge."

"And who are the White Women, dear Mrs. Hesketh?" inquired Euphane, quite awe-stricken by Mary's unusually solemn manner, and by the knowledge which she had just gained, a knowledge that felt on her soul like ice, so cold, so hopeless looked the future for those she loved so well.

"The White Women are the spirits of the sea," whispered Mrs. Hesketh; "at least, Gloriana says so, though of course we know it is only a fancy, or a superstition, or whatever you please to call it. They haunt the waves where the dead repose. You may often see them far away on a moonlight night, like foam, breaking here and there, and then you may hear such soft, sad, slow music coming from afar over the sea, and be sure the White Women are chanting a requiem, and wreathed hand in hand in a circle moving slowly round and round. Gloriana would sit alone in her room to watch for them, and to weep when she heard the mystic music; she loves the sea, and she would like well to have our house here at Bellecove as the home of her earthly pilgrimage."

"Then why did she leave it?" burst from Euphane, "why did she leave those who all love her so well?"

"Because she thought it right to do so," replied Mary

Hesketh, turning round and looking full into Euphane's face, as she added, "do we not pray—'Lead us not into temptation?' and Gloriana Lyle's prayers are not lip prayers, but prayers from the depths of her childlike heart, childlike, in faith and obedience to His commands." Euphane, silenced and trembling at all she had heard, pressed Mary's offered hand, and communed alone.

Might not Justinian the rebel return to his allegiance? Was it too late? Was not the gracious promise sure even for such as he? Might there not be hope? but God forbid the unholy thought should be cherished for a moment, that in order to win an earthly love, he should dare to appropriate to himself the guise of a true pilgrim. No; but might not He appoint Gloriana Lyle as the humble instrument of converting Justinian to the saving of his soul? Might he not be led to inquire of those things pertaining to his salvation? Might he not be led to ask if they were really so, because *she* believed them? And in the act of asking—of wishing to know—might not conviction fall on the proud, stubborn heart? Euphane had heard of such things: why not in this case? She would write to him, she would write from her inmost heart, and dare to plead "His" cause, perhaps she had been wrong in not doing so heretofore? But vain human foresight, vain human plans, the blow fell when least expected—when least looked for. Justinian wrote a few lines to his father and sister, announcing his marriage with Lord Mervin's dependant cousin, who had resided in the house, and of whom he had frequently spoken to Euphane in rather singular terms. She was pretty, peniless, bold, and attached to Justinian; and Lord Mervin observing this, had interfered, and the rash marriage ensued. Justinian was dismissed from his appointment as Lord Mervin's secretary, and he wrote in a reckless mood, not much like the mood of a happy bridegroom.

Lord Mervin had three sons, profligate and undutiful; his lordship had been extremely fond of Justinian, and now blamed himself severely for throwing such temptation so constantly in the way of a high-spirited, ardent young man. But the die was cast; and there was but one al-

ternative, Justinian must work, he must support his wife, he could not burden his poor old father.

He became the tutor in a school of a superior class ; but he came not to Bellecove, he wrote seldom to Euphane, and his wife never. She was "a Mervin," and she looked down on the Merchant Tresham, though she had become the wife of the broken-down merchant's son, and that son now the tutor in a school.

Poor Euphane—how her heart bled for her brother, erring, rash, but still so fondly loved. For six bitter years she mourned thus, and prayed ; he was toiling for daily bread, he was wretched, and she might not see him ; a little son was born to Justinian, and when the child was five years old, Justinian's wife died in giving birth to a second infant, which also died, and the widower, with his eldest born, once more sought the shelter of Bellecove. The good Heakeths had left the neighbourhood ; Mary wished to travel, and Peter grew tired of the "everlasting wail, wail, of the noisy sea ;" the house was again empty, where Gloriana Lyle had watched for the White Women, and all the past was like a dream, save that little Stephen was a memorial of the real, sad drama of life enacted for time and eternity. The gentle child, was to Euphane's tender woman's heart, what he never had been, nor would have been to his own mother ; he filled the aching void, the heart yearning for something to love, something over which to lavish its vast hoard of affection, unrepulsed, and without a fear—without a reserve.

Justinian did not long tarry at Bellecove ; he was restless, unhappy, absent, and almost morose with his father and sister ; nor did he caress or notice his little son. It was evident that he was not at peace ; not at peace with God—the God he had forsaken, and in forsaking, left himself desolate indeed. After a few weeks of unrest, he set off alone for London, "to seek for employment," as he contemptuously expressed it. Whilst in London, he accidentally encountered his former patron, Lord Mervin ; his lordship had received notice of his relation's decease ; and whether it was that he really needed Justinian's services, or that death cancels offences, he

exhibited no animosity, but cordially welcomed the offender, and at once plunged into the multiplicity of affairs which were all-engrossing. Lord Mervin was deeply interested in a mission about to proceed into the interior of Africa; partly religious, and partly scientific; and when Justinian expressed a readiness to join it, Lord Mervin eagerly smoothed the way, and every arrangement was speedily completed. The post assigned to Justinian in this expedition was, as may be supposed, attached to the scientific department; and nothing could have been more agreeable to him in his mood of mind, than the complete change and excitement which this appointment seemed to promise.

Hasty adieus were written to Bellecove; not once did Lord Mervin allude to the little stranger nestling in poor Euphane's bosom, nor did Justinian inform his lordship that such a claimant existed. The expedition departed on its mixed mission; not all who took part in it lived to return.

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## MIDNIGHT AND SUNRISE.

### *A Sketch from Life by a Parish Priest.*

It is midnight! Midnight too, in winter, with snow on the ground, and the wind blowing cold and chilly without. No moon—no stars. All signs of labour have long since ceased. The streets are quiet; the noise of busy feet, or passing footsteps being no longer heard.

It is midnight! Many an aching heart is now at rest: many a harassed brain has ceased to dwell upon its cares. The town of K—— is asleep. No! not all. A light gleams through a window, yet unclosed. Let us look in. There's an air of neatness about the cottage. It makes one cold to look upon the little fire that there is in the grate. Yet there sits a weary watcher: her eyes are red with weeping, and strained by work. Her face, all pale and wan as it now is, bears yet traces of former beauty. Yes! there sits—the weary watcher, and plies her

needle. At last the piece of work is finished, and falls upon her lap. See—she looks dreamily on the expiring embers: she glances wildly now, and in the wild flash of the eye you may detect the anguish of despair, or symptoms of a disordered intellect. She kneels her down. The very act seems to exercise a soothing influence upon her. Tears come to her relief. Her holy offering is made. She resumes her seat: her feet on the fender, and her head supported by her hands bent on her knees. Her lips move. "Oh! will he never return. The fair must be over long since, and the houses closed. Oh! Tom! Tom, is this to love and cherish? Oh! my heavenly FATHER, hear my prayer! Bad though he be—wicked though he be, he is still my husband; spare and shield him from harm; let him not die in his sins."

"Past one o'clock, and a frosty morning," cried the watch of the night. Past one, and no husband yet. A distant sound caught the quick ear of the watchful Mary. Surely, now he comes. There is the sound of voices, which comes to her as sweetest music, rough though they be. Ah! he's perhaps waited for friends to come home with, as the road is drear and lonely. The voices and footsteps come nearer and nearer, but she could not distinguish his among them. Nearer, and yet nearer. She goes to the window. They are crossing the road, and seem to bear a burthen. The door is opened in an instant, and at once her eyes rested upon her husband's senseless form. This was not unusual; but the hue upon the face was. He had left home at early morn, his face full of bloom, his manly form of strength and vigour. And now that pale face, those fixed glassy eyes, those closed lips told another tale, and pierced her heart through with many sorrows.

In an instant she gave him up as dead. Oh! fearful thought—dead, and she a lonely widow; dead—and in such a state; dead, and lost for ever—ay, for ever.

But no! God in His dispensations (as He ever is) had been merciful to Mary. The doctor, who had set out for the cottage with all speed as soon as called, pronounced that restoration was not impossible: that still there was a certain amount of warmth remaining in the

body, and though he could not pronounce any decision as to what might ultimately ensue, yet he had no doubt that for awhile, at least, he would survive. "But however," said he, "no time must be lost;" and accordingly, all haste was made, all remedies applied, whilst poor Mary prayed most earnestly, that the utmost agony of her expected grief might be spared her. She had faith in the great Healer CHRIST: in Him she trusted: to Him she looked as the ever present help in time of trouble, a refuge from the storm, a comfort in distress. And when she saw that her husband was aroused from his lethargy, even though it was in all the fearful symptoms of *delirium tremens*, she lifted up her soul in thanksgiving, and praised His Most Holy Name, Who had done so great things for her.

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But I must explain. Tom was at one time a highly respectable tradesman in my parish. He was valued by his employers for his honesty, probity and skill. He was also a village beau—no wonder, for he was indeed a very handsome man. He had moreover good natural parts—was a man of ready wit, generous hearted, and social, and could sing a good song in an ordinary manner. All these qualifications made him an agreeable acquaintance, and excessively popular amongst his own class—as well as in the servants' halls of the surrounding nobility and gentry. No party was complete without him, since none could dance so well—none sing better—none make the laughter ring more loudly and freely. Little dreamt he that all this was but as crackling of thorns under the pot, and was to bring him to the very gates of death.

Tom moreover was of a literary turn—fond of reading, and still fonder of debating. But there was no place where he could satisfy his cravings for knowledge—or enjoy communion with kindred spirits. The Church in fact was dead. It had a name to live, and that was all. Instead of the truths of the Gospel the mere husks of cold morality were thrown before the people. So long as the tithes were regularly paid, and the Rector enabled to turn out in his carriage and pair, he cared for nothing more. As to going among his people, that never entered

his mind. He actually gave them two sermons a Sunday—and what could they possibly desire more. The schools also were kept up, and conducted in a creditable manner, and therefore the young were provided for. But those who were in the most dangerous period of their lives were neglected altogether. There were no classes for the study of the Bible, no association for the young men of the parish. Alas! no. They were left to take care of themselves, and they did.

Yes! some dozen or so, who were longing for something that none of their betters provided for them, formed an association among themselves—and met at the “Chequers.” Oh! fearful neglect! oh, terrible result. God’s children sent to the Devil’s house—for the purpose of spending time, which must be accounted for at the day of judgment! Ay, there they met night after night—men called after the name of CHRIST—marked with the sign of the cross of the Son of Man,—men bound by the holiest tie to renounce the works of the devil—children of immortality sporting on the brink of ruin.

And what were the consequences? The discussion ended, they gave themselves up to revelry and mirth, the glass passed freely round,—the joke, the jest, the jeer were ever ready,—and Tom ’midst others became an habitual drunkard.

A year before he so deeply fell, he had made the acquaintance of Mary, the daughter of a well-to-do farmer in the neighbourhood, who had brought her up in the nurture and admonition of the LORD. He was indeed a noble specimen of an English yeoman, who like Abraham commanded his household after him. As soon as he heard that Tom had been seen about his place, talking to Mary, his high principled girl, he took her apart, reasoned and remonstrated with her. Blinded by love, she told her father how Tom had promised to leave the “Chequers” when he had a home of his own,—cheery and comfortable with Mary by his side. He would go with her to Church, and do all in his power to make her happy. The same assurances he also gave to the father, who from love for his only daughter, and believing Tom truly honest



in his professions, at last reluctantly consented to their marriage.

For a while all went merry as a marriage bell. Tom kept his word,—but one fatal day he was tempted to join his old associates. The old passion returned. His home was deserted. And though his business daily failed him, and dependance could no longer be placed on him, though he saw Mary's eyes red with weeping,—and traces of deepest sorrow marked in her face,—yet nothing now touched his heart. He was infatuated. He sunk even lower than he was before, and business left him altogether.

On the present occasion he had been to a merry making, five miles distant. It was a central point of meeting, and young and old were there from surrounding parishes. In order to join the revel Tom had taken all the money in the house, and left his well nigh heart-broken wife. Yet no murmur escaped her lips, and as to remonstrances they had been tried long, and in vain. She looked wistfully after him, and breathed a prayer that he might be kept in the midst of temptation as he was resolved to rush into it. But he had no such thought. He was determined upon enjoying himself to the full, and being among the best, and most mirthful, withwhom he might associate. Yes! he would have time enough to turn saint after awhile.

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE LATE REV. THOMAS BOWDLER.

[We copy the following interesting memoir from the *Guardian* of January 7th.]

“We feel assured that many who remember the gentle good old man, so long familiar to their sight, whose name is prefixed to this sketch, and many more who felt his charity and revered his name, will be glad to have even a passing record of his blameless life. And we are so much the more impelled to this, as we regret to hear that, although he had kept journals and memoranda of the various events of his life, he has, with his accustomed modesty, given such strict

directions for their destruction as to leave no liberty to his representatives to use or even to inspect them.

"There is so much in the formation of individual character that depends upon the association of thought and feeling, that we might fail to understand the character itself without some insight into these associations; and perhaps some of those who have known him as a remarkably modest yet no less well-bred Christian gentleman may learn now, for the first time, that Mr. Bowdler was not only of an ancient family, but was one of the representatives (though not, we believe, the most direct) of an eminent, not to say illustrious, house. The family came from Hope Bowdler, near Ludlow, in Shropshire, from whence descended a gentleman of the name, who had a place in the Admiralty under Pepys, in the time of James II., and whose son, married, in 1742, Elizabeth Stuart Cotton, daughter and heiress of Sir John Cotton, sixth and last Baronet, descended from Sir Robert Cotton, the founder of the Cottonian Library, who inherited Conington Castle, the seat of the Earls of Huntingdon of the Royal Family of Scotland, by descent from Barnard Bruce, Lord of Conington in the time of Henry III., younger brother of Robert Bruce, Lord of Annandale, the grandfather of Robert, King of Scots.

"Mr. Bowdler's father was the offspring of this marriage, and inherited from his grandfather, who joined the communion of the Non-jurors after the Revolution, and was on intimate terms with Dr. Hicke, the deprived Dean of Worcester, a warm attachment to those principles which had been held by the great divines of the Caroline era. He was, together with Mr. Justice Alan Park, Mr. Davis, and Mr. Turner, mainly instrumental in founding the Church Building Society, and was known for his strict integrity and extensive charities, as well as for his religious principles, so faithfully recorded in the Memoir by his son. His brother, Mr. Thomas Bowdler, was the editor of the 'Family Shakspeare' and 'Gibbon,' and his highly-gifted sister, Miss Harriet Bowdler, was the author of Sermons and Essays. Indeed, almost every member of this family, for some generations, appears to have been distinguished by a love of letters, no less than by eminent piety and integrity.

"Thomas, the eldest son, was born March 13, 1780, and educated first at Hyde Abbey School, near Winchester, where he formed a friendship, which he retained through life, with Dr. Chandler, now Dean of Chichester. At S. John's College, Cambridge, he lived on terms of intimacy with the most promising men of his day, most of whom, (as Sir Robert Grant, Lord Glenelg, Chancellor Raikes, and the Rev. J. W. Cunningham,) rose to eminence, and of whom he always spoke with affection and esteem.

"His celebrated brother, John, the author of 'Select Pieces in Verse and Prose,' was three years younger. But he was taken away at the early age of thirty-two, from the brightest earthly prospects.

"Mr. Bowdler took his degree with honours in 1803, and was ordained the same year, by Bishop Porteus, to the cure of Leyton, in Essex. From thence, on his marriage with Phoebe, daughter of Joseph Cotton, Esq., he removed to Hopton Wafers, in Shropshire,

of which he had become the incumbent. After three years he accepted the livings of Ash and Ridley, in Kent, to hold for a minor; and on resigning them, was presented to that of Addington, in the same county, which was within reach of the residence of his father and mother, at Eltham. Here he remained until 1834, when he became the incumbent of the new district church of Sydenham. At this time he also held the chaplaincy of S. Katharine's Hospital, in the Regent's-park, an engagement which interested him so much, from that deep tone of sympathy which was a part of his character, that when he had some time after been obliged to relinquish it, owing to the changes which the health of his family rendered necessary, he spoke of it, though with too much self-disparagement, 'as the only employment for which he ever felt himself fit.'

"It was during his residence at Sydenham that it pleased the Almighty Disposer of all events to visit him and his wife with the first of those heavy bereavements which ended in leaving their home desolate. They had lost four children in infancy, and now three daughters died in succession, between the years 1833 and 1839; one of them, Harrietta, being the wife of the Rev. H. S. Pinder, the others unmarried; and the failing health of the two who were still spared induced Mr. Bowdler to leave Sydenham and settle in London in 1846, where he became Secretary to the Church Building Society, which office he held until his death, with the non-residentiary Prebend at S. Paul's, to which he was kindly presented by Bishop Blomfield. How assiduously he laboured here, how much he promoted the interests of the Society, how many cases he assisted from his private means—these things are known to Him who will one day declare them, for he never declared them himself. And yet he still yearned after pastoral work, and would say, 'Woe is me that I am but a door-keeper in the house of my God.' He found it, however, in various ways. Often he would take charge, during the vacation, of a country parish; more than once he undertook, during a vacancy, the office of chaplain to the House of Charity in Soho; and he always felt honoured in being asked to take his part in the celebration of divine worship, more especially in the Eucharistical service. He was a constant attendant at the Choral Service of S. Mark's College, Chelsea, frequently preaching to the students; and the institution shared largely, we believe, in his liberality.

"In the year 1845 another daughter died at Torquay. One still remained, but in a few more years, in 1849, she, too, was called away, and the bereaved parents were left alone, still uncomplaining, and blessing the Hand that smote them. Rising daily at six, Mr. Bowdler would turn his mind to sacred melodies by the organ in his dining-room, before breakfast and after his return from his daily work. And at his modest parties he had the courage to introduce that innovation upon London life, of inviting his guests to join in the evening devotions of his family before their separation.

"In December, 1854, the only remaining tie which bound him to this world was severed. 'His dear beloved wife,' as he expresses it in his will, 'was taken from his side, the faithful and loving partner

of his joys and sorrows.' From that time he visibly declined, but his last illness was short and his sufferings not great. He calmly and silently awaited death, gently yet firmly discountenancing all attempts to draw from him expressions of confidence, and saying, 'I can but just creep to the foot of the Cross.'

"At a time when we hear so often of 'the victory' won by those who have lived sinful and even profligate lives until a short time before death, and then have died with expressions of triumphant assurance, it may be permitted to record, not invidiously, but as a fit subject for attentive consideration, the death of a Christian who certainly may be believed to have been a servant of God from his youth. To a friend who had written to him some time before, of enjoying 'the glorious and desired prospect of a change from this world to his future glorification,' his reply was, 'No, my friend, that may not be; and, indeed, my best hope (though it be my shame) seems to arise from its not being so. What may be the different condition of the elder and the younger son, I knew not, and am not careful to inquire, nor [how] the divine purpose may be carried out for the everlasting salvation and glory of those who shall be placed on the right hand. Suffice it abundantly to be assured that no one 'who cometh to our Lord shall be cast out;' and as it is comfortable on the one side to take the word of promise in a general sense, being spoken generally, and therefore trust that a faithful and loving heart (however weak in faith, and wanting in due warmth of affection) may find admission, so I may do the same in respect of the not being excluded, and rest content with that word, without inquiring into the several degrees of bliss in the heavenly mansions. I have felt that as I ought to be content, being a door-keeper in the house of God upon earth, so I can rejoice in the thought of being admitted, though just within the sacred portal, to see the felicity of His chosen—

And 'in the dawn those angel faces smile  
Which I have loved long since and lost awhile.'

But perhaps this is a low thought; for the true bliss and glory must consist in the contemplation and praise of 'Him that sitteth upon the throne.'

"And in accordance with the same spirit, almost his last act was to dictate this reply to another friend, who had sent him a farewell letter—'I gratefully desire to write one line of thanks for your 'sweet messenger of calm decay' and love—a happy union which, I hope, will guide you, by the grace of God, safely through higher matters than the expression of affection for a single sinful soul.'

"What passed between him and one faithful priest who ministered to him, and commended his soul to God, we know not. But to all others he avoided all expressions of confidence, saying only that he looked for pardon as a sinner to the Cross. And yet, when he laid his hand on the members of his family one by one around him, and gave them his parting blessing, his face is described as radiant with a look as if he already heard the words, 'Well done, good and faithful

servant.' In him the widow and the fatherless, the ready minister of the Gospel, the distressed tradesman, the old domestic, and many more, have lost a friend always ready to assist their wants. His departure was on the 12th of November, at his residence in Brompton, aged seventy-five.

"Mr. Bowdler was the author of 'Sermons on the Nature, Offices, and Character of Jesus Christ,' 2 vols., 2nd edition, 1820. 'Sermons on the Privileges, Responsibilities, and Duties of Members of the Gospel Covenant,' 2 vols., 1846. 'Sixteen Discourses on the Liturgical Services of the Church of England, 1834;' of a 'Memoir of [his Father] John Bowdler, Esq.;' and of some single sermons and pamphlets. He also edited, in conjunction with his friend, the late Rev. Launcelot Sharpe, the Greek of 'Bishop Andrewes's Devotions.' And he compiled, in part from ancient sources, a volume of Family Prayers, which combines the responsive form of social worship with a high degree of piety, and is admirably suited for domestic use. He leaves a brother, Charles Bowdler, Esq., of Doctor's Commons, and a sister, Jane, the wife of George Gipps, Esq."

## The Children's Corner.

### SCENES FROM LIFE.

#### CHAPTER III.

"Thou mourn'st to miss the fingers soft  
That held by thine so fast :  
The fond appealing look of love  
Towards thee for refuge cast."

*Lyra Innocentium.*

"THERE was in the garden, then, Ethel, an old ruin, only a little bit of which is left now, you know. Then it was high, and in the ivied walls wrens and robins built their nests, and creatures of all sorts lived in the rank grass that grew among the loose stones and weeds."

"What creatures, Arthur?" asked the attentive listener.

"There were small frogs, which would startle me with their cold backs, and mice, with such black eyes, would peep out of the chinks in the wall and wait till I was gone to come out and pick up the crumbs I strewed for them. Spiders, too, with their clever ropes and webs, and the pretty robins hopping from spray to spray till they reached

the ground and looked at me with their heads on one side before they flew off with the bit of bread to their holes. They all knew the little boy who used to come there every day with his toys. There were worms, too, but I did not like them, and little green snakes, which did not hide, but came slipping about, and sometimes frightened me when there were many together. But one playfellow I had, whom I loved better than all the rest; a little soft baby—such a darling! She used to clap her hands and laugh at my toys, or creep about on the grass; or sometimes when the sun was hot, sit on my knee in the shade, and lay her weary head upon my shoulder, listening to the birds and insects.”

“That was me, Arthur,” whispered the child, pressing closer to him.

“It was, my love. And now begins my story. When I had said my lessons well, my reward was always to go to mamma’s room and fetch my little sister to play with. One day we were on the grass before the study window. I was making a hoop for you, Ethel, my own. I could see far up at the top of the ruin, hanging in the ivy, where I had flung it the evening before, and run in to tea and forgotten it.

“Just then, papa called me to the window, and told me not to go near the ruin again until he gave me leave. I remember so well his saying, ‘Be sure, Arthur, I have a reason for preventing your going there, but I expect my son to obey without asking questions; it is necessary you should learn obedience.’

“I ran away and did not think of it again till I wanted my hoop; then I wished I might just run in to fetch it; but the wish went away as I thought of papa’s grave words, and I knew quite well what obedience meant.

“At last the carriage drove to the door. Papa and mamma came out, kissed you, and said good-bye. They then got into the carriage and drove away; and then the wish came back again to my heart, and I was so wicked as to think that no one could see me, and papa would never know. I forgot, Ethel, that God can see everything,—that He was looking at me then. I got up from the grass, and carried you nearer to the ruin, then sat down

again and began to think—not of my naughty disobedience, but of my hoop. I tried to believe that papa had meant me not to stay in the ruin—that he would not mind my running in to fetch my hoop. I jumped up quickly, and telling the baby not to move, I ran fast, and began climbing up the ivy.

“I did not look back till I had reached the top, and then I saw that little Ethel had crawled after me on her hands and knees. I knew I could not expect her to obey me, when I had been disobeying my father. I hurried to drag my hoop from the tangled ivy. I was frightened lest any one should come from the house and see me, and just as I was creeping down, I heard a scream from you, Ethel; oh! how fast I slid down. There were green snakes about, but I knew you did not care for them. It must be something worse to make you scream so. Think how frightened I was when I stood by your side, to see a long black and yellow snake round the baby’s naked leg, and there was a drop of blood on the white skin. I hope I shall never feel as I did then. I dragged the snake away by the tail, and kneeling down, I sucked the little purple spot which seemed to give the baby so much pain. Then I carried her to the house, and remember nothing more but sorrow, tears, and grave, angry looks, and sad questions from poor mamma.

“I did not see papa till the next day; then he called me to the study, and told me that my disobedience had nearly been the death of my little sister. I sobbed bitterly. Papa said no more, but turned coldly away. I begged him to forgive me, but he said, not until Ethel came to ask it.

“A long week passed away. I never was allowed to see her. I had no lessons, and sometimes I thought I could not bear it longer. I wandered in the garden all day, and in the Cathedral—for I was allowed to go there, and the dreadful thought was, that if Ethel died, I should have killed her by disobedience. Oh, Ethel, dear! do try to be always obedient. Nothing is so terrible as sin.”

Ethel had listened in mute attention, and now eagerly spoke.

“Did papa know the snake was there?”

"It had been seen, and he thought most likely it would go to the ruin, because of the long grass and weeds."

"And when were you forgiven?"

"When you were well again, and could hold by my hand and totter to the study to beg papa no longer to be angry. I knelt down, and papa put his hand upon my head, and prayed for me that God would be pleased to forgive my sin and help me for the future."

Ethel was silent a moment; then she pulled the sock from her white leg, and saw the purple spot, which had never gone. Arthur stooped and kissed it, and Ethel, smiling, thanked him for the story.

"I think," she said, "I will always try to be obedient,—it is much nicer to be good than naughty."

"Yes, dear. And remember," and Arthur spoke very earnestly, putting both hands on her shoulders as he stood up, "obedience means, to obey directly—at once—not to wait and obey by and by, or when you like, but instantly, as soon as the person ceases speaking—that is being like the angels."

"Is it?" said the child, reverently looking up. "I should like to be an angel, Arthur. I shall be, if I obey always."

"Yes, my darling." A shade came over Arthur's face, as he caught her up in his arms and kissed her several times. A pang seemed to shoot across his heart for the first time, as he looked at her sweet, smiling happiness; and to shake off the feeling, he proposed to return to his father. But Ethel would like a nosegay first—a rich, glorious nosegay, to surprise papa, and they began to gather it.

"Look there, up there, Arthur! purple, red, and blue. We will go up that hill."

The branches moved softly as they walked away, and a fierce pair of black eyes peered out after them. Then the boughs closed again, and the forest sounds went on.

"If you will sit here, Ethel, for a few minutes, I will run up the hill and fetch you some of those bluebells. I shall not be gone a minute, and you will not move, darling, will you?"

Arthur stopped before he had gone ten yards. Some-



thing told him not to leave her, but surely no harm could come to the child ; he would not go out of sight, and if she called he could hear. Ethel sat alone, watching her brother's springing step, as, beguiled by the beauty of the flowers, he went higher and higher, till he reached the summit of the hill. A lovely prospect lay before him. He wished he had brought his sister to share it ; but then the walk had been already long, and she must not be tired. He looked back. There she sat, in her little nest of bushes ; and full of confidence and exhilaration, the boy left the road, and climbing on the hedge of a neighbouring field, obtained a more extensive view. Shading his eyes with his cap, he looked with delight on the panorama of wood and water, and rich pasture lands around him, with dim blue mountains rising dreamily in the distance, and all bathed in golden sunlight, making the scene like a fairy picture.

All at once, he fancied he heard a faint call, or cry. One moment's pause of intent listening, and then, seizing the bunch of flowers, he sprang from the hedge, and rushed down the hill, till he reached the stone where Ethel had sat, breathless and panting. She was not there, and a terrible chill shot across the boy's heart, but he stood still, calling her softly,

"Come, Ethel, don't tease me with hiding! Come and see the flowers! Come, my little Ethel, you must go back with me now! Ethel! Ethel!"

He began to call louder and louder, till the shout broke into a scream, and round the rock he ran, pushing aside the branches, and saying to himself that she was hiding from him,—a search so vigorous, that his forehead was covered with drops of heat, and his hands trembling and powerless ; and then he sunk down on the stone where she had sat, and a dark mist seemed to descend upon him. He felt as if reason were going, and holding his head between his hands, he kept trying to say, "She is gone back to papa!"

How time went, he did not know ; a kind of heavy stupor was on him, and the face that an hour ago had been so full of light and love, was shaded, as by a life's care. His hands were clenched, and his features set in

ghastly pallidness. No tear had come to relieve him till he muttered unconsciously the name of "father," and then all the misery came back, and well-nigh overmastered him. Again he rose, and called, in his wailing, trembling voice, "My sweet Ethel! my little darling!" but the waving of the tree tops was all the reply, or the quick, sharp note of a passing bird.

It was afternoon now, but he still sat in the same posture, a little glove pressed to his lips, and a dark frown only telling of some inward struggle. Mr. Ridley's warning; his own rebellious spirit; his confident self-trust about the care of Ethel, each, in turn, was remembered; and as he fell on his knees and took off his cap with instinctive reverence, a heartbroken prayer for forgiveness—a wild and remorseful confession, broke at length the icy barriers of despair, and a flood of tears and sobs seemed like an answer, it was such a relief; though after a time, he felt he was sinking again into a state of apathy, and frightened at the strange loss of his physical strength, as he tried to stand up, and remembering his father waiting over there, yonder, in the dreadful wood, almost like a dream or story he had somewhere read, he began slowly to wander back in the path by which they had come, a thrilling inward voice ever and anon whispering like madness, "any other trial—anything but this!"

Mechanically taking the right turns,—walking more strongly as the moment of agony drew nearer, and still holding in a convulsive grasp the fatal flowers, Arthur reached his father, and fell faint and trembling on the grass beside him.

It was over, and thankful even for this, Arthur suffered himself to be led to the carriage, where the Bishop, weak as a child, had been already placed. No sound but an occasional sob broke the silence of that dismal journey. Arthur's head lay on his father's bosom; his hand was pressed tenderly but fitfully in the burning grasp. No word of reproach was breathed against him, for Dr. Melville saw that his heart was breaking.

The night came—the gloomy dismal night. Every arrangement that could be devised was made for the search at daybreak. The father had retired—not to rest, not to

sleep—for his little Ethel's fairy form was still before him each time he closed his eyes. Arthur knelt beside him, his face buried in the pillows, vainly trying to find some ray of comfort for his poor, poor father, recalling his own wicked and rebellious thoughts, and feeling as if his punishment were greater than he could bear. Infinitely greater, because of his father's suffering, and the certainty of its telling fearfully on his weakened frame. As the night wore on, he hoped he slept, but ere the torturing, yet longed-for daylight came, both were up and dressed. Ill as the Bishop could bear the exertion, nothing could induce him to forego the search in person: and with pale knitted brows, and eyes that seemed sunk into their sockets, did Arthur follow him the livelong miserable day.

And evening shadows came again, and again the boy knelt by his father's bed, not weeping now, but bathing the brow of the unconscious sufferer, and wiping away the heavy drops that rolled incessantly down his temples.

The only gleam of brightness was Mr. Ridley's arrival, though it was hard to bear his tenderness and care—harder than to have listened to reproofs and reproaches, of warnings neglected and instruction thrown away. But no reproofs could have bowed Arthur's head lower, or crushed out of his heart more ruthlessly the hopes which like lights in the dark distance, were daily growing fainter and fewer.

And so weeks passed on. The search was continued in adjoining counties in England and Wales, till October surprised them, and threatened the invalid, scarcely restored to dubious convalescence. Arthur, apprehensive of losing his remaining treasure, urged their departure, and the last day of the month saw them quitting the English shores,—not with hope—not with serenity—scarcely, alas! with resignation: for both felt that the certainty of her death would have been an unspeakable blessing.

The bereaved father was laid to rest in the cabin, but Arthur lingered on deck to catch the last sunlit glance of the land which held, he still believed, his lost darling. A group of children drove him from the benches, for he could not yet bear their gay young voices; and seated in

a distant corner, his face buried in his hands, his heart raised in a wild prayer for submission. He noticed not the setting sun, or the gradual creeping on of night and silence, for one little form was by his side, one soft hand in his. He seemed to hear again the sweet, low tones of the precious sister he never must hope to meet on earth.

The vessel sped on her course through the long night, the misty morning, and brightening noon, and reached at length the shores of South France. The travellers could not rest. Soon as a few hours had served for necessary refreshment, they again hurried on, and the week's end found them at Florence; and here we must leave them for awhile, the heartbroken father struggling for strength to say, "Thy Will be done;" the desponding brother, whose duties alone seemed to bind him to life, growing each day more stern, and cold, and remorseful.

Had there not been one for whom he had ever to think and care, Arthur could not have dragged through those long, dreadful days. Italy was bright—her skies blue—but not to him. There seemed in his eyes a pall drawn over the landscape. He would sit for hours idly among the ruins that surrounded their dwelling, or leaning listlessly on the river's brink. Mr. Ridley would have grieved to see his life thus merging into a dream; but even the knowledge of this could not rouse Arthur to any exertion beyond what was demanded by his father's situation. Starting from society—shrinking from the sight or sound of childhood—writhing at the mention of home, yet eagerly expecting the weekly letters, which all told the same unavailing tale, Arthur wore away the weary winter, and hailed the spring-time as a friend. But spring was never more to dawn for him. Boyhood was gone—left in the Forest of Deane—lost in one short hour; and grave, serious, gloomy, save in his father's presence, one great sorrow ever gnawing at his heart, Arthur grew up. No smile ever came to light up his calm, pale face. The springtide of his life was gone for ever!

## CHAPTER IV.

" Oh say not, dream not, heavenly notes  
To childish ears are vain ;  
That the young mind at random floats  
And cannot catch the strain."

*Christian Year.*

The sun of a June evening was tipping the ash-trees with golden light, and flinging a few straggling rays on the small sheet of water in front of the Vicarage. The soft lawn, a moment ago in sunshine, was assuming a soberer green, and the scarlet and purple blossoms of a bed of lobelias in the border below the windows of the long, low cottage, had lost the dazzling colour which the last sunbeams had lent them.

The venerable parish Priest, Mr. St. Clare, walked thoughtfully up and down the gravel walk, heedless of the twice-told warning of his housekeeper, that his tea was ready, and we may take advantage of his musings to introduce him to our readers.

For above forty years, Mr. St. Clare had been the resident Clergyman of Lowswater, a village in the beautiful lake country of Cumberland; and though now in his seventieth year, his tall, majestic figure had lost little of its dignity, or his features of their character. His people marvelled sometimes at the manner in which he had borne the heavy afflictions which from time to time had visited him. His wife and two sons had been taken within ten years, and it was not very long since his only daughter, apparently the sole prop of his declining years, had gradually sunk into an illness which, trifling at first, was soon so rapid in its strides, that no one felt surprised to hear that sweet Mary St. Clare would be seen no more among them, and the whole village attended her funeral, feeling, for the first time, that they had never half prized her kindness, or known how good and excellent she was.

Perhaps after her death there was even a closer tie between the old man and his people. His calm acquiescence to his Master's Will, and joyful anticipations of the meeting with his loved ones that could not be very

distant, excited at first their wonder, and then their sympathy and admiration. His deep, warm interest in all their concerns, his earnestness for their welfare, and his never-failing exertions for their good, were in general warmly and cordially acknowledged and appreciated, and his advice was often requested in those every-day matters in which people commonly suppose they can judge for themselves, while nothing of any importance was ever undertaken without his counsel and approval.

Till a twelvemonth from the present time, Mr. St. Clare had reigned supreme over the spiritual and temporal affairs of his parish; but a change had come, when a large and long unoccupied mansion on the borders of the parish had been taken in the previous summer by Lord Flemyng, whose preparations, with constant arrivals of workmen and servants, upset the minds of the villagers, and gave rise to more discomfort and annoyance than Mr. St. Clare could have supposed possible. He bore it with tolerable patience, hoping that the arrival of the family, who were expected in the spring, might put an end to his troubles; but his first visit to the Park, as it was called, was a sad disappointment. He had hastened to make the acquaintance of his new parishioners, rather surprised that a Sunday should have passed without his seeing them or at least the children, of whom he heard there were several. But he found, to his extreme regret, that although belonging to his rightful superintendence, he was to have nothing to do with the new family. Lady Flemyng, a timid, gentle creature, received him with visible embarrassment, and entered reluctantly on the subject; said that Lord Flemyng disliked the music in village churches, and they had taken pews in a new church at Kewick,—where there was a fashionable preacher—and wished the children to accompany them.

This Mr. St. Clare afterwards found, was a mere excuse, as Lord Flemyng seldom went anywhere on Sunday, and it was soon whispered that she, poor thing, would have been very glad to come to Lowswater, but dared not propose it. During this first visit, Mr. St. Clare saw only one little girl, of uncommon beauty, who served very happily to deprive the conversation of its ter-

rible stiffness—he was quite sure he heard Lord Flemyng's voice, and was confirmed in his opinion by the look of apprehension the lady wore, and the evident satisfaction with which she saw the Clergyman rise to depart, though her manner was so gentle, and her wish to avoid paining him so very apparent, that after he left the house he could only think of her with regret and sorrow. He felt sure there was some mystery, and it soon became developed in Lord Flemyng's unfortunate dislike to the Clergy, which served him for a pretext to grumble about Church-rates and tithes, and to seize every opportunity of abusing Mr. St. Clare as "one of those deep fellows of parsons," while he diligently kept out of his way, and thus lost the chance of knowing how peculiarly inapplicable was his phrase to the single-minded straightforward old man he chose to dislike.

Months had passed since their arrival; and Mr. St. Clare had scarcely seen the new owner of the Park. He had scrupulously left his card on the Clergyman. But as Mr. St. Clare was at home when the grand equipage of the Flemyngs stopped at the humble vicarage gate; this could hardly be considered as a courtesy, though the kind old man would take it so; and went soon after to pay another visit to Lady Flemyng and her pretty little girl: but he was not admitted, and it was only in occasional indirect ways that he perceived the feeling against him was still in full force. Only one circumstance connected with them had given him any pleasure. He was returning near the Park from one of his long evening walks to the distant cottages in his parish, when he was suddenly accosted by a stranger,—a young man of remarkably prepossessing appearance, who apologised for stopping him, and proceeded to introduce himself as Lord Flemyng's tutor; he said how sorry he was to be unable to attend the parish Church; he had said as much as he dared, but that Lord Flemyng was very determined, and although he had not given up hope, he saw for the present that the subject must not be alluded to,—at the same time he begged Mr. St. Clare to consider him one of his parishioners, and hoped at no very distant time to renew their acquaintance.

Mr. St. Clare, touched by the tone of right feeling with which he spoke, kindly asked if he could not come and see him sometimes. But the young man colouring high said that was quite impossible, and begged as a great favour that Mr. St. Clare would not appear to recognise him if they met at any time in company of the family. This was so repugnant to the honest old man, that he was about to refuse, when his companion said hastily, "Do not think badly of me, sir, until you know my employer: you cannot guess how difficult my position is: good morning;" and with a hurried bow he turned, and was quickly gone.

The evening on which we have introduced Mr. St. Clare to our readers he was thinking on a subject connected with these Flemings, who seemed expressly settled at the Park to be his torments. One of the village girls, a special favourite of his, had just been with him to ask his advice: she had the opportunity of getting a place as under-nursemaid at the Park, and the "ten guineas, besides tea and sugar," even less than the distinction of living in a lord's family, had so elated her that he saw she only came as a matter of duty or habit, and that her mind was made up. "She had seen Lady Fleming, a very sweet spoken lady indeed, and the beautiful little girl she was to wait upon,—and the nursery, a grand room with pictures all round; and mother thought it was a fine thing for her, only—" and here Mary Arden stopped, and the tears came into her eyes—she was not to be allowed to go to Church, at least not to her parish Church—there was a carriage every Sunday morning to take the little ones to Keswick, and the nursemaids went with them.

"And about Holy Communion, Mary?" he had said sorrowfully, for he hardly liked to damp her other anticipations.

She hung her head. Mr. St. Clare had baptized her, taught her, prepared her only last summer for Confirmation, and since then she had never missed an opportunity of sharing in the heavenly Sacrament, and it was with a sorrowful voice she said at last, "I don't know, sir."

"I can hardly expect that so many advantages as they appear to you should not be dazzling, my poor girl," he



kindly replied ; " but there are higher things to be considered,—do you think Miss St. Clare would have approved of this place ?"

Poor Mary began to cry. Miss St. Clare had been her godmother, and a most kind friend ; and she began to sob out that she would do whatever Mr. St. Clare thought best, when he stopped her.

" We must talk it over, Mary, and think about it too ; if I could be sure you were settled and established in what you have been taught, I might even approve,—but don't cry, my dear, go home to-night ; and to-morrow morning I will come down early and talk it over with you. I don't say it is wrong—perhaps we may decide it is best ; good night, Mary, I am not angry with you."

She went, leaving the Clergyman so absorbed in his reflections that he did not hear the gate creak again on its hinges, or the patter of little feet upon the gravel ; as he turned at the end of the path, a child stood before him. Her ragged many coloured frock scarce reached below her knees, and her feet and legs were browned by exposure to the sun. Around her face and neck fell such thick curls of flaxen hair that it was not till the kind old man had pushed them aside he could observe the delicate whiteness of her skin, the polished rounded shoulders, from which the poor ill-fitting dress slipped, leaving them quite bare, and the sweet peaceful face, where a pair of deep blue eyes looked up to him timidly yet confidently. The child stood there waiting patiently without speaking, and it was some moments before he addressed her, for there was in spite of her tattered rags, a grace and elegance about her that made him pause to consider who she could be. It was like a lady playing at begging—and somehow, though there was no resemblance, the thought of the little daughter of Lady Fleming came to his mind.

" Who are you, my little maiden ?" at length he said ; " you are not one of the village children ;—who sent you to me ?"

" My mammy, sir,—she bid me come through the gate, —she said you would be kind to me," and she looked up with a smile.

"And where do you live, my dear?"

"In the wood under the tall trees, sir."

"Are you a gipsy child?" he asked.

The girl turned fearfully to look behind her, then in a lower voice she said earnestly, "Oh, please tell me what are gipsies; do they ever carry little girls away?"

The Clergyman paused in perplexity, and looked at the sweet agitated face before him; but soon her attention was attracted by the bright blossoms, and her eyes wandered towards the flower-beda.

"There are gardens in the wood too," she said softly, as if to herself; "but I may pick them, they are not so beautiful."

"And whose gardens are those you speak of, my little one?"

She answered reverently, "God's, and He lives up there."

"Who taught you that, my child?"

The pause and sudden look of difficulty that came over her face convinced Mr. St. Clare that she could not remember, and the idea came vividly to his mind that she might be a stolen child; he asked her name.

"They call me little Ethel, and Jem calls me sister."

"Who is Jem?"

"A tall boy with dark hair,—but I don't think he is my brother."

Again the look of perplexity and her hand pressed to her forehead. Mr. St. Clare stooped almost involuntarily and kissed her.

"Are you papa?" said the child wonderingly.

And as the Clergyman shook his head, saying, "I am not indeed, my little maiden," her soft blue eyes were dimmed by tears.

Mr. St. Clare had little doubt that Ethel had been born in a far different station to her present one, but he could elicit nothing more from the child, and as he led her into the house, and summoned the housekeeper to the parlour, the idea of rescuing the little stranger from her sad fate first presented itself.

Mrs. Willis was a kind hearted creature, her eyes were overflowing before the story was told, and when the

wearied child was laid sleeping on the sofa, her untasted bread and butter by her side, and the two farming lads despatched in search of the party to whom she belonged, perhaps the mutual hope in the hearts of the kind watchers was that she might never be reclaimed. As Mr. St. Clare had anticipated, the search proved fruitless, the gipsy camp on the outskirts of the wood was broken up and deserted, and though the boys had wandered several miles in two directions, they brought no tidings of the fugitives,—and when next morning the child, washed and dressed in the old frock and pinafore Mrs. Willis had produced from her endless stores, appeared at the door of the ‘study,’ as the little book-room was called, Mr. St. Clare could hardly believe she was the same—and yet the low graceful curtsey with which she entered reminded him of his first impression. That never-forgotten curtsey, Arthur had taught her long ago half in play, and during her gipsy wanderings it had attracted fully as much attention as her fair skin and lovely face, and many in crowded streets or lonely hill-sides had turned to look after her, thinking how unlike she was to her companions; for Ethel had been a traveller to an extent few would imagine who did not know the habits of the strange people she had lived with, just three years, and she had even crossed the sea and visited the sister kingdom, had been a pet and plaything of the tribe, claimed now by one, then by the other, and it had been a fit of jealousy which finally caused her dismissal, and led to her present happy lot.

As the child at his bidding came to his side and lifted her face confidingly for his kiss as she was drawn on to his knee, Mr. St. Clare’s heart swelled high in fervent thanksgiving. Here was indeed a treasure come to take the place of one of his own darlings, for with a not unusual failing of age Mr. St. Clare always thought of his children, and even his daughter as they had been in early childhood, and he had resolved if this new treasure were to be really his own, to do his utmost to fit her for His service, Whose gift she was, the “Giver of all good things.”

For some days she came and went between the kitchen

and the parlour. No questions were asked her, and Mr. St. Clare waited with some impatience till her return to civilised life should awake the long dormant recollections he doubted not were sleeping in her mind. Until her real station was ascertained too, Mrs. Willis insisted on keeping the child much with herself, for though her manners were so graceful she might still be only the daughter of a farmer or tradesman, and the housekeeper looked on her master as too exalted in rank to hold familiar intercourse with any but a bishop or a lord. It was easy to see how greatly the Flemings had sunk in her estimation since the affair of the card leaving, and though Mr. St. Clare tried to make excuses for them, and explained as well as he could their non-appearance at Church, Mrs. Willis listened with illconcealed displeasure and looked perturbed and mysterious whenever the inmates of the Park were named.

But ere long it was too plain to be doubted for a moment that Ethel was a lady,—every movement and feature betrayed her rank,—the small chiselled hands, all sunburnt as they were, the short aristocratic upper-lip, whose quivering was the only sign generally of inward agitation—the courteous bearing to those about her, all bore unconscious witness of her birth, and she stood morning and evening by Mr. St. Clare's side and called him grandpapa. It was a hard name to learn, though "papa" was ever on her lips, and it was some days before she relinquished it.

There was a novel and delightful change in the vicarage since the evening of her coming. To the clergyman himself her arrival had seemed a special mercy, and Mrs. Willis could not do enough for the sweet child. She made an unheard of excursion to Keswick to purchase a wardrobe for her, and sat up a whole night to finish the first dress. The very presence of a child, quiet though she was, gave a tone of life to the house.

All this time Ethel was in a kind of trance—she looked puzzled and bewildered when any one was in the room besides Mr. St. Clare, and often started when spoken to; but this went off in a few days, and she began to make remarks, very little ones at first, and answer in

more than monosyllables : of her former life she never spoke, and the subject was carefully avoided ; Mr. St. Clare trusted to time to unfold her history, and was too contented with the present state of things to wish it otherwise. That she had lived long with the gipsies seemed certain, not only from the deeply browned hue of her legs and arms, but from her repugnance to many of the habits of civilised life. Shoes and stockings she could not endure, she would sit by the pond and splash her feet in the clear water and return to the house with them naked often in the day. Mrs. Willis was distressed at this, and more so at her dislike of a bonnet, but by degrees she consented to wear both, and indeed her own luxuriant tresses were almost covering sufficient, for her throat and neck were beautifully white, and along the delicate temples the blue veins crept so distinctly that it was clear no sunbeams had ever rested there.

No one would expect that such an event as the arrival of a new inmate at the Vicarage could remain uncanvassed in the village ; indeed, Mrs. Willis had more invitations to tea that week than she ever remembered before ; and James Bell and John Harrison, the two lads who had been sent to track the gipsies, became quite distinguished characters, and had so many pints of beer offered them, that they were in danger of having their heads turned in more senses than one. The news soon spread to the Park, and excited the curiosity of Lady Flemyng in no small degree.

Among a large and handsome group of boys, she possessed but one fragile little daughter, the youngest of the party, on whom the hearts of both parents seemed fixed in a dangerous degree. She was the single union point between Lord Flemyng and his wife, and while rough and violent to all about him, she alone never heard an ungentle word ; she exercised a strange fascination over this proud, stern, violent man, and already her mother had made her little six years old daughter a kind of truce-bearer between herself and her unmanageable lord. The long-cherished wish of the parents was secretly, to secure to this fragile little blossom the happiness of a sister's companionship ; but another was denied them, and when-

ever Cecile's eyes looked heavy, or her head ached, her father would declare she only wanted a sister,—a little girl for a companion would be the making of her. Lady Flemyng had vainly tried to induce one of her sisters to confide a niece to her care; so that when the account of the little stranger arrived at the Park, highly coloured by exaggeration, the mother's first feeling had been regret that the gipsy child had not wandered into their grounds; the next, a resolution to relieve Mr. St. Clare of his charge.

Not being aware of the family history, the Vicar was surprised one morning when Ethel had been but a few days in his house, to receive a note from Lord Flemyng, couched in courteous, and even friendly terms, offering frankly to take the child and educate her with his own daughter. The note went on to intimate that at Mr. St. Clare's advanced age such a charge must be necessarily burdensome, and the advantage of a mother's care and superintendence would, he was sure, weigh heavily against the regret the Vicar might feel at parting with the interesting child. He ended by offering to send for her at any time the Vicar might appoint.

Vexed as the good old man was at having to refuse the first overture his unamiable neighbour had made him, he could not hesitate a moment in his reply, although he sacrificed several sheets of paper in trying to soften the refusal, and avoid irritating his lordship more than was necessary; he had some doubts that the fair-spoken missive before him did not really express the nobleman's own sentiments; in fact, the request struck him as so very remarkable, that its solution occupied him the whole of that evening, and he was obliged to give it up at last. The letter he finally wrote was a kind and grateful one. He thanked Lord Flemyng on Ethel's behalf for his liberal and munificent offer, and for all the advantages such a position might have given her; but the child had come to him as a gift from the Giver of All. He had received her as such in thankfulness and joy, and to the utmost of his power he would supply to her a father's love and care. And having closed and sealed his letter, the Vicar called Ethel to his side, and pressed her closer in his arms than he had ever done before; and while the wondering child held up her face again and again to receive his fond kiss,

she heard him murmuring a thanksgiving for this his new-found treasure.

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Sunday morning came, and with a flushed face and earnest, curious eyes was Ethel led into the house of prayer.

The Vicar watched her anxiously as, holding tight by the housekeeper, she walked softly—almost fearfully—up the aisle, and gazed around in newly-awakened remembrance on long unseen objects, till her eyes rested on the decorated altar: then her face changed, she knelt suddenly down, and he thought she prayed. The service began, and she stood up and mechanically followed the movements of her companion.

But the effect the first tones of the organ had on her was most extraordinary. She started and clung to Mrs. Willis, hardly reassured by the kind arm that encircled her. She coloured, and then turned pale, and looking up to where the sounds came from, the tears slowly trickled down her face, though apparently unknown to her, as she made no effort to wipe them away. For the rest of the service, her face wore a half-frightened, half-longing expression, painful to witness. It was not till seated in the vicarage porch on her grandpapa's knee, that the excited child's cheeks became cool. Her questions were numberless that evening: "Was it called a Cathedral?" and then she remembered there were pillars and trees in God's cathedral. Something, too, she whispered about green snakes and chorister birds; and Mr. St. Clare, fearing the new ideas were too much for the delicate brain, made her say her evening prayer an hour earlier than usual.

Next morning, Ethel was full of recollections. She told of the camp in the wood, and the bright fire for which she and Jem used to gather sticks and fir-cones; of the cold winter nights, when he would cover her with his blanket, and of the sweet blackberries he brought her when the leaves turned red. She knew, too, about the organ; she had heard it before, but the cathedral was larger and higher. And then came the green wood,—“God's cathedral”—to puzzle her, and Mr. St. Clare sent her to gather a nosegay, to divert the thoughts becoming too intense for the busy mind. Yet several times during the day she would listen and ask if grandpapa did

not hear the organ, and run out on the lawn and lift her curls to hear more distinctly and then come back disappointed.

But night came, and next day, and Ethel gradually dropped the subject, and grew happy and merry as a bird.

## ABOVE AND BELOW.<sup>1</sup>

Look forth into the azure there !  
Gaze your soul out upon the blue !  
Now, tell me what you see so fair,  
And what that fair reflects on you ?

Is Love there ?—Joy ?—is airy Hope ?  
Dwell they all there, amid the stars ?  
Or are they still beyond your scope,  
Which some terrestrial error bars ?

You see nought : but, you say, some dream  
Inspires you to sublimer ends :  
And that you rise up to a theme,  
Which lifts you as itself ascends.

Well !—even here the lily blooms ;  
The rose is opening in the sun :  
On every leaf are hung perfumes :  
From every branch a wreath is won.

Beneath this rough rock, stained by time,  
The sparkling brooklet runs and sings ;  
And half-way up the brambles climb ;  
And from its top the acacia springs.

The daisy laughs upon the sward ;  
The violet sweeps within her nest :  
Ah !—Nature ever yields reward  
To him who seeks, and loves her best.

Now, for a moment, turn your sight,  
To where this tiniest worm expands  
His emerald armour in the light,  
Like a dragon from the haunted lands.

Look through this wizard glass, and own  
How muscles swell ; how pulses beat ;  
How life, that wonder never known,  
Dwells in this thing, from head to feet ;

<sup>1</sup> From "Dramatic Scenes, with other poems." By Barry Cornwall. (Chapman and Hall.)



Dwells in those parts no eye can reach,  
 No touch—the tenderest—but must harm,  
 Lo infinitely small is each :  
 And yet the heart's blood runneth warm.

And appetites pervade this shape,  
 And Love, and Joy, and Hope, and Fear,  
 (Such as your upward eyes escape,)  
 God's agents—all are dwelling here.

Ah, friend !—Not *always* gaze above ;  
 But cast your looks below—around :  
 Beside you dwelleth Human Love,  
 And heavenly wonders on the ground.

## Reviews and Notices.

THE REV. J. PURCHAS has published an eloquent and glowing poem, entitled the *Priest's Dream*. A few words might have been advantageously left out here and there, and the rhythm better secured in a few lines, but both intention and execution demand our approval as a whole.

The Rev. W. H. HOARE, M.A., has, we are glad to announce, met with such a sale for his *Outlines of Ecclesiastical History* (Parker) that a second edition has been called for. It is a nice book, of very convenient size, whilst the matter has been very judiciously arranged.

We have also to announce the commencement of a new weekly paper, called the *Union*, and which is published every Friday (Painter.) The object its promoters have in view, is to maintain church principles in a firm and unflinching manner. It begins well, and there is evidently a good deal of talent upon the "staff." If, which we hope may be the case, the judgment only equal the talent, we cannot doubt their success.

*Lauda Syon, Ancient Latin Hymns*, translated by J. D. CHAMBERS, M.A., Recorder of Sarum, will be a favourite book with many. The translations are chastely and elegantly done.

## The Editor's Desk.

AN appeal is now being made to churchmen, through the S.F.G., to raise a mission ship for the Bishop of Labuan. The following is the statement made by the committee :—"The Bishop of Labuan has need of a small vessel to help him to carry on efficiently his rapidly increasing work in Borneo. In several recent letters, he asks his friends in England to raise for him the sum of at least £700, which would enable him to purchase a small schooner, of about 50 tons, teak built, and coppered, suitable for his purpose. The Bishops of New Zealand and Newfoundland, in similar circumstances, have

each been provided by the munificence of private individuals with a mission ship. And it is hoped that this want, which Mr. M'Dougall feels so keenly, will not be left unsupplied."

The *Guardian* informs us that a western window on the north side of the chancel of Whitnash Church, has been given as a thank-offering under the following circumstances:—

"In the summer of 1856, at the period of the opening of the restored chancel, an epidemic fatal to several children broke out at either end of the village. By God's providence, however, this illness did not show itself in the five-and-twenty houses nearest the church, and, as a memorial of this great mercy, the rector and some other parents of children resident here offered this window. It represents the staying of the plague at the threshing-floor of Araunah the Jebusite, as recorded in 1 Chron. xxi. 15, 16, 20, 26, 28, and 2 Sam. xiv. 17. In the lower part of the window two mothers are represented mourning over their children, the one dead, the other dying; in the upper part is the angel with a drawn sword, stretched over Jerusalem, which is placed in its rocky foundation (Sion), while a hand from a cloud stays him, as if bidding him to 'put up his sword into the sheath thereof.' In the centre is King David, with his crown on the ground, praying by the threshing-floor of Araunah. The whole is surrounded by a border of daisies (marguerites.) Above is the reference to the Scripture, 2 Sam. xiv. 16; and beneath, the inscription—'In honorem Dei salvis pueris grati parentes, D.D.D., 1856.' (Parents grateful for their children's safety dedicate the window to the glory of God.) The window was executed by Mr. Lavers, of Southampton Street, from a design by Alfred Bell, Esq."

The following which is full of cheer, has been issued by Bishop Doane:—

*Christ Chapel, Elizabeth, New Jersey.*—"All the seats are free. 'The rich and poor meet together: the Lord is the Maker of them all.'

"Sundays, quarter-past ten, a.m.—Divine service, and sermon. Quarter-past four, p.m.—The evening prayer, and catechising openly in the church. Quarter-past seven, p.m. (quarter before eight, p.m., in summer.)—The second evening service, and sermon.

"Holydays.—Christmas, Circumcision, Epiphany, Ash-Wednesday, Good Friday, Ascension, and Thanksgiving Day. Quarter-past ten, a.m.—Divine service, sermon, and Holy Communion.

"Other Holydays, Saints' Days, and Passion Week.—Nine, a.m.—The Morning Prayer, and catechising. Twelve, a.m.—Ante-Communion, lecture or sermon, and Offertory.

"Every Friday.—A lecture or sermon after the Evening Prayer.

"Daily.—Nine, a.m.—The Morning Prayer. Half-past seven, p.m.—The Evening Prayer.

"Holy Communion.—Upon the first and third Sunday of each month, Easter, Whit-Sunday, Trinity Sunday, the Holydays above specified, and weekly during Advent and Lent.

"Sunday School.—Three, p.m.—In the chapel.

"Classical and Parish Schools.—Nine, a.m.—Three, p.m.

"Teachers' Class.—Every Thursday, after the Evening Prayer.

**"Offerings.**—Every Sunday and Holyday. All over one thousand dollars annually received through this source is appropriated to missions, the fund for aged and infirm clergy, the Episcopal fund, and the Bible, Prayer Book, Church Book, and Tract Societies.

**"Upon the first day of the week, let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him.'—1 Cor. xvi. 2.**

**"Alms for the poor should be dropped into the alms-chest. The rector gladly receives and distributes clothing and provisions, that may be sent to the rectory for that purpose. A committee of ladies gives out, weekly, from Advent to Easter, clothing to be made for the poor.**

**"Persons who desire to be connected with the church, as communicants or parishioners, must send their names to the rector; and only those who have done so, at least six months previous to the parish elections, are allowed, by the Canon, to vote at that election. Communicants should bring a letter from their late rector, testifying to their 'good standing,' and ought not to leave the parish without one. —Canon xiii. 1853.**

**"EUGENE AUGS. HOFFMAN, Rector.**

**"JOS. S. MAYERS, Rector's Assistant.**

**"Christ Church Rectory, Advent,**

**"A.D. 1856.**

**"The following order for a second evening service in the diocese of New Jersey has been issued by Bishop Doane for use in churches where Morning Prayer, the Litany, the Ante-Communion Service, and Evening Prayer have been said :—**

**"The LORD'S Prayer, the Versicles following, one of the Evening Canticles, one of the Selections of Psalms, a Lesson from Holy Scripture, a Canticle (the Magnificat or Nunc Dimittis), the Nicene Creed, the Versicles following, the Collects for the day, for Peace, and for Aid against Perils; the last prayer in the Institution Office, any of the Occasional Prayers that may be required, one of the Collects at the end of the Communion Service, the lesser Benediction."**

**On Tuesday evening the 13th January, the children of the Chard National and Sunday Schools walked in procession to the Town Hall, that they might receive from the fertile branches of an exceedingly handsome Christmas tree their rewards for the past year. There was an unusual number of spectators, who flocked together, and crowded the spacious hall. The National Anthem and two very beautiful carols were sung, and some excellent advice was given by their Vicar. The fact that two hundred and thirty rewards, (showing an increase of forty from the last tree,) were this year distributed, will better testify, than any words of ours, how admirably these schools are progressing under their present excellent discipline.**

**The following resolution has been adopted by the committee of the S.P.C.K. :—"That the standing committee be requested to take into their consideration the expediency of publishing, under the sanction of competent ecclesiastical authority, an edition of the authorized version of the Holy Scriptures, with such additions to the marginal readings as may have been supplied by collations of MSS. or by the biblical researches of scholars, since the publication of that version.**

# THE Churchman's Companion.

PART CXXIII. VOL. XXI.]

[MARCH, 1887.]

## UNA; A DOUBLE STORY.

### CHAPTER XIV.

“ Or is it Love, the dear delight  
Of hearts that know no guile,  
That all around see all things bright,  
With their own magic smile ? ”

CHRISTMAS came: it took Cyril from Maveryn to his home, and to a large gathered circle gay and joyous, including George, who was there on final leave before starting for India. Cyril was a good deal missed in those few weeks of absence, not that he was anything particular to any body, but just one of those glad happy souls that bring their own sunshine into other orbits; he had his peculiar happiness, but it was elastic and infectious.

The tenor voice missing, and Mildred's favourite song failed at once; the second pair of hands wanting, and boating for the rower grew flat even to the great Henry.

Lancy liked his problems and his verses to have the scrutiny of his friend before they went up to Mr. Maxwell, and he felt Christmas more than any of the others, for to Henry and Mildred domestic society on a large scale was a mere idea, but Lancy lacked the festive greeting, the gifts and hearty wishes of Christmas tide at home. Cyril would have understood and sympathised, but these could not; they had never known anything on a larger scale than the quartette dinner at Maveryn on Christmas day.

Cyril Maxwell's home was at Lytehurst with his uncle Sir George Lyte; there his mother lived since the days

of her widowhood. Just now the baronet's house was full. It contained some of his married sisters with their families, strangers who had a distinguished regard for Sir George's excellent preserves, one or two especials of honest George's come for a farewell day or two, and lastly Cyril's uncle and guardian Dean Bouverie and his two little motherless girls.

Sir George Lyte had married early in life, and lost his wife in the premature birth of a son; now he was old and grey, but his early sorrow never sufficiently wore away to induce him to make a fresh alliance. One of his favourite sisters died soon after her marriage, leaving her husband Dr. Bouverie with two infant girls, and his other best loved sister was early left a widow. He had in these several ways experienced a greater share of family trials than falls to the common lot, and his hair was streaked with silver before he reached the prime of manhood.

Little Lucy and Mary Bouverie had their home with him and Mrs. Maxwell, for their father's duties required his residence in Oxford, and this was a far fitter abode for them.

The gentle widow is very happy with her two sons, the one just starting into life, the other on a proud career. She knows in humble thankfulness that she may trust them forth in the battle of life, since the precepts of home and their own high courage will bear them through temptation and danger.

Cyril wrote in glowing colours of that home scene, of his little fairy cousins, of the hunting, though it did provoke a frown on certain brows as it was read, of the charades and dancing in the long cold evening, of his uncle, his brother, and last of all, in words the brevity of which was their very fulness, of his mother.

"Come, Henry," he wrote once, "my uncle bids me say he will be very glad to see you, come for this last fortnight. Leave your blue sea and your shingles, your for ever tide and rowing, and come hither. There are covers very rich waiting only for the flushing, and there is my share at your service of the needful arms of warfare. There are Spooney and Grimalkin, two choice bits

in my uncle's stud, either one or the other for you. We shall expect you verily, I or George will meet you at the train any day, at any hour. The sooner the better.

"Yours accordingly,

"J. C. MAXWELL."

Henry's reply went by return of post in the negative. He was a thought too proud perhaps, but he would not go an undistinguished orphan among those relations to be patronised, and perhaps be made the shuttlecock of the party for a whole fortnight, nay. To leave Lancy to mope solo would be savage, and Henry had no ambition to wander just then from the charm of those long winter evenings at Maveryn House. He declined; had Cyril's fate been that of his cousin he had done precisely the same.

"Yet it would have done you good, Henry," remarked Mr. Maxwell. "Lytehurst is noted for its hospitality all the county through. I cannot see why you did not go."

"Because I am happy enough here, uncle, and I have no very great propensities for roving," he answered gratefully and warmly.

"You inherit your uncle's own crotchets, Henry," said Miss Maxwell; "ask him how many times, and for how long Maveryn has had to mourn his absence."

"If it runs in the family don't blush for us," said the rector; while Henry walking to the window half hummed contentedly to himself,—

"The sea hath its pearls, Heaven hath its stars, and my heart hath ——"

"A starry night?" inquired Lancy, one word only in the sentence coming to his hearing.

"Dark as Tartarus," was the reply, "and the wind due east, I know by my twinges," for though Henry's broken arm was perfectly well and sound by this time, it still retained the faculty of all such limbs, that of being a correct weathercock.

"Aunt Agnes," said Henry after a pause, "Cyril's mother knits him warm winter cuffs and stockings, and I have an idea that Lancy's sisters have done as much for him since the cold set in."

"Henry's aunt is too busy upon more needful matters," she replied; but Mildred looked up disposed to pity him.

"I should like to sport something of the kind, some bit of woman's handiwork. I should not feel quite such a lone beggar as I fancy myself."

"Mildred may be roused up in return, and impeach us," said Mr. Maxwell, "she has no bracket, flower stand, or gimcrack carved by brotherly fingers. Harry, Harry! it resolves itself into Shetland cuffs and sentiment."

"And where's the harm?" inquired Henry in a tone of annoyance.

"The harm is in the error," said Laney, "Mildred made my cuffs and comforter, my sisters are not so industrious."

"Well, and where's the harm?" repeated Henry, not subdued by this little voluntary information.

Laney went on with his architectural drawings, Mr. Maxwell put down his book.

"There is no harm if it all explode here, it will not sit well at Oxford," he said pacifically.

"I will knit cuffs for you if Miss Maxwell likes," proffered Mildred, adding, "I should think the less your arm feels the cold this winter the better."

"Thanks, Una, a little help is worth all the pity."

"I do not allow that it is good for him morally," said Miss Maxwell.

Mildred's eyes were profoundly eloquent to-night, she looked up to read Miss Maxwell's meaning, and said,

"I suppose he does not expect to get things always for the asking?"

Of all the changeful expressions which her face reflected, none pleased Mr. Maxwell so much as that she wore now.

"No, philosopher, only Agnes is careful not to foster the principle that to ask is to have."

She looked up merrily and defied the rector with

"Gather the rose-buds while ye may,"

and putting aside her own work, found the scarlet wool suitable for Henry's wants.

"It is only one pair, mind," she said, "Granny Prebis

has the patent, and I have no right to purloin it." Henry silenced her by pointing to Lancy's.

Mildred's heart was a very kind simple one; she played the complete elder sister to Lancy Malford, feeling for his loneliness, drawing him out and winning his confidence, and the right to protect him, just as George Maxwell had done with her three years before. There was no conventional barrier as between the two cousins and herself; he rode and walked with her, planted and delved in her garden, for the dissimilarity of their ages seemed less a contrast than his and the two elder boys: while he let her into the pith of family history, and descriptions of his sisters, mostly of Edith. Yet it is not easy to familiarise people with our ideas whom we have never seen, and her real sympathies went most with Henry Maxwell. They had been brought up together, both depending on the same guardians, both doing, even in worldly terms of commendation, credit to those who held surveillance over them respectively, though as before their aspirations had no common bearing. Hers, as ever, were all absorbed in her father's return to England, and her restoration to him.

She had read in books, or learned by chance that men like him, accustomed to the fashions and high places of the world, set little store by that which was the basis of her happiness, that humble-mindedness and self-abnegation were considered as low and contemptible; but she would not let it harass her beautiful day dreams, it should not be, and, as with Henry, her wish was too often her will also. Every letter from her father touched upon the subject nearest her heart, and she counted the time meanwhile as hanging heavily till she should be seventeen, and those two, ten long years separated, should meet to make each other happy for a coming lifetime.

The realization of this was to be the fulfilment of all her happiness, and there were no thoughts beyond her father. She knew it would be impossible to break the home-ties here; and Henry, as her friend and early play-fellow was to be regretted as one of the Maxwells—their name to her was but another for affection and kindness; he stood in no other light than this with her, and she never



dreamed of his doing so. But Henry was not Mildred ; if all his future revolved about one small but brilliant centre, viz., her own self, she knew it not and could not help it. He waited eagerly his becoming eighteen, that he might go forth and win his way, his name, and Una.

His uncle and Agnes also were often anxious for him : he was not communicative ; even his wishes respecting his future calling had to be guessed at. It was the more a riddle since every matter which had not special reference to himself, lay open and unreserved before them. In his plans for others, he invited them to his confidence ; in his doubts or failings of his influence over those whose hearts were in a measure swayed by him, the rough and ready sons of the ocean, Mr. Maxwell was entrusted with all, and his advice gratefully followed in all minor matters of conscience. But of his own worldly longings and intentions, his present hopes, and future aspirations, he was silent. A silence not yet to be broken by the tender Agnes, by the fatherly uncle ; not by Cyril, not by Mildred, who as she once observed, was nothing to him, nor yet by any until its appointed time.

Cyril came back from his Christmas holiday brighter and fresher than ever. His spirit possessed a ringing joy that would be echoed as he went. He set to work, to sap hard, on his return ; he had gone through his matriculation, and Henry and Lancy could not do better than imitate his perseverance. Lancy's spirit rose with tidings that came after Easter of the probability of his friend and godfather coming to reside for a time in the neighbourhood. He longed for his best friends to know the Una of Maveryn, and this summer was presumed to be her last among them.

Mildred with all the world before her, she who never since her infancy had seen so much as a cathedral town ; never heard an organ of greater compass or better played than the small sweet-toned six-stopped instrument with which she accompanied the choral service in their own church ; never taken society at large with all its conventionalities and insincerities ; what a bulk of practical worldliness she would be required to grasp by and by.

It was with a bound of pleasure that she listened to a

proposal of Mr. Maxwell's to his sister. The morning was a festival: and he had grown impatient of his children leaving the church at the Ante-Communion Service in consequence of their deferred confirmation.

"Henry and Cyril go to Oxford in October, and Lancy Malford is nearly fourteen, and I cannot help thinking our Una will be sorry to go into that world for which she is so thirsting without her safeguard; do you agree with me, Agnes, to go *en masse* to Exeter, at the beginning of July?"

"Cyril Maxwell is a communicant," she observed, giving herself time to weigh the matter. "Cyril missed much in the same way as our children did. Dr. Bouverie wrote to me on the subject when he came here, and I expect his complete concurrence."

"If you think well of it, brother, we will go, but Lancy is very young."

"Colonel de Lancy will have taken Rockwood, I hope, by that time. I think I shall write to the Bishop for permission."

## CHAPTER XV.

"I ever thought she loved me well;  
Nay! she *doth* love me! still  
The heart can love but to its power,  
And not unto its will;

"Its wealth is not for prizing set,  
Its gifts must still be free,  
Well saith the Maker, Never yet  
Bent love to mastery."

*Dora Greenwell.*

SERVICE was two hours later on Saints' Days; and the post came about ten.

On the Ascension Day Mr. Maxwell followed his sister and Mildred with their letters, saying blithely as he entered the drawing-room, "Here is one from your royal patroness, Mildred; if it be to remind you that you will be seventeen in July, and may come to her; will you leave us?"

"I shall leave you when my father comes ; but never until then, you know."

"Should he never come ; are we sure of you, for aye ?" He kept her letter in his own hand meanwhile.

"He will come ; he said so in his very last letter ; he will be here by August."

"Do you remember the ship on fire last Autumn ; if that had happened on the open sea ?"

An expression of extreme pain marked every feature in Mildred's face ; she looked at him fixedly, but answered nothing.

"Think, Mildred, if one you loved were placed in such uncertainty, by what text would you remind her of submission ?"

"It is the LORD ; let Him do what seemeth Him good."

"Could you adapt it to yourself, if trial needed ?"

Here Agnes remonstrated with her brother about torturing, and on a festival too, a most unwonted act for him. "If there be aught amiss that she should know, tell her at once, and she will bear it:" and there was the firm elder sister's voice to the ten years junior brother.

"I believe he has not sailed yet ; and in health he is well ;" and he handed to the impatient girl the queen's letter.

She read it calmly at the beginning ; but presently exclaimed, "O, Mr. Maxwell, it is worse than being lost at sea ; and she says my mother kept him from being headstrong ; oh, this is worse, far worse."

"Is he married again, my dear ?" inquired Agnes, thoroughly angry with her brother.

"Mildred is ours for aye, and she deems it a worse fate than drowning ; fie, lady Una ;" but her grief could be subdued no longer. "You have yielded to my every wish ; let me go to him ; take me, I shall break my heart, never to see either of them again."

"We have been gentle with you ; it will break ours to lose you," said Miss Maxwell, quite unable to guess the tidings of that full letter which her brother read by intuition.

"Disloyal to his sovereign! unfaithful to his trust: my own father," and the unsteady quivering of the under lip was eloquent of the battle within.

Tenderly and delicately as the tidings were unfolded, they bowed her to the earth, for *excelsior* was her standard, and her father's fall was hers.

The world that to her had been so beautiful, so full of God's good blessings for her, so high in pleasant promises, was changed into a wilderness; she could no longer bear herself among the high and low a free unsullied one, for her father's name defamed her.

Neither the rector nor his sister could bear to look upon her with her fond ideal of her only parent chilled and destroyed at a blow, and yet to comfort her just now would be to mock her. In was in vain to hush that smothered and most bitter cry, as it would have been to stay the humble heart-prayer borne from her by the angels to the inner courts of heaven.

"You were aware of it before this," she said to Mr. Maxwell.

"I saw reference to it in the papers, and also the appointment yesterday of a new consul, but I waited for official confirmation before I told either you or my sister."

"Does it say he is disgraced?"

"Something too much like it, I fear, and yet believe me, half the world will pass it over lightly, and the other will make it a nine days' wonder and forget it."

"But she says he betrayed his trust."

The intelligence, for her mother's sake broken to her so tenderly by the queen, may be summed up in few words. Henry Lyte, who had held office in honour and fair opinion for several years, was suddenly found implicated in some gross treachery. Some slight show of discontent had been more than once observed in the province, and when the moment of open insubordination arrived, with it came the disclosure that the governing power, if not in certain league with the rebels, was, at least conniving at their plans. Some private pique with the then dominant authorities at home, was supposed to have been the sole cause of the consul's defection; but it wrung his little daughter's heart, that heart which had

ever thrilled with such intense, almost romantic love for him, and such unceasing longings for his presence.

"You will promise to take me to him," she said again, "he will have none to share his misery."

"We must wait for his next letter," answered Mr. Maxwell, gravely; "this is a death-blow to your hopes, my child, your first cross; may God help you to bear it meekly."

Miss Maxwell kissed her, and he laid his hands upon her head, and blessed her, so that she doubted whether they at least included her in his just condemnation, and they left her, as they thought it best, to solitude.

Poor Mildred! she stood still, tracing over and over again the patterns on the carpet with her restless foot; neither looking up nor around her, for the clear blue sky was pure, and the great rolling sea was free from guilt and crime, and she felt as if she had no longer right nor part in all their beauty. A veil fell down, and folded itself between her and the happy undoubted lot she had chalked out in her idea.

"Visiteth the sins of the fathers upon the third and fourth generations," whispered Mildred to herself, as she reflected that a doom might be upon them not to be swept out for coming generations. The cross was heavy, its first touch pierced her where her strength was weakest, for her earthly pride was centred not in rank, or wealth, or ancient family, but in a good, great, honest name, and this was shattered before she had enjoyed it. No consolation was it to her to remember that men of higher place had been equally guilty, and names rose to her mind; the multitude of the fallen did not make his fall less, and she turned again to peruse her letter. Warm though dignified were its terms, telling her that there was yet safe shelter for her, for her dear mother's sake and memory, but her protectress added that Mildred must weigh well before she decided on either side to renounce a daughter's loving duty to a shamed disloyal parent, or the royal care and guardianship that were now offered to her for the last time.

There was small matter of self-counsel. Mildred's respectful, sorrowful reply was couched in brief words:

she chose the path of filial duty, and she was half through the first page of her letter, when Cyril entered, more abruptly than was his wont.

"I beg your pardon," he said, in a hurried confused tone, as he saw her occupied, yet he did not at once withdraw. She scarcely lifted her head, saying, "they are both gone out."

"I know it, they told me I might come to you."

She raised her eyes this time, half surprised, but spoke listlessly, "you are very kind, but you cannot comfort me; I am very unhappy."

There was rigid mastery of lip and eye, or it would have rained uncontrollably. Her very subdued manner emboldened him. "I had a letter lately from your father: he did not forbid me the right to comfort you, do you? may I talk to you about it?" and he brought a chair near.

It was difficult to answer such a sudden proposition. A deep maidenly crimson started to her cheeks, as Cyril waited near her, earnest and expectant, reading his fate from her lips before she uttered it. Joy treading on the heels of sorrow, for this felt to her like joy she could not realise. She thought of the unfailing pleasure it had been to have him to do things for her, of the conscious thrill even at his voice in the distance, but she had not probed into its real meaning, never dreaming of an answering chord, but solving it simply into her admiration of a high and holy character. Cyril grew impatient while she meditated.

"It is not new, Mildred," he began again; "I have had you for my guiding star ever since I came here."

"But I am so young, and I must go to my father."

His face lit up with his eager joy, indirect as was this he knew how to interpret. "Everything else afterwards," he said lightly, "even our mature years will come in time; my own Mildred, you have given me great happiness."

"Is trial always tempered so?" she asked, laying down her pen, and allowing her fingers to be folded within his, while a beam of very trustful love lit her dark eyes, despite the lashes wet with recent tears.

"I am glad I waited until to-day," he said; "it has been difficult to refrain so long, but indeed I am glad now."

"I was just making out plans for the future, such gloomy ones; but Cyril, what will your own friends say?"

"They said yes, at Easter, why should they alter?"

"Trouble like mine might change them towards me, they might think you would be disgraced by this, I could not bear it."

A closer pressure of her small hand silenced her. "Dr. Bouverie comes in July, with my two little cousins, and if young Malford's friends take Rockwood, my mother will come here to visit them; you must make acquaintance with them all."

"I am going to my father, Cyril, before everything and everybody; it is my first duty, and then they may forbid you the daughter of a traitor."

"Mildred," he said, half reproachfully, half sadly, "they say true love never doubts; if I loved you months ago, I waited to prove it to myself, or you might have rejected me in your joy days, and this one came and seemed most fitting."

"I do not doubt," she replied, "no one ever has been untrue to me since I can remember. I doubt nothing but my right to be made so happy."

"I have thought about it a long while, scarcely deeming I should ever have the right to ask, or the good fortune to be accepted, and three years is a long age to ask you to wait, but we shall be happy in the security."

Three years sounded a dolefully long time to her. "We are not to enter into arrangements now; I thought you said everything else was to come afterwards."

"Well, so I did: finish your letter just the same then, for I see its purport, only remember, I made a fair field before I troubled you: your father and my friends, and Mr. and Miss Maxwell, all acquiesced beforehand; only Mildred, I was impatient, for the world will ken your worth by and bye, and you might not have been my prize to win another summer even."

He stooped and spoke lower, as if he cared not that the pictures on the wall, or the creepers that nodded above

the window, should hear this last bit of the sentence. Her heart beat high, and her eyes grew dazzled, in spite of all her practical self-command. "There is no vanity in love," no one was ever injured or spoiled by genuine loving praise, far less the darling Una. "I can scarcely believe how lonely and humbled I felt an hour ago," she said.

"Without the sun there would be no shadows," answered Cyril: "there is one thing for us both to remember, and without it this will be no true engagement; human love standing alone or first is not to be for us."

"Oh, Cyril, you will have many things to teach me, but we shall neither of us forget that

" 'Through and in a higher our own is to be strengthened.' "

In another moment he was gone; answering Henry's impatient summons from without doors, while Lancy entering as he left the room, came and stood in Cyril's place by the table, waiting till that writing she had resumed so busily and tremulously should be brought to an end. It seemed to him interminable, for she was in a mingled dream of thankfulness and hope and sorrow. She took no heed of him, but seemed still to feel the warm clasp of Cyril's fingers. Those words he had spoken echoed themselves like pleasant memories through and through her thoughts. "Shall I come to you again when you have finished that long puzzling letter?" he asked, after some minutes' waiting, and it broke up the quiet spell of her reverie. He had brought one of the tame choughs in on his finger. "I don't think I can come at all this morning; is it anything particular, Lance?" she inquired, letting the pet bird rub its soft head against her hand whilst uttering its plaintive fondling note.

"Can you not come? are you so busy? to-day is a holiday; we are all going to meet Colonel de Lancy, and look over Rockwood; do come."

She made an effort to give her attention to him, and to answer discreetly, "No thank you; do not wait for me."

"Thou art a winsome ladye," said Lancy, rather puzzled by her absent mood.

Those who were closest in the secret could not guess



the issue in Cyril's face that morning. He went about bright and happy, merry and light-hearted, but there was no appearance of any sudden increase or diminution of joy. Mildred was not of the inspecting party. She had a thoughtful silent time alone, calling up into her memory the past—the blessings and benefits of that sea-side home compared with what it might have been had she braved life and the world with her father instead—the cruel humiliation of the day's beginning, and the unlooked-for solace in Cyril's brief declaration.

If human love and sympathy had such power to soothe her sorrows, Mildred feared to compare it with the mighty love of God in heaven. Did Cyril imply that the one could ever supplant the other? She could not comprehend it, and was relieved that they were all far away discussing house and grounds at Rockwood, that she might steal out with reverent feet and kneel in the dim awed light at the chancel step, first praying with faltering heart and whispered tones for "all who have erred and are deceived;" then lifting up a note of praise for all God's gracious benefits, and for this especial one. It was a safe starting for her betrothal; it gave her courage to be candid to Agnes when she came home, to ask her counsel and to be prepared to follow it, even though it should run counter to her own idea.

It was long past noon ere the tramp of a host of footsteps was heard on the lawn, for Miss Maxwell's grounds were free footway to the rectory people, and they were bringing Colonel De Lancy home to luncheon. Miss Maxwell left them and came into her own house. "We have had such an expedition, Mildred, I am quite tired; my brother wanted to bring the party here, but I thought it right to spare you this morning."

"You are always considerate," said Mildred, gratefully; "have they decided upon Rockwood?"

"Yes; they come in June; he is a very agreeable person, and young Lance is wild at it all."

"He tried to coax me into the party," she said, blushing unconsciously—that blush was the stepping-stone to the confession. Miss Maxwell was in a most kindly mood, and helped her out. She laughed heartily, and

with well assumed old maidenism, at two such young heads holding conference on such a subject.

"The boy comes of a good family," she said, drawing herself up proudly, "and he is well favoured and will be well spoken of wherever he may go. Yes, Mildred, he will make a good man, and please God he may be worthy of you." She spoke tenderly, and also generously, for her own kind heart ached sorely at the bitterness she knew their joy must bring to another not less the child of her affection.

"I cannot understand it," Mildred said, in her own simple style, though her cheek still burned. "I always thought him buried in his books, and too full of high and learned things to notice me."

"We cannot see ourselves as others see us," said Agnes, with a sigh. "You are but a sweet simple child, Mildred, and may grace and wisdom be given to you both, but it is too early to lay by your freedom."

"And my father, when shall I go to him?"

"My brother bade you wait for another letter; it is best to obey orders."

"Very well," returned the maiden, "only do not think that this has put the other aside at all."

"No, no, child; Cyril Maxwell will never lead you astray from duty. I never heard my brother give any pupil a higher character."

"Maveryn will be gay this summer if Rockwood should be inhabited," observed Mildred.

"It will; and we hear that Mrs. De Lancy is as charming as her husband."

"And Cyril's mother is likely to visit them, and his young cousins; are they not coming to stay here soon?"

Miss Maxwell looked up in wonder. "Why, Mildred, you have the family arrangements by heart; have you been so long in this young man's confidence?"

It was worth the grand toss of her proud head, but in an instant she remembered her father, and that humility must become no mere principle but a real practical duty—such little things are hard to bear sometimes. "I have never talked to him alone in my life until to-day."

"You are yet young, and we do not expect discretion

in youth," said the good natured lady; "but come, shall we do Schiller to-day or not?" Mildred brought her book, and read and translated her usual portion of Don Carlos, doing honour to more than one branch of Miss Maxwell's teaching; for few would have gone through a mere lesson as collected and carefully on the morning of her hearing of her father's downfall, and her own betrothal.

She saw no more of Cyril that day until they came out of church after evening service, and he drew her arm into his as they passed from the porch, and went with her towards the house. Mildred was not the only one who had remarked the beautiful expression that always rested upon his face in church; she thought it had not disappeared as she walked by him, and he said, "Some people give a ring or a jewel for a token of this day; will you be satisfied with this?" It was a small heavy square packet. "Twice every day remember me there; I have marked some parts; good night." She carried it up to her room; it was a beautiful copy of the *Sursum Corda*; a delicious treasure for the loving maid, and as she knelt long with her face westward to the bright horizon, a thrill of holy joy seemed to her an earnest that her pilgrimage was set in the right way. Cyril was her Cyril! had asked her to make his life happy; had come to her when; if ever, the world had a right to shut her out from its exclusiveness.

It was June before her long-expected letter arrived. Her father said he had hoped to keep the tidings from her as long as possible. He wrote with an intuitive trust in her natural love, that had no doubt of her still clinging to his side—congratulated her on her own bright prospects, yet added not a word on the gloom and misery of his own. He told her England could never be his home, and that his property, except her mother's jointure, which was secured to him, had been all swept away. There was some indirect hint of broken health and extreme loneliness, but no murmur over his deserved fate, no demand of sympathy from his most gentle daughter; only she gathered that in less than two months he would have taken up his abode in Munich, and that he had nowhere said in his long epistle he did not want to see her.

The forces of two powerful currents met in her deliberation: the natural longing to be with her father, and a new affection ripening and binding her daily to remain in England. Cyril threw nothing into the balance on either side. "Take thought for yourself, and take counsel from Mr. Maxwell, and you cannot err far," he said, and she at length decided, that the Confirmation over, she would go at once under Miss Maxwell's chaperonage, and live with her father, and trust to some auspicious moment for their meeting.

"Sir George will travel, or your mother will want a trip, Cyril," she said, pleasantly, as one who can cheat others into cheerfulness.

"Or, best of all, I shall join a reading party for the Long, and they go to every inhabitable part of the globe, I believe." Mildred approved this notion, as more stable to build upon, and they were very happy in each other: happy in their strivings, happy in their childlike faith, that through the dark cloud of uncertainty the star of hope was still shining, and that He Who sent them the trial would temper their hearts with patience.

Mildred's intended departure was heard in the village with exclamations of regret and disappointment. "And if we are to miss her thus, what will they do up at the house? and our young gentleman, it will break his heart."

Our young gentleman! but their young gentleman was Henry, Cyril was hers, and it made all the difference.

In her honest heart she felt as she had always felt for him, and the conviction that altering circumstances as far as she was concerned had ought to do with him, never flashed upon her.

He came one morning, almost impetuously, into his aunt's drawing-room. "I am going to Oxford, Aunt Agnes." Both the ladies looked up astonished, but he resolutely turned his face from one of them. "There is a county scholarship; I suppose if I go up and coach till October, I have as good a chance as others."

"You have never been in the way of such things, why not be satisfied with the ordinary course?" inquired Miss Maxwell.

"No," he said bitterly, "I have been a child among

others long enough, it is time I learned the world's ways."

"Does your uncle agree?" asked Mildred, amused at his high-flown expressions.

"It will be no especial gratification to him for me to be behind in everything. Your—my—Maxwell senior says he shall not want his rooms at once. I can go there directly we return from Exeter."

"This accounts for your having worked like a barge horse of late," she said, in her gentle natural tone; for she had the same deep interest in his pursuits as ever.

"My blind view of general progress is accounted for by this," he returned, as if to be fierce would protect him from the influence he could not wither. "Here comes my lucky cousin."

Cyril bringing a bouquet of hedge roses, so certain and joyous in his step and manner, might tempt an indifferent fellow to be jealous. He paid his courtesy to Miss Maxwell, and filling Mildred's lap with the flowers, he said, "I want you for a little while, come out with me," while she in her shy gladness, quickly arranged them, and went forth at his bidding.

"How long may they have been engaged?" asked Henry, surlily, flinging himself into the chair just vacated, and swinging his right foot impatiently.

"They have been engaged some weeks; are you only just aware of it?"

"A verdant schoolboy: a junior edition of that old immovable muff, George Maxwell, what had I to suspect from him?"

"Poor fellow, we made no effort to conceal it."

Pity was an irritating salve to his injured spirit.

"She always seemed so far above me: yet how hard I have laboured to break in my follies and grow worthy of her!"

"With no higher motive, she would tell you it was a reason for your not succeeding."

"And this cousin meets her exalted notions, does he?" He laughed, as though Cyril were near, and could feel his taunts.

"Henry," said Miss Maxwell, "it is mostly your own

fault that he has supplanted you : if you had been less reserved with your uncle, I mean, and we had known earlier what you really cared for, Cyril need never have come here."

"*Per consolarmi.* I beg your pardon, Aunt Agnes, but it does not mitigate the affliction to be told this now."

"Not in this instance ; but it is probable you may meet with troubles besides this one, and we might spare you, if you permitted us an insight into your wishes. It would be due to a father and mother," she added, "and we would be little less to you."

"Then why," he asked pertly, "why did you not exact it from me?"

Generally his aunt could tranquillise him when he failed to curb himself, but this morning he was beyond her: she saw her brother coming from the Rectory, and hoped he might do more. He uttered an exclamation of surprise on seeing his nephew there. "Hallo, Harry, my boy! what sick fit keeps you out of the sunshine?"

"A sorrowful tale," answered Miss Maxwell for him; "We have been untrue to our orphan in approving Mildred's choice."

"No, surely, nonsense; what, Harry!"

"I have been in earnest many a day," said Henry, annoyed by his uncle's irony, "and I never knew until this day that I was not free to love her."

"So then the valiant Hercules had real aspirations after all; you will disturb their happiness if they know it."

"I should like to try for the Alwyn scholarship at Oxford," he said meekly; "I can go to Cyril's rooms, I will trouble them very little."

"Seriously, Harry?" and then he looked into Henry's face, and saw that he was suffering.

"In good faith, uncle. I have fought against my temper, my passion, against my sins, only to be worthy of her."

"Fought in your own strength, and are vanquished." The next sentence came near to a groan.

"I tried to be unselfish, and to be humble; I gave place to others, that she might approve."

"And not for God's sake, my poor fellow; you erred in the very motive."

"I could not help it, I would have died for her."

"Now she is dead to you, and perhaps has saved you; you will bless her for this in after life." At the present crisis it would have been unwise to press the subject. Mr. Maxwell, with his intimate knowledge of human nature, saw this at once. Henry sat a long time in his mood, but at last started up with brave resolution.

"Uncle, may I go up? I will win it if I go in for it."

"You may after next month: you will have a straining test of your ambition, to go rightly when you have received the blessed gifts of holy Confirmation. But Henry, I would remind you that it is only when the heart is hardening that it needs a wound; it is only when we have strayed to the utmost, that the guiding chain is galling which draws us back."

"Poor lad! I had no idea you were driving at a reality," said Mr. Maxwell, when Henry left them. "Do you know these happy rogues are settling matters with great discretion; I hope I am not wrong in yielding; they want to marry at once."

"Oh, brother, very wrong; she's not turned seventeen."

"The accounts of her father's health are very unsatisfactory, and so perhaps under existing circumstances, it is best for her to go under the protection of her husband."

In grave matters of counsel such as this, Agnes always deferred to her brother; she sighed over their youth and utter inexperience, and over her own great loss in Mildred.

"But at once, brother! what does that imply?"

"Immediately; soon after Confirmation at least, and while the Dean is here; he comes then, being Cyril's godfather."

"You make my heart heavy indeed, Maxwell; this will be rending her from me."

"There will be much to do, Agnes; no time to sit with your hands idle or your thoughts concentrated for another day; by the by, remember Maford's friends are

at Rockwood; you must leave a card there to-morrow. They have asked Lancy and myself to dine there—but here come those children. Do us the honour, good people, to acquaint us with your decision,” he added in an altered mirthful tone, as the young pair approached the window, and presently entered through it.”

“She agrees,” cried Cyril, “provided there is no prohibition on your side, or on yours, madam.”

Mildred looked from one to the other of these her two best friends, Mr. Maxwell a father in a double sense to her, and his good priceless sister. She sat down on her footstool at Agnes’ feet, her beautiful eyes eloquent, her lips trembling with strong feeling which for a time kept them silent.

“The best friends part,” she said at length caressingly; “am I such a very heedless goose that you cannot trust me from your side?”

“No, you are good and steady, child; but up in my northern country, they would call you ‘nobbut a wee child indeed.’ ”

“A wee something else elect,” said Mr. Maxwell sily; “Cyril will bring a clear case of maligning against you, Agnes.”

“The bairn himself has nae sae muckle years to boast of,” she replied quaintly, with a recall of her native dialect that always charmed her young Scotch cousin.

“Give us Mavelyn without the sea, rather than all Cornwall and not our Una,” continued the rector; “the beauty and the blessing of the parish goes when she goes. Cyril, Cyril, look at her, and see if it is not unmannerly.”

Cyril stood in the background, his elbow resting on a cabinet, his eyes upon his own choice prize, and he looked unprepared to dispute his tutor’s opinion.

“The Pleiades without Alcyone, or Hamlet without the ghost,” remarked Miss Maxwell; “will poor Lancy and ourselves survive it?”

“If you please you must,” said Mildred; “I am growing as vain as a peacock. I shall take shelter in the lower village if you all agree to treat me so unkindly to my very face.”



"Take shelter with the De Lancys now," observed Mr. Maxwell; "the day is wearing on, and you and Agnes must call at Rockwood this morning."

She did not move; when they were gone, Cyril to his books, and Mr. Maxwell to his school, she still sat on that low footstool with her head on Agnes' knee.

"If I had a mother, I might have waited until I was older and more fit to be trusted to make him happy."

"You will make him happy as it is, make him a pleasant home, and a sweet companion: but do not let him make you the idol of his life: never let yourself come between him and God Who is above, and has lent you to each other."

Not necessary advice, perhaps, with regard to one like Cyril, but Miss Maxwell knew the world, and she knew that none are to be trusted altogether for what they seem.

The call at Rockwood that morning introduced Mildred to Colonel and Mrs. De Lancy; the visit itself had no incident beyond an ordinary morning call, but a life friendship was based upon it. Lancy Malford had sketched them in ideal before they came, but he had also reversed the picture; had shown her up to them as a creature of a superior order, as one who held a moral magic influence over all Maveryn.

The after-piece in her life's drama which they played together, proved Lance's philology a correct one. But to anticipate a few weeks. Mildred had gone; Henry was at Oxford; Lancy, monarch of all that little study, at Maveryn Rectory; practical trigonometry was in the fire-place; Hindostanee under the table; and Lance himself soliloquizing over the faded glories of the place. "It is a perfect humbug to sit here and work by one self like a thick stick; and my verses are doggrel such as they would cane for at a grammar school. Whose fault? echo, whose fault,—the fault of your marriage, Mr. five years senior—what fools boys are!"

Kicking forward the little trundling table, and throwing a rule over his head, he concluded his speech.

Nothing but a roar of cannon would have startled Lance more than the roar of laughter behind him. "Eh,

sh ! Most worthy son of Mars—where is your tutor ?”

“ At sea, sir, with his bride, which circumstance I was at this moment lamenting,” retorted Lancy, turning in surprise and facing Colonel De Lancy.

“ And is this how you usually waste your morning ?” The Colonel picked up one after another of the boy’s fruitless experiments. “ Lancy, my boy, your father cannot afford this ; he thinks you are at work.” The boy laughed to keep off the shades of despair.

“ This place is like a deserted garrison, or an empty dovecote, too dull and stale to exist in now they are gone.”

“ Well, well, we will look the matter through leisurely ; some one is at fault, and I fancy the sword points truly.”

Lancy’s flagrant waste of time, and this disorderly semblance of study, was peculiarly distasteful to the disciplined eye of the Colonel.

“ These look little like the beginning of a soldier, a man, or a hero,” he continued, pointing to the ineffectual efforts of this and many previous mornings.

“ Mr. Maxwell has complained of me no doubt, and very justly, but I cannot help it,” pleaded the boy ingenuously.

“ Not complained exactly ; he is concerned a good deal : but when a good horse flags it is not always a proof that he needs the spur.”

“ Cyril kept me going,” said Lancy, “ and Mildred interested herself in everything ; she was my sister here, and all home feeling is gone with them.”

“ You pay your friends an ill compliment. I concluded from all I saw and heard of her, that Mildred Lyte’s was a character opposed to all indolence.”

“ Neither am I idle,” he replied rather hastily ; “ but my work is beyond me, I cannot keep up to it. Henry Maxwell was just as much at sea with Euclid, only Cyril knew everything and helped everybody.”

“ And Mildred ?”

“ She praised and encouraged when I did well ; she used to read to me of great men who are gone, and good men who have left their names and footprints for us ; and she herself was a help ; I do not know how to get on alone.”

"This is honest truth, Lance."

The red flush overspread his face.

"It is true, godfather, I cannot help it."

It was one of the shadows that began with the departure of her brave helpful spirit. Darker days followed the spirit of the times by and by infected Maveryn, and the virgin lilies that faded in Miss Maxwell's summer garden, soon after Una resigned her presidency there, grew up no more under familiar hands. The spirit of unrest, of change which is the antecedent of sorrow, found its way into those primitive haunts.

## THE PEARL OF DREAMS.

"— which yet my soul seeketh, but I find not."—*Ecc. vii. 28.*

"Whether Eve was created in Paradise or not, is a question that has productive of much doubt and controversy among theologians. With regard to Adam, it is agreed on all sides, that he was created *outside*; and it is accordingly asked with some warmth by one of the ancient commentators 'why should woman—the ignobler of the two, be created *within*?'—Joseph however, thinks that Eve was formed outside; and Tertullian, too, and the Fathers;—and among the theologians, Rupertus, who, to do him justice never misses an opportunity of recording his ill opinion of the sex. Perpetuus—and his opinion seems to be considered the most orthodox—thinks it more consistent with the order of the Mosaic narration, as well as with the sentiments of Basil and most of the other Fathers, to conclude that Eve was created in Paradise."

"S. Augustin, upon Genesis, seems rather inclined to admit that the serpent had some share in the creation of Adam and Eve."

"He never shall find out fit mate."—*Paradise Lost. Book 10th.*

"Yet perfection vainly seeking . . ."—"Rest not on Earth." *Church Companion. Vol. XVII., p. 256.*

PEARL—precious Pearl—sweet fairy Pearl—I've sought through my life—

From midst the idle frivolous throngs to find myself a wife;  
And still in grey celibacy I'm doomed to live alone—  
For I must have perfection in a spouse, or I'll have none—  
And Solomon himself declares how rare is such an one.

Pearl—winsome Pearl—sweet fairy Pearl—O thou shalt be my wife  
When twenty years are added to thy summer season life;  
A temper cheerful, tranquil, kind, which nothing e'er can vex—  
Obedient—humble—pious—meek—a pattern for thy sex—  
Refined and courtly manners too—with learning quite complex.

Pearl—smiling Pearl—sweet fairy Pearl—this life is full of care  
 And I must not expect to be exempted from my share ;  
 But when the evening shades steal o'er our pleasant ordered room—  
 Where antique tomes are scatter'd, and where fragrant flowrets  
 bloom—

Then thou shalt chant old dulcet hymns to dissipate my gloom.

Pearl—peerless Pearl—sweet fairy Pearl—thy dainty fingers slim—  
 Domestic aid must not refuse if such should be my whim ;  
 Our fathers listed to the hum of thrifty spinning wheel—  
 But thou shalt weave the silken skeins from many a shining creel—  
 In loving labour for the Church which tendeth thy soul's weal.

Pearl—happy Pearl—sweet fairy Pearl—and thou must stay at  
 home—

All Eve's gossip parlance hating—nor ever wish to roam ;  
 Simplicity's adornment thy attiring must display—  
 Avoiding all profusion—in neat matronly array—  
 And always ready to be seen from dawn to close of day.

Pearl—baby Pearl—sweet fairy Pearl—this seems not all too much—  
 Although I own to private doubts I may not meet with such ;  
 For soft Madonna loveliness withal must be combined  
 In my house angel :—and I promise if thou'rt to my mind  
 In twenty years, to marry thee :—say—am I not most kind ?

## THE FOUNTAIN IN THE GARDEN.

### CHAPTER III.

" Oh the sorrow, and the failure ! oh the sadness, and the sin !  
 When we trusted to ourselves, the while we thought to lean on  
 Him.  
 Oh the gladness and the rapture ! oh the happiness and love  
 When we learn we can do nothing, but through Him our Lord  
 above."

At first I could not find Ernest, whom I had before  
 noticed as listening so attentively to the teacher, but at  
 length I discovered him alone, looking quite wearied  
 bending over some flower he was gathering with great  
 difficulty. He had his book of directions near him, and  
 occasionally looked into it; but when he did so he appeared  
 always to read in the same place, constantly to study one

particular page. He sometimes watched for the breeze, but it came to him very faintly, and I did not wonder he often mistook the flowers moved by it; and as I looked whether the bright stream were at hand, I could see no trace of it anywhere. His dove was hovering near, trying by every loving and enticing way to draw his attention, but Ernest appeared too intent on his flowers to heed it: the soft low tones were unnoticed, and I began to fear that the boy by his neglect would quite lose his beautiful bird.

I heard poor Ernest sigh deeply, and lament that he could not find the right blossoms, and then he added others gathered with still more labour, always blaming himself for the failure, and again renewing his search; but his work appeared in vain, the wreath to me looked faded and dead, and I wondered that he should toil on at so worthless a thing as though it could ever be accepted.

Suddenly I saw him start, while his face became of a deadly whiteness; and as I tried to discover what had so much alarmed him, I saw the king's messenger coming hastily forward. Ernest looked at his flowers, now even to him they appeared faded and dead.

"How can I meet him?" cried the unhappy boy: "I am undone," and covering his face, he tried not to see the dreaded messenger, who approached with rapid steps. I held my breath as he drew nearer, but just when I feared he would lead away the boy, all unprepared as he was, the messenger passed quickly by,—his errand this time was not to Ernest.

Ernest remained on the ground with his face still covered, trembling with fear, when a maiden came from another part of the garden. It was Alethea. She too was altered since the morning, but how different the change in her to that in her brother. Her sweet face was grave and quiet now, and the laughter of her bright blue eye was gone; but the expression of her features was one of perfect rest and peace. She moved slowly, her garland on her arm, now watching for the breeze, and now reading from the book in her hand. As she passed I glanced at the open page, and read, "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength. And the

work of righteousness shall be peace, and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance for ever."

Alethea drew near the place where Ernest lay, and on seeing him she hastened forward, hardly believing it could be her brother. She knelt down beside him, gently removed his hands, bathed his pale face, and tried to calm him.

"Oh, the messenger!" cried Ernest.

"He has passed, dear Ernest," replied his sister; "but he may return very soon. Why should you fear him? rouse yourself, and look that your garland is ready."

"Oh, Alethea, my garland is dead, the King will never accept it, and I am almost worn out with fatigue, and know not how to begin it anew; I have worked so hard, and thought my wreath looked quite fresh and bright, but the flowers appeared to droop and die as the messenger approached."

"Your wreath is dead, dear brother," said Alethea; "because, though many of the flowers are of the King's own planting, you have not bathed them in the crystal waters: these are some of the bright drops glistening on them. You are right," she added sorrowfully, "the King will never accept this."

"Oh," said Ernest, hastily springing up, "this is the reason why my flowers are withered. Can I find the clear waters now? or have I wandered too far?"

Then Alethea showed him where it was written, "Ye shall find it, when ye shall seek diligently with all your heart." So Ernest sought and found the crystal stream. And now he could hardly bathe his flowers enough in its bright waters. Many of those he was now guided to gather were the very same that he had placed on his first garland; but how different they appeared when covered with the sparkling drops. His task was not always an easy one; he had to search long before he found what he now knew was essential for his garland to be accepted; and often when he hoped he had succeeded, it proved to be something of the enemy's planting. There were heavy storms too, which threatened to injure his flowers; and sometimes the chilling winds blew round; but he had learnt where to find "A hiding place from

the wind, and a covert from the tempest," and he was safe.

As the day drew towards its close, Ernest looked worn and ill indeed, though he never for a moment flagged. His wreath was fast progressing, and wherever the breeze guided him, he instantly went, and, at whatever cost, gathered the flower. His dove, which had long since returned to his bosom, cheered him not a little, singing the most sweetly when his troubles were the greatest, and comforting him when he was the most sad.

Alethea remained with her brother, sometimes adding a flower to his garland, and sometimes reading aloud from the book the teacher had given them. As his strength failed, and his countenance told he was both weary and worn, even when he would not allow himself to rest, Alethea read of the beautiful country "where the inhabitants shall not say, I am sick;" and when the evening drew on and the coming twilight made his search more difficult, she comforted him with words of their happy home "where there would be no night, and where they would need no candle nor light of the sun."

"Think, Ernest," said she, "if the King is so good to us here, what must it be to dwell for ever near Him, and to live in His Love!"

And very sweetly her soothing words fell on her brother's ear, as he worked on, hopefully, yet sometimes almost in doubt as to whether or not his garland would be accepted.

At last the messenger came for Alethea; she was waiting for him, whilst her dove was singing its sweetest melodies,—and by her side was her wreath, the most lovely of any I had seen. The rich crimson blossom which was beyond doubt the most beautiful flower in the garden, was more abundant in her garland than in either of the other children's—whilst the colours of the whole were exquisitely blended, and every flower appeared in full perfection; but as in the garland of Theophilus, it was the freshness caused by the bright waters that gave its chief beauty.

Alethea welcomed the messenger with a happy smile; she knew she was going to the Great King, and much as

she loved Him now, she longed to be always near Him and to love Him more perfectly. She grieved indeed to leave Ernest, but she said they could not be long parted, and when she was gone, he would only have his garland and the far-off land to think of, and it was best for her to go.

"If I were only sure I should be with you," said her weeping brother.

"Dear Ernest, you must not doubt, the King has promised."

The messenger waited while she said a last farewell, and as Ernest still pressed his lips to her cold marble forehead, she was gently taken from him.

And Ernest was left alone: his eyes fixed on the distant land. As the darkness of the night stole over the garden, the reflection from the mountains shone out more brightly. He believed his home too would be there; but the remembrance of his morning's sad failure often returned to disquiet him, and he missed the soothing words with which Alethea had comforted him. It was almost night now, and Ernest could scarcely see what flowers to gather, but the breeze guided him, and the crystal waters were always within his reach. The voice of the dove was heard in the stillness of the evening, and while it sang sweetly Ernest knew he must be right. He struggled against the feeling of drowsiness, which nearly overcame him, for he knew the messenger could not be distant, and he must find him watching, not sleeping. And when at length he came and touched Ernest with his cold hand, the boy wearied out with his long day of toil, fell back unconscious in his arms, and was carried away from the garden into the presence of the Great King, Who accepted his garland for His Love and Promise' Sake, and gave to Ernest one of the many mansions prepared for His own dear children in their beautiful home—the Land that is very far off.

### *Questions.*

Q. Why was Ernest's wreath defective, though he had toiled so hard?

A. Because he had acted in his own strength.



**Q.** What difference is intended between Elizabeth and Ernest ?

**A.** A very great one. The former had long lived in sin, and become hardened by it, while Ernest had always tried to do right, but had trusted to himself instead of to God.

**Q.** But had they equal need of the fountain ?

**A.** Yes ; because through it alone the work of either could be accepted.

**Q.** Why was Alethea so happy ?

**A.** Because she believed simply all that the King had told her, and followed His directions.

**Q.** Had she never then fallen into any great sin ?

**A.** That is not implied. Rather by her altered appearance she showed she had had to combat with the evils of her own heart.

**Q.** What was the red flower in her wreath ?

**A.** Love, the greatest of Christian graces.

**Q.** What are the storms to which Ernest was exposed ?

**A.** The difficulties and trials, either spiritual or otherwise, which God sends His children to see whether they are wholly His, or whether they are serving Him for the comfort and happiness that religion gives.

**Q.** What is meant by the evening overtaking Ernest ; and why did the light from the mountains shine brighter amid the darkness of the garden ?

**A.** The coming on of age, when trials and disappointments have chilled our hearts, and rendered more difficult our offering to CHRIST an ardent love ; but in which to those who still earnestly follow Him, God increases the consolations of His HOLY SPIRIT, and gives a bright foreshadowing of that light which shall break upon us, when "the shadows are past, and the glories of the Resurrection morning shall have dawned upon our souls."

## CAIRO.

WE determined to devote to-day to making a tour of the streets of the Metropolis, the greatest, I think, amongst its many curiosities. We first went to the library of the Egyptian Society, where I was in hopes of procuring some books of reference which might serve as guides. We were shown a great many beautiful prints of Thebes, Luxor, and Cairo ; but although there were many of the works I wanted, we were not allowed to take any away, and as it did not suit me to read them there, I was obliged to depart as wise as I came.

We first bent our steps by what is styled the Turkish Bazaar, where the various and glittering articles of Eastern apparel are exposed for sale. In our way we encountered a wedding procession, which is so singular that I must attempt to describe it. First came two men skilled in sleight of hand, who were hired for the amusement of the party; they walked on either side of the street, and as the procession moved slowly forward they passed from house to house performing grotesque antics, and addressing some evidently witty words to many of the bystanders. Then followed a band of musicians with hautboys and drums; these were succeeded by the female relations and friends of the bride, walking two and two, dressed in their usual costume, with face veils, khab'araks. Immediately in front of the bride came a number of young virgins clothed in white. Next followed the most remarkable part of the procession, viz., the bride herself. She walked under a canopy of rich yellow silk, reaching to the ground on three sides, and open only in front borne by four men on the outside. Her dress completely concealed her whole person. She was covered from head to foot with a real cashmere shawl surmounted by a kind of crown, from which hung some jewelled ornaments; two women also under the canopy walked one on each side of her.

The procession was completed by another party of musicians, followed by a man bearing a box painted black and green, said to contain the presents. Every one had large nosegays of flowers in their hands. The bridal train is called zef'gh; at each wedding there are two of these processions, at least with those who can afford it; one to conduct the bride to the bath, (that is hired for the occasion), and the other to bring her to the bridegroom's house.

We at length reached the Turkish Bazaar, one of the most curious and amusing parts of the city, and decidedly the most tempting. The streets it occupies are closed at both ends by large iron chains, to prevent the ingress of any but foot passengers; as the dust occasioned by the various quadrupeds of Cairo would injure the costly goods it contains; for the same reason these streets are entirely covered to exclude the sun and wind; rain there is none. Shops

lined the narrow way on each side. Upon every counter sat one or two magnificent Turks smoking their shib'ooks, apparently awaiting, not seeking, customers for silks, satins, and rich stuffs, by which they were surrounded.

Some of their magazines were devoted entirely to the toilet of the Osmanli lords of the creation, where they could fit themselves out, from the embroidered shirt to the cashmere girdle. Others displayed to the wondering gaze all the paraphernalia requisite for the beauties of the Eastern harem; not only of the exquisite satin jackets embossed with flowers, the shirt of silk gauze, and trowsers of many colours, but the crystal vase, and golden bodkin, the one to hold, and the other with which to apply the Kohl, that enhances the lustre of the brightest eyes in the world. Then there were tiny looking-glasses, set in mother-of-pearl, gold, or gems, and a thousand other trinkets; the little embroidered slippers, and the flat rice spoons studded with jewels and composed of ivory or tortoise-shell.

Some of the costumes I looked over were magnificent, and composed of the richest material, often of cloth of gold. Embroidered handkerchiefs were in abundance; these are used both in the bath and at dinner; they are generally white worked in gold and very costly. Most of the shops were devoted to jewellery; others to pipes, and hookahs; the latter were generally of the most splendid description, and the display of crystal vases was quite dazzling. In fact, this bazaar was a union of the Howell and James, and Maradon Carson of Cairo, and must have ruined many an Egyptian and Turkish belle who has trusted herself within its glittering and tempting precincts.

We next visited the Shoe Bazaar close by; here hundreds of workmen were employed in fabricating the yellow slipper, boots, and shoes, so universally worn at Cairo, for which there appears an immense demand.

Once more mounting our donkeys, we turned our steps to the slave-market. My husband had visited it before; and I, notwithstanding my repugnance to do so, determined to examine it in order that I might judge for myself as to its true character.

We passed under an archway leading into a large open court surrounded by buildings appropriated to the different classes of slaves. There are comparatively few men, as the women are in the greatest request, and fetch three times the price of the males. The Georgians and Circassians, who are the white slaves, are never shown to Europeans, and being much more valuable, are kept in separate rooms, and with great care. Those that we saw were principally Nubians and Abyssinians; the former inhabit the ground floor. I entered several of their apartments, consisting of two rooms opening out of the court, and containing seven or eight women. A net was hung before the open door of each; and everything looked so clean, and well-arranged, and the occupants so well dressed, that were it not for the absence of the face-veil one could not have distinguished them from the women of the country. And yet there was something revolting in their apparent ease and content, while thus exposed for sale to the highest bidder. It seems too degrading to human nature, that the minds of these poor wretches should have habituated themselves even to a state of tolerance, much more of satisfaction in becoming objects of barter; they in fact look forward with delight to being made the inmates of a comfortable Hharém, where they are fed and clothed, and have scarcely anything to do, but are treated almost as adopted children. This is not all; for if a slave renders herself agreeable to her master, he frequently emancipates her and makes her his wife. On the contrary; if she is not comfortable she can by law oblige her owner (either master or mistress) to take her to the market and sell her, not to the highest bidder, but to anyone she chooses who offers an equivalent to what was originally given for her. In point of fact the slave in this country is so in name more than in reality; indeed, in some respects, she enjoys more freedom than the free woman who may have purchased her. A man may divorce his wife whenever he chooses, and send her almost adrift upon the world; but his slave he is obliged to provide for, until he can find a suitable purchaser.

Most of the Nubian girls I saw were quite young, and many of them as pretty as an olive skin would admit of.

The hair in most instances was soft, abundant, and glossy. They were dressed with evident care, probably to show their figures off to the best advantage.

In all the apartments were found the slaves playing about, laughing and chattering together. Some, however, were sleeping on couches in the inner room. They seemed pleased to see my husband, probably supposing he might prove a customer, and ran round him showing their white teeth and sparkling eyes. But when I followed their surprise was very great; they stared at me, whispered together, walked round me on their tiptoes, and touched my clothes, which gave me an involuntary shudder. They were evidently speculating who and what I was.

. . . . The price of these poor women varies from 1200 to 3600 piastres;<sup>1</sup> their value depends upon their good looks and strength of limb.

I did not go up stairs to visit the Abyssinian slaves, as I had seen quite enough already; but I observed about forty or fifty of them looking over the battlements of the building; they were jet black and almost devoid of clothing. Their features partake of those of the Negro, and they wore their woolly black hair woven into thousands of tiny plaits, which hung bristling around them in a frightful fashion. They fetch a lower price than the Nubians, as they do not boast the same beauty . . . .

A great portion of the city is occupied with mosques, which makes it appear at a little distance like a forest of domes and minarets. One of these stupendous piles frequently constitutes the whole side of a street. They are invariably painted red and white.

Mills or public fountains are also in great abundance; some of these structures—for they are always under cover—form very handsome objects. The stone and brickwork is similar to that of the mosques, but their distinctive mark is a pair of massive gates, generally elaborately carved. These gates are, I believe, closed at certain hours. The water in the wells filters through the soil from the Nile, and is always brackish. The consequence is, that hundreds of Sack'ckas, or water carriers, are perpetually

<sup>1</sup> I.e. from £12 to £36.

traversing the streets to supply the inhabitants with fresh river water. It is transported in skins, borne on the backs of camels or donkeys, and sometimes by the sack'cka himself. The camel carries a pair of ox-hides, and the donkey and sack'cka goat skins.

When these water carriers do not supply houses or families, but merely the passing passenger, the mouth of the kiny, which is strapped across his back, is provided with a brass pipe, from which he pours out a draught into a cup he carries with him. There is also another class of water-carrier almost equally numerous. They bear, instead of the hide, a large vessel of porous earth, rendering the water deliciously cool by evaporation. The spout of this protrudes above the shoulder.

Sherbet, the favourite beverage of the Mahommedans, is sold in the same way, and often ready mixed in tumblers, the vendor carrying them in a tray on his head. It would be impossible to enumerate the endless varieties of this delicious drink. Sometimes it is made of roses, at others of violets, melons, or lemons; but it seldom fails to please the palate. I wished to give some idea of the other itinerant vendors that crowd the streets, but they are so multifarious and puzzling that the task would be endless; and in fact they must be seen to be understood. I will not omit, however, mentioning the large round flat cakes looking like gigantic crumpets, which the women hawk about the streets on large trays borne on their heads. The confusion of cries is quite extraordinary, and many of them are very peculiar.

I tasted to-day, for the first time, the prickly pear now in high season. When the outer husk is pared off, a soft pulpy substance is left, filled with stones, something like those of the medlar. The flavour is decidedly delicate and agreeable. Just now the greatest variety of fruit is exposed for sale, and the markets for it quite line the narrow streets. Water-melons, oranges, peaches, in-different pears, and apples, are in abundance. Amongst the vegetables are spinach, brinjaw, and asparagus—the first I have seen since I left England. The confusion occasioned by those green-grocer's stalls, and the camels which are constantly replenishing them, is very great.

They make the animals kneel down close to the walls of the houses to unload, and I have frequently come upon twenty or thirty of them, ranged in a row, one after the other, taking up more than one-half the width of the road.—*Griffith's Journey across the Desert.*

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## BELLECOVE.

### CHAPTER II.

So he was gone—gone, thought Euphane, as she wistfully gazed on little Stephen ; and sad, anxious moments she knew, despite her trusting love and faith in His precious promises. Ever since the kindly Heskeths had left Bellecove, Mr. Tresham had almost imperceptibly, but gradually decayed ; with mournful resignation he heard of their intended departure, for he had so few friends left to cheer his latter days, that their loss was peculiarly deplored by the old man. His decay was solemn and affecting ; with him would cease the principal means of their support ; for Euphane inherited a very slender pittance, the legacy of a godmother. For a year after Justinian's departure, he regularly remitted the principal portion of his salary to the beloved ones at home ; and hence Mr. Tresham's mind was relieved of an anxiety, which would have proved almost intolerable. Not so Euphane ; she gathered intelligence from various sources concerning this African expedition, which tended to confirm her forebodings of its ultimate failure. She was not therefore surprised, when at the end of a year the remittances from Justinian ceased, and worse than all, all tidings directly from himself. The public prints teemed with the supposed disastrous disappearance of the little band who had ventured forth into those burning solitudes. That some of them had been massacred, and some carried off, far into the interior, as prisoners, there remained no doubt. But whether the former or latter fate had be-

fallen Justinian Tresham, his family had no means of ascertaining.

Old Lord Mervin was no more, and his successor took no interest whatever in the mission. There was nothing for it but patience, patient faith in Him Who worketh all things well for those who love Him and keep His commandments.

So gradual and devoid of active suffering was Mr. Tresham's decay, that Euphane sometimes buoyed herself up with the hope of his being spared to her for a few years longer; but then the weakness, the torpor, the loss of memory and recognition, warned the daughter in a voice never to be unheeded, that death was slowly but surely approaching. At length the old man fell asleep with his head resting on one hand, and little Stephen's hand clasped in the other. The child whispered softly, "how soundly grandpapa sleeps this evening;" but it was the sleep which knows no waking. In after years the boy remembered that closing scene, so peaceful and so tranquil.

When Euphane Tresham had buried her dead out of her sight, she came forth with Stephen in her hand—(an orphan, as she feared)—to make the necessary arrangements for their altered and reduced mode of life. But although earthly affairs necessarily occupied her attention, yet so far as *she* was concerned, it was evident to all her hopes and affections were not centred on temporal interests. Euphane's married sisters were not in circumstances to assist her; in short, they remarked, that "old maids could live on next to nothing;" forgetting that Euphane was not alone, as she had little Stephen to support and educate. But they had sons at school, they had girls to drill into accomplishments, and they could not spare assistance to Justinian's son. Euphane neither expected nor asked for it; she knew that her sisters were not the wives of rich men, and she meekly acknowledged the justice of their remarks. It was true indeed, that single women could subsist on very little! Sweet, humble creature: she calculated their scanty means to a nicety, and thought that with strict privation for herself, they might manage to live, and that she might defray



a very small sum annually for Stephen's schooling as a day scholar. Beyond this, she dared not look; for soon the boy would outstrip such teaching as her poor means could afford; "but sufficient to the day is the evil thereof," she piously ejaculated, and God, she felt assured, would point out a way, and smooth all difficulties. Little Stephen at an early period gave such evidence of talent as alarmed Euphane. She had a dread of precocity in children, and rather inclined to keep her nephew backward, seeing he was a delicate child, and his physical powers bore no proportion to his intellectual energies.

He was truthful, generous, confiding, and sensitive; too sensitive perhaps for his own peace; while a holiness and meek loveliness of demeanour characterised him, a loveliness springing up from the depths of his inmost heart.

It was a wish, expressed in confidence to Euphane, a childish wish, but strong and ardent, that one day he might be permitted to become a chorister in that Church where the bells of which sounded so sweetly on the western breeze, and to attend whose services was the highest refreshment and privilege earth afforded little Stephen. Euphane listened and smiled; she had higher aspirations for her nephew, but murmured—"O, to be but a doorman-keeper in Thy House, is better than to dwell elsewhere."

She sometimes gazed up at the empty house with feelings akin to awe; she thought of the time when Justinian had listened to her forebodings, and chidden her for indulging them. And in what had these presentiments terminated? In sorrow, disappointment, and death. Gloriana Lyle had vanished in obscurity; Euphane only remembered her as a pleasant dream, too soon fading away. There indeed stood the empty house, with the winter winds howling around it, and through its desolate chambers; there were the windows looking out on the sea, from which she had often watched the sunset with Gloriana, and listened to the converse so different from the converse of all others. Euphane prayed for faith, for "more faith;" this was her daily prayer; and silently, and patiently, she went on her way, whispering to herself that "Blessedness is better than happiness."

She had removed to a more humble tenement, but it was situate on the uplands, beyond the cove, and there was a break, from whence the blue sea could be seen, and sometimes a white sail passing by ; and there was another break, from whence among the hills came the floating echoes of the sweet evening bells so dear to Stephen, and which he called "angel music." Could a peep have been obtained into the interior of Euphane's dwelling, when the day's labour had ended, and the casement was securely closed, and a bright fire burnt cheerily on the clean hearth, a touching sight would have been presented ; Euphane looked tired, but cheerful and serene, in her mourning garb, and with her grey hair braided beneath a plain snowy cap, busily plying her needle ; and Stephen with a large Bible open before him, from which he read aloud, stopping now and then to examine the quaint but fine engravings which illustrated the Sacred Volume. He never wearied of reading the Bible to Euphane, or to himself, and well he loved to read of little Samuel, when the Lord called him by his name ; and thus together the Christian friends, friends for time and eternity, knelt together in prayer. Poor and humble was that cottage, and the wintry winds howled in many a cranny, and shook the doors and windows ; and the strange wild noises from the booming ocean sometimes made them pause, and look into each other's faces awe-stricken. But on His dear Arm they leant ; they were His lambs ; they were gathered into His fold, and it was only for others they feared, who were out on the great waters, and perishing perhaps at that moment. Depriving herself almost of the necessaries of life, Euphane yet often dreaded that she might fall short of the sum required for Stephen's school expenses ; she shrank from incurring debt or obligation, and to whom could she apply ? Mr. Chester, the pastor of Bellecove, was a kind-hearted man, but a book-worm, wanting in practical knowledge, and too easy and supine in the discharge of his onerous duties. He was a feeble and aged man too, disliking what he termed "new fangled innovations," and only anxious to go on in the old manner. He shook his head, when Euphane named to

him Stephen's desire to become a chorister ; at Bellecove there were no white-robed choristers, why should there be elsewhere ? At Bellecove there was no daily service, why should there be elsewhere ?

But enough of Mr. Chester ; many an act attested his goodness of heart, nor was he absent from the sick and dying, to comfort and alleviate. And though Euphane earnestly wished to see things otherwise in the Church at Bellecove, yet was she grateful that matters were no worse, for great indeed was her Christian charity. It was often difficult to persuade the unselfish, affectionate child to partake of the most frugal fare, without his first seeing Euphane cared for, and an amicable contention was not unfrequently the result. She, having recourse to her slender skill in diplomacy, in order to accomplish such innocent endearing artifices, as not to let him discover how completely she restricted her own wants. Nevertheless, as time progressed, Euphane's countenance began to wear a more anxious expression ; and she was obliged to confess to herself, that her slender purse could no longer defray the expenses of such education as Stephen required, he having gone far beyond his village teachers. His whole heart was in his book, and he craved to learn, as other children craved to play ; and on more than one occasion, Euphane looked into the boy's heart, and read a higher aspiration as he advanced in years and knowledge—an aspiration to enter the Church, not as a chorister, but as a Priest consecrated to His Highest services on earth. It was her own secret, cherished wish too, but she sighed, yet momentarily added, "With God nothing is impossible, if it be His Will, it shall be accomplished in due season."

To do Mr. Chester justice, he had more than once pressed pecuniary aid on his parishioners ; for even he, bookworm as he was, saw in part the real state of affairs. But Euphane could not bring herself to incur the debt and obligation ; she knew Mr. Chester's means were limited, he had no private resources, and had, moreover, a large family to provide for. Heavy troubles he had of his own, poor man ; and Euphane felt she had no right to become a burden on him, for the sake of in-

dulging her ambition for Stephen. "God would make the way clear," she said, "if it was His Will that Stephen should serve Him in the paths they desired." And so she lived in faith, and in constant prayer. When the weather permitted, and their strength enabled them to undertake the walk, Euphane and Stephen went away over the uplands by the sea, through the fields and across the hills, to the distant Church whose taper spire pointed Heavenwards. And once within its blessed walls, what words may express their happiness? It was a haven of rest and hope for the weariest; all within those sacred gates was beautiful and costly, and the walls glittered with gold, and crimson, and blue, and white. There, the priceless Cross was raised, there precious decorated books contained words more precious still, there richly jewelled chalices, and flagons, and patens, of purest gold, were in constant use; there the ear was charmed with thrilling harmonies in praise of Him—the Lord of Sabaoth—Who deigns to permit the adoration of the creatures who give to Him but of His own.

Yes: this was a House of Prayer, where morning, noon, and night, men were called upon to pray; and when, by reason of infirmity of the flesh they *could not pray*, the Priest became their intercessor on earth, to the One Great Intercessor in Heaven.

Here was no traffic for the wooden boxes called pews; here were open seats, free alike to rich and poor, to enter in where they listed. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat." And here Euphane and her dear boy were nourished, and in the dark nights when they returned homewards, by lonely pathways, and the surges of the angry waters roared beneath the cliffs, they heard angel songs on the howling winds, they saw the stars of glory overhead, they were led onward in safety by the Hand of the Good Shepherd, the Star of Bethlehem was in their thoughts; they communed together by the way, and it always seemed short to them; and in the day when He makes up His jewels, He will remember those who speak often together of Him. How sweet was that spiritual food to these hungry souls, how highly they esteemed

the privilege of entering that Church of God ; to them, the highest pleasure and gratification this earth could yield. They dared not even wish that they were not such far off dwellers from the beloved walls, because the long, lonely walks backwards and forwards yielded such happiness ; their communings were so very, *very* sweet ; their home devotions so enhanced ; their home crust so gratefully and even tearfully received, with thankfulness to the Giver.

"Stephen, my dear child," said Euphane, one evening as they were returning from one of these happy visits,— "we do not sufficiently realise those gracious words, of casting all our care upon Him Who careth for us. We must try to realise them more, and to feel more life-like faith in His precious promises, and then we shall not be cast down as we are sometimes. Let us remember this, dear ; to cast all our burden of care on Him, for He careth for us." And Stephen pressed her hand, but did not reply—his heart was too full for words.

The next morning, Euphane was busily engaged in her household duties, yet deep in thought, and Stephen had gone to school ; there was a quick tap at the cottage door ; it was the postman, who gave her a letter, and went quickly off again : few letters came to Euphane's humble dwelling,—the poor have not many correspondents—the rich hath many friends. She did not recognize the full, clear, round handwriting, nor did she make out the post-mark ; but tearing open the envelope, an enclosure presented itself to her astonished eyes, which made poor Euphane doubt if she was in a dream. She held in her hand a bank note for £100, and a few lines were written on the paper enfolding it, in the same clear round text as the address. The words were simply these : "This sum will be remitted quarterly ; to be appropriated as Miss Tresham thinks most conducive to her nephew's welfare, and her own comfort."

Dear Euphane ! at first she almost fancied this was a mere device of Satan, in order to delude and deceive her, into a repining and disappointed condition of mind, when the mistake was discovered ; and that the bank note might become dust, like the apples growing on

the borders of the Dead Sea, inviting in appearance, but turning to ashes when handled. But she *did* handle the bank note nevertheless, and it was real; then she bolted the outer door, and knelt down at her Maker's feet, as it was her wont to do in all perplexities. Then she arose, put on her bonnet, and trotted off to Mr. Chester, to see what he would say, and what advise her to do. Her thoughts turned at once to the Heskeths; she knew they were in Germany, as Peter had been ordered to try the mineral baths, being ailing for some time past. She also was aware that at intervals, Mr. Chester wrote to them, though both Peter and his wife were lazy correspondents; but Mr. Chester shook his head decisively when Euphane named the Heskeths as her likely benefactors. They could not spare the sum, he said,—it was more than half their income; no, no, it was not the Heskeths—it was not in their way at all. Then could it be any of the Mervin family? More unlikely still; the old lord, Justinian's patron, had left his affairs in anything but a prosperous state,—his sons were extravagant and selfish, and they were not likely to spare four hundred pence from their own indulgences. But Mr. Chester counselled her to keep the matter secret,—and who was the reserved Euphane Tresham likely to divulge it to? And he was also of opinion, that she might with perfect peace of conscience, appropriate the money as the mysterious donor specified. Conjecture was futile; four hundred pounds a year—why it was wealth unbounded to poor Euphane. From whom could it come? Vainly Euphane conjectured the most unlikely things—she never approached nearer to the solution of the enigma. And adversity having taught her practical lessons of wisdom, she determined to act according to Mr. Chester's advice, and to waste no more time in perplexing speculations, but to receive the noble donation with humble thanksgivings to the ALMIGHTY, Who had so ruled the heart of His creatures. The first thing that Euphane did with her newly acquired riches, was to bestow a consistent alms oblation through the medium of the Church, as a thank-offering for Stephen and herself; in this Mr. Chester warmly concurred, and

materially assisted her in future arrangements. She did not quit her dwelling on the uplands, but she procured additional comforts: and carefully equipped Stephen in a manner suitable to the new mode of life in store for him. For through Mr. Chester's introduction, he was at once admitted to the select establishment conducted by a talented gentleman, in high repute for training youth in the paths of piety and learning. The terms were far beyond those which Euphane had ever dared to contemplate; but now the case was altered, and the great gain was commensurate, as Stephen would not be far away from Bellecove, and she knew he would profit beyond the average, in being admitted there. It might indeed only prove a temporary advantage,—it might not last; but Euphane thought it was wrong to be desponding or doubtful—it was like doubting God's mercy. Whatever surplus might remain, she settled was to be placed in security for Stephen's future use; nor could Mr. Chester prevail on her to change her frugal mode of life. Folks indeed gossiped and marvelled, when Stephen was sent to an expensive school like the Rev. Edward Bendall's; but it was a nine days' wonder, and as Euphane had no gossips, and knew no feminine idlers to inflict visits or indulge in evening tea junketings, to discuss scandal,—the event was soon buried in oblivion. With tearful and grateful pride, Euphane beheld the great improvement in a short period, which good instruction and companionship, with all the advantages he enjoyed, produced in the health and spirits of her dear nephew. Yet there was one drawback to his happiness, *she* looked pale and worn, and lived alone; and it was only her repeated and earnest assurances, that she was most blessed, most contented, most happy, and wanted nothing, which pacified the affectionate fellow, and reconciled him to the separation.

"How hard I will work," he exclaimed, "to become a good and learned man, and to take care of you, dearest Aunt Euphane, as you have taken care of me." And hard Stephen did work, and in twelve months had acquired more than his teachers thought possible. The mysterious quarterly remittance always arrived punctually, but no clue was afforded by which to trace the donor, and

the veil remained impenetrably close. Let it not be supposed, that during these years of trial, Justinian Tresham was forgotten by his attached sister; she indeed had long given up hope, and though no certain tidings had reached her of his having been one of the cruelly massacred, yet from reports current at the period, there seemed scarcely a doubt of the fact. Those who escaped all told different tales, and only agreed on the one point, that Justinian fell attacked by the savage natives, and was lost sight of. When Stephen arrived at years to understand the sad history, Euphane imparted it carefully; and many were the questions, which she found it difficult and painful to answer. Painful, because she could not tell him that his papa had loved JESUS; the sensitive youth quickly observed this, though he remained silent and abstracted, and very grave. Nor did he repeat the question, nor often allude to his lost parent; but still Euphane with wonder remarked, that Stephen never seemed to realise his father's *death*,—but always spoke as if he would return some day; it was a presentiment, though unacknowledged as such by the boy, and Euphane kept it in a corner of her heart, and with many other unworldly, and quaint sayings and doings,—it was dormant there, and she waited and watched patiently for the LORD's pleasure to do His will. She well knew, that although Stephen did not speak of his father, he thought of him, and prayed for him: and that the uncertainty of his fate, cast a shadow over the boy's young life. But Stephen was a child of GOD—a lamb of His fold—the seal was on his forehead, and from infancy he had willingly taken the beloved Hand held out by the Good Shepherd, to lead and uphold him. Might not the prayers of a righteous child be of avail for the erring parent? Euphane pondered and trembled,—and prayed for more lamb-like faith. And was ever such prayer unheard?

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## IN MEMORIAM.

## CHAPTER III.

IN some parts of Russia, the funeral procession still marches to the grave amidst waving banners, whilst the bells from the cupolas of the churches are ringing out a joyful peal, in token of the victory which the great Captain of the LORD's host won over the powers of death and hell on the first Easter morning.<sup>1</sup> Indeed, in no other part of the services of the Church Catholic has such universal care been taken to blend together the notes of sweetness and of bitterness. The Burial Service consists of the mingled tones of triumphant joy for the rest of the departed, and of solemn warning to the living. In the same spirit, as is most probable, branches of yew and rosemary were in this country stuck in the shroud, and placed in the hands of the corpse, as well as carried by the mourners; yew supplying the place of palm, the universal emblem of victory. Thus Shirley,

“ Have ye not art enough  
To make the yew-tree grow here  
The emblem of our victory in death ?”

And Shakespeare, referring to the use of yew, says in his *Twelfth Night* :—

“ My shroud of white stuck all with yew,  
O prepare it ;  
My part of death no one so true  
Did share it.”<sup>2</sup>

The use of rosemary is another instance of the almost festive character of Christian funerals. This herb is properly the bridal flower :<sup>3</sup> and introduced in burial pro-

<sup>1</sup> Haxthausen's Russia, Vol. I., p. 413. Eng. Travel.

<sup>2</sup> See Brand's Popular Antiquities, Vol. II., p. 252, 264, edit. Bohn.

<sup>3</sup> Thus in the “Tamer tamed” of Beaumont and Fletcher, “Enter Moroso, Sophocles, Tranio, with Rosemary, as from a wedding,” and in the “Loseley papers” we read, “On the morning of twelfth day, about eight of the clock, the bride,” Anne of Cleves “was brought forth from her chamber by the Lords, attired in cloth of gold em-

cessions 'the sovereign rosemary'<sup>1</sup> symbolizes the union of the soul to CHRIST the Bridegroom of the Church. Amidst scenes of death it speaks not of death, but of life : not of the separation of soul and body, but of the eternal union of the soul with her Redeemer. Although the grief which nature extorts for the dead, and religion sanctifies whilst it soothes it with hope, loves sombre garments and the outward marks of sorrow, yet the same feeling which prompted the exulting language of S. Paul, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" has constantly shown itself in funeral solemnities. In Greece, the nearest relations of the dead for awhile put on white, as a French traveller tells us, "*Comme pour la cérémonie nuptiale*," and so whilst in the ritual books in some parts of the Church a violet stole is directed to be worn in the benediction of the nuptial ring, that no time of joy might be without the remembrance of the nearness of sorrow, on the other hand, white has been sometimes prescribed as the colour for mourners. In France, indeed, this was so generally the custom for the royal family, that the widow of a king was commonly called '*La reine blanche*,' from this circumstance.<sup>2</sup>

In Greece, before the body is borne forth to burial, the ritual of the Church touchingly invites the friends of the departed to come forward, and take their last farewell of the lifeless clay, bidding them to

" Come near, ere yet the dust  
Soil the bright paleness of the settled brow :  
Come near once more, let kindred lips be press'd  
On his cold cheek ; then bear him to his rest !"<sup>3</sup>

In Italy the same custom was once generally observed, and as the bier was carried to the churchyard, the living broidered with flowers in pearl, on her head a coronet of gold and precious stones, set full of rosemary," and "At the rustic wedding procession before Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth, each wight had a branch of green broom tied on his left arm, (for that side lies near the heart) because rosemary was scarce there."—P. 5. and Note.

<sup>1</sup> Skelton.

<sup>2</sup> See *Antiquarian Repertory*, Vol. IV., p. 663, and Southey's *Commonplace Book*, Third Series, p. 599. Amongst the ancient Romans, whilst black was the mourning colour for men, the women wore white.

<sup>3</sup> Mrs. Hemans.

pressed around it, to gaze on the uncovered face, looking often at that solemn moment lovelier even than in life.

In diverse shapes, and diverse manners—strange in tones, like all things in this Babel world, yet after all springing from the same reverence of heart; in all parts of the earth pathetic customs of the simple peasantry, and shattered fragments of a touching symbolic ritual, meet us in the bearing forth of the sacred dust of man to its kindred dust. On the hill slope, untorn by the share of plough from the creation of all things, the mysterious barrow or the solemn cromlech, the resting-place of the men of old, is still respected by the village labourer, to whom Thor is an unknown name, and who regards the sacred oak only as it yields shade or a branchlet for a state-observance day. Here and there, in quiet out-of-the-way Cumberland dales, or amidst the combes of Devonshire, the traveller notes the sign of reverence, almost of worship, for the dead body of the soul released from this world. It is seen alike in the grief of living kinsmen, as they gather kneeling on the fresh earth, and pray for the last time around the grave, and in the voice of the priest tremulous with sympathetic sorrow, as he pronounces "earth to earth," and sprinkles at the same time the first handful of dust on the hollow coffin. Still more touching is the custom, not quite forgotten, of resting the body half way to the grave, whilst bearers and mourners standing around in solemn silence, with heads uncovered, make reverent obeisance to "that body which once was a temple of the HOLY GHOST, and is now become a small quantity of Christian dust."<sup>1</sup> And not only in rural parishes, remote from the hardening influence of a great town, may the signs of this reverent regard for the dead be seen, but even in the very midst of our thronged cities, as the funeral procession mingles with the hurried crowd of busy passers by, here and there the uplifted hat acknowledges the sacredness of the presence of death. In the Church and without the Church, too strongly rooted in the heart of man to be torn away, however much all other tokens of unity may be forgotten, the remains of that natural reverence for the dead—which be-

<sup>1</sup> Walton's Life of Donne.

cause natural is sacred,—are making themselves seen in a thousand forms. Whilst we can, let us gather up the fragments of the precious utterances of the heart of universal man, that nothing be lost.

In this country, so long as the office book of the Church remains, a cold funeral service is almost impossible though its impressiveness may be made more or less felt as care is bestowed or neglected. In nothing is music so much needed. In feasts, or times of rejoicing, as the heathen poet has remarked, it matters little whether singing be added. Those, however, who have witnessed the effect, and have known the power of music at the burial of the dead, will thankfully avail themselves of the "voice of melody" wherewith to fasten the influences of such a season upon the hearts of the mourners and bystanders. We may regret the establishment of district cemeteries, and deplore the way in which at present they are managed, but even this great evil is not without some advantages. The service in the parish church, before the bearing forth of the body to the grave, may now be rendered more impressive since it is in the power of the parish priest to discriminate between the Christian who has died in the fear of the LORD, and the reprobate whose Christian name suffices to show how great a blessing he has been trampling under his feet. That which is no longer a legal duty, may for that very reason be made all the more a means of maintaining and strengthening the bond between the minister and the people of his parish. With this greater care for the dead, we should also do well to revive another almost forgotten custom of the past. The funeral sermon, before it became so generally neglected, had sunk into a formal discourse, too often filled with lying pompous praise of the oftentimes no-ways exemplary dead. Both the living and the dead shrank from being "canonized by a bribed flatterer in a funeral sermon,"<sup>1</sup> and so good men desired to be unnoted, and evil men coveted to be forgotten. This, however, was the abuse of a very powerful instrument for good. With friends and mourners for the congregation, and the coffin for a text, the simplest, most unaffected discourse is necessarily eloquent

<sup>1</sup> Jeremy Taylor.

and pierces the heart. Such moments are too valuable to be disregarded. In towns the crowds which press with perhaps thoughtless but not irreverent feet to the funeral of a friend or companion, bring with them hearts especially open to listen to earnest invitations. "Turn ye, turn ye, why will ye die?" are words which will then be remembered, and in many instances responded to. This is no flight of mere imagination. Lately we stood within a church in one of the densest, poorest parts of our own Babylon. In the narrow lane where the church is situated, a strange motley crowd of sweeps, hawkers, and costermongers, were thronging around the coffin of an old companion about to be buried. At the door a surpliced choir of men and boys received the body, and singing the opening sentences of the burial office, the coffin was borne to the entrance of the chancel. After the psalms had been duly chanted, and the appointed lesson read, the priest standing by the bier, delivered his message to the attentive hearers. For the first time some for ten years, some for more than twenty years, heard tell of God's love, and the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness. The striking silence of rough, undisciplined men added solemnity to an occasion sufficiently solemn. It was not the speech of living man telling of death, that seemed to be listened to, but the voice of the dead calling sinners to a new life. Nor did the influences of that day, and those few words of invitation and of warning fall to the ground unheeded. Tears attested the depth of present feelings, and the hope of future fruit has not been disappointed.

At the funerals of those who have died in the LORD, whose works follow them, but whose example lives after them on earth, the Holy Communion ought invariably to be administered to the mourners. Rarely ever will the heart be so ready to receive Him, as when it has been bruised and broken by affliction. It is then most that men long for more of CHRIST's presence, when sorrow gives them power to "spy out and extract balms and oils from His vinegar, and to supple and cure with His corrosives. Be He what He will, they will make Him merciful, if mercy be then wholesomest for them."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Donne's *Essays in Divinity*, p. 159, ed. 1855.

No care indeed for the reverent burial of the poorest of the members of CHRIST'S Body but has its sure reward. Hence in the primitive Church, even when persecution was most fierce, still attention to the dead was regarded as one of the chief works of mercy. Amongst the traditions of pure religion which have been handed down amidst the corruptions of heathenism, we find this sacred duty of providing a decent burial for the dead rigorously insisted on. The seaman wrecked on some iron-bound coast he had never seen, until the flash of lightning revealed for an instant the horrors of the tall bleached rocks on which his vessel was being lifted and dashed by the furious waves, was yet sure of a becoming interment, should his body be washed on shore. No occupation excused from this. Mingled assurances of reward if this sacred duty were fulfilled, or of threatenings if the traveller sacrilegiously neglected it, secured from the hand of the first passer by a decent burial for the corpse.

“ Vagæ ne parce malignus arenæ  
 Ossibus et capiti inhumato  
 Particulam dare——  
 —— Fors et  
 Debita jura vicesque superbæ  
 Te maneat ipsum : precibus non linquar inultis ;  
 Teque piacula nulla resolvent.  
 Quanquam festinas, non est mora longa, licebit  
 Injecto ter pulvere curras.”<sup>1</sup>

## THE MOTHER AND CHILD.

(By Hans Andersen)

A MOTHER sat sorrowfully by her dying baby, which, with closed eyes and scarce perceptible breathing, lay upon her lap ; and as the mother gazed, she bent still more mournfully over the little being. There was a knock at the door, and a poor old man, wrapped close in a long mantle, entered shivering, for it was a cold winter. Without, all lay covered with snow and ice, and the wind howled mournfully through the leafless branches. And

<sup>1</sup> Horace, Odes, lib. 1., carm. xxviii.

as the old man trembled so, and the child slept for a moment, the mother rose, and placed some beer upon the stove to warm, and as the old man sat and nodded, the mother drew her stool near him, still looking at her sick child, which clenched its tiny hand, as though in pain.

"Believest thou that I shall keep him?" she said, "the good God will not take him from me."

And the old man, who was Death himself, shook his head in a manner which might imply either "Yes" or "No." But the mother closed her eyes, and tears rolled down her cheek. She felt so weary: for three days and nights she had not rested, and now she slept, but only for a moment, when she started up, shivering with cold.

"What was that?" she cried, glancing hastily around: but the old man was gone, and the little child was gone: he had taken it with him; and there, in the corner, with its pale face rising ghost-like from the ground, the old clock ticked and ticked,—struck, and then stopped suddenly. But the poor mother rushed from the house, calling wildly upon her child.

Without, in the midst of the snow, sat a woman, clad in long black garments, and she said, "Death has been in thy house: I saw him hasten forth with thy little child: he goes faster than the wind, and never brings back what he has once taken."

"Only tell me which road he has gone," said the mother, "Show me the way, and I will find him."

"I know it," said the woman in the sable garments, "but before I tell thee, thou must first sing to me the songs that thou hast sung to thy little one. I love them; I have heard them before. I am Night, and saw thy tears when thou didst sing."

"I will sing them all—all"—said the mother, "but stop me not till I have overtaken Death, wait till I have found my child."

But Night sat dumb and motionless, and the mother wrung her hands, sang, and wept; and there were many songs, but more tears, until at last Night said, "Go straight to the dark pine forest; thither has Death taken thy little one."

Deep in the wood two roads crossed, and she knew not

which to take. On one side stood a thorn bush, without leaves or buds, and snow and ice lay upon its branches.

"Hast thou not seen Death pass by with my child?"

"Yes," said the thorn-bush, "but I will not tell thee the way he has taken till thou hast warmed me on thy heart, otherwise I shall become ice."

And she pressed the tree to her bosom closely, firmly, that it might become right warm, and the thorns entered deeply into her flesh, and the blood flowed forth in great drops. But the bush bore fresh green leaves, and bright flowers bloomed on it, even in the cold winter's night, so warm was the heart of the bereaved mother, and the grateful tree pointed out the way she must take. At last she came to a vast lake, on which was neither ship nor boat. The water was not sufficiently frozen to bear her, and yet not open enough to wade through; and over this the mother must pass if she would find her child. Then she laid herself down, in order to drink up the lake, and this, for a mortal, was impossible; but the poor woman thought perhaps a miracle might aid her.

"No, that must not be," said the lake; "let us rather see if we cannot help each other. I love to collect pearls, and thine eyes are the clearest that I have ever seen: if thou wilt weep them out for me, I will take thee yonder to the great house of mourning where Death lives and plants trees and flowers, each of which is a man's life."

"O what will I not give to meet my child again!" sighed the weeping mother; and she wept yet more, and her eyes sank into the lake, and became two costly pearls, —but the lake raised her up, and in an instant placed her on the opposite shore, where stood a wonderfully large house. One knew not well if it was a mountain with woods and caves or not, but the poor mother could not see it, for her eyes were gone.

"Where shall I find Death, who is come here with my little child?"

"He is not yet come," said the old grave woman who guarded the great mourning house of Death.

"How hast thou come hither, and who has helped thee?"

"The good God has helped me!" she said, "He is mer-



ciful, and wilt not thou be so also? Where can I find my little one?"

"Ah, I know not," said the old woman, "and thou canst not see. Many trees and flowers that have withered over night will Death soon come and plant. Thou knowest that each man has his tree, or flower, or life that is created with his own. They look like other plants, but they have beatings at the heart: the child's heart can beat also. Observe this well, for perhaps thou mayst discover thereby thy little one. But what wilt thou give me if I tell thee what further to do?"

"I have nothing to give thee," sighed the bereaved mother, "but I will go for thee to the end of the world."

"Ah! I have no business there," said the woman, "but thou canst give me thy long black hair. Thou knowest well how beautiful it is, and it pleases me much: instead of it thou mayst take my long hair, and that is something."

"Dost thou not want more?" she said, "I will give thee that with pleasure: and she gave the old woman her beautiful hair, and received hers instead.

Then went she into the great mourning house of death, where trees and flowers grew wonderfully by each other. There stood a tender hyacinth under a glass bell, by the side of a stately pine; here grew water-plants, one quite fresh, another fading, on which lay slugs and crabs, that fastened on the stem. Here rose beautiful palm-trees, oaks, and plantains; there bloomed lilies, and the sweet perfumed thyme. Each tree and each flower had its name, each was a man's life who still lived—one in China, another in Greenland, and around the world. There were trees in such small pots that they seemed crippled and deformed, whilst in many places stood a little languid flower in the richest earth, with moss around it, and seemingly tended with care and watchfulness.

But the sorrowing mother bent over all the smallest plants, and listened how in each of them beat a human heart, and amongst millions she knew the heart of her child again. It is that! she cried, and stretched her hand over a little blue crocus that hung down feebly on one side.

"Touch not the flower!" said the old woman, "but

place thyself here, and when Death comes (I expect him every moment,) do not let him tear up the plant, but warn him that with this one you will destroy other flowers, and then he will be afraid: he is answerable to the good God for them, without Whose permission he can do nothing."

Suddenly an ice-cold shiver passed through the room, and the blind mother could feel that it was Death who entered.

"How hast thou found thy way hither?" he asked. "How hast thou come quicker than I?"

"I am a mother!" she replied.

And Death stretched his long hand towards the little tender flower, but the mother clasped her hands firmly around it—so firmly, and with such anguish, that she touched one of the leaves. Then Death blew upon her hands, and she felt his breath colder than the coldest wind, and her hands fell down powerless. "Thou canst do nothing against me," said Death.

"But the great God can," she said.

"I only do what He wishes," answered Death. "I am His gardener. I take all His flowers and trees, and plant them in the great Garden of Paradise, in the Unknown Land, but how they flourish there I must not tell thee."

"Give me back my child!" implored the weeping mother; and suddenly she snatched at two pretty little plants near. "I will tear up all thy flowers, for I am in despair."

"Harm them not," said Death, "thou sayest thou art so unhappy, and wilt thou make another mother equally so?"

"Another mother!" cried the poor woman, loosening the plants.

"Here are thine eyes!" said Death. "I saw them in the lake, they shone so brightly, but knew not they were thine. Take them again—they are clearer than before—and look into this spring by us. I will tell thee the names of the two flowers thou didst wish to destroy, and thou shalt see their future fate—the whole of that future fate you would have crushed."

And she looked into the stream, and it was a pleasure

to perceive how the one would become a blessing to the world, and how much joy and happiness would be around his path. And she glanced at the life of the other, and behold! sorrow and misery, grief and crime!

"Both are the Will of God!" said Death.

"Which is the flower of misery, and which of blessing?" she asked.

"That must I not tell thee," said Death, "but know that the one was the future of thine only child. It was the fate of thy child thou didst read—the future of thine only child."

Then cried out the terror-stricken mother, "It is enough! spare the innocent—save my child from all this misery. Bear him to God's kingdom; forget my prayers, forget my tears, and all that I have done and said."

"I understand thee not," said Death; "Wilt thou have thy child back again, or shall I take him to the home thou knowst not of?"

Then the mother wrung her hands, and sinking upon her knees, prayed to the Good God. "Listen not to me, O LORD, if I rebel against Thy Will, which is best, O listen not to me!" And she bowed her head upon her breast.

And Death went with the child to the Unknown Land.

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## THE LATE COLONEL SHORT.

*(From the Guardian.)*

"FEW of those who were acquainted, personally or by reputation, with the late Colonel Short, will fail to recognize the fitness of some tribute being offered to his memory in these columns, in connection with his recent removal from among us. In one sense, indeed, and that not an unimportant one, he may be considered to have been a public man. His hearty and indefatigable promotion of all works of charity and religion which came within his reach, as a Christian and a Churchman, had at the time of his death made him known beyond the immediate circle of his personal friends. Nor was he known thus favourably only to those whose sympathy and co-operation with him were based on a general agreement of principle or opinion. To all, indeed, who, under whatever obloquy, were honestly fighting under

the banners of the Church of England the battle which Colonel Short, in common with all other true sons of that Church, believed to be that of right against wrong, of God against the world, his ready sympathy, and, whenever possible, his energetic assistance, were never wanting. But even those who most differed from him never failed to recognize, in the brave and hearty frankness with which he urged what he felt to be right, something which, notwithstanding all differences, could not fail to win both respect and love. We feel sure, therefore, that those of our readers who had the happiness of enjoying Colonel Short's friendship will be grateful to us, and that those who had not will readily pardon us, if we devote a few lines to the commemoration of the only too brief but eminently useful life of this most faithful and earnest Christian. And in so doing we most cordially echo the wish expressed since his death by one of his friends, that 'his bright example of untiring zeal, fidelity, and courage may stimulate all who knew him to follow his steps.'

"Charles William Short, who died at his residence at Odiham, in Hampshire, on the 19th of January last, at the age of fifty-eight, was the eldest son of the late Charles Short, Esq., of Woodlands, Hants, Clerk of the rules of the Court of King's Bench, and Benchler of the Middle Temple. The first thirty-eight years of his life were devoted to a profession to which, and everything connected with it, he continued until the last to be warmly attached—the profession of a soldier. In the year 1814 he joined the Coldstream Guards as an Ensign, and in that regiment he continued until he quitted the army, in 1837, a Captain and Lieutenant-Colonel. He was present with the regiment at the battle of Quatre Bras, on the 16th of June, 1815, and at the battle of Waterloo on the 18th; and in both these actions, but especially the latter, the Coldstream Guards took, as is well known, a prominent and distinguished part; the defence of Hougomont, the key of the British position, having been successfully maintained by the brigade of Guards throughout that memorable battle. Colonel Short continued in France with the army of occupation, and went through the campaign; but with that campaign his active service ceased. During the remainder of his military life, however, he threw himself with characteristic activity and energy into the cause of progress and improvement in the sphere in which his lot was cast, and published several treatises on military subjects; among them one, a translation from the German, on outposts, and another on patrolling, which received the approbation of many military authorities—among others, that of the present Commander-in-Chief. And even as late as 1853, he published a little work in connection with military duties, which he entitled *Vade Mecum*, of the usefulness of which he received from many military men most satisfactory testimony. Indeed, up to his death, Colonel Short not only cherished warmly the recollections of his military life, but continued to live on terms of intimate friendship with many of his old comrades in the Guards, notwithstanding the differences of opinion which, in these days, lapse of time seems to bring with it, almost as a matter of course. Perhaps, too, we should not omit to record, in connection with this period of his life, an

achievement not a little characteristic of his energy and forethought, namely, his having been the captain and 'stroke' oar in the famous match rowed by the Guards' Club, against time, from Oxford to London, in 1823. The arrangements, as all who knew Colonel Short would anticipate, were excellent, and the match was won. He was also a good and fearless swimmer, and not only, on one occasion, in St. James's Park, saved a person's life, but published a little book on the art, or science, of natation.

"From the year 1837, when Colonel Short quitted the army, and engaged in mercantile pursuits, his life became more immediately devoted to works of charity and religion. Even in his new worldly profession, indeed, his busy, energetic habits speedily showed themselves; and he made two voyages to the West Indies and back, and became an active director of the Royal West India Mail Steam-packet Company. But his time was not the less unsparingly given to the many works of charity which came in his way, or rather, which he found out for himself. Whilst residing in Queen Square, Westminster, he was an attendant at the chapel in the Broadway, Westminster, then in a very dilapidated state, and quite inadequate for the accommodation of that poor and populous neighbourhood—a neighbourhood then more densely populous than now, when the magnificent opening called Victoria Street has been driven through the midst of it. The substitution for this chapel of the present large handsome church, known as Christ Church, Broadway, and the erection of schools in connection with it, was mainly the work of Colonel Short. He was not a man who could give largely of gold for building churches and schools; he gave of that indeed, freely, but he gave also what was better, his time and his trouble. Nor was this all. In that poverty-stricken district his sympathy and aid were freely given to the clergy in their difficulties, and to the poor in their distress; and even after he left the parish, he still continued to co-operate in many of the works that had formerly engaged him there.

"In 1847 the House of Charity, in Rose Street, Soho, was founded, for giving to persons reduced by misfortune, such a temporary shelter as might enable them permanently to recover and re-establish themselves. Colonel Short joined the Council of this charity soon after its foundation; and to his indefatigable exertions, we believe, it has been, under Providence, that the institution has owed its present establishment, and such measure of success as has attended it. It is, indeed, with this charity that his friends will ever most identify him. It occupied a prominent place in all his thoughts, and was the constant object of his solicitude and exertions. And the frequent means which it supplied of introducing to him deserving cases for his aid and sympathy in other ways, led to continual and unceasing deeds of real, and, for the most part, well-deserved charity and kindness.

"In 1852 Colonel Short left London, and went to reside at Odiham, in Hampshire. But he did not therefore sever his connection with the House of Charity; on the contrary, he continued regularly to attend there up to the time of his last illness, sleeping in London

for the purpose every week on the night of the meeting of the Council. But his settling at Odiham, opened, of course, fresh ground for his unwearied activity. Very soon after he came there the high wooden pews in the beautiful old parish church, began to disappear. Colonel Short had become churchwarden. Then the churchyard was put in order, and soon afterwards a quadrangle of old almshouses near the church, before fast verging to decay, were restored and reformed. And we believe that we are not wrong in saying, that there are few poor people in Odiham who will not feel his loss, and few charities there of which he was not a liberal and active supporter.

"Of the details of his simple and unostentatious mode of life, we forbear to speak; but this, at least, may be said, without any violation of confidence, and it may be useful to say it, that Colonel Short had no extraordinary resources at his command, in the shape of large wealth, to enable him to be charitable without trouble or at little cost. He was indeed most liberal after his means; but what he chiefly gave was trouble, time, hospitality, sympathy—and the remembrance of these things, with a firm trust in his SAVIOUR, supported him at the hour of death. He is now at rest from his labours, and most surely may it be added of him that 'his works do follow him.' It is touching to add, in conclusion, that in his last illness he was publicly prayed for by a Dissenting congregation in the neighbourhood—a circumstance alike honourable to those who were the actors in it, and illustrative of the honest kindness of him who was the subject of the prayer."<sup>1</sup>

## The Children's Corner.

### SCENES FROM LIFE.

#### CHAPTER V.

"Sweet one, make haste and know him too,  
Thine own adopting FATHER's love,  
That like thine earliest dew  
Thy dying sounds may prove."

*Christian Year.*

A FORTNIGHT had passed, and Ethel was indeed at home; it seemed as if she had lived from babyhood in the Vicarage, as if Mr. St. Clare were really the relative she called him. She had won so gently the hearts of all around her, that it was difficult to say who had felt the blessing

<sup>1</sup> We had the pleasure of numbering Colonel Short among our most welcome contributors.—ED. C. C.

of her coming most. Her presence in the village had ceased to excite attention, but she was always a welcome guest at every cottage door, and no day passed that she was not seen at some one or other, carrying with careful hands, a covered plate or saucer to an invalid, and with her soft voice and gentle touch, bringing sunshine as it were to many a sick bed or sorrowful heart. For Ethel was one of Nature's nurses, and possessed that intuitive tact, and quick noiseless footstep, that invalids know how to prize, and the absence of which often causes as much suffering as the disease itself. She was always ready to leave her play and listen to grandpapa's directions, and then with earnest face and cheerful alacrity, would carry his message or boon to the cottage described. She soon learnt to know the people by name, and to pay little graceful attentions of her own accord to the infirm and aged. She never seemed idle, though she had no fixed occupation, but all day long would go flitting about like a fairy, making up nosegays for everybody who was sick, feeding the pigeons, "helping Mrs. Willis, watching the bees, or nestling, when tired, by the old spaniel that slept all day in the sun, and would only rise when she called him, wag his tail and lie down again, and lick her hands.

It was on a hot August morning, that a little train was seen advancing through the wood to the Vicarage, and Ethel came running in to tell her grandpapa that there was a beautiful baby in the porch, and might she go and look at it?

Mr. St. Clare took her hand, and spoke seriously, "That baby, my love, is going to God's House, to be given to Him in Baptism, to be marked with His holy cross, and made His child. If you will be very quiet, you may go with us; but you must not speak, or ask any questions till her return here. Now go, my love," he added, seeing her puzzled face,—“carry this cake and wine to the mother of the baby, and ask her to sit and rest on the bench till I come.”

The young woman thankfully accepted the refreshment, and sat down in the flowery porch, and Ethel stood entranced before the baby.

"May I touch it?" she said, "the beautiful creature! may I kiss it?"

The mother made her sit on the step, and laid the sleeping infant on her lap,—Ethel bent her lips to touch it, but she did not speak. Thoughts came crowding to her mind, and she was glad when her grandpapa joined the group, and after a few kind inquiries, led the way to the church, the lich-gate of which stood at the end of his lawn.

"Hath this child been already baptized or no?" the words made Ethel start, and she looked up suddenly.

From the moment she had stood before the font, her eyes had been closed in remembrance. Scenes long past flitted before her, but too confused to be bearable, and pressing both hands against her forehead, she had stood there in doubt and perplexity. The voice broke the spell, and then she drew closer and listened attentively, but without any emotion, till the baby was given into the clergyman's arms,—then Ethel raised herself on tiptoe to see, and her parted lips closed again upon the words that followed, "We receive this child into the congregation of CHRIST'S Church, and do sign him with the sign of the Cross, in token—" but as the holy symbol was marked on the wet brow, Ethel sank down from the cushion to which she had crept, and hiding her face in her hands, wept long and bitterly, though the clustering curls prevented her being observed by more than one.

The service was over, the peasants gone, and Ethel still sat on the step of the font. A hand was laid on her head, and she rose to throw herself into his arms, and sob aloud. Mr. St. Clare led the weeping child to the house, and when the tears were dried or kissed away, and the bosom throbbed less wildly, he tried to find out the cause of her grief.

"Tell me, my darling, did you see the baby smile when the holy drops wetted its face? How the angels must rejoice, Ethel, when children are brought to God!"

"I know the words, grandpapa, I can say them," and Ethel slowly repeated the sentence that had so moved her, "In token that she shall not be ashamed to confess the faith, and to fight. I know what that means, I have not forgotten what you told me."



"I never told you, my child."

"Some one did,—I think you did, grandpapa."

The transient doubt that had once again troubled Mr. St. Clare whether Ethel were a Christian vanished in a moment, and he now sought to bring her gently back to some more distinct remembrance. She spoke and anticipated him.

"That font is very low, grandpapa."

"How did you know its name, dear?"

"It came into my head,—was that right?"

"Quite right,—but why do you say it is low?"

"Because I can see into it—see the water in it, I mean. Our font was high above my head,—he said I must not touch it or look into it. Oh, grandpapa! was it naughty in me, I quite forgot?" exclaimed the child, turning up to him a frightened face.

Mr. St. Clare stooped and kissed it. "No, my love, not at all naughty. No one told you not to look in or touch it."

"Yes, he did," persisted Ethel; "he did indeed, grandpapa, he said it would be naughty."

"Who said it, dearest?" and he anxiously waited the reply, for Ethel's hand was pressed to her head, and she answered slowly,

"The tall boy with dark hair,—Jem, I suppose, but I don't think that was his name,—I know it wasn't," and the look of bewilderment was so painful that Mr. St. Clare hastened to change the subject.

"When the sun is not so hot in the afternoon, my Ethel, we will go and see that pretty baby, and you shall carry it some clothes."

"O thank you!" exclaimed the child, her whole face changing like a dream, "do let us go soon, please grandpapa."

"When the leaves turn red, my love, then we will have long walks in the woods, and you shall show me the flowers you talk so much about. Now run away and tell Mrs. Willis we are ready for dinner."

Mr. St. Clare found that as soon as the exciting cause of Ethel's awakening memory was passed, her mind resumed its natural tone, and she ceased to think of any-

thing beyond the present. He was willing to wait patiently till her character should develop itself, and he thought some time must necessarily elapse before her gipsy life would be sufficiently forgotten to allow earlier events to return to her dormant recollection. Until then it was probable that casual circumstances might produce sudden bursts of light, as transient as they were vivid, and while carefully treasuring every one of her interesting reminiscences he earnestly endeavoured to avoid the temptation of exciting her memory by questions, and preferred allowing her mental growth to keep pace with that of her fragile though healthy little body.

He was so unwilling to constrain or fetter her impulses until he had obtained more insight into their probable direction, that he did not even attempt to teach her to read, and as she showed no inclination for anything but play, and performing little kindnesses to those around her, week after week passed on and still Ethel's education seemed no nearer to its commencement, when an apparently trivial circumstance decided this uncertainty, and made a great change in her hitherto monotonous life.

The promised walks had begun, and one evening Ethel and Mr. St. Clare were returning from an expedition to the cottage where the baby (still an immense attraction) resided, and had seated themselves to rest on the summit of a steep hill, when the sound of many feet and voices was heard, and from the opposite side of the ascent appeared a group of boys accompanied by the young man Mr. St. Clare had once before met. Unwilling to compromise him by acknowledging the acquaintance, the Clergyman sat still, but to his surprise the party stopped as they came up, and the young tutor lifting his hat, made some remark on the beauty of the evening, and turning to his pupils he mentioned Mr. St. Clare's name as a sort of introduction, and the boys who had stood still looking at Ethel, bowed very prettily he thought, and one or two rather coloured. Mr. St. Clare rose and said he was glad to make their acquaintance, and the young man with a half shy smile thanked him, and said they were going off on a long excursion, and must not delay.

They were gone, and Ethel looking wistfully after

them, but ere they had reached the bottom of the hill, the tallest boy had spoken to the tutor, and the next moment was running back, and before she could think why, he was at her side offering her a cap full of ripe nuts with a mixture of pleasure and embarrassment.

"May I, grandpapa?" and as the rich treasure was poured into her ready pinafore, she blushed crimson, and could only falter, "O, thank you very much."

"I am so glad you like them," said the boy heartily, "they are the ripest we have found." And Ethel venturing to look up as her grandpapa was thanking him for his kindness, saw a pair of dark eyes fixed for an instant on her, and then watched him running fast and merrily down the hill. The rest of the evening Ethel could do nothing but shell and admire her nuts, and talk of the "kind tall boy who had dark hair and eyes." Even after Mrs. Willis had drawn the curtains round her little bed, and stooped for the last kiss and good night, Ethel opened her eyes half sleepily and said, "It was so very kind to give me all of them,—you shall have some more to-morrow, Mrs. Willis. Good night."

This was Ethel's only interview with the Flemyngs; she knew who they were though quite well, and where they lived, and had often passed through the lane which divided their copse from the neighbouring fields, with lingering steps, and a certain half fear, half hope of seeing some of the children. Even the occasional explosions of Mrs. Willis' wrath which she heard against Lord Flemyng had not deprived Ethel of the desire of seeing him and judging for herself as to his rudeness, and wickedness, and yet somehow she had connected him with the numerous ogres and giants of whom Jem's narrations were composed, and there was an exciting feeling of dread in meeting him which gave a romance to every walk she took in that direction; but Ethel had become so bold as to pass the vicarage gate alone and extend her rambles far up the hill sides, especially during the mornings when Mr. St. Clare could not be her companion. She had asked Mrs. Willis why the Flemyngs, "those people," as she always called them, never came to church, and the answer had not been satisfactory, she was told

"not to ask such questions, for that little girls should be seen and not heard." And though she knew grandpapa never said so, and would have answered every question she asked him, yet there was some instinctive feeling which prevented Ethel ever alluding to the Flemings after the nuts were all eaten. But she thought of them so much the more, and her walks were now always towards the Park whenever she was sent out alone.

One afternoon Mr. St. Clare had been sent for to the village, just when they were starting on one of their long rambles, and as he put by his stick and took his Bible, Ethel knew that she must take her walk alone. He hurried after the messenger, and she was left to amuse herself as she liked. It was not wonderful that an hour later the little maiden should be pausing on the edge of the copse which bounded the northern side of the park, and holding a mental argument about climbing over the low hedge. Grandpapa had never told her not to go there. She was almost sure there were wild raspberry bushes growing further in, and how nice to take some home for his tea. Besides there was in Ethel's heart an innate love of adventure that had been unconsciously fostered by three years of constant change, and she smiled to herself as she began to mount the hedge, holding by the ivy twigs that were so strong, and feeling almost inclined to sing for very happiness. A few more steps, up and then down, a cautious spring, and she was standing on the dry crackling leaves and beech mast of last year. For a few moments she stood listening intently, then softly pursued her way, stopping now and then to gather with scarcely suppressed delight some new treasure, till her further progress was barred by a green railing quite hidden among laurels and shrubs. It needed but a light spring, and Ethel was actually within the ogre's territory, and now for the first time she repented her adventure. Her ladylike feelings told her she was an intruder, for there is in very young children a wonderful delicacy and sensitiveness on some points, where older people are often deficient; and added to this, all the fairy tales she had ever heard, appeared to

her excited imagination to present Lord Flemyng as their ubiquitous hero.

She gasped for breath as she heard distant voices, and clung to the railing as if it could protect her. A tame pony of the children's had perhaps caught sight of Ethel, when she first peered timidly out between the bushes, and now stood rubbing his neck against the paling, between which and the child was a gravelled path, and trying to entice her out to pet him. The voices she had heard drew nearer, and in a few minutes the frightened girl was partly comforted by hearing and seeing too the arrival of her friends of the hill, who stopped to fondle and stroke the pony.

They were noble handsome boys, so tall and humorous, that Ethel did not see at first their little sister was with them; but one of her brothers lifted her on to the pony, and then Ethel gazed admiringly on the loveliest creature she had ever seen. She was quite sure, (even her fear did not check the delight of this sensation,) except in one picture long ago seen, well remembered now, though so totally forgotten till this moment, there never could be any face so beautiful. The longer Ethel looked, the more vividly was the picture brought back to her. There was a lady seated in a chair, whose old-fashioned rail stood up in the corner of the picture; her arms were clasped round a child, and her head was lightly pressed against his, while her eyes with their divine expression of love and peace seemed to Ethel's childish fancy to be following her.

There was another boy in the picture, with folded hands, but the mother had absorbed all her attention, and she had nearly forgotten him; forgotten all indeed, till the face of Cecile Flemyng had brought it all back. The band of hair, the drapery on the head disclosing one ear and part of the neck, the fringe of the garment she wore, the hands clasped round her divine son, Ethel saw them all again, and so vividly that her memory showed her also a table below the picture, with a large purple Bible resting on it. She roused up from her momentary dream, and began to watch the party before her, but Ethel never looked at Cecile Flemyng's face again, with-

out the recollection of that long forgotten picture returning to her.

She did not understand the subject of their conversation; there was a great deal of loud talking and arguing; it seemed about one of their number who was absent; indeed Ethel had not failed to miss the kind boy who had given her the nuts, but she was far from suspecting that she herself was the remote cause of his absence. The previous Sunday had been wet, and at breakfast Lady Flemyng had suggested that it would hardly do to go to church, and desired the carriage might not be prepared for Cecile, adding it was a pity the distance was so great. Stanhope, the second, whose undaunted spirit often got him into scrapes, exclaimed suddenly, looking up, "Why not go to the village church to-day, it will save us a walk and a wetting; do let us go, mother."

"You will do no such thing, sir," said Lord Flemyng, angrily, looking off a letter he was reading. "Hold your tongue."

"But every one says it's right to go to one's parish church," continued Stanhope, heedless of the lowering brows of his father, "and we always did in London, why should we not here?"

"Because I don't choose it; that's enough I suppose for you."

Mr. Gresham held up a warning finger, and shook his head, but Stanhope, spite of that, and his mother's deprecating face, went on balancing his knife on his thumb and forefinger.

"But it seems as if we had quarrelled with Mr. St. Clare, and he had ordered us off to another parish; do let us go to the village church to-day, papa."

Lord Flemyng rose with something as near an expletive as he ever allowed himself in the presence of his wife and daughter, and giving Stanhope such a box of the ear as sent him off his chair, ordered him to leave the room, and then after the little calm that had followed the bang of the door which accompanied Stanhope's exit, Lord Flemyng turned sharply upon the tutor, and told him that instead of trying to cram the boys' head with Latin and Greek, he had better flog into them a little

respect for their superiors, and that as for Stanhope he grew more impertinent every week.

Lady Flemyng leant back in her chair, and put her hand over her eyes, as she always did when her husband was angry, and Mr. Gresham wisely held his peace, so that after another pause, Lord Flemyng told Arthur, one of the youngest, to go and say to his brother that he was not to leave the house until he had permission, and then rising abruptly, collected his letters and newspapers, and took himself off without even his usual petting of his little daughter.

The day of Ethel's adventure was Wednesday, and Mr. Gresham had not yet succeeded in bringing Stanhope to confess he had behaved ill, so that although he came down and took his meals with the others, and sometimes saw his father, there was a dogged sullen manner about the boy which prevented Lord Flemyng, in his rough way, from "making up," as he called it, and Stanhope had never been taught the obedience and reverence which would have shown him days ago how much blame he deserved.

Mr. Gresham was trying now to undo much in his pupils' education, but he was very young and inexperienced, and had no idea, when he came to them but a few months ago, of the difficulties he had to contend with, both from the previous mismanagement of the boys, and the example and treatment of their father, but he had succeeded even beyond his wish in winning their warm young hearts, easily accessible to kindness and firmness, for he saw with regret that they would do as he asked or recommended, not because it was right, but in order to please him. The present was an opportunity he hoped to improve, and many were the lectures and reasons he bestowed upon Stanhope, and not without effect, although as yet the boy was not sufficiently humbled to make submission to his father.

Stanhope's sudden desire to go to the village church had been caused by his wish to see Ethel again, for he was just the age when beauty begins to make a deep impression, especially when coupled with helplessness, and by consequence, inferiority, and all he had heard of the

little stranger, exaggerated as it was, had surrounded her with a kind of romance, most bewitching to an imaginative boy of fourteen.

Ethel remained in her concealment, earnestly listening and looking, in her newly awakened admiration at the child on the pony. A new feeling was creeping over her heart, whether of pain or pleasure she did not know, but Cecile spoke, and she strained her neck forward to listen.

"What o'clock is it?" she asked; "I want my tea; I am so thirsty; lift me down, Erskine, and let us go home."

Her brother did her bidding, looking at his watch. "Five o'clock, and there comes your new woman of the bedchamber, Mary Arden, to say that your majesty's tea is cooling."

The child laughed, a merry ringing laugh it was, and yet somehow it grated on Ethel's ear. Then she took her brother's hand, and the group moved on up the steep lawn to meet the servant who was now seen coming towards them.

Ethel leant against the railing and sobbed bitterly; her heart seemed bursting with its sorrows; the strange sensations which had been gradually creeping over her during the children's talk, were all merged into one wild longing for a brother. Oh, if she had but one to walk and play with her, to lift her over the fences, to hold her in his arms, to tell her stories, to love her dearly. Only one, and Cecile was so rich in brothers, four or five she had counted there. "Cecile"—what a sweet name! She had heard it several times while she lay crouching there; and hiding her face in her frock, little Ethel kept saying that name over and over. She remembered climbing up a kind knee and asking, "Do you like it better than Ethel, papa." And the answer came like a music of the wind on her memory, and died away as suddenly, "I like Ethel better than any name in the world, my darling." But who had said it? The child took away her hands from her face, and looked fearfully round as if she fancied a voice had spoken in the wood, for the gleam of recollection had been so vivid. She half expected to



feel a kiss on her forehead, to see a brother standing at her side.

The shadows were lengthening when Ethel reached the vicarage, and found Mr. St. Clare rather anxious at her long absence. The smile which generally dwelt on her face, had come back to its accustomed home, and she threw her arms about his neck as he stooped to kiss her, and whispered how dearly she loved him, and held up the raspberries which had not been forgotten; but strange enough, she said not a word of her adventure, though she thought of little else for days. She walked constantly by the copse, eagerly looking out for some of the party. Her longing for a brother continued, though it took a less wild and eager character; indeed she was so dearly loved, so fondly petted, and so constantly with her grandpapa, that it was scarcely possible she should feel lonely, or in want of a companion, except during her solitary walks; but Ethel was a bright spirited child, with great capacity for play and merriment, and so missed, far more than a graver girl could have done, the companionship of children. A feeling between instinct and tact prevented her ever mentioning the Flemyngs to Mr. St. Clare, and soon after the adventure of the nuts on the hill, he thought she had forgotten them. Lord Flemyng's continued avoidance of him entirely prevented his ever attempting to procure the acquaintance of the children for Ethel. Mary Arden was gone to her place, and Sunday after Sunday the good old man was disappointed at not meeting her with the rest of her family, when he came out of church, but this sufficed to show him how little hope there was of gaining the goodwill of the imperious master of the park.

About a week after her last adventure, Ethel again found herself one bright afternoon in the copse. Tired of straying on the hill, and making posies to fling away as quickly, little Ethel was returning home, when a sudden desire to sit and rest in the copse took possession of her. She looked round to see that no one was near, then clambered over the low hedge. She sat in a perfect nest of tall weeds, idly pulling off the moss which covered the trunk of the tree which formed her seat, when wear-

ness overtook her, she fell asleep. It was not long, however, before voices roused her, and returning consciousness coloured her cheek, for she knew by the laughter and gay voices that seemed approaching, that the Flemyngs were in the copse,—a few moments brought them into view. It was her old friend Stanhope and another called Hugh, (Ethel seemed to know their names by instinct,) who had made a kind of throne, and were carrying their sister in merry triumph through the wood, almost in a straight line towards Ethel, who half pleased as she was, tried to sink back deeper into her flowery concealment. The boys set their light burden down on a mimic throne of moss and roots, and desiring her not to move till they came back, ran off to fetch her a feast as they said—a feast of blackberries, ripe nuts, and acorns.

At first Cecile collected the dead leaves around her, and stuck them into the open work of her white frock, then taking off her bonnet, she shook back the long curls which had strayed over her shoulders. The front hair was plainly braided in an unusual way for such a child. She looked around as if seeking some amusement, and unable any longer to remain concealed, Ethel rose, and quietly coming out of her hiding place, stood before the stranger. The little maid might have been a Spartan for the self-possession she evinced; she neither started nor screamed, but looked up gravely at the intruder. Ethel smiled; that was the introduction to many years of friendship; a corresponding sunbeam lighted Cecile's face, and putting up her fat little arms, she pulled her new companion down and kissed her. "How pretty you are," she said, "now we can play at ladies in waiting."

It was scarcely ten minutes before the brothers returned, and were greatly surprised to see Cecile's new playfellow. Stanhope stood a moment in admiration, and then said, "You are Mr. St. Clare's little girl."

"He is my grandpapa," said Ethel, and then added, "you are the kind dark boy who gave me the nuts."

It would have puzzled Ethel to tell why she attached so much importance to dark eyes and hair, yet these were certainly now the cause of her wistful gaze at Stanhope;

and while she looked, there came stealing over her memories of former days. She felt as if she could fling her arms about him, and call him "brother."

Ethel's face was one that showed too plainly all that passed within, and now it was so full of perplexity, longing, and sorrow, that Stanhope involuntarily stopped in his intended offering of blackberries and nuts, and stood smoothing down his little sister's hair, and looking intently into Ethel's sweet face, which he thought the sweetest he had ever seen : but as usual, the cloud of the present swept across the past, and as the fair recollection faded, and left only the blank in her heart, Ethel burst into tears, and hid her face with her curls,—the sad want again forcing itself upon her,—she had no brother.

The boys were on their knees in a moment. Cecile had wound her arms round her, and was covering the downcast face with her kisses. Stanhope had gently drawn the head, with all its clustering curls, towards him, and leant it against his shoulder, and was whispering every comfort he could think of : but Ethel's tears still flowed, even while she let her head rest there, and felt his arm caressingly round her.

There was a long silence—long for a group of children—and the rustling of the leaves was heard, as the light breeze of the autumn day stirred them. A few half-sobbed, whispered words, and Stanhope has drawn her closer, and bent his head to listen, and his own dark eyelashes are wet as he speaks again.

"I will be your brother,—Hugh and I—and Cecile shall be a sister,—will that do, Ethel ? and you will often come and see us, and learn to love us all ?"

"If my grandpapa will let me!" sobbed Ethel.

"Oh, Mr. St. Clare is kind to every one, so they say in the village ; and besides, Cecile shall ask him. No one refuses Ceci any thing."

"Except Hammond," said the child, gravely.

"When you want too many clean frocks," Stanhope said, laughing, "and when you tear them all down the front, eh, Cecile ?"

"Do you tear your frocks ?" Ethel asked, looking at the beautiful work which contrasted with her own plain

cotton. "So do I, sometimes, and Mrs. Willis is angry, she says ladies ought to be quiet, and not romp and run; but grandpapa never scolds, but laughs, and calls me a wild bird."

"Cecile is not a wild bird," Hugh said. "She is graver than all of us, and looks often as if she were in Church."

"Why do you never come to Church?" Ethel asked, looking suddenly up.

Stanhope's colour mounted high, as he said, "We go to another church farther off, every Sunday."

"Do you? I wish you went with us. It's nicer to go where you can hear the bells calling you all the way, and where the music seems to speak so plain."

The children were silent. It was rather a sore subject with them all; though Stanhope, with the help of Mr. Gresham, had been extricated from his Sunday scrape, it had not been until nearly a week of confinement and solitude had in some degree reduced his spirit. But his tutor's efforts had not been in vain; and when, on the following Saturday at breakfast he had walked up to Lord Flemyng's chair, and made a short but manly apology, and begged his pardon, the effect had been quite startling. His father looked at him a moment, as if his ears had deceived him, and then, holding out his hand for a shake of reconciliation, declared that he was a fine fellow, after all, and that a gentleman could say no more. "Forgive him! of course; shake hands again, my boy, and make up."

Stanhope had gone round to his mother's chair, and held down his hot, glowing face for her warm kiss. Mr. Gresham received a look and nod of approval from Lord Flemyng, so that the breakfast table was a scene of more than usual comfort.

But the boy had not recovered the painful feeling of humiliation and self-reproach, and his brothers had never alluded to it, so that now, at Ethel's question, the whole past week of trouble seemed to be for a moment recalled. He struggled against the feeling, however, and answered her remark, after a pause.

"Papa will not allow it, or we should like to go to Mr. St. Clare's church."

"Oh, it is not his," Ethel said, with simplicity, "It belongs to God."

"So does ours," Cecile gravely remarked, "and we have a beautiful picture. I look at it all the time he is preaching."

"We have many pictures, too,—beautiful coloured pictures. One that I like best is a sick girl with long hair, lying on a couch. Her name is Jairus's daughter; and He is standing by with His hand up,—so!—and saying, 'The maid is not dead, but sleepeth.' Do you know about that story? it is in the Bible. Grandpapa tells me a story every night."

"Mamma tells me stories," the dark-eyed child said, "and I have picture-books, and pictures in frames hung in my room. I shall show them to you one day."

"Come and see them now," said Hugh, rising, for Stanhope had sunk into silence, "come up now, and we will show you such pretty things."

"I don't know if I may," Ethel said, half rising at the same time, "Grandpapa might not like me to go without asking."

"Oh, I am sure he will not mind. Do, please, Ethel, come up. You shall see my great doll, and the little ones who wait upon her. What do you think is her name? Beatrix Isabella; but I always call her Beatrix."

Ethel still hesitated, but Stanhope added his entreaties, and said that he would take her home, and tell Mr. St. Clare the reason; besides, it was not disobedience, had she ever been told not to go? Oh, he was quite sure her grandpapa would not care.

In a few minutes Ethel found herself walking up the same steep path where she had first seen the children,—one hand clasped in Stanhope's, and the other yielded to her new little playfellow, and actually approaching the mansion of the dreaded and redoubtable Lord Flem yng.

## Reviews and Notices.

*The Mormons: the Dream and the Reality.* Edited by a Clergyman. London: Masters.

Various works have been written upon Mormonism, but the great majority have been so mixed up with fiction, that it has been a difficult matter to know what to believe, and what to refuse. This difficulty (and it is a serious one to a Parish Priest,) has been removed by a little book issued at a cheap rate, and in a nice form, by our publisher. A considerable degree of interest attaches to the work from the fact, that it is written by a tradesman of good principles, who was so enamoured of Mormonism, as to relinquish a fair business in London, in order to ally himself to the inhabitants of the Salt Lake. As he had strong religious principles, and as Mormon teaching in England was so different to what he found it to be at his journey's end, and as he discovered in time that it was impossible for him to become a thorough Mormonist, he watched for an opportunity of effecting his escape from the city, which he contrived to do, though he has not been as yet able to return to England. The whole object had in view throughout the book has been to

"Nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice."

Though small, the book contains a full detail of the impostures, robberies, debaucheries, and abominations, that prevail among these so-called Latter Day Saints. When one considers the vast masses that are being weekly, nay daily entrapped both in town and country, by the missionaries of this fearful heresy, one cannot but hail a work which should be circulated largely (not by one and two) throughout the parishes of England, that the misguided enthusiasts may see what they may expect to meet with in that land, to enter which they are prepared to make such vast sacrifices, ay, to give up all—a zeal worthy a better cause.

*Magdala, and Bethany, a pilgrimage.* By the Rev. S. C. MALAN, M.A., Vicar of Broadwindsor, Dorset. We have often perused, with a large amount of satisfaction, the more learned and elaborate works of Mr. Malan, who has done good service to sacred literature. We are equally glad to meet him in the simpler walk which he has now chosen. It will open to him a wider field of usefulness, and cause him to be the means of conveying instruction to many whom his other labours could not reach. We do not hesitate to say, that the season has not produced a more charming or useful little book, and we trust its circulation will be commensurate with its merits. The following specimen tells its own tale:—

"Above the sky was open and clear, and a light breeze, wafted from the east, already stirred among the hills that fondly looked into the lake below,—so tranquil and so blue.

"At my feet, and looking north, the shore curved gently along the water's edge, as far as the place where the Jordan falls into the lake, between two or three miles from where I sat; and beyond, it

stretched into a sloping plain at the foot of the hills. That is 'the desert place belonging to the city called Bethsaida,' (Julias,) to which our SAVIOUR and His disciples went over the Sea of Galilee by ship privately. (S. Luke ix. 10.)

"On the opposite shore eastward, arose the hills and high table-land of Golân, and the precipitous cliffs of Gadara beyond, to the southward, near the opening of El-Ghor, the Valley of Jordan, where the river issues from the lake. And to the west, the mountains that rise above Tiberias; then the rocks of Magdala; the winding shore of the plain, or 'land of Gennesaret,' and the projecting hill by 'Ain et-Tîn,' that stretched as far as immediately below the place upon which I was sitting,—laid before me the whole extent of the lake, and of the hills that rise around it. I sat, where—

" 'Below, Gennesaret's main,  
Spreads many a mile of liquid plain,  
(Though all seem gathered in one eager bound,)  
Then narrowing cleaves yon palmy lea,  
Towards that deep sulphureous sea,  
Where five proud cities lie, by one dire sentence drown'd.'

"Awful and holy scene! awful indeed to him who views it as he ought; and holy too, for here the SON of GOD, our LORD JESUS, prayed earnestly for us, when about to give up Himself, 'the true bread from heaven,' as our only food of life here in this wilderness world. 'LORD! evermore give us this bread!'—Here we may think of Him, when on yonder desert plain He looked up to heaven, and blessed the food He was going to bestow freely to all. But that look was not of thanks or of blessing alone. The hour was at hand; only one more Passover ere He suffered; when His body would be broken; when His blood would be shed, and His own flesh would be given for the life of the world. That look was a look of resignation, a look of obedience, 'FATHER, not as I will, but as Thou wilt.' Here indeed

" '——we may sit and dream  
Over the heavenly theme,  
Till our soul to former days return;  
Till on the grassy bed,  
Where thousands once He fed,  
The world's incarnate Maker we discern.'

"We may think—but we shall never know, all He uttered in His intercession for us, when He spent the night-long watches in prayer to His FATHER, and our FATHER, on one of yonder hills, while

" 'The Paschal moon above  
Seem'd like a saint to rove,  
Left shining in the world with CHAIST alone.'

"And it was on these waters, which here, below

" 'Sleep sweetly in th' embrace  
Of mountains terraced high with mossy stone;'

that the little bark which had left the shore without Him Who alone made it safe, was tossed and in jeopardy; for the wind was contrary,

and the waves rose high and threatened to sink the boat in which the disciples were. But He had seen them from where He prayed. And walking on the billows, He came to them in the hour of need. At first they knew Him not, and were afraid. But when He said, 'It is I, be not afraid !' they received Him at once and gladly. He bade the wind, and it was hushed ; and commanded the sea, and it cowered at His feet. He said, ' Peace, be still ! and there was a great calm.' And not only that ; but the ship was at once at the place whither they went. They had the LORD with them ; they were safe and at rest.

"Think of Him then, poor, sorrowful, and tried, but beloved sinner ! Sorrowful, for it behoves thee to sorrow if thou knowest thyself ; and tried if thou be loved ; for it is to do thee good at thy latter end, and to make thee meet partaker of His glory ; and beloved, since thou art tried, for He loved thee, even unto the trial of agony and of death. Think of HIM then, walking on the raging billows of the Sea of Galilee, and saying to His affrighted disciples, ' It is I, be not afraid,' when thou too art tossed to and fro on the waves of life, and buffeted by gusts of affliction. Even then, fear not. Only hearken ; and in the midst of the storm, when the wind blows and the surf rises high, His voice may be heard, saying, ' It is I ;' I send the wind and raise the waves, which all obey Me ; therefore, ' be not afraid ;' but be of good cheer. Thou must be tossed and tried for a while ; but I am with thee in the ship, My ship !—it will land thee safe on yonder shore whither thou art going ; the shore of My own eternal Kingdom.

"All these sacred associations crowd at once on this spot. For as I might fancy the very place on the opposite shore which the disciples' boat left, so also I could easily see them rowing immediately below, and toiling to reach the 'other side before unto Bethsaida, and towards Capernaum, in the land of Gennesaret,'—the shore along which I had walked on my way hither, and which now stretched on my right and behind me. Here then I saw the Gospel narrative true to the letter, and I understood it as I never had done before.

" ' Landscape of fear ! yet, weary heart,  
Thou need'st not in thy gloom depart,  
Nor fainting turn to seek thy distant home ;  
Sweetly thy sickening throbs are ey'd  
By the kind SAVIOUR at thy side,  
For healing and for balm even now thine hour is come.

" ' No fiery wing is seen to glide,  
No cates ambrosial are supplied,  
But one poor fisher's rude and scanty store  
Is all He asks (and more than needs)  
Who men and angels daily feeds,  
And stills the walling sea-bird on the hungry shore.

" ' The feast is o'er, the guests are gone,  
And over all that upland lone  
The breeze of eve sweeps wildly as of old—  
But far unlike the former dreams,  
The heart's sweet moonlight softly gleams  
Upon life's varied view, so joyless erst and cold.' "

Pp. 34—38.



*The Little Gardeners* is a pleasing allegory for children, and will no doubt find many youthful readers.

Those who take an interest in (and who does not) the question of sisterhoods, will be glad to read a little work, entitled the *Kaiserswerth Deaconesses*. The details are particularly interesting, and the account may be depended upon as coming from an authentic source.

Under the title of *Prayer for the Priesthood*, Mr. NEVINS has published a sensible and practical sermon; while Mr. SANKEY, under the title of *Bible Exercises*, has put forth a useful work for teachers in Sunday or day schools, which we can cordially recommend.

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### The Editor's Desk.

THE Convocation of Canterbury has met and—adjourned. This appears to be almost all that can be said. It has been allowed to meet, and sit without interruption. Subjects of greatest moment have been debated with calmness, good temper, and knowledge. But nothing has been done. No practical matter has been resolved upon; no matter we mean which they had the power to decide, for of course canons, &c. are out of the question without the permission of the crown. This is a matter of regret, since there is a growing feeling, expressed even in the *Times*, that it has a province of its own, that it may be of use in preparing measures to be submitted to Parliament for consideration; and with this fact before us, we do regret that some practical conclusion affecting our large parishes and home missionary work has not been arrived at. The debates themselves are certainly very satisfactory. They were undoubtedly prolix, since the report fills sixteen columns of the *Guardian*. They are moreover, most satisfactory, inasmuch as they show that men of the most opposite views on church matters can act together, and deliberate as gentlemen and Christians ought to do. But we do think the church wants "work—plans of work," and not mere talk, however good. Yet perhaps those who are "outside" may not be able to judge rightly the proceedings of Convocation. They may be after all dictated by wisdom, and it may be thought desirable, that the important subjects brought forward should be thus ventilated, and an opportunity given to the several proctors to ascertain the feelings and wishes of their constituents, before any decisive steps are taken. The end will show.

As a sign of the times, we are glad to observe, that a series of discourses are about to be preached in the University Church of S. Mary's, Oxford, on the Wednesdays and Fridays during the present Lenten season. They are intended expressly for the undergraduates. Several Bishops are expected to take part in the course.

Dr. Biber, it will be remembered, proposed and carried a resolution at a recent meeting of the S.P.C.K., requesting the standing committee to take into consideration the expediency of preparing a

revised edition of the Holy Scriptures. The matter was fully discussed by the committee, who came to the following decision :— "That the standing committee have taken into serious consideration the important question referred to them by the board, and they are of opinion that it is not expedient for the society to undertake the preparation of such a work."

Miss Burdett Coutts, ever ready in works of charity and mercy, has been extending her bounty to some five hundred of the children connected with the National Schools of S. Leonard's, Shoreditch. An ample supply of tea was provided, and various amusements for the entertainment of the youthful guests, closed a very pleasant and happy evening.

The work of church building and church restoration is going on favourably. Under the latter head, we notice with a considerable degree of satisfaction, that energetic steps are being taken for the rebuilding of Wallasey Church, the old one with its pews and miserable internal decorations, having been destroyed by fire on the 1st of February.

## The Cabinet.

**LIFE ETERNAL.**—How blessed and wonderful, brethren, are the gifts of GOD ! Life in immortality ; brightness in righteousness ; truth in freedom ; faith in confidence ; self-restraint in holiness ! And all these points we can now understand. What things, then, are prepared for them who wait for Him ? The Creator and Father of the ages—the All-holy One—knows their greatness and beauty. Let us, then, strive to be found in the number of those who wait for Him, that we may share the promised gifts. But how will this be, beloved ? If our mind be established by faith in GOD ; if we seek out whatever is pleasing and acceptable to Him ; if we accomplish what is agreeable to His most perfect will, and follow the way of truth.—*S. Clement of Rome.*

**THE CROSS.**—Every action of CHRIST is a glory to the Church Catholic ; but the glory of glories is the Cross.—*S. Cyril of Jerusalem.*

**THE VALUE OF THE SOUL.**—Nothing, no, not the whole world, is an equivalent for the soul : so that if you give away money beyond reckoning to the poor, you will not achieve so great a work as he who converts one soul.—*S. Chrysostom.*

**THE STANDING OF A CHRISTIAN.**—O Christian, acknowledge your own dignity, and being made a partaker of the Divine nature, do not by a degenerate life return voluntarily to your old vileness. Remember of what Head and Body you are a member. Bear in mind that, rescued from the Power of Darkness, you are translated into the light and kingdom of GOD. By the Sacrament of Baptism you are made a Temple of the HOLY GHOST ; do not willingly drive such an indweller from you by evil deeds, nor subject yourself again to the

servitude of the Devil. The price paid for you is the Blood of CHRIST, and He, Who in mercy redeemed you, will with truth judge you ; He Who with the FATHER and the HOLY SPIRIT reigns for ever and ever.—*S. Leo.*

GOD.—What art Thou, then, my God ? What but the LORD GOD ? For who is Lord but the LORD, or who is God save our God ? Most Highest, most Good, most Potent, most Omnipotent. Most merciful, yet most just ; most hidden, yet most present ; most beautiful, yet most strong. Stable, yet incomprehensible ; unchangeable, yet all changing. Never new, never old ; all-renewing, and bringing age upon the proud, and they know it not. Ever working, ever at rest ; still gathering, yet nothing lacking ; supporting, filling, and over-spreading ; creating, nourishing, and maturing ; seeking, yet having all things. Thou lovest without passion ; art jealous without anxiety ; repentest, yet grieveest not ; art angry, yet serene ; changest Thy works, Thy purpose unchanged ; receivest again what Thou findest, yet didst never lose. Never in need, yet rejoicing in gains ; never covetous, yet exacting usury. Thou receivest over and above, that Thou mayest owe : and who hath aught that is not Thine ? Thou payest debts, owing nothing ; remittest debts, losing nothing. And what have I now said, my GOD, my Life, my holy joy, or what saith any man, when he speaks of Thee ? Yet woe to him that speaketh not, since mute are even the most eloquent.—*S. Aug. Conf.*

*A few pickings out of Selden's Table Talk.*

SUPERSTITION.—They that are against superstition oftentimes run into the wrong side. If I will wear all colours but black, then am I superstitious in not wearing black.

They pretend not to abide the Cross, because it is superstitious : for my part, I will believe them when I see them throw their money out of their pockets, and not till then.

TRADITION.—Say what you will against tradition, we know the signification of words by nothing but tradition. You will say, the Scripture was written by the HOLY SPIRIT, but do you understand what language 'twas written in ? No. Then for example, take these words (*In principio erat Verbum*). How do you know those words signify (*In the beginning was the Word*) but by tradition, because some body has told you so ?

PARITY.—This is the juggling trick of the parity ; they would have nobody above them, but they do not tell you they would have nobody under them.

LITURGY.—There is no Church without a Liturgy, nor indeed can there be conveniently, as there is no school without a grammar. One scholar may be taught otherwise upon the stock of his acumen, but not a whole school. One or two that are piously disposed, may serve themselves their own way, but hardly a whole nation.

To know what was generally believed in all ages, the way is to consult the Liturgies, not any private man's writings. As, if you would know how the Church of England serves God, go to the Common Prayer Book, consult not this nor that man.

# THE Churchman's Companion.

PART CXXIV. VOL. XXI.]

[APRIL, 1887.]

## UNA; A DOUBLE STORY.

### CHAPTER XVI.

“And, oh! the home whence thy bright smile hath parted!  
Will it not seem as if the sunny day  
Turned from its door away,  
While, through its chambers, wandering, weary-hearted,  
I languish for thy voice, which past me still,  
Went like a singing rill?”

THERE had been a week of great preparation and solemn retirement, when the young catechumens met only at especial hours, with their watchful friend and priest. Sunday had been a bright interval; they had assembled, as they were wont, at Maveryn House, one Sunday more, and then the brightest and best would be elsewhere. All arrangements had been well timed by the judicious Agnes, under her brother's direction; there was no bustle of preparation now, every minute trifle had been forestalled and settled. On Thursday Cyril's mother, with Dr. Bouverie's two little girls, arrived. On Friday early they set forth for Exeter, where the Dean was to meet them.

To Mildred, everything was new and beautiful, as to a recluse; a great city and a cathedral, mere names and visions heretofore, but she could never dream then of the twofold link that would bind the holy pile in her most reverent living memory. So grand and solemn, so to her unearthly, were the mingled voices of the choir, and the unrivalled organ—low, then swelling higher and higher, most glorious and full of worship, sounded the simple hymn chosen from the Ordination Service—and she

poured out her grateful soul, praying for herself, for all who shared with her that day, the sevenfold gift. Her gentle spirit, folded like a young dove in its mother's bosom, lay safe and calm ; and winds and storms of earth, while her rest and trust were there, could have no power to pluck her from that mother's wing. Pure and beautiful she looked without, as she most sought to be within, with her long veil falling round her to shroud her from the world, and her white dress giving her a spirit-likeness as she moved with Lancy and the others down the long clustering aisles when the service was concluded. Bright ! bright ! in promise and fulfilment, that day had been, and they started homewards with the addition of Dr. Bouverie to their party.

"I shall hope to be ordained in Exeter Cathedral," Cyril said, as they were driving home.

"It will have an association to us all," remarked Miss Maxwell, "for the rest of our lives."

"Una will see many far more beautiful by and by ; she will not keep faith with those of her native land," observed Mr. Maxwell.

He was fond of teasing her ; it was the only way by which he could involuntarily draw her out : but the quiet of her own thoughts harmonised better with her present frame of mind than general conversation, and no reply was elicited. The Dean studied her ; the very youthful bride whose union with his ward and nephew he had come to witness, or to solemnise, but she was not to be learned by reading.

Henry Maxwell studied nothing ; the great blank was slow to fill, but he was manful : and on this day he signed the compact that should save him from such error for the future. He had unburdened his mind, and could endure the penalty of his long reserve,—could be among them, and hear that constant theme, and note the daily preparation for the accomplishment of their happiness ; but it was under a strained self-command, a struggle of days and weeks. It had been no fierce conflict and complete victory, but a long storm siege,—long parleyings with the tempter,—low whisperings of life's uncertainties, of death and widowhood, when he might once more

have an open right to tread the fair ground for her; but education, principle, cousinship, all were outraged at the bare suggestion. "She is to die to me," he murmured, "to be no more the pearl of my sea home, but simply my cousin Cyril's wife: O God, keep me, that I break not this vow. Help me to be true to myself, and faithful to him, for his sweet Una's sake, and in obedience to Thee;" and with this he relinquished his long passionate love for her, that no breathing of it should ever reach her, to mar, as with her gentle nature he felt sure it would, the sweet happiness of her way.

It was a calm morning, the next after confirmation, so full of the type and promise of that better life, that Cyril and Mildred scarcely dared to talk thereof, as the bells chimed for the Sunday service, and they walked slowly up and down the lime avenue. The sun shone; the beautiful virgin lilies lifted up their snowy petals to his rays, the great sea rippled in foaming curls, the waves lay all at rest.

"It is ten years ago to-day since I came here," observed Mildred; "I have been wilful and wild many, many times since then, it seems as though yesterday made me a woman, ought I to feel afraid about to-day?"

"It is safest for you, Mildred; at least my uncle told me so, when the eternal Feast was first spread for me."

"It is a strange, great privilege; one that I have longed and yet feared to hope for, since it was deferred two years ago. It feels, too," she added, as he drew her arm within his, "as if it gave us a nearer right to be happy afterwards."

"The seal to our promise of that day," answered Cyril, "that God should be first in our love, and each other in Him."

"I try to think sometimes whether I could fight without you; there are changes and chances, and they may be sent to us—"

"To-morrow, remember, Mildred," he said in his clear sweet tones, "to-morrow! they cannot give us to each other here for ever, only until death part us. Yesterday we were given to God for ever, to be always and for ever His. Do you see the difference? His love is everlasting."

ing; ours, deep, and full, and fervent though it be, is but human."

"We will set Him first," she answered slowly, as they passed into the churchyard, and on to their separate places in the church.

That evening Mildred had her last walk, and a long serious talk with Mr. Maxwell. It was no slight surrendering; in their relative positions of child and guardian the ties of domestic love had grown up between them, and a charm that had hallowed and influenced these ten years of his life would pass away for ever with her going on the morrow. There were not many subjects treated of; chiefly perhaps he talked of those wifely duties which as a Christian lady she would have to discharge, and bade her remember, and use to His glory, the rich store of graces with which it had pleased God to endow her. He took her round to say farewell to one and all of her friends in the lower village. If the love of the lowly be a proof that we have wrought well our appointed part, Mildred might show forth a fair earnest of her labours. She had been devoted to their welfare: nursed the sick, taught the little ones, helped the aged and infirm. The old men said, "Bless her, bless her, your reverence; but she's too young;" and the women, some cried over what would be their own loss, and some tried to laugh and be glad of what they felt must be a happy lot for her, as she shook hands and wished them a long, long good-bye. Some were mollified, on hearing that she was going to her own father, to nurse and take care of him, for they said, "Them who knows what she's been to us, can't deny her to her own kin; he'll be glad enough to have her." And yet, Una, mark, that there were more tears than smiles on the eve of your marriage, whatever it might augur.

The marriage was like herself, plain and simple, but beautiful in order and obedience. Little Mary and Lucy Bouverie were the only bridesmaids; Henry Maxwell was best man, the Dean gave her away, and Mr. Maxwell alone officiated. She wore only her white muslin confirmation dress, the long lace veil gathered into a circlet of real lilies, alone marking the difference. The

usual eight o'clock service was postponed an hour, that the marriage might be first; so that when the bell tolled at nine the people came not to witness a ceremony, but to take part with those whom the Church had just made one, in the daily morning prayer; likewise instead of the exhortation, Dr. Bouverie preached a short comprehensive sermon: "This is a great mystery, but I speak concerning CHRIST and the Church." Young but duteous children of the Church were they; and there was no apparent cause to fear for the future. In Henry's idea it lay out unsullied and untroubled before them. On Cyril's face there were no shadows; it was upturned and beautiful: and his voice easy, full, and clear in the anthem, as the joyous lark's when he breaks through the morning cloud.

Then came the wedding breakfast,—scarcely such as we should have had to depict had Mildred's home been that in which we first introduced her. And there was a second banquet, more sumptuous, and on a larger scale *al fresco*, to which they were required hastily to adjourn: a dinner to Miss Maxwell's tenantry, where both bride and bridegroom carved cold chickens, and acknowledged very original toasts and compliments.

Later, when the feast terminated, she wound her veil about her head, and danced with the youngest village children, regardless of etiquette, forgetful of aught save that it was a gala day for them and for herself, and that they must part happy.

"I don't know, indeed, Dr. Bouverie," she said, with her gay, girlish smile, as he extricated her very unwillingly from the haymaker's jig, "I don't know whether this is very hard-hearted?"

"Of me, or you?"

"Of me, to be so merry and so happy for the last time."

"Of you in some measure, if you knew the high degree of anxiety in which you have kept Cousin Agnes."

"Come, Mildred, Madam Maxwell, this will never do; you will get into the county paper at this rate!" exclaimed Mr. Maxwell, when she reached the grave part of the company.



"Oh, no, it has been such a bright, happy day," she said, untwisting her turban and fanning herself with it. "Lucy and Mary, would you not like another dance? Where is Lancy?"

The bridesmaids drew back; they liked her society better than the dance.

"You are going in an hour—I heard Aunt Mary say so," whispered Lucy; "so do not send us from you."

"In an hour! how cruel! it is too soon! why, we do not half know each other yet!"

"But you are our cousin now," said Mary, "and we shall be together when you come to England. Cyril used to promise us that we should live with him, and be his housekeeper and schoolmistress, when he went to S. Aidan's, but we would rather come as your visitors."

Cyril, with his mother, came towards them from the house: he put a shawl round his wife, as a sign that she must begin the *finale*. Then she became the dignified bride again at once, and they went off together.

"Oh, Cyril, do tell me, is it wrong?"

"What?" he exclaimed, in his quick, energetic manner.

"Is it wrong in me to be so wild and light-hearted on this day? I could dance it all away amongst them: and I am afraid some of them think it odd and childish."

"Nay, nay, my wee one," he said, with a bold kiss, as he stood at the head of the staircase, "I will tell you presently. Make haste and dress now, for they say we have but twenty minutes."

The little bride stood passive as they dressed her for travelling, and packed the white muslin and the bridal trappings that were never to appear at Maveryn again; for solemn thoughts began to crowd upon her. She wondered how all would have been if she had had a mother to kiss and bless her when she started, a father to give her away, and many kindred of her own about her, instead of standing lonely, with her father in disgrace and an exile. The tire-maidens chattered to each other; they braided her clustered hair in a broad coronet all round her head, they remarked upon her goodness and its deserts; but it was a mere pageant. She stood in a dream

of prayer, and heard not; heard nothing, except, after a time, her husband's voice imperative for her, and she asked if they had finished. She bore the kisses, and returned them; but he was at the door with the customary present in his hand, a costly edition of the "Daily Service." "Mildred Eleanor, from J. C. M. 'In the LORD rejoice evermore.'" The writing was scarcely dry, and she knew that the text was an answer to her question.

"Thank you—it is beautiful—I understand now;" and she looked up and kissed his cheek for the first time in her life: it was saying good-bye to his character and nature as her child friend, leaving it behind as a pleasant bygone, and going forth in her new way with him grown up and earnest.

Other gifts awaited her below: Mr. Maxwell, with a very humble apology to Cyril, placed a diamond guard-ring on her finger, one of exquisite beauty and great value. Dr. Bouverie gave them his blessing, and a set of library books awaited Cyril's return to Oxford. Sir George Lyte sent Mildred a service of plate; Henry gave them a beautiful Parian figure of Una and her lion; neither were the De Lancys, Lancy Malford, or Cyril's mother behindhand.

Henry's was the last face that peeped in at the carriage window, as they at length drove through the lodge gate.

"Good-bye, cousins," he said, heartily, when he had signed to the coachman to stop; and he opened the door and threw into her lap a cluster of her own lilies. "God bless you both! Come back safe, and soon." With this last benison they passed on their outward journey.

Two hours later Henry was on his way to Oxford. Spurred, but not galled, by the events of the day, his proud, brave heart longed to drown all in hard reading; and Maveryn, for all left behind, was sad and desolate enough. In place of

"The voices of the children  
That were no longer there,"

there was a wearying, cheerless silence. Agnes, ever quiet in her demeanour, was downright low and miserable

from Mildred's wedding-day till some time after; for her treasure had departed. She had gone forth—though Agnes in her modest heart never vaunted of it—a ripened blossom on the path of life, and all that seemed left was to contrast the baby bantling of ten years past with the precious jewel of to-day. She had no jealous or nervous fear that the world, if it scanned the outward setting or tested the inward store, would do so to the child's disparagement; for her training at Maveryn was of a kind to fit her for the state of life in which she should be placed here, and for one yet beyond—a better—which eye hath not seen.

Agnes kept Mary and Lucy Bouverie for some weeks to pet and fondle; but they were young, shy things, too much in and for each other ever to be set in that warm heart, where Mildred had dwelt for years. Lancy Malford was a much better solace: he understood and sympathised, because he realised the loss. He had embodied a home, mother and sisters too in her; and while he looked forward without consolation to his twelvemonths' stay without her, he could count the cost to Agnes.

## CHAPTER XVII.

"If you please, I'll ask the mistress," said a stout, good-tempered looking frau, who stood holding wide open the door of a lodging-house in Munich, speaking the quick gabble of her native tongue to her half-puzzled English interrogators. A sharp, scurrilous voice, two or three tones higher than those of the girl, was heard from some unguessed region, "There are no English people living here; whom do they want?" Perhaps the soft, broken German of the English girl who replied was irresistible, for the bawling mistress of the mansion now came in sight.

"Does the Fraulein wish for apartments?" she inquired respectfully.

"No, an English gentleman living alone. He has been here some weeks. We were directed to this house. He is an invalid."

"We have no such person here," and the woman shook her head. "We have rooms to let, if the Fraulein and Meinherr will see them."

Meinherr, however, looked a negative, and they turned off the high steps with an air of manifest disappointment, making way at the same moment for a person who was ascending. He turned to watch them with a look of curiosity; the plain, though elegant dress of the lady, or the bearing of her companion, arrested him.

"We shall never find him," she was saying, as the gentleman passed them; "he must be here, only the woman would not understand us."

The stranger descended the steps again.

"I beg pardon, I am an Englishman: can I be of any service?"

"We are trying to find my father," said Mildred, with her home simplicity, and she raised her face. A cry, or rather an exclamation broke from him; she heard the petted name of her babyhood in a low, inquiring tone. No wonder that ten years had obliterated all recollection of each other.

The woman of the house, Catherine Schiller, might be excused from deception in asserting that she had no Englishman abiding there; for when within the house Mildred had leisure to contemplate her father fully, she would have been equally puzzled to assign him a country. His thick dark hair was scorched and grizzled, his forehead white and clear, while his clearly-cut lower face wore a deep-settled tint of the Spanish-American hue. He spoke easily half the European languages, and though weak and broken in health, yet as he did not keep the house, nor pamper himself with the regimen of an invalid, the good woman thought herself by no means justified in according him that title. Henry Lyte was not really ill; he seemed just in that state when the failing powers of the mind affect also the physical strength. He had lived in his early days in the circle which holds the appellation of high life. His beautiful wife was an acknowledged gem of that circle; but the innate spring of evil was his extreme haughtiness (it had been Mildred's birthright also). His high position as the representative

of his sovereign fostered instead of curbing it; and then, as with all such proud souls, to fall in the eyes of the world was more bitter far than death.

Mildred's dreamful impersonations vanished wonderfully, those with which she had clothed her father after memory ceased to recall him—but the tender kiss, the loving eye following her every moment, and the returning tones of that forgotten voice grew day by day like multiplied blessings on the girl bride. He chaperoned them everywhere, to the beautiful gardens, the galleries and palaces of the city; watching them like children of whom he was proud, but Cyril was the quickest to observe that he accompanied them less for the pleasure of showing them the marvels of the place, than from an almost childish dread of being separated from them. On Sundays only no effort could overcome his repugnance to move out; they always went alone to the private chapel of the embassy, but it was a subject of much sorrow to them, a father restored only to be lost to them the more.

One Sunday Mildred pleaded against his usual subterfuge, the weather. It was cool, she said, much cooler than when they were out yesterday, and there were not many people; but the shudder was a negative colder than the soft breeze she had urged to tempt him, and the young pair went again without him.

The next Sunday it was a response.

"Papa, may I stay and read the service with you this evening? Cyril will not mind."

"God forbid that I should keep you from His house, Mira, and from your husband, I am not afraid of Him, it is the chance of human faces I might meet I could not bear," and his fear of the world sent Mildred from him full of tears, while he reproached himself more sternly for his daughter's sorrow than for his own blind sin which caused it.

Two months of brilliant summer weather flew by, and the end of September came, recalling the beginning of their acquaintance this time last year. They had passed a staid quiet time in Munich, for Mr. Lyte was so decided upon excluding himself from all society, and so tenacious of meeting any of the friends of his happier

days, that his children in deference to him entered scarcely at all into society. They made him accompany them in long excursions into the country, sometimes for whole days together, and now and then they would encounter, perhaps an old Winchester friend of Cyril's making holiday in travels, or a connection of Sir George's, but such were few and far between. And now began to draw near the time for Cyril to return to England.

"I ought to have gone with you to Ulm and Ehrenbreitstein," he said one evening, "how these weeks have flown."

"We ought not to be separated," she answered with a long wistful sigh.

"Don't, Mildred, it cuts me to the heart. I hardly think your father ought to expect it of you."

She rose and came and put her arm coaxingly about his neck, while the tears unwonted were blinding her brown eyes. "If my husband does not help me I cannot do it; but it is my duty, though it will be a lifetime till Christmas." She heard her father's cough in the next room. "You will not be happy when you are his age if I neglect him now."

"You are quite right," he said, "but it is a bad omen, to begin with nursing and solitude, and no home, and I not with you."

"And we were to 'rejoice evermore,'" she pleaded as she turned thoughtfully away, for the agony of a foreknowledge as deep as and more painful than her mother's arose within her mind, and she needed to go away and pray against temptation.

That evening radiant with her own especial sweetness, in white, though not her bridal dress, she went with Cyril to a dinner given by the English minister. Lady Gilvaux had been her mother's friend in girlhood, and Sir George Lyte had given them an introduction to the minister. They had been shy of making friends, but when it became expedient for Mildred to remain alone, Cyril could not be happy to leave her with no other protector than her exacting thoughtless father. Not that he did not love her tenderly, and would guard her safely, but it would be dull and monotonous; besides his abate-

tered constitution was fast giving way, and Mildred's husband calculated upon evils that might not await her when he had gone from her. Nothing could induce Henry Lyte to return to England, he was crotchety and selfish on that point, and maintained his determination to wander among the German states, passing from place to place as his nervous temperament or dread of recognition should suggest.

The grand ambassadress promised ardently to do everything for Mildred Maxwell, and she reiterated her promise when her intended protégée made her entrée in the evening.

"Her mother was one of the boasted beauties of the English court in our young days," she said in explanation, to a starred officer behind her chair; "and she is passing fair."

"Passing fair!" murmured the officer, "what a glorious complexion, she should be the lily of the grand saloon to-night; who owns her? who chaperones her?" he inquired, roused from his indolent attitude to stand upright and contemplate her fully.

"She is my especial charge, rein in your inquisitiveness, and you will know by and by," replied her excellency, turning from him to accept the arm of the Grand Duke down to dinner.

It was not high court to Cyril or his uncle, neither the extreme of etiquette to the young Maveryn bride that she, the only English lady present, was led first into the state dinner-room. It was less the memory of her mother's exceeding goodness and loveliness, than the triumphant nobility of his English heart that drew him to bestow this mark of kindness and honour on little Mildred. Her father was in the same city, a voluntary exile, one who had forfeited his rights as a statesman and a gentleman, against whom society had closed its doors as against one who had outraged his country's laws and trampled on his high trust—but English prejudice there was not, should never be against his innocent daughter.

"Ah, madame, do you see teens are in the priority to-night?" whispered her military querist to the ambassadress; he looked half malicious as his glance followed

hers to the right hand of honour, for he detected a scarcely perceptible contraction of the lady's brows, "where is the duenna? she does not look sixteen." Lady Gilvaux tortured him with silence, but some quarter of an hour after he started another scheme of inquiry.

"I beg your pardon," he ventured abruptly, addressing Cyril, the only other English guest, "but do you know that young creature at the head of the table?"

"She is my wife," answered the beardless juvenile, smiling at the officer's stare of incredulity.

"Then I am silenced: pardon my curiosity, I fancy I have seen her face before."

"Not very likely, for we come from the far west, and this is the first night of her appearance in the fashionable world."

"The luckier for you, my friend. Maxwell, can it be the Cornish Maxwells?"

"I am a Maxwell of Inverholme," Cyril replied evasively, and some one at the instant saying, "Monsieur le Colonel, Madame l'Ambassadrice veut parler," his parley was prevented for the time, and by and by the mystic sign was exchanged among the ladies, and the trio of magnificence and that one white sylph passed down the room before him. Whilst forthwith noise and politics assumed the place of lighter and gentler subjects.

In the evening there was an assembly: many more English people arrived, some of whom Cyril knew. Leaving his bride under the safe protection of the lady hostess, he went away to renew his acquaintance with them.

Mildred was evidently the centre of attraction that evening: there was even a kind of *furore* for her,—she was so young, so ostensibly the pet and property of Lady Gilvaux, that it felt merely a proper compliment to make her the lioness of the night.

Meanwhile the Colonel, who appeared a very privileged retainer, lingered closest in the halo, trying with but doubtful success to win the lady's private ear. "I have been patient for an age, reward me now: who is she?"

"Her mother's only daughter, who was my friend."

But her ladyship had put on more dignity with the additional company, and slightly repelled her cavalier.



"Introduce me, Alice, I am dying to speak to her."

"I am her protectress: what will her husband think?"

"I have done with you, madam," he murmured half angrily, leaving her, and passing to the side where Mildred sat. Her husband had come to take her to the statue gallery, but she arrested his steps, for there was music near. Ay, and no common music, but something touching and powerful, the production of a grand new master, whom all the continent in court or city could have knelt to honour.

She was listening,—everyone was listening: it was the breathing of a spirit voice to Mildred: a swelling symphony. It made her cold, then impatient, then half tearful, so that Cyril had to rouse her twice before he could gain her attention.

"I want you to see some of the pictures:" he had to repeat his wish, the tall Colonel followed at a distance.

"Here is your namesake," he said fondly, as they paused before the fairest of fair Unas. "Poor old Leda was the lion of your day." It was a delicate highly finished painting.

"Her Angel's face,

As the great eye of Heaven shyned bright,  
And made a sunshine in the shady place;"

"Independent of all associations," said the Colonel quoting as he came up, "it is a beautiful picture; but to me it is an inspiration." Some very pleasant idea had struck him as he advanced, but it died when he ceased speaking.

Now it was Mildred's turn to scrutinize: he was interesting, he looked a wayward character, or one that might be swayed by a master-will for good or ill: she had remarked him from her balcony riding in the cortège of the Ambassadors; but his desire was to recall a prior knowledge of her striking face; he had seen her in the chapel, no, no, it was of old,—he threw himself upon a couch as they passed on to other studies, turning over in his mind how that one countenance looked like the image of his good genius. He went back to the picture,—how were these two associated? "Madame l'Ambassadrice," he said rising and hurrying back to the grand saloon, "I have

it now, she is an old friend of mine; why, she is the Una, how it has haunted me! do you know anything of her father?"

"Poor Gordon, something has infatuated you," said the lady pityingly, for he was her cousin, and as singular as he was brilliant.

"Tell me how you liked Mendelssohn to-night," she said to divert his abstracted thoughts.

"I like everything: tell me where she stays."

"Because a new face touched you by some strong resemblance, how unreasonable you are: it is my secret and in safe keeping; besides, have I not warned you, she is married."

The young man bit his lip, the hasty anger spot dyed his cheek, and he strode a pace or two from her.

"I am no court minion, Alice, bound for evil beyond these walls: tell me, I will never wrong yourself or her."

"Good cousin, it is enough, I mean not to gratify you to-night."

"I will know then by other means, if I stoop to beg it of your valets," and he turned off humming indifferently, 'Phyllis is my only joy.'

Una was gone. She had retired with her husband, full of delight, and the overjoy of her childlike nature. The splendid dresses of the ladies and cavaliers had amazed her, the music was still ringing on her ear.

"Do you know your compeers have voted you a lucky sprite," said her husband triumphantly; "you were led down before your wondering betters and elders,—write this to cousin Agnes, and see how she will tremble for you."

"She will have little cause, I do not mean to go amongst those people when you are gone."

He opened the door of her father's room for her to go in and wish him good night. Poor man! he had been trying not to feel irritated and disturbed, because he could no longer have a share in this world's greatness, and conventional homage.

Distressing were the brief hours of solitude he spent during their absence; he had passed them in dread lest the defection of her father should be visited by the shadow

of slight or coldness on his children. Men give others no credit for conscience when they have spurned and trifled with their own, as he had.

He was still sitting up when they returned : his haggard wasted appearance struck them more forcibly after the gay scene they had just quitted. Mildred began with the assurance that the evening had been delightful.

"And they were not cold to you," he said, holding her at arm's length, less to read the truth in her earnest look, than to admire with a father's pride, the something not of beauty, but of purity, of a beautiful nature written there.

"Cold, oh no, they were all so kind and courteous, now I am quite come out," she continued, playfully, while without apparent manœuvre, she drew the reading table near his chair, lighted the night-lamp, and placed her mother's Bible close to his hand.

But he had watched each movement, and looking up into her face he whispered half satirically, "When people have been out late in gaiety and company they are tired ; do they eschew devotions for that night?"

An unusual colour came into her cheeks, she did not understand that any besides her husband should question her of this. She kissed him, for he kept her fingers locked in his, but her answer was not forthcoming, she wished Cyril had been there.

"Mira, my only daughter, I am sick ; and cares and sins have done the work of years upon me,—" and then he paused, while with her gentlest voice she said, "Papa, might Cyril talk to you or read to you? it would make us both so happy."

A heavy expression, almost a scowl, settled upon his brow, and showed more plainly than anything the real malady and its ravages.

"Why not, my Mira, my own Mildred's second self, my comforter?"

"Dear papa, because I do not know things that he could say to make you happier."

"Ah, so you have found out that I am wretched," and he bent down in gloomy despair.

This time she would not be repelled. It was the first

time he had voluntarily spoken of himself, and she was determined to improve the occasion. Naturally reserved, she would have been more than shy, had it not come before her as a duty, if a trial. So she knelt down by his side, and drew her arm through his to feel quite near him, while she said,

"Papa, do you know how we two have borne this life-long separation, without seeing each other's face, or ever hearing each other's voice, and never knowing what we should be when we met again?"

"We waited in hope and anticipation, but why speak of that—is it not realized?" and he laid her head against his knee, with a fondling that would have been childish, but for the agony it was intended to conceal.

"We mortals are not able to live without some hope. Now this is accomplished, what are you looking to? what do you seek to bring you happiness?"

He turned once more from her, as though he foresaw the infliction.

"I seek nothing, Mira; my hope is in everlasting death after this life, and this hope is stronger than the doubtful solace of repentance. Take away your mother's book, darling; comfort yourself and your husband, as she once did me, with the faith and peace that good men find there. I am lost; I do not wish now to be otherwise."

It was Mildred's turn to slide away from his embrace in silent horror, and when she stood upright, beside the stern dark man, her fairy figure, her light apparel, and the steadfast gaze of pitying sorrow, for a sin she could not comprehend; she looked the pleading angel of the scene. She ventured once more saying,

"Papa, Cyril could help you if he knew all this; we came to comfort you; do not forbid him; may I send him to you now?"

"Not to-night; no, I cannot have you any longer; and can you succeed where your mother failed? and I am fallen low, low indeed since then."

It was the second time in those few weeks that he had sent her from him in tears. He did not look up to her again, nor return her kiss, for there is no agony so mad-

dening as the wounding those dearer than our own souls to us. Henry Lyte felt that he was doing this, and the memory of a day long past, the first time they had talked of leaving her in England, when she said she should ask the Great God to give her another papa and mamma, and he called her Fairy Fanciful.—That day came back in memory with all its associations, and the shuddering inquiry flashed upon him, Why had not his faith and holiness been rooted, and grown up to keep pace with hers in its uncankered bloom? Reckonings with his conscience were seldom and unfamiliar, and he shrank from self-examination. He hastily extinguished his light, laid the Holy Book in his bosom, not remembering it, but her whose light it had been through this shadowy land, then prayerless and without undressing, he threw himself upon his bed, tossing in broken feverish sleep until the morning; tearing up the remnants of his shattered constitution, trying to teach himself to hope in utter annihilation, or to disbelieve a Creed and truth that were his birthright; and all this in the face of his better reason, against the example of his little daughter, against the memory of his loving and loved wife.

Pray for him, gentle Mildred, pray, saintly Cyril, pray on; darkness is falling around. Henry Lyte is of those whose love has waxed cold, and it is your parts to be among those to whom the promise has been given to shine, as the stars for ever and ever, in that to you it is given to win many to righteousness.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

“— beautiful as some fair saint,  
Serenely moving on her way,  
In hours of trial and dismay,  
That were to prove her strength, and try  
Her holiness and purity.”

“HAVE with you, scholar Alwyn! Can you never spare a fellow ten minutes in the owl light?”

Henry Maxwell was striding Cornish fashion through

the Christchurch fields, his gown flying to the winds, his cap full of papers in his hand, when an undergraduate clapping him on the shoulder thus accosted him. He had won the coveted scholarship to his own credit, and his uncle's extreme satisfaction; he had worked hard, and spared himself all needless society; he had grown feverish for honours; in the place of his early flame they became his one ambition, and thus far he had exceeded his greatest hopes. The world of temptations surrounded him harmlessly; men and company beyond the merest civilities, he had nothing whatever to do with, and there were plenty ready to peck at the shy bird, who now went by the title of the scholarship he had gained.

"I am a deputation, Maxwell," said the young man, who pulled him up in his fly-away stride across the fields, "they say you pull the best oar in all the University; will you join the club?"

"No," was the laconic answer.

"Are you aware what is due from you, scholar Alwyn?"

"No again," repeated Maxwell, with unaffected good humour, "I am not sure that paddling in a few feet of mud, in all deference to your fresh water, that I should either save my own repute, or win you any."

"As you will," replied the other, retreating towards the river bank, while Henry pursued his way at topmost speed to his cousin's rooms in Balliol. His course was to be checked.

"Hollo, Maxwell! my dog is scenting you; I want half a word with you this moment."

This time it was a tutor who addressed him, and he met therefore the better grace of compliance, so they turned together into a library.

"Strange news is afloat, and I thought it kind to give you friendly warning, to be upon your guard. Do you know any Maxwell burdened with a wife or mistress who is leading an irregular life abroad?"

He looked the hot impetuous boy full and fixedly in the face as he put the question.

"I do not, sir; I am afraid I could have little mercy on the loose tongue that invented such report."

"There is likely to be an inquiry; of course it is the master's affair and not mine; I only warn you."

"Very good, thank you, I am in a hurry this evening, I will think of it," and with his innate coolness, he left the tutor bewildered with his nonchalance; while he, as the new light of what it might refer to, broke upon him, redoubled his paces, forgetting his bare head, and unheeding the squibs that were thrown at him as he crossed the quad to Cyril's rooms.

It was a chilly evening in March, when the days had just begun to lengthen. Cyril was buried behind a newspaper, his fire bright, his little room the picture of order and propriety. Nearly six months since he began life at Oxford; nearly six months he had parted in dreary duty with his young wife. He had spent Christmas at Manheim with her, and was looking forward with more than a schoolboy's longing to the coming Easter.

On the evening in question he looked less placid than usual. Wonder of wonders with him; every book was shut, and he appeared to have resigned himself quietly to the newspaper.

"Hallo! old fellow, wake up, will you;" roared the blunt Henry, as he dashed into the little room and threw down his cap and papers on the floor. "What is the news of the day?"

"The Austrian spirit has grown turbulent, and taken fire; and it can be scarcely safe in that quarter for English residents."

"Wheugh!" whistled the sympathetic cousin, coming behind and leaning over the chair to read for himself. "What, have the Turks been making a blow up? where are your people?"

"I don't know; they are as likely to be starting for shelter in the Indian forests, or taking it coolly over the deserts of Africa, as remaining where I left them. Have you heard from Mavelyn to-day?"

"To-day, no, yesterday; I came to talk to you about my uncle's letter; he writes reservedly, or at least in some odd fashion. He is going wrong."

"Vacillating," mused Cyril, as he leaned forward, and counted the cinders that fell from the fire.

"I'll tell you what it is, Mr. Moody," exclaimed Henry, "you must come out with me into the fresh air and twilight; this room is like a furnace. How your good spouse will bless me if I let you go on at this rate. Why, man, all Austria and Germany together, with the Sultan to boot, can't hurt a hair of a British head."

A servant brought in a note. "'The Master's Lodge at ten to-morrow.' What does he want with me?" He threw the billet into the fire, and they went out together.

"What can the head of our college want with me?"

"Presumed bachelor, he is about to tax you with your supposed celibacy."

"Is that all? I am ready for him; and if he get me quits for half terms I am ready also to express my obligations to him."

"Catch him!" whispered Henry, *sotto voce*.

There was a strong link of brotherhood between them; Henry had so well veiled the bitter disappointment he felt at Cyril's supplanting him in the heart, where his presupposed right was but imaginary, that beyond Agnes and her brother, the secret shade on all Henry's hopes and longings was never revealed.

"I am an ungrateful dog, and that is the long and short of it," stammered Henry; "but the truth is I cannot stand Mavernyn."

"Why not stay here and plod then? or there is Lytehurst;—you would do my mother and them all good to have you."

"Done then," said Henry, heartily. "I will consider myself booked, and I will eclipse you there, if I can; but there is some change in my uncle at home. His house is cold; and my good aunt's rendezvous not much less so; but it is not that altogether. It is not that you are gone, and that young Malford; nor yet that Mildred's piano is shut, and there is no one but poor old Stokes to take the organ, and all that sort of wretchedness; but it is something within his own heart that weighs upon him, and makes his face more gloomy than black rock in a storm from the nor' west."

"How does cousin Agnes bear it?"



"Like her old dear patient self; but she frets sometimes."

"And cannot anyone account for it?"

"No; she says he complains of being weary, and wishes himself elsewhere; neither my aunt nor I can understand it."

"Perhaps it is a case in which his tender feelings are touched; he is still in the prime of life."

"Uncle Maxwell a wooer!" Henry's burst of laughter was irrepressible. "I could as soon believe my eyes if I saw him suing the most unimaginable thing in all the world, as at the feet of a lady *con amore*."

"He is as good looking as yourself; the difficulty would be to find a match for him in point of excellence."

"It has been growing upon him for many months; if I had not spent the 'Long' in the Rhine land with you, I must have seen it sooner, but at Christmas it was remarkable."

"His is the wrong nature to stand self-torment," said Cyril; "the light will soon break through again; there cannot be much amiss."

"Granted; but if not, can you stand my inestimable society another summer? Whatever comes of it I cannot stand the atmosphere of Maveryn at present."

"You will bring your own welcome with you as far as two of us are concerned; beyond that I cannot guarantee."

Henry nodded graciously, saying, "Well then, you will put the newspaper under your pillow, and dream that your wife is Joan of Arc; there is nothing so unwise as to torment oneself about possibilities. Good night, I shall come and ferret out all particulars of your interview to-morrow; it looks suspicious."

"Good night, you mad March hare," and Cyril turned in again to his snuggery.

Of the two Henry should have been the popular man; his great nautical feats had been blazoned before his arrival at Oxford, his gentlemanly bearing, and warm chivalrous disposition, as well as his good old name and family, were so many credentials in his favour, among the fastidious cautious set with whom alone he could have chosen to be found. But by some contrary acci-

dent Cyril was the pet of the party; he was the choice lion,—was the stroke of his boat,—stood in fullest private favour with the dons, knew everything and every body worth knowing, during term, but was lost altogether the moment it ended. He neither gave nor frequented wine parties; and his conduct bore the same unexceptionable test as at Winchester. But a spirit of curiosity was gendered respecting him, and some scandal from some unknown hand had been bruited abroad, Cyril was summoned to be judged upon certain premises.

With all the becoming dignity of his office, the Master received Cyril before his private tribunal. His manner was calm and benevolent, lending assurance to the rare few who needed it, and suppressing it at one sweep in the case of those who possessed it in superabundance.

“Sit down, Mr. Maxwell,” he said, civilly. “I have simply sent for you to refute a report which is circulating against your honour, and injuring your credit with us here. Have you any connection, honest or otherwise, abroad?”

Cyril’s face lighted up with eagerness. “My wife is travelling with her father in the German States.”

“Your wife, rash boy! yet we are told you have an eye to a subsequent fellowship.”

“There is a cousin of mine with some such aspirations, I believe; but I have no intention to deceive authorities, I only stay here until I can have a title for holy orders.” Cyril’s lofty air of disregard was upon him.

“Oh, oh! I see how the case stands; and, Maxwell, how old are you?”

“Twenty-two, on the first of May.”

“Dear me, who were your friends, to permit such a hasty match?”

“Have I liberty to inquire, Sir,” asked Cyril, respectfully, “what defamation could be made out against me, merely for being married?”

For a moment the Master’s genuine goodness of heart bettered his formal civility.

“We should have pitied you less if this report had been untrue. This wife of yours, albeit in those coun-

tries where modesty and womanly dignity stand at lower ebb than with us, is holding a very ambiguous position, one that may safely justify your leaving her alone for ever."

Cyril's clenched fingers and blanching face were the sole tokens of his distress. "My Una," he murmured, "she is as pure as the mountain snow that human eye has never gazed on. It is a lie, a base lie," he added aloud. "If I were Henry, I would silence him for ever who uttered this."

"In whose care did you leave her? for they speak of her as very young and lovely."

"Little thanks, but in that none dare belie them. I left her with her father, under the guardianship of the ambassador."

"But then she has no lady friend constantly with her."

"None. She has her conscience, her allegiance to her husband, and God's Eye upon her, Mildred needed nothing beyond these."

The master shook hands heartily with Cyril, "Grant you may not be deceived; your tone of trust is higher than that of any I have had occasion to sum up here before: you can have seen but little of the world to place such implicit faith in its goodwill."

"Am I to carry away no more definite accusation than you have given me? I do not clearly interpret the tenor of this ambiguous position."

He took a letter from a file of papers above his desk and read, "There is an officer about the court at Kaer men, where she is now residing, who pays devotion to her for her sweet singing; her constant escort, and her wonderfully received admirer."

"Not Mildred's! not my wife's," he said, striking his forehead heavily, "Sir, you are surely not a man to trust with the temper of others."

"It comes to me on high authority, from one deeply interested in your welfare: by his especial request I make you acquainted with the circumstance."

Cyril could have sworn that the whole affair was a fabrication, but the characters in the letter from which

the master read were perfectly familiar, and the life-blood curdled in his veins.

"Will you give me your authority, or may I read for myself?"

"I am not at liberty to go further: there is just the addition, that the foreign journals might afford you full information."

With a low hasty bow Cyril retired: not exactly wounded, not at all mistrusting. Mildred's innocence was as untouched as though no breath had passed over it; of this he felt quite secure, and he thanked God for saving him from any suspicion or crushing doubt of his fair treasure.

He would not go to her one day sooner than he had resolved to do. He was constant as ever in the schools, regular at chapels, punctual in all his appointments,—the motive power of the boating-club, the merriest and most spirited at cricket, nothing soured or sobered him. The proctors and others who were cognisant of the report, marvelled that it should be no check to him. It read rather like a hardening of nature, but his goodness was not changed, there was no sign of war with the human race, his conduct, for the few weeks that intervened till Easter was a standing riddle to all except Henry.

Cousinship and confidence won for him an explanation. Cyril saw nothing to fear: he even traced out the possible origin of the report, remembering the singular officer with whom they dined at Lord Gilvaux's, and the after coincidence about the beautiful picture and its associations. He had subsequently met her often while they stayed in Munich, and appeared to have a lively interest in her father,—but Cyril could tell no more about him.

"And with all this so palpable, do you not fear?"

A slight shade of annoyance was just visible, but Cyril answered, "Fear is the first sign of disaffection."

"Men have gone too far in human trust and shipwrecked their life's happiness upon it."

"Henry Maxwell," returned Cyril, warmly, "if you turn evil counsellor, we cease from this moment to be friends."

"Drive it gently," exclaimed Henry, taken suddenly.

aback; "why, man, you are not the wisest of human kind, and your wife might not be a Penelope."

"She is Una, though. Henry, by the way, did your uncle ever write to you of this matter?"

"Not a syllable: by all I can glean he is too much over head and ears with his own mopes to have a thought for aught beside."

"I shall not go to Kaerlamen this spring; if you won't go to Maveryn, I will."

And with the redoubtable tact of one who knew and thought no evil, Cyril gave up his Easter visit, and went to Maveryn; trying hard to probe into the wound that festered at his kinsman's heart. A shade, so to define it, of the bluest of the blues had come over him: a misanthropic aversion to society, even to the claims and necessities of the poor, had grown upon him; there seemed nothing practically or personally left of Agnes's good brother, beyond that his duties in the church were performed with the same official punctuality. The living tone of love that characterised all his sermons of yore was gone: to Cyril there was a hollowness, a painful tinge of doubt that was still more apparent in his sparing conversation.

Argument and controversy which he had formerly eschewed as very instruments of evil, had grown pleasant to him. He was a changed being altogether, but in one sense Cyril's mind was set at rest, he denied all knowledge of the plot against Mildred's character, and the handwriting of that letter at Balliol was the very counterpart of his. Cyril wrote to Henry, who was ingratiating himself into general favour at Lytehurst, that his uncle had dumb-founded him: he was afraid his head was touched, not his heart decidedly. While to his wife Cyril poured out all his thoughts upon the matter.

"There is trouble in every one's cross, my own Una," he began, "for if we have none of our own we must share that of others; ours have an addition to their weight while we are obliged to meet them separately, but a bright day is coming, and the darker now, the sunnier then. I am down here on rather a curious mission, necessary, you well know, for nothing but imperative duty can keep me on the wrong side of the channel. If my persuasive

powers have any force in them you will see the two Maxwells from Maveryn ere long. Agnes is earnest for it; he is all astray somehow, and nothing but absolute change will bring him round; they can come and take care of you till I can join you.

"I do not want you to imagine any serious derangement has befallen our worthy cousin, but he is not himself; sober, beautiful old Germany will restore his equilibrium. Let him hear that great new master with whose fame is blended yours, let him see the grotesque old towns, and the fine cathedrals, and best of all, little Mildred, let the light of your e'en shine on him and brighten his solitary heart, for after all, it may be the loss of his busy, merry Una that 'gars him greet fu' sore.' My uncle, Dr. Bouverie will come and ruralise for a few months; you may already picture in idea those two kittens Lucy and Mary taking formal possession of your old hoard of dolls and nicknacks, and my mother means to preside if the feat can be achieved.

"Next week I am to go to S. Aidan's. Mr. Leigh who holds the living, thinks it right that I should show myself to my future parishioners, and see what preparations need be made. There is wisdom in his suggestions, and I shall follow out the same. Only this once a visitor, the next time, Mildred, we go together. I remember staying there when a mischievous monkey of ten or eleven years of age; laugh you may, but I was even then fastidious, and my cousin's house was full of people; I went with my mother on the Sunday to sit in the squire's grand pew, and the green silk curtains which shut out this lordly being from all common gaze annoyed me, urchin as I was, I took the liberty of cutting them all down next day, and making them into banners for a coming school feast. I was not flogged, though of course none dared to laud an action they were glad to have performed. There are no green curtains now, and the poor old squire rests in the vaults beneath, but I long to see it all again, for it is a choice living. Mr. Leigh is an unexceptionable curate, and the church, they say the good bishop built his monument in all he did for its restoration before he was 'summoned' to a higher sphere of duty. And there

we shall work together, and try to follow in his steps; it is a pleasant picture, and ideas so nearly realized are no longer castles in the air. Do you remember our promise the day before our wedding? and does it not feel to you that we are learning it in practice while we are so long parted? you with your father to nurse and care for, and I with my preparation for this work; widely different in interest and action, yet both tending to one common end, guiding us onward in the narrow way, to do all to the glory of God.

"This is a long letter, meant, if possible, to save the tears of disappointment that it is not myself. Give my love to your father, (and the De Lancys, if they are near you still,) I wish he would shake off that growing apathy, it is a selfish misery. Cousin Henry is at Lytehurst, so in point of natural position we have for once changed places. Here all is as we left it, few of the people entertain any civil respect towards me, they look upon me rather in the light of a brigand; they are jealous and suspicious too that you are left in foreign parts. Of course I pocket their good wishes and venerate their predilections.

"I find the De Lancys were succeeded at Rockwood by a great dashing nabob, who drives his buggy and four about almost among the cliffs. I have been scheming to establish carrier pigeons between my rooms and the Hague and Rhine steamers as they come into the Nore; it is such purgatory to wait as I have to wait. Ah! Mistress, I hear you whisper while you read, Patience, send me then the still angel that wanders through this earth land, or if you will, a fair translation of those verses over which I blundered so pleasantly in Catherine Schiller's little garden; I felt then that the sense was exquisite, and only wanted putting, as the schoolboys say, and besides I shall note your progress in the high Deutsche.

"I have spun a long yarn to you, be pleased to give as good as I send.

"God be with you, and guard and bless you, my precious Mildred.

"J. C. M."

## HOME.

"— keepers at home,"—*Titus* ii. 3.

"— they learn to be idle, wandering about from house to house; and not only idle, but tattlers also and busybodies, speaking things which they ought not."—1 *Timothy* v. 13.

"If thou wilt withdraw thyself from superfluous talk and idle visits, as also from giving ear to news and reports, thou wilt find time sufficient and proper to employ thyself in good meditations."—*Imitation of Christ*, xx.

"The least touch of their hands in the morning, I keep day and night:  
Their least step on the stair still throbs through me, if ever so light:  
Their least gift which they left to my childhood in long ago years,  
Is now turned from a toy to a relic, and gazed at through tears."  
*Confessions. Mrs. Barrett Browning.*

"How salt the savour is of others' bread;  
How hard the passage to descend and climb  
By others' stairs."

*Carey.*

"—— sweet pillows—sweetest bed;  
A chamber deaf to noise—and blind to light—  
A rosy garland—and a weary head."

*Str Philip Sydney.*

HOME—refuge from the striving world—and shelter from the storm—  
Whose precincts sweetest incense may pervade in praise and prayers—  
Home—with its household duties—self-denying common cares—  
Is still our tent upon the plain—pavilion or rude form.

Home hath a chamber we may enter and the door may close—  
And commune with our God; expressly thus He deigns to will;  
Therefore 'tis sanctified—and ne'er may be defiled with ill  
In secret thought;—where angels pure keep watch round our repose.

Home hath its music—faith—and solitude beside the hearth;  
Even when low in dust our mortal hopes are fading lorn—  
The burden of the daily Cross must cheerfully be borne;—  
And silent sunlight golden makes the floors with quiet mirth.

Home hath its relics—baubles once—now priceless treasures held—  
Each relic tells a tale of change or absence—death or blight:—  
Home hath its poetry—a current flowing out of sight—  
Amid unsullied snows by moonlight fays alone beheld.

Home hath old echoes of the footfall we the most desire—  
Quaint pleasant echoes of the voices dearest to our ear;  
Saintly and calm the murmurs float when gloaming draweth near—  
And we in dreamland for awhile wreath roses round our lyre.



Home—where in earnest we enact our part in life's real walk :—  
 Yet do we sometimes on the stairs descending by our side—  
 At daybreak with soft warning tones see radiant shadows glide—  
 And then we hunger and we thirst for just and holy talk.

Therefore, Eve's daughters, be ye keepers in your shaded nests ;  
 Seek not the garish streets—nor flaunt in foolish fashion's dress ;  
 Pass not from house to house in gossiping and idleness—  
 Within your tents industriously abide for Heavenly guests.

Home—the white bed whereon our wearied limbs at night repose—  
 Suggestively depicts another and a lasting rest—  
 When on the couch—immortelles strewn upon an icy breast—  
 The loving word and warmest clasp shall not our eyes unclose.

Home—we must soon be carried from the warm familiar room  
 To a new home with mute companions of the grave alone :  
 But lo !—the priestly voice shall rise above us to the Throne—  
 “ *I am the resurrection and the life,*” and *I* do light the gloom.

## THE WAR WITH CHINA.

OUR readers will, we feel sure, thank us for placing on record in our pages, the following able speech, by the Bishop of Oxford, in the House of Lords. It is, we believe, a perfect model of what a Christian statesman should say on the fearful act of going to war with a nation, and enables us to judge whether that war be justifiable or not on Christian principles.

My Lords,—If I could regard the subject which you are now debating in the light in which it has been represented by the noble earl who has just sat down, as distinctly a question of political party, I would not, at least at this hour of the night, trouble your lordships with a single remark of mine ; but it is because, in the most conscientious conviction of my mind, I am persuaded that it is one of those cases that rise into an atmosphere high above the cries of all political strifes, because it rises into a higher and serenest atmosphere, which has to do with national justice or national crime, that I must, late as it is, enter for a few moments into the reasons which lead me to support the resolutions now on your lordships' table. The first great principle I have to lay down is one the truth of which I am sure any noble lord will be ready to admit. It is that war is

either one of the greatest crimes that a nation can commit, or else a strong and inevitable necessity, forced on a nation by a law of duty from which it cannot escape; and that in entering on war, if a Christian nation, it must be able to appeal to the God of right, and say that it is an appeal to Him, the supreme arbiter of law and justice. (Hear, hear.) For any nation to maintain this it must in the first place be able to say that the war on which it has entered is eminently just. The whole question, so far as the direct technical legality of the matter is concerned, turns on this—was the *Arrow* entitled, or not entitled, to be called a British vessel? Now, allow me on this part of the subject to point to the 17th article of the supplemental treaty, where there are laid down specific rules for enabling a ship to obtain a claim to be called a British vessel. It is there said that every such vessel shall report herself at the Booca Tigris, and when she carries cargo she shall report herself at Whampoa, and shall on reaching Canton deliver up her sailing letter or register to the British Consul, who will obtain permission from the Hoppo for her to deliver her cargo, and so on. Now, there is not the slightest evidence that this step ever was taken by this lorcha. It has never been mentioned that permission was asked or obtained from the Hoppo to discharge her cargo, and it follows that if she was such a vessel as she is said to be she had not fulfilled the regulations of the treaty, so that it was impossible the Chinese could suppose that she had any claim to the character of a British vessel. This first point, then, remains wholly unproven, and if it be unproven the conclusion is undeniable that in the sight of God and man we have entered on an unjust war. (Hear, hear.) But I say further, that to justify any man, according to the rules of civilized and Christian nations, it is necessary not merely that you should be able technically to prove a ground of justice, but that that ground of justice should be so broad and so palpable as that it shall be easily and plainly apprehended. (Hear, hear.) Can any one say in this case there is such a broad rule of justice? Can we say, now that we have all the facts before us, and after the event has occurred, that there are no doubts as to there being a sufficient basis on which a Christian nation ought to go to war? (Hear, hear.) But there is another condition to which I must allude. Not only must the justice of our cause be plain and appreciable, but the matter for which you go to war must be in itself such as will fully justify your having recourse to so sad an extremity. An attempt has been made to show that the honour of the British flag was at stake, and we have heard much in the way of appeal to our loyalty on behalf of that flag, which never suffered an insult. But what was the matter in dispute? Did Commissioner Yeh claim a right to haul down the English colours? Did he claim a right to seize a British lorcha protected by a licence or register? No such thing. He said, on the contrary, that the Chinese Government would not follow foreign vessels to take Chinese subjects out of them; therefore it came to be a simple question of fact, whether any right whatever was attempted to be violated. The Chinese Government was ready to say that if any right had been violated an apology

would have been made for it. But none could be made, as the *Arrow* did not come under the character which called for such a concession. I ask whether, even if an injury had been committed there were sufficient grounds for sending misery and destruction among millions of the Chinese people. Ought a simple difference on a matter of this kind to have been held sufficient among Christian men to plunge this nation into a destructive war with the empire of China? (Hear.) But there is still another condition on which alone war is defensible. It must be waged only after having had recourse to those formalities which in all civilized nations go before any act of war. What mean those heralds trumpeting forth the defiance of one nation to another? Are they nothing more than the painted pageant of a dream? There are great truths lurking in these formalities. Civilized nations have laid it down as a rule that without giving the nation they are about to attack the fullest notice, and without affording it the opportunity of reconsidering all the matters in dispute, they are not justified in rushing into all the horrors of war. (Hear.) But how stands the case here? The blow has been struck secretly and unknown to the Government of the nation we have attacked. Care was taken to hide from the Chinese what was intended to be done, and it is worthy of remark that the plenipotentiary of Great Britain did not come up himself to the scene of warfare, because he was anxious not to give the slightest intimation of what was about to be done. Through a headstrong consul and a thoughtless plenipotentiary you have been drawn into a great war with one of the most populous nations on earth. (Hear, hear.) I say, therefore, that you want the element of justice here also; and I say further that whatever difficulties you may be involved in, if it can be shown that you have committed wrong, you have but one duty to perform, and that is to retreat from that wrong. I think I can show in a single moment you have still opportunity of withdrawing from further procedure in this course of iniquity without danger to the country—nay, I believe you will be turning aside the great dangers that are before you, because the one thing needful is that the guilty cause of this evil shall be marked by this nation as being the guilty cause; and, that having been done, this nation as a nation, with that nation as a nation, can enter into the necessary communications for adjusting the quarrel. I say—and I venture to say, even after what has fallen from the noble earl, that every page of these papers does, to my mind, as an unprejudiced reader, show that Sir J. Bowring is the guilty cause of this war. What is the purpose of a plenipotentiary seated at Hongkong but to repress these ebullitions of feeling, and to inculcate calmness, caution, and prudence? It is his duty not to take up so hostile a position, but to remember that he is the representative of a great empire, of a great Sovereign, of a great, benevolent, and Christian empire and Sovereign; to put up with anything which does not absolutely endanger the honour of the country; and, if he sees that honour endangered, to be careful and make no demand from which he cannot conveniently retire or justly persevere in. Therefore, neither Sir M. Seymour nor Mr. Consul Parkes, but Sir

J. Bowring, seems to me to be the offender. (Cheers.) If, I say, in the sight of heaven and in the sight of nations, he is the offender, if, I say, he is the forefront of this national guilt, the Government is bound to recal him; and the resolutions ought to have, and, taken up as I trust they will be by the people of the land, will have the effect of leading to the recal of that most unhappy functionary. (Cheers.) If I have shown the reason why this war is an unjust war, and how we may yet escape from the evils in which it has entangled us, I do ask your lordships for a single moment to weigh what is the real amount of guilt and what are the probable circumstances and punishment which will follow a continuance in such a course. In the first place, only remember the great guilt of the stronger nation oppressing the weaker.

The Duke of Argyll.—What! 35,000,000 against 200,000,000?

The Bishop of Oxford.—Yes,—it is just the great population of that country which constitutes its weakness. It is like the wolf attacking the flock of sheep—the more numerous the greater the slaughter. You speak of Canton as in some degree a fortified city, but it is not so. It is a mere congeries of habitations, wholly indefensible against the modern arts of war. It is a special necessity that the warfare to be waged against China should be a wholesale slaughter of the unoffending members of that empire, through which wholesale slaughter you will seek to act upon the Government. Evil as war is when you go against armies, it is nothing as compared with fighting the Chinese in this way. And what is it you hope? You hope to produce an effect upon the Government. But is it likely Commissioner Yeh will be affected by your killing the Chinese when he is said to be a man so careless of human life that he has himself killed 70,000 Chinese? Do you hope to turn him from his obstinacy by killing a few more thousand of them? (Hear.) I say again because England is so strong and because China is so weak your guilt is great. Why is it that England is strong and China is weak? England is strong because she is Christian, and China is weak because heathendom has eaten out the heart of manhood in her. (Cheers.) There was a time when your Plantagenet Princes could hardly write their own name legibly, when China was in a high state of literary excellence. And how is it that England is what England is now and China what China is? It is because Christianity has raised a high moral tone in England, and in raising that high moral tone has elevated the people and given them superior strength. See, then, what you are doing. Having received this gift from God, with the trust which accompanies Christianity, you are using it—for what? For bringing misery, depopulation, waste, suffering, and a multitude of evils which attend on war, upon a nation which has given no just cause of offence, simply because you have that strength, because it is possessed by that weakness. (Cheers.) There is but one more reason. It is hardly possible for any reasonable man to doubt that this power is given to do God's word—to Christianize these feebler populations. Why is it that power accompanies Christianity, and weakness the want of that blessing? Why is it, but that the strong

should give to the weak this greatest boon? and your special wrongdoing is that you are making it almost next to impossible that you can be the means of conveying Christianity to that great empire. Do not for a moment believe that the Chinese are unobservant witnesses of these your contradictions. It was but a few years ago that you were taunted by them—"How can we believe that you wish to introduce Christianity when you are the great importers of opium?" Do they not taunt you now, "You profess to serve the Spirit of Heaven, but are these the dictates of Heaven's Spirit?" Is it not true witness these papers bear when they tell you commissioners are changed, men in power pass away, but dwellers in a city are represented in the next generation by children and grandchildren, who live to cherish the records of your crime? (Cheers.) I say for all these reasons I earnestly hope this great Christian, judicial as well as legislative assembly, will indeed pause before they are led by a taunt of supporting a party motion, to throw their weight into the scale of injustice and wrong. Sure I am, my lords, that whatever dangers may threaten to accompany a backward step; they are nothing compared with the dangers which accompany continued wrongdoing. I do not believe in the greatness of the dangers from the Chinese. I do not believe they are possessed of any great sense of their own power and your weakness. I believe they are thoroughly possessed with the idea that we are wiser, stronger, and more capable than themselves, and need no fresh teaching of this most unhappy kind. But, my lords, there is a Power against which you are parading the strength of England if you persist knowingly in a course of wrong, and that Power never will permit self-willed strength cruelly to assert its right to the wrong and despite of the wretched victims of tyranny. (Hear, hear.) You are going against a Power which knows in its own time to work its own purposes, which never fails to visit the wrong-doing of the oppressor, and never leaves a wrong unavenged. It is not for me, my lords, to prophesy how such punishment may come. I may see dark clouds gathering in the distance; I may believe I see the threatening cloud—even hear the mutterings of the thunder. England's might—England's supremacy at sea—her assertion of it—are not favourably regarded in any part of the world. Depend upon it, the appalling example of our attempting in our strength to stamp upon a defenceless and unoffending race the impress of our own lawless policy will not pass unobserved in Europe, in Asia, or in America, nor without concentrating against you the just hatred of other people. Depend upon it, too, there will be some mode in which will follow the judgment of that Power which overlooks not the smallest or least considerable objects—which causes the sands of the desert to be borne upon the wings of the wind to form a bar to the raging of the sea. That Power will find a way to show the weakness and rebuke the pride and strength of Britain. (Hear, hear.)

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## BELLECOVE.

*(Concluded from p. 205.)*

TIME sped on ; and when a Midsummer vacation again came round, Euphane received a pressing invitation from one of her sisters to join her and her family at a retired summer retreat far inland, where they were recreating for the season. "Do come," wrote Euphane's sister, "and bring Stephen with you. The house is large enough for us all, and we all want you both here so much."

Many years had elapsed since Euphane had embraced her sisters ; they were fully occupied with their own concerns, and seldom found time to write. Now an impulse irresistible urged Euphane to accept Martha's invitation, though the distance was far to travel, and expense must be incurred. But then the change of air and scene would be beneficial to Stephen ; and he might perhaps find the humble cottage dull, after the large mansion and grounds he had latterly been accustomed to, together with the young companions, by whom he was universally beloved. Yet, above all, a mysterious indefinable impulse, which Euphane felt powerless to resist, urged her to go.

Stephen was overjoyed when he heard of the expedition, but far more for Euphane's sake than his own. Half nervous, half trembling,—for she had led a life of long seclusion,—Euphane set forth on her journey. Blue skies and bright sunshine over head, summer flowers and summer birds greeted her onward progress ; and all nature seemed to rejoice and sympathise in sweet good Euphane Tresham's summer holiday.

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The travellers were received with riotous greetings by Martha and her numerous progeny, who, city-bred and smoke-dried, resembled birds escaped from the confinement of a dingy cage, fluttering and wild with recovered liberty and exultation. Every moment to them seemed lost which was not passed in the open air ; and they had already explored the country in all directions for miles around.

"Oh, Aunt Tresham," cried the children, "we had such a beautiful drive last week to Earls court, and it is such a capital place; and we are all to go again with you and Cousin Stephen!"

"And what is Earls court, my dear?" inquired Euphane, smiling; "and where is it?"

"Earls court is a grand old place," answered they, "with grand, dark old trees, and such grand old deer in the grand old park; and it is near eight miles from here. And we are allowed to picnic in the park, because the lady of Earls court is kind and considerate to strangers; and it is so pleasant, and so shady, and so beautiful!"

"And who is the lady of Earls court, dears?" asked Euphane; "did you see her?"

"See her!"—they all laughed heartily at the idea. "See her, Aunt Tresham? why of course she doesn't see the folks that go picnicking in her park! We don't remember her name—do you, mamma?" appealing to their mother, who, however, replied that she did not remember the lady's name either; for really the young folks were so unruly, and required such continual looking after, that they drove names, and almost everything else, completely out of her head.

Whereupon the young folks all laughed and kissed their mamma, and went on to tell Euphane that the lady of Earls court allowed strangers to view the mansion one day in the week, and the fine pictures and statues; and that it was reported the lady of Earls court led a hermit kind of life, but was very good to the poor, and all who were in trouble. She lived all alone at Earls court, and she was not old, nor ugly, but very grave and sad in her demeanour; and she had never been married—and that was all they knew.

"I should like to visit Earls court," said Euphane, musingly, "on the day that strangers are permitted to view the pictures." And it was accordingly arranged that the whole party should proceed thither on the next reception day.

Earls court was indeed as the children had described it,—"a grand old place, with dark grand old trees;" an air of solemnity brooded over the scene, and dark woods

waving and sombre, like funeral plumes, stretched far away and around it in all directions. A grave and venerable retainer conducted them to the public apartments, where the picture gallery was situated.

Euphane gazed abstractedly on the long lines of portraits until she came to the more recent ones. Here she stopped in fixed contemplation; and turning to the grey-headed servitor, while all the rest of the party were dispersed, she inquired in a low voice the name of the present lady of Earls court. The old man spoke a word in her attentive ear, while his countenance expressed astonishment at her ignorance. Euphane sank down on the nearest seat, and when Stephen ran up to her, he started in terror, exclaiming,

"Dearest aunt, how ill and white you look! What is the matter?"

"Remain here quietly, my darling," replied Euphane, in a faltering voice; "do not remark on my being agitated,—or no, go with your aunt and cousins into the park, and leave me here alone for awhile."

Stephen was trained to obedience; and though he looked wistfully behind him at the dear friend he was leaving, yet he went as he was required to do.

When the gallery was vacated, Euphane drew forth her tablets, and tearing out a leaf, wrote a few lines in pencil; she then gave it to the old domestic, saying, "Have the goodness to place this in your lady's hands immediately, and I will await your return here."

The servant looked at Euphane, and then at the paper she had given him, as if demurring to comply with so bold a request; but there was a tone of gentle superiority and command in Euphane's manner, which seldom failed to impress those with whom she was in contact. So again looking intently at Euphane, the old man went off quickly on his errand; and far sooner than it seemed possible, he hurried back, now regarding Euphane with respectful curiosity, as he said his lady would gladly receive her in the private apartments.

With eager but trembling steps, Euphane followed her guide; and after traversing corridors and ante-rooms, she was ushered into a small, plain apartment facing



the west, from whence a view of evening's fading glories could be obtained through a vista in the woods. In another moment Euphane was clasped in the arms of Gloriana Lyle.

With habitual self-command, Gloriana first recovered from their mutual agitation; and releasing Euphane from her embrace, silently looked long and earnestly on the careworn face before her. As yet they spoke not; but suddenly a light broke on Euphane's mind, and irradiated her whole countenance: nay, her whole frame trembled with deep and uncontrollable emotion, as she sobbed forth the words, "I see it all—blind that I have been! Benefactress—friend—how may I express my sense of your munificence? Why have you concealed yourself from me?"

A crimson flush mounted to Miss Lyle's very forehead, most intensely, most painfully; this was instantly succeeded by deathly pallor, though she replied, in her usual placid tone, "I may not pretend to misunderstand you, dear Miss Tresham; but if you knew half the comfort, the happiness it has afforded me, you would not need to thank me thus."

"It is more blessed to give than to receive," murmured Euphane, as her tears flowed fast; "but why—why, dearest, have concealed the source from whence the bounty flowed?"

Miss Lyle buried her face in her hands, but replied not; Euphane heard a deep, convulsive sob, and the history of the past was clear to her woman's tender nature. Gloriana Lyle's reserve and delicacy had prevented her coming forward openly as the protector of Justinian's son. Through the medium of Mr. Chester's correspondence with Mary Hesketh, she had been made acquainted with Euphane's trials; and morbidly shrinking from display, had resorted to the means which had so perplexed the recipient of her bounty.

Seldom did Gloriana Lyle indulge in tears: therefore this thrill of anguish was the more terrible now. A life's misery and disappointment may be concentrated in one sob of agony. With a mighty effort she mastered her emotion, and looking into Euphane's eyes, quietly said,

"As you love me, as you *know* me, (you alone, next to my God,) never revert to this subject again. I am too blessed in the little I have done, or may be able yet to do. Where is the boy?"

From henceforth Euphane's tongue was chained. It was for Stephen she had acted; it was for him she still continued to act. She did indeed best understand Gloriana Lyle's noble nature. She was a beautiful contemplation to Euphane, and Euphane revered as much as she loved her.

In sweet confidential discourse the re-united friends passed many pleasant hours together, during Martha's prolonged stay in the neighbourhood. Justinian Tresham's name was never mentioned between them; but Gloriana spoke of Bellecove—how her heart yearned towards it—and of the dear good Mary Hesketh, her faithful governess.

Miss Lyle inherited Earls court from an uncle, the shelter of whose roof she had been compelled to leave, when an unworthy alliance rendered Earls court an improper residence for her. Soon after she left the Heskeths at Bellecove, this uncle died, and Gloriana became the sole mistress of the fine old place, "with more money," as she said, smiling, "than she liked to be held responsible for." But she did not love Earls court; for it had no hallowed associations. On the contrary, every remembrance connected with it was painful and unhallowed.

At length Martha and her progeny returned to their city home; and Euphane consented to remain a short time longer as the guest of Miss Lyle, Stephen's long vacation being nearly over. Happy boy,—he could not be spoilt, even by those two devoted and loving hearts, to which he was so very dear. What an elysium to him was the old library at Earls court, and the dark forest walks, and the splendid organ on which Gloriana played to them every evening. Gentle, dear boy—so unworldly, so unselfish, so spiritual in all his aspirations, so graceful and lovely in exterior form, the index of a graceful and lovely mind. Vainly they tried to spoil him, those two kind ladies, but it would not do; the seal was

on his fair forehead—God had marked him as one of His own jewels, and appointed him work to do for His glory on earth.

Euphane and Miss Lyle would have been shocked at the implication of “spoiling Stephen:” they were grave, courteous ladies, with stringent ideas of obedience and docility in Christian youth; but fallible mortals they were, and well was it for Stephen that he was too good to be spoilt, or unintentionally such a sad result might have ensued.

On the evening previous to Euphane’s return home, the friends communed together in Gloriana’s favourite western chamber. There was not a sound to break the repose of the hour, save the cooing of the cushat doves in the adjacent woodlands. They spoke of high and holy things, not coldly, but with a direct realisation, which few possess faith enough to enter into; their minds were attuned to sacred subjects; they were separate and apart from the world—though in it, not of it; and they loved each other tenderly and truly, because each knew the other tenderly and truly loved Jesus first. There can be friendship only on this basis: there may be silly intimacies, which invariably terminate in alienation and falsehood, as they began in folly; but when we use the word friendship, we speak advisedly. O rich, happy man or woman, to possess one true Christian friend; come what may—poverty, sickness, or death—still rich for time and eternity! For who can doubt but that those who love truly and strong as death here, shall be known to each other hereafter in the spirit? O blessed thought! let us ponder on it awhile; let us think if we possess one devoted, pure Christian friend. Sadi, the Persian poet, thought the blessing so rare, that he says—

“ Once in a thousand years  
There cometh a true friend into our world;  
He came, and I had not risen from nothingness—  
He shall come, and I have lain down in sorrow.”

How sorrowful was the affectionate Euphane, to tear herself from Gloriana; but the latter’s parting words were spoken so cheerily, that they rang like music in Euphane’s

ears during the whole journey. "She meant even more than she said by those dear words," said Euphane to herself, as she pictured Gloriana's parting glance and attitude, and Euphane pondered much, and communed in her own breast. At the end of the journey, to her surprise, Mr. Chester was awaiting her arrival in a neat four-wheeled low carriage, drawn by a nice steady horse; Miss Tresham gratefully thanked him for this kind attention, but he merely replied that the chaise was not his, and that Miss Lyle had requested him to be there. Euphane was silent, but rather puzzled; more particularly when they branched off in a contrary direction to her humble dwelling on the uplands.

"This is the way to Mr. Hesketh's former house—the empty house," said Euphane, "why are we going there, Mr. Chester?"

But Mr. Chester's face was puckered into a thousand wrinkles, and he again merely replied that Miss Lyle had requested him to drive Euphane there.

At the empty house the steady horse seemed to stop of its own accord; "empty house" no longer, for it was in good repair and well furnished, this fact was distinguishable at once.

"Who has taken it, Mr. Chester?" inquired Euphane in a state of great bewilderment.

"Come in and see," was all the reply she could elicit.

So Euphane entered with Stephen and Mr. Chester, preceded by a respectable servant, who ushered them into a well-appointed library. Then closing the door, Mr. Chester seized both Euphane's hands, and said, "May God bless your going out and coming in, your down sitting and your uprising, your basket and your store. May God bless you in all things in this house, for it is your own."

When he had thus spoken, the benevolent Pastor darted out of the room, quite overcome with the strength of his own feelings, and leaving Euphane to recover herself as she best might, however not before he had placed a packet in her hands from Miss Lyle, which fully explained all. This bulky packet contained a deed of gift, executed by Miss Lyle in favour of Euphane Tresham

and her heirs for ever; conveying to her the demesne known as the "empty house," with its gardens, fields, and orchards, and all the furniture with which the house (empty no longer) was replenished from cellar to garret, together with the chaise and the strong horse, for Euphane Tresham's "health's sake." Besides this, an annuity of five hundred pounds a year was settled on Miss Tresham for the remainder of her life; and all Gloriana asked in return, was sometimes to be allowed to come and occupy the beloved room whose windows looked sea-wards, which she had occupied in the time of the Heskeths, where she first knew her beloved Euphane.

Poor Euphane—was not her heart full to overflowing; this magic had all been effected under the willing superintendence of Mr. Chester, with the aid of that all-powerful talisman—gold.

Her former presentiments, were they yet to be realized? Could it be possible, this house was hers? and that Gloriana Lyle was coming again to occupy the well-known rooms so lately desolate?

The first evening in that house was sanctified by prayer and thanksgiving, even as the humble cottage on the uplands had been sanctified, for He declares, "where two or three are gathered together in My name, there will I be in the midst of them." And Euphane fell asleep lulled by the murmurs of the ocean, which mingled in her fancy with the solemn strains of Gloriana's organ.

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It was not long ere Gloriana came to Bellecove, and rested once more in her favourite chamber commanding so fair a sea view, the sea spoke in strange whispers to her, and told her things that others heard not,—aye the sea had a fascination for her, which even Euphane could not altogether fathom nor comprehend. There was nothing wild, nothing grand, nothing mysterious, sad or terrible connected with the waste of waters that Gloriana did not feel interested and revel in; her knowledge of traditionary sea lore was wonderful and voluminous, from the phantom ship, and the white women, to the vesper bells heard far off at sea, and the mermaid's song on the coral rocks. Gloriana's weak point assuredly this was; she collected

shells and seaweed, and the ocean was to her what a garden is to the landsfolk, and more, for beneath those sad sea waves the sister whom she had loved so well was buried. No sculptured monument or blessed symbol of redemption marked her place of rest; but Gloriana said she often fancied when the silver moonbeams fell athwart the expanse of ocean in mysterious shadows, that a glittering Cross on the verge of the horizon marked the burying place where the graves were countless fathoms deep.

As time progressed, Miss Lyle's visits to Bellecove became more and more frequent, until at length she took up her final abode with Euphane, having found ready tenants for Earls court in the distant kin to whom the estates would eventually descend, in the event of Miss Lyle dying unmarried.

The cherished wish of Gloriana's heart was yet to be accomplished; Euphane was fully aware of it, and deeply sympathised with her friend. The accomplishment of this wish was permitted by the Giver of all good; and when Mr. Chester died, no insurmountable obstacle remained to prevent the speedy fulfilment. Miss Lyle, at her own cost entirely, built a new church on the site of the old one at Bellecove; but how different in all respects. It was built and finished within and without on the exact model of that beautiful house of prayer to which Euphane and Stephen loved to resort; her heart, her fortune, her all, Gloriana Lyle devoted to this work; and how Euphane joyed with holy joy, to watch her zeal, and aid her with words of encouragement and affection. Their own house—for it was theirs—(they shared all in common together,) was plain and unostentatious; but God's house was glorious within and without; they left not God's house with bare walls and provided silken hangings for their own dwelling; they left not God's house destitute of sweet sounds, and provided viols and tabrets for their own dwelling. And by the time Stephen quitted Oxford and became consecrated to the Lord by apostolic hands laid on him in due form, the beautiful church of Bellecove was ready to receive him, as the earthly priest appointed to minister in its holy things.

O that was a blessed and a glorious day for Euphane Tresham, it was a foretaste of heaven's bliss, whilst still a sojourner in the flesh. And more than this was showered on them in the form of earthly good; "good," because riches to them were but lending them what they believed to be not their own; they were only stewards for their LORD. Stephen, as next of kin to the last Lord Mervin, (who died childless, and the title became extinct,) succeeded to a handsome fortune, though the fortunes of the house of Mervin were greatly impoverished, owing to the degeneracy and extravagant folly of the latter representatives.

Now so much had already been done at Bellecove—school-houses, alms-houses, and unwearied labours of love for her Master by Gloriana Lyle—that it may seem as if nothing more was left to be done by Stephen. But he whose whole heart was the LORD's—thought not so; never was God's House so gloriously appointed, never were services so perfectly conducted as in happy Bellecove—never were poor so tended, so cherished, as those left in trust by Him—who Himself became poor for our sakes. The outcast, the penitent, the sick, the dying, the broken-hearted—all—all in sorrow and affliction, all blessed the name of Stephen Tresham; nor were the charities and good deeds of these people of the LORD only spread throughout Bellecove; far and wide their liberality extended,—to other parishes, dark as Bellecove once was—to other noble institutions, where the lost and perishing are reclaimed. And to aid the Sisters of Mercy,—“The Wandering Angels,” as Euphane playfully called them, they devoted themselves abundantly: and so we will leave Gloriana Lyle and Euphane Tresham; Sisters of Mercy were they, and their home became a home of refuge to some, who lived and died blessing these two holy women.

So we will leave them; they were yet to be more blessed, they lived to see their prayers of faith rewarded, and they died as they had lived in the fear and admonition of the LORD. Gloriana Lyle and Euphane Tresham sleep side by side on the shores of that quiet bay, and they are still remembered at Bellecove with a veneration.

tion amounting to enthusiasm,—and still the wayfarer may behold the Cross, beneath whose shadow their mortal remains repose.

But little more has to be told, yet that little how affecting, how mysterious! In the Priest's Home, an elderly man, blind, and prematurely stricken with manifest infirmities, found shelter. Never was blind and infirm mortal so tenderly honoured, so affectionately tended, and so reverently cared for as this poor blind man. And wonder of wonders—long, long years ago, that same man had left his native land; blind, yet with perfect eyesight; now he returned with eye-sight gone for ever, and yet seeing clearly. What a marvellous enigma, yet how easy to be expounded.

To Stephen's home, to his son's arms that poor crushed worm came; and see how Stephen weeps over him, prays with and for him—see how he reverences his very foot-steps, hear how he calls him “father.” And that father returned from long painful captivity, deprived of eyesight, maimed, destitute, and frail; yet far richer than when he sailed away, proud in his own human strength and rebellious against the LORD. Sincerely penitent, contrite, humbled, and broken hearted, when Justinian Tresham effected his restoration to liberty through the human aid of good missionaries who penetrated to the interior of those scorching climes, he had already imbibed the salutary and blessed lesson which affliction often teaches; resignation and perfect submission to His heavenly FATHER's will,—a FATHER Who in mercy had chastised His erring son, and thus brought him home to the fold—shorn, trembling, and self-abased. He kissed the chastening Hand, embraced the Cross, and cried, “LORD, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief.”

We will not raise the veil on Stephen's hallowed joy, and deep thanksgivings: we will leave the Priest in that beautiful House of Prayer where he daily ministered, where his sightless earthly father could not behold the glories of the habitation, but where he could daily hear the voice of the intercessor on earth, pleading to the All-Powerful Intercessor in Heaven.

“Did ever any trust in the LORD, and was confounded?



or did any abide in His fear, and was forsaken ? or whom did He ever despise, that called upon Him ?

“ For the LORD is full of compassion and mercy, long-suffering, and very pitiful, and forgiveth sins, and saveth in time of affliction.”<sup>1</sup>

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## A WARNING VOICE ON EDUCATION.

THE necessities of the times demand that Churchmen should take a firm and unflinching stand. And this not merely upon one matter alone, but upon all. The fundamentals of the faith are endangered, and there seems to be a plan at work, projected by men, who seem resolved as far as they can, to uproot all signs of Catholicity among us. Yet we are at the same time comforted by the knowledge, and not the mere opinion, that there never was a time when truth was more surely making its way, the more surely because quietly. Its gradual progress is the surest omen of success. But yet he who does not feel that there is need for continued watchfulness to hold fast that we have—and that the day may come when action must succeed to thought,—does not discern the signs of the times, and the character of recent movements. To pass over the controversies (sad and distressing) connected with the Blessed Sacrament, and kindred topics, we would call our readers' attention to the constant efforts which are being made to establish a State Education, and to bring all the powers of the “ State ” to bear upon the present and the future of England. It were an interesting matter of investigation to trace from the beginning the several gradual steps, by which encroachment after encroachment has been made upon the liberty of action not merely of the Church, but of Dissenting bodies also,—to note how statesmen have become bolder, and how recommendations have been changed into positive requirements, and hints for improvements have be-

<sup>1</sup> Ecclesiasticus x. 11.

come absolute necessities. First one thing, and then another, has been insinuated, and the anxious inquiry is,—what next? For ourselves, we doubt not. The convictions of some years are strengthened day by day. We are drifting on to absolute Governmental Education—with our minister of Education who will wield a mighty power—an engine that may be turned to State purposes, but which will inevitably lead to mere secularism. We would therefore say, to be forewarned is to be forearmed, and we are thankful to any who will show to the country the nature of the danger that impends, and unfold the character of that education which it is the object of Sir John Pakington's miserable bill to palm off upon the people of this land. This has been very ably done in a pamphlet now before us,—from which we would extract a few words of warning. It is written by the Head of a Dissenting College,—a man evidently of no common powers of mind, and very clear-sighted. He does not write from mere speculation, or from books, but what he had seen of the results of the Prussian system.<sup>1</sup> We cannot be expected to agree with all the author says, but we do think his information most valuable. He thus gives the reasons why the Prussian system will not do for England:—

“*First.* Because its leading feature is the direct contradictory of the fundamental *political* feature of our English national life. It is an organization for enabling a Government to mould at pleasure the thought and life of a people, and not an organization for helping a people to qualify itself, by inward spontaneous growth, for producing for and out of itself a higher and nobler Government; it is organization which must ever, when logically carried out, make people reflect the life and theories of Governments, and not make of Governments the real reflection of the life and tendencies of the people.

“*Secondly.* Because it will graft a perfectly new feature on the physiognomy of our *social* life. It will bring into direct contact and dependence on the central power a vast body of men who, with the exception of the ministers of religion, and hardly even excepting them, will exert the greatest modifying influence on the life and thinking of the nation. The man with whom in each parish the young mind of the masses is to be brought into contact, when mind receives that bias

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<sup>1</sup> *Prussian Primary Education*, by W. J. UNWIN, M.A., Principal of Homerton College. London: Ward and Co. Pp. 48.

and those impressions and conceptions of life which no subsequent education can shake off, and which constitute among every nation that which is nationally or provincially characteristic, will be on himself has from his very childhood lived in an atmosphere of Government influence and dependence and control. For the present local scheme limits the action of the Committee of Council in the case of the teacher's salary, and hardly even in that. As a teacher, Government will have incurred the expense of the teacher's apprenticeship; as Queen's scholar, or otherwise, he may have received in the training college Government bounty. Government will continue to augment his income by paying the expense attending the training of pupil-teachers. He will be perpetually dependent on his educational status (the Inspectors' reports being recommissioned every five years) upon Government inspection, and finally he will be sent forward to a pension varying from £20 to £30 a year, when he is 'old or infirmity,' he is incapacitated for work. Thus, instead of children being brought from their infancy into relationship with a body of men who owe their position to self-exertion, and the free spontaneous co-operation of their neighbours; and who, in their lives, by their very history, exemplify the great characteristic feature of English national life—that is to say, individual self-reliance, a vital force of the spirit of free association, they will, instead, be trained by their minds moulded by men who, in every stage of their history, have been supported by the resources and trained to the ideas of the central power. What Englishman will not from his heart exclaim *γένοίτο*, and anticipate the worst possible consequences from a thorough a revolution in the characteristic features of our English national life?

"*Thirdly.* Because even with compulsory laws, and the combined action of the most completely organized body of schools, and clergy and police known in the world, the Prussian organization has, as we have seen, failed to secure the universal education of its citizens. In 1851—1852, 10 per cent. of the militia from the province of Prussia had grown up *without any education at all*; 45 per cent. had had only a *defective* education; and only of the remaining 45 per cent. was the education pronounced satisfactory. This percentage, it must be remembered, is calculated in the case of a body of men in which *every* class of society is represented; in which noblemen and merchant, the mechanic and day-labourer stand side by side. It is the proportion of all classes—not merely of the 'lower orders.' Can we then cherish high hopes from such a system in a land like ours, where the very *name* of compulsory education is an abomination, and where the effect of its adoption will inevitably be (whether desired or not) to check that free, religious, philanthropic zeal to which the cause of popular education in England owes all its extension and efficiency.

"We submit, then, that these are valid 'reasons why' such a system should not be forced upon England."—Pp. 15—17.

It will be remembered that some time ago Mr.

brother of Sir James Kay Shuttleworth, published his opinions upon the condition and education of the people in England and Europe. He is perfectly enraptured with the system in question, and tells us that "such a splendid social institution has not existed without effecting magnificent results; and the Germans and the Swiss may now proudly point to the character and condition of their peasantry." This statement is met by a positive contradiction, and is proved to be thoroughly incorrect.

We cannot follow our author through his various proofs of this, but must content ourselves with the following painful statement of the failure of the system in a religious point of view :

"The universities and schools had lost the spirit of religion. Clerical and secular Inspectors winked at the omission of 'definite religious doctrine.' 'Universal religious ideas' usurped the place of biblical Christian truth. The schools became *secular*, and in 1848 the nations shuddered as they saw *themselves*, and understood *what* they had become. Rationalistic clergymen (I use the adjective in its strict technical sense as understood in Germany, not in its loose and often injurious sense as employed in England)—rationalistic clergymen, into whose very souls rationalism had eaten, and become part of their intellectual being, stood aghast at the result of their own doctrine, and while they cannot become *pietists* themselves, say now of their sons, God forbid that *they* should be as we! One of this class lately gave utterance to such a sentiment to us personally, and it now often occurs that rationalistic clergymen, in seeking curates, refuse men educated in their own opinions. Thus, this change has become possible because the people, though they cannot see that all that Government does is right, are yet in general convinced that what Government is destroying is wrong.

"Now it is into this *secularism*, into which the Prussian schools relapsed, that our governmental educational systems are drifting us. This, to a great extent, is at present the case (not *theoretically*, but *practically*), in connection with the operations of the Committee of Council. This will be especially the effect of the new so-called local scheme, in which Secularists and the advocates of a religious education have found a *common* basis of action! For, strange to say, men who announce as a principle that all education which is not religious is pernicious, in their scheme of education provide for the inspection of everything connected with the education imparted, except that which they themselves declare to be, of all else, the one thing needful. Indeed, it is *no longer to be necessary that any religious instruction at all* be imparted in the school; but when there is, it is not to be *inspected*. It may be said, the managers of the schools will have to see to this. But there is no provision what-

ever as to who these managers shall be. There may not be among them a single man of a decidedly religious character. Let their schools be open to Her Majesty's Inspectors, and they do *not* inspect religion; let them employ a certificated teacher, and such a teacher does not necessarily make it a condition of accepting office that he shall teach religion, or teach religiously; let them have one teacher for every eighty scholars, and one pupil-teacher for every forty; let the school register be open to the school committee; let every child above seven years of age receive instruction in reading, writing, English grammar, arithmetic, geography, English history, book-keeping (for boys), needle-work (for girls); let no child be refused admission as long as there is school-room accommodation, unless suffering from infectious disease, &c., nor dismissed, except on certain conditions; let it be proved that each child pays a fee of from one penny to fourpence weekly, as a school fee; and, finally, let the registers be properly kept, so as to secure the capitation grants; and a child may, for aught this Bill provides to the contrary, grow up in utter ignorance of the God who made and loves him, of the SAVIOUR who died to redeem him, and of the SPIRIT, who, proceeding from the FATHER and the SON, can alone rightly guide and counsel erring man; for Clause XXXVIII. provides that when the trustees or managers of a school fulfil the conditions we have just cited, 'the said committee shall admit such school into union with them;' and Clause XLI. expressly stipulates 'that except so far as the above regulations extend, the school committee shall *not* interfere with the management, constitution, discipline, instruction or other arrangements of any school admitted into union;' and yet, this is a Bill introduced by a distinguished man, and a man of undoubtedly strong convictions on the essentially religious character of the teacher's office, and who, indeed, in introducing this very measure in the House of Commons, said, 'I think that religion ought to be mixed up with the whole system of education from infancy.' Yet let it be distinctly understood that this Bill is virtually the triumph of the principle of secularism; and let religious men take timely warning from the experience of Germany as to its probable results."—Pp. 32—34.

There is much truth as well as philosophy in the following remarks:

"That man has read history in vain who does not know that of all sentiments of which man is capable, the religious sentiment is that to which it is most dangerous to do violence. Suppress it, or force it to a lower rank than legitimately belongs to it, and in time it will avenge itself terribly. The man, therefore, who seeks the material or intellectual progress of his species, and who wishes to see that progress steady and permanent, will ever seek to bring it into intimate connexion with healthful religious life. The intellectual should ever be the handmaid of the moral. Nothing but unmixed evil can spring from the unnatural conflict between science and religion. But thrust

religion from the schools, and in time that unnatural conflict must inevitably come; and let the lover of science know that in that conflict science ever suffers."—P. 35.

We think we have said enough to show that the pamphlet is exceedingly valuable—practical in its objects, and will we trust open the eyes of Englishmen to the dangers they have to apprehend. It is well written, contains important facts, whilst the tone that pervades the whole is especially praiseworthy. We can only add as regards the author—*Quum talis sis utinam noster esses.*

## LINES

TO MY LITTLE BROTHER ON HIS BIRTHDAY, WRITTEN IN THE  
FLYLEAF OF "THE CHURCH CATECHISM, ILLUSTRATED BY  
GILBERT."<sup>1</sup>

Loved one in CHRIST! we hail thee on this thy natal morn,  
And pray that every gift of grace thy childhood may adorn:  
We bid thee turn thy gaze awhile from playmates' offerings gay,  
And mark how CHRIST would have thee pursue thy heavenward way.

Passed through baptismal waters, due sworn the Cross to bear,  
To walk as He directs thee, be this thy daily care;  
For ever praise His power Who caused the fontal wave to flow  
Twixt thee and Pharaoh's city, where sin and sorrows grow.

Remember all thy weakness; take heed, and firmly let  
Upon the "Rock of Ages" thy trembling foot be set;  
Then folded let thy young arms be the holy Sign to make,  
At sight of which the powers of ill stand far, and fearful quake.

Weaking thou art; then gaze on high—for succour humbly sue—  
Thy FATHER ever lists to hear: well loves He to renew,  
For those who seek, the strengthening grace vouchsafed in infant  
hour,  
Pledge of His love for children dear—proof of Almighty power!

And lo! above thee, hovering near, thy Guardian Angel, see,  
Around thy path, blest messenger, preserves and shelters thee;

<sup>1</sup> This poem illustrates the vignette on the titlepage of this beautiful little work.

And know'st thou not thy Saviour's Word, "Is truth to you I  
say,  
Their angels see My FATHER's Face, before His Throne alway?"

Then firmly grasp thy FATHER's rod, and cheerful onward press;  
E'en through the shadowy vale of death His staff of peace shall bless;  
Till reached at last the haven bright, thou own with tuneful voice,  
How blest are they in safety there who evermore rejoice!

M. G. R.

*The Vicarage, Chard,  
March, 1857.*

## MIDNIGHT AND SUNRISE.

*(Concluded from page 134.)*

THE occasion that had caused Tom to be from home was one of those country revels, which are so constantly attended with serious, and often heart-rending results. This especial one was the greatest and most frequented of any held in the neighbourhood during the whole year. The place of meeting was the centre of a number of little country villages, each of which sent a large contribution to the body of pleasure-seekers.

Tom set out with a determination to enjoy himself to the full. He had hoarded up a little fund for this occasion, and was resolved to vie with the best that should be there. It was not long before he met with a number of his boon companions at the inn, and what they termed the pleasures of the day commenced; at the close, Tom was no longer master of himself. Some of his companions who had not drunk so deeply, begged him to stay awhile, and they would see him home. It was dangerous, they said, for him to go alone, as the snow was deep on the ground, and there were many pitfalls on the moor which had to be passed. But no! he would be off at once—he would wait for no one. He recollected, even in his drunkenness, that he had promised to be home early, and he had not become as yet entirely regardless of such a pledge.

On through the town he went, staggering and reeling to and fro. The common was reached: here the snow

and drifted in many places. He staggers on. His eyes become heavy; sleep overmasters him, and he lays himself down, or rather falls upon one of these heaps of driven snow. Some time elapsed before his companions passed that way; and had not one of them stumbled over the heap, there doubtless he would have passed the night, as it was he was cold and stiff, and apparently dead, when they took him up and carried him home, as has been already detailed.

Two days passed over before a real ground of hope appeared; days of wretchedness and misery unparalleled for his poor wife, who witnessed agony she could not in any way mitigate, and whose only comfort was the prayers that she offered up unceasingly to the All-Merciful. The ravings of that maddened brain—the agony of that burdened conscience, were beyond all description. Those not used to scenes of such a nature felt their almost every nerve shaken. To see that manly form laid prostrate—to watch the workings of the mind—to hear the hopeless exclamations, and the bitter shrieks, seemed to waken in some degree one's ideas of the nature of demoniacal possession.

The Priest shared the labours of the sick room, and endeavoured to cheer the suffering wife by the prayers of the Church, and consolation derived from the promises of Him, Who is the faithful and true. As reason began to dawn, and the delirium was in some measure mitigated, he endeavoured to bring the sufferer to converse on matters affecting the welfare of his soul. But ah! the glare of the eye, and the despairing tone with which the drunkard answered, "Too late, now! too late, now! no hope—no hope—away! He will not hear. They are round my bed; they have come to fetch me. Drive them away! but you can't—they will have their own. Oh, I see—I see a fearful sight!—there! there is the fire! I see it now. Oh, now I feel the agony of hell! Too late! too late! lost! lost!"

But not so. Days and weeks passed away: the man was at length in his right mind, listening to the exhortations of his priest with the humility of a little child. Day after day he drank in with joy and hope the lessons of



mercy and love—of sins, however grievous, forgiven—of absolution promised, and of the prodigal's reception on his return—which were gradually laid before him. The sickness proved his healing. Three months of pain and suffering did their appointed work. Penitence was being perfected in suffering; Lent was preparing for Easter.

The Priest saw the fruit of his labour, and admitted Tom to Holy Eucharist on the first Sunday on which he was able to go to Church. He was still weak and feeble, and as he returned home with his wife from the House of Prayer, he said, in a quiet, gentle tone, "Oh, Mary, what mercies have been mine! Henceforth I dedicate myself to the service of Him Who has loved me, and in the midst of wrath remembered mercy. Oh, think of that cold, dark, wretched night, and the bright sunrise of this blessed day! Never shall I forget those verses our Priest taught me during my weary illness. They are indeed dear to me; and now it will comfort me to repeat them to you on my way home—

"When bitter thoughts of conscience born  
 With sinners wake at morn—  
 When from our restless couch we start  
 With fevered lips, and wither'd heart,  
 Where is the spell to charm those mists away,  
 And make new morning in that darksome day?  
 One draught of Spring's delicious air,  
 One steadfast thought that God is there.

"These are Thy wonders, hourly wrought,  
 Thou Lord of time and thought!  
 Lifting and lowering souls at will,  
 Crowding a world of good or ill  
 Into a moment's vision; even as light  
 Mounts o'er a cloudy ridge, and all is bright  
 From west to east, one thrilling ray  
 Turning a wintry world to May.

"Would'st thou the pangs of guilt assuage?  
 Lo! here an open page,  
 Where heavenly mercy shines as free,  
 Written in balm, sad heart, for thee.  
 Never so fast, in silent April shower,  
 Flush'd into green the dry and leafless bower,  
 As Israel's crown'd mourner felt  
 The dull, hard stone within him melt.

"The Absolver saw the mighty grief,  
 And hasten'd with relief,—  
 'The LORD forgives, thou shalt not die !'  
 'Twas gently spoke, yet heard on high ;  
 And all the bands of Angels, used to sing,  
 In heaven, accordant to his raptur'd string,  
 Who many a month had turned away  
 With veiled eyes, nor owned his lay,

"Now spread their wings and throng around  
 To the glad mournful sound ;  
 And welcome, with bright, open face,  
 The broken heart to Love's embrace.  
 The rock is smitten, and to future years  
 Springs ever fresh the tide of holy tears  
 And holy music, whispering peace  
 Till time and sin together cease.

"There drink ; and when ye are at rest  
 With that free spirit, blest,  
 Who to the contrite can dispense  
 The princely heart of innocence,  
 If ever, floating from faint earthly lyre,  
 Was wafted to your soul one high desire,  
 By all the trembling hope ye feel,  
 Think on the minstrel as ye kneel.

"Think on the shame, that dreadful hour  
 When tears shall have no power,  
 Should his own day th' accuser prove  
 Cold, while he kindled others' love,  
 And let the prayer for charity arise,  
 That his own heart may hear his melodies,  
 And a true voice to him may cry,  
 'Thy God forgives—thou shalt not die.'<sup>1</sup>

"Are they not beautiful, Mary ? When I heard them first, I thought they had been written for me ; and now this day my vow is registered in heaven."

Was that vow kept ? Ten years afterwards the Priest paid a visit to the scene of his early labours, and again consecrated the elements at that altar, where first he had exercised the functions of the priesthood ; and though many old and valued friends had passed away from the scene of their earthly labours, yet what joy was his, as he saw Tom and Mary, with their two children, reverently ap-

<sup>1</sup> Keble's "Christian Year," Sixth Sunday after Trinity.

proach that altar to take the Bread of Life. He returned with them home, partook of their mid-day meal, and saw a happy, Christian home, where joy and peace—ay, and plenty—reigned; for Tom had prospered in his labours, was now a tradesman, trusted, honoured, and respected.

“Oh, sir,” said he, as the farewell was taken, “how often do I tell that lad there of the dark Christmas night, and the sunrise of that blessed spring morning!”

W. B. F.

## The Children's Corner.

### SCENES FROM LIFE.

#### CHAPTER VI.

“Childlike though the voices be,  
And untunable the parts,  
Thou wilt own the minstrelsy,  
If it flow from childlike hearts.”

*Christian Year.*

ETHEL would have liked to stop and look at the curious old carvings over the windows, and to watch the birds that flew in and out of the ivied turrets; but her companions hurried her on up the broad steps, into a spacious hall, the chequered marble pavement of which made her feel as if she were in church. Old banners hung around and waved in the soft evening air, and weapons of war or the chase were piled about in profusion. Skins of tigers and bears lay at many open doors, and Ethel so nearly slipped over one that she hardly knew where she was, when she heard Stanhope say, “Mamma, may we come in? Here is Miss St. Clare: she is to see the pictures in Cecile’s room.”

Then she looked up, and saw a lady seated on a sofa at the upper end of a beautiful room, and walking a few steps towards her, the child disengaged her hand from Stanhope’s, who still held her, and bent low in the never-forgotten curtsy, so often unconsciously to her the oc-

cession of curiosity or amusement. In the present case it excited Lady Flemmyng's wonder in no small degree. She bade the child come nearer, and then taking her on her lap, kissed her several times without speaking; while Ethel's eyes roved round the rich apartment, and finally settled on the lady's brooch.

"He is quite well, thank you, ma'am," she said, in reply to the inquiry for her grandpapa; "he does not know I am here, so perhaps I had better not stay now."

"Stanhope!" said Lady Flemmyng, turning to the boy, whose colour was rising high at the anticipated reproof, "how could you think of bringing her unknown to Mr. St. Clare, and without his permission? I am surprised and vexed indeed."

"It was partly my fault," said Hugh, interposing; "we found her in the copse, and Cecile asked her to come up and play."

"And she cried, mamma, dear," put in the little one, "because she had no brothers and sisters, poor little Ethel!"

The child held up her rosy mouth as she spoke to her new friend, and Ethel tried to say something, for she felt she ought at least to share the blame; but the lady prevented her by saying to the boys,

"It was very wrong, very thoughtless in you both; the same fault, Stanhope, I have so often to speak about."

Her tone was so grave, that Ethel suddenly found courage to say,

"It was naughty in me, ma'am, too. I beg your pardon for coming into your copse."

Lady Flemmyng stopped her with a kiss. "My sweet child, we must be friends; we must beg your grandpapa to allow you to come and play with Cecile: but now I think you had better go home, lest he should be uneasy. Hugh, go and gather her a bunch of grapes; and then, Stanhope, as you are the eldest and most to blame, you shall take her home, and apologise properly to Mr. St. Clare. Say, too, how much I hope he will allow her to come very soon, and spend a day with us. Good-bye, my love; one more kiss; we shall meet again soon, I hope."

Another curtsy, so graceful, it made the lady smile and bow a courtly adieu; and Ethel, holding by her "kind, tall boy," was on her way down the hill.

Mr. St. Clare looked up in surprise when his little darling, covered with blushes, led her companion into his study, and, less confidently than usual, came creeping and nestling to his side, and was encircled instantly by his arm. Stanhope told his tale, and begged pardon, as his mother had desired him; but he evidently considered the transgression less heinous than Ethel, who looked up with eyes brimful of tears, and faltered out, "Do forgive us, grandpapa."

"I am glad my Ethel takes some share of the blame," he said, gravely; "how came you, my dear, to go into the copse at all?"

Ethel's colour flew quickly up, and Stanhope answered for her, "It was hot, sir, and she was tired; she came there to rest."

Mr. St. Clare still looked at Ethel, and in a moment she answered, "It was disobedience, grandpapa; I had not asked you, and I did not think about the duty."

"The duty that we talked of last night—you did not, indeed, my love; but I am happy to see that my little girl confesses herself in fault, and knows what she did so wrong. It *was* forgetting the duty, Ethel."

"You know, sir, that we persuaded her very much," broke in Stanhope, eagerly.

"It was very kind of him, grandpapa," said Ethel, suddenly looking up, and then dropping her eyes again.

"Just what I was going to say, my love. We must thank Master Flemyng for taking care of you, and bringing you back. There is no need of an apology on your part," he said, kindly, to the boy; "Ethel is the one to apologise for her intrusion to Lady Flemyng; but she is a country girl, and unused to strangers. You must carry my thanks and compliments to your mother, and say that Ethel and I will call on her soon, and answer her kind invitation."

Stanhope begged it might be between twelve and one o'clock, as they were then out of school, and the pleasure would not be limited to mamma and Cecile.

"Oh, do say yes, grandpapa! please say yes!" and the earnest face was pressed closer to his shoulder.

"I cannot say yes, till Ethel has learnt to obey; but, my ladybird, don't cry—there must be no tears on your cheek." He lifted her pinafore, and wiped them away. "Come, you shall show Master Flemyng your garden, and then we will have some tea together;—that's right, my pet—now you look like your own little self."

Stanhope would like to stay so very much, but he had not leave. Mr. Gresham would be expecting him; indeed, their hour for evening school was quite near. He turned to shake hands with Ethel, but she held up her head so childishly and sweetly, that the boy stooped to kiss her, and lifted up his face again all hot and glowing; and with a kind shake-hands from Mr. St. Clare, he was gone, and running up the steep hill; and Ethel, sitting on her grandpapa's knee, was beginning to tell the history of her former adventure, and vainly trying to answer his question of why she had not told him before? She could not tell; it was somehow mixed up with Mrs. Willis, and Lord Flemyng, and Jem's stories of ogres and giants, and a lingering, tender remembrance of a tall dark boy, and the wonderful picture of the mother and child which Cecile's face had recalled. But as Ethel's hand was soon pressed to her forehead, and in her eyes shone out the expression of perplexity he never saw without a pang, Mr. St. Clare gave up his wish to know the cause of her unusual concealment, and sent her to carry to a sick child a little jug of soup, which required all her skill, and quite occupied her whole attention; while he himself, pacing up and down the grass in front of the parsonage, was musing on the probable results of companionship to his solitary bird, and deciding that at any rate he would make the experiment, and allow his little darling the pleasure, hitherto unknown, of an occasional game of play with children of her own age; though he would go with her himself, and judge more accurately than he had yet been able to do of the tone and habits of the family at the Park.

He had been much pleased with the bright, handsome boy who had brought Ethel home. Although less ob-

servant than the child, Mr. St. Clare did not recognise him as the hero of the nuts ; nor did he know that Cecile was the only girl of the party : and, determined to run no risk of spoiling his own little darling's simplicity and childishness, he thought he would take an early opportunity of paying Lady Flemming a visit, and stipulating the conditions on which alone he could accept of the offered acquaintance.

## CHAPTER VII.

*"How fast these autumn buds decay !  
But nearer view the naked spray,  
And many a bud thine eye will meet,  
Prepared with ready smile to greet  
The showers and gleams of spring."*

"ARE you quite sure this watch is right, grandpapa ?" asked Ethel, as she came for the twentieth time to look at the old-fashioned watch which lay on his study table.

"Quite sure, but you know we are not to set out till twelve o'clock, and as I am busy you must not disturb me, but wait patiently till both the hands arrive at this place which I have shown you."

"But how long will they be till they arrive there ?"

"Only twenty minutes, my love, but if you fidget about at my elbow I shall not have done my writing, and then we must wait even longer. Run away to the garden, I will call you when the right time comes."

"Ah, you are so busy, grandpapa, you may forget to look, so I will creep in now and then, and not disturb you in the least."

And Ethel stole away, but in less than two minutes she was there again on tiptoe to peep, and it was no easy matter for Mr. St. Clare to fix his attention on his papers, for the child flitted like a fairy before him.

The longed-for day was come, and they were to pay their first joint visit at the Park. Ethel had been preparing for it since ten o'clock, and had actually stood still to have her frock fastened and her hair combed, for

a remembrance of Cecile's beautiful hair and dress had helped to quiet her.

It wanted but ten minutes of the time when Mr. St. Clare looked up to see Ethel again stealing in on tiptoe.

"My dear, you must not come again," he said, "you must learn patience as well as obedience. Run now to the garden, when the church clock strikes you may come again."

Up and down the grass, in and out of the porch, round and round the pond, did Ethel stroll, her eyes ever turning to the clock which was to end her probation.

"It's a lazy hand," she sighed, "I wish I had a ladder long enough to reach it, I could climb up and push it on."

And during the maze of thought which followed, whether any ladder could be made so long, whether any one could climb so high without falling and breaking legs and arms, and soiling clean white frocks, Ethel's reverie was broken by the first stroke of the great bell as it boomed out over her head. She waited to hear and count them all, and then darting in, merrily helped to clear the study table.

The sun was high, and the hill side hot and dusty, but these once passed, the shade of the copse which skirted their road was refreshing and delightful, though Ethel thought grandpapa walked slower than usual in her impatience to arrive. Though they had entered November, the season was unusually mild and late, scarcely were any trees bare but the sycamores and chestnuts, and if the beautiful elms and oaks which Ethel loved so much, were burning red and yellow, it was only a fresh beauty in the child's sparkling eyes. And she collected a handful, and came running after her grandpapa, to show the lovely shades of colours, with a sprig of dark fir to set off the gayest. Then she took his hand, and walked steadily for some distance, while he answered her various questions.

About Advent she was curious—how was it that while *that* was coming, while we were looking for that great beginning of a year, every thing else was fading and going away, and that the real year was going to end when the church year had only just begun. In half



perplexed language, (for Ethel was more accustomed to think than talk, and it felt difficult even for him to put his thoughts into words) she asked this, and he tried to answer her as childishly.

"Even these dead leaves show that we are expecting fresh ones, my love. The leaf falls now, that the new bud may have time to form during the winter and bide its time, and when spring comes a new and fresh green will appear. Earthly things must fade and die, because they are of a nature only transitory, lasting but a little while, like the rainbow you love to watch over the hill, or the bonfire of mist that we see hanging in the distance, till the sun gets up and drives it away. It is the same with ourselves, Ethel. You know our bodies are not made to last very long, we soon die, some very young, some very old, but it is certain that all must die, like those withered leaves. If they did not fall, the new buds could not form to make the new leaves; if we did not die and our bodies decay, we should not be 'raised in glory' to live with Him for ever. When the trees are all bare, and the earth is cold and hard, when the days are short and then comes our blessed Christmas, bringing light and warmth, and life, to our hearts and souls. It is a beautiful and wondrous type, my child, of the spiritual gloom that enveloped our world when He the great Redeemer came, and during Advent weeks we wait and expect His coming, just as we expect the new leaves on our bare and naked trees. Does that make it clearer, love?"

"I think so," said the child pondering, "perhaps grandpapa, the snow came then all over the earth as a type too—a sort of white covering for His cradle. Do you think so? I shall love snow better if I can be sure of that."

"It is an emblem or type, no doubt, of spotless purity, my child, and therefore most peculiarly suited to the season. We will talk more about Advent, Ethel, another time; look, now we are quite close to the house."

Ethel would have preferred to approach by the back path through the copse, but her grandpapa had opened the gate as he spoke, and she found they had arrived. The bell was rung, and in a few moments Ethel again came

the chequered hall, and again a sobering feeling came over her, as she avoided the slippery tiger skin, and bent low in her graceful reverence, as they were announced. Lady Flemyng came quickly to meet them, and stooped to kiss Ethel very kindly, while Cecile who had been reading to her mother, laid the book on the sofa, and ran up to her new friend. When Mr. St. Clare was seated, and had made proper apologies for his little girl's intrusion, he found the lady much less constrained and silent than before. It might be the children's presence, he thought, or it might be, that she wished to make amends for the past distance at which he had been kept. Cecile came and stood before him, and said in the first pause of conversation,

"Thank you, sir, for letting Ethel come; please may she spend the day with me to-morrow, or very soon."

"Go now and show Ethel your books and toys, darling," her mother said in reply, before Mr. St. Clare could speak, and leading her friend to an ottoman at the other end of the room, Cecile began displaying to her all her rarest and favourite books, for though three years younger, Cecile was greatly in advance of the gipsy child.

"Erskine brought me this from London; it is all about beasts, wonderful birds, and pelicans; did you ever see one?" she asked, turning to look for a picture, but failing to find it, she offered another. "This is a book about London cries. Were you ever in London? Papa gave it me, my own dear papa; he gives me so many things. See this chain, it is gold, and too good, mother says, for a little girl, but papa bought it for me because I had out a tooth once without crying."

"Did you!" said Ethel wonderingly; "how patient you must be; grandpapa wants me to learn patience."

"Oh, ladies must always be patient; it is not right, mamma says, to lose one's patience; that is like servants."

Ethel's eyes opened wider; she wisely said nothing, but turned again to the books.

"That is 'Sintram,'" Cecile said; "see, here is a nice picture; that is the black death, and here is the knight."

"Oh, I don't like that; how dreadful he looks; what boy is that shrinking down?"

"That is 'Sintram'; you shall have it to read. I will lend you all my books. Do choose some of them now; I shall like to lend you 'Sintram.'"

"Thank you," Ethel quietly said, "but I can't read," and a blush came mounting over her sweet face as Cecile exclaimed in astonishment,

"Not read!—how very odd,—why I could read two years ago," and then suddenly remembering that Ethel had no mamma, Cecile stopped and blushed deeper than her companion.

"I will teach you," she said softly, "it is not hard, one soon learns. Don't be vexed, Ethel dear; in a month you will learn. I heard mamma say I learnt in a month; and then you shall have my books. Papa taught me nearly all I know. I sit on his knee every night, and he tells me a story. I think he would like to know you."

Ethel blushed more painfully. Lord Flemyng was to her the *bête noir* of the Park, and the thought of him the only check to her pleasure in being with Cecile. She was saved the pain of answering, for Lady Flemyng now called them to her, and told Cecile to run and see if her papa were in his room, "and take Ethel with you," she said, as the child was running off.

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### THE ENVIOUS CHICKEN.—A FABLE.

FOR several days last Fall, old Mrs. Yellowneck, one of the wisest and kindest of hen mothers, observed her little daughter Topknot walking sullenly by herself, as if she was angry or sick. As she had just recovered from an alarming attack of the *pip* and a touch of the *gapes*, and passed safely through the most critical period of chickenhood, her mother considered her constitution firmly established, and felt very little concern about her health.

Her singular behaviour on such a lovely morning,

when the sun was just beginning to shine for the first time after two days' rain, and when all her little brothers and sisters were scratching up the earth and picking up worms, and cawing, cackling, and chirping over their good luck in the tiniest voices imaginable, could not pass unnoticed. So her mother, calling her to account, said, "My daughter, why do you seem so unhappy? Are you sick or offended?"

Topknot held down her head a minute, and seeing her mother was determined to wait for an answer, replied: "I am thinking how differently we fare from Mrs. Graywing. We have a basket of corn thrown out to us each day, and the biggest get the most, and we little ones tire ourselves out scrambling, and then go away hungry. This morning a walnut which happened to be in the corn hit me on the head, and stunned me so that I almost lost my breakfast, and just as I was eating my second kernel, a great pail of water came splashing down where I stood, and nearly drowned me. I could bear it all patiently but for Mrs. Graywing's good fortune. She has a beautiful house of her own, and our mistress gives her more corn than she can eat, and the children carry her five or six meals a day of pieces of meat, apples, curdled milk, and other dainties, and she has a pan of fresh water by her side all the time. How differently we fare. We have to scratch for all we eat, except the short allowance of corn, and if I try to get a drink out of a pail or a pan of water, somebody hallooos, 'Shoo! shoo! shoo!' and scares me so, that all my feathers stand up straight."

"My dear child, if you knew as much of life as I do, you would not envy Mrs. Graywing. I could describe the untimely end of more than one prosperous hen who has lived at ease in that handsome coop; but I will not sadden your young spirits by knowledge unsuited to your years. Believe me, we are better off than she, with all her high living, though we have to live from *claw to bill*, and work hard. Our mistress' kindness to Mrs. Graywing proceeds not from love."

"That can't be, mother, for I heard our master say to his wife, 'How does Graywing come on? Does she fatten?' I saw them all go out together, and look at her

and feel of her, and our mistress said she was 'nough.' I stood by, looking in, and they almost me, and when I cried out with pain, she said, what lazy chickens get; go, follow your mother. can I help feeling hurt at the difference in our ment?"

"My daughter, cease this silly repining, and listen to the words of wisdom. When you are older, you will confess with shame that I speak the truth. Our daughter is a happy one. We are free to roam the meadows and the butterflies and worms, and return each night to the tree with Carlo to keep off danger while we sleep. you have lived in this yard as many years as I have, and will learn to dread above all things the life of idleness and ease which Mrs. Graywing leads."

Mrs. Yellowneck now called her daughter to her; but seeing her obstinacy, left her to indulge her spleen alone.

Topknot hung about Mrs. Graywing's house for many days, growing quite thin with envy, while the rest of the brood were thriving and merry as chickens could be.

At last, one morning Mrs. Yellowneck saw her forward daughter rushing over the field, with wings and feet scarce touching the ground, uttering the alarming cries of fright and terror. Mrs. Yellowneck called all her family about her in a moment; and as the time Topknot reached them they stood in a cluster behind a currant-bush, looking like an Indian council with their chief addressing them.

"O, mother! Mrs. Graywing is killed—her head is off! Master did it! O dear! what shall I do! I am so scared! I want to come back to you, and to live. I am punished for my envy and discontent. I never want to live in the big hen-house—never, never."

Mrs. Yellowneck, seeing her daughter's wild excitement, wisely refrained from a word of blame, and comforted her back to her mother's love, and to a life of industry and obedience. When she became calm, her mother said, "I hope all my brood will learn from Topknot's experience to keep contented with a life of

labour, believing their mother's words that riches and prosperity do not always bring security and happiness."

From that day Topknot grew fat and strong, and helped her mother take care of the little ones, as an elder daughter should; and when I last saw her, she held a dignified and honourable position among the fowls of the poultry-yard.—*Youth's Cabinet*.

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## THE LITTLE SISTER'S THOUGHT.

DEAR mother, draw not close, I pray,  
The curtains round my bed,  
But let the moonbeams softly play  
Around my pillowed head.

For there, whene'er I sleepless lie,  
My long lost brother seems  
To look upon me from on High,  
And whisper happy dreams.

Methinks full oft I see at night  
His little Angel face  
And white wings, shining oh! so bright,  
Within that beauteous place.

And then I know I'm not alone,  
And that I ne'er can be,  
For Angels fair from God's bright Throne  
Are watching over me;

And waiting, it may be, awhile  
To bear me to the skies;  
Where I shall see my brother's smile  
In God's own Paradise.

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## Reviews and Notices.

*The Doctrine of the Priesthood in the Church of England*, by T. T. CARTER, M.A., Rector of Clewer, (London: Masters,) is a work which must necessarily command attention. No book was more required. The ignorance that prevails upon this subject is most appalling. Ignorance or blind prejudice can only (we think) be the cause of even clergymen shrinking with alarm from the use of the word "priest." As Mr. Carter is known to, and appreciated by, most of our readers, they will scarcely require to be told that what he has undertaken he has done well. The volume contains fifteen chapters, the value of which may be judged from the following titles of a few. We have the Etymology of the term—its history from the time of the Reformation—the Contrast between the English and Foreign Reformations—the Testimony of Antiquity and of Holy Scripture—the Priesthood of the People, and the Chief Function of the Ministerial Priesthood. In the chapter on the contrast between English and Foreign Reformations we read:—

"The main difference, therefore, between the English and foreign Reformation lay in this—that *we* retained, and *they* lost, the sacramental system. The name priest, which they have consistently rejected, and we as consistently have preserved, is the token and seal of that system, and so of our distinctiveness.

"It is evident, then, from what source there first arose in England any opposition to the Catholic doctrine of the Priesthood. Urgent and persevering were the endeavours of the Swiss Reformers to advance their views amongst us. The second Prayer-Book of Edward VI., compared with the first of that reign, indelibly marks their fatal influence for a time. But even while other truths were temporarily suppressed, during these sore and critical struggles, the name and idea of priest remained undisturbed. The name was preserved in the second Prayer-Book of Edward VI., when Church principles were at their lowest ebb, and Calvinism had obtained its greatest influence, equally as in the first, or in the third, that of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, which we now use.

"Calvinism has failed to rob us of our heritage; but it has succeeded in largely leavening the popular mind, so as to make in great measure practically inoperative, or a matter of reproach, much of what it could not remove. Under the specious guise of honouring the religion of the heart, and the soul's secret communing with God, it has really dwarfed and impoverished the spiritual life of multitudes, by destroying the popular faith in the priesthood and in sacraments; thus loosening the hold of those 'joints and bands' by which the Church, 'having nourishment ministered, and knit together, increaseth with the increase of God.' The popular arguments now prevailing, with the semblance (for, as hereafter will be shown, it is no more than the semblance) of Scriptural authority, are precisely those which are found in the Helvetic Confession of faith, as the self-asserted plea of Presbyterianism. It is but a consistent succession of

doctrine, when the Presbyterian Vitringa gives the weight of his extensive learning to sustain what Calvin originated."—Pp. 29—31.

In his chapter on the Principle of the Priesthood, Mr. Carter says :—

"The slaughter of an animal victim in sacrifice is not, as some have supposed, the essential characteristic of a priest, for by the Levitical Law it was appointed that the victim should be put to death, not by the priest, but by the worshipper, (see Lev. i. 2, 5.) In later years the custom grew for the Levites or subordinate attendants to slay and prepare the victim. (See 2 Chron. xxix. 24, 34.) The priest's office was only to offer on the altar, sprinkle the blood, and distribute the consecrated food of the sacrifices.

"Nor again were sacrifices of blood essential to a Priesthood. Hickee (lib. 11, sec. iv.) has shown by a large collection of evidence, as e.g. from the customs of the early Romans and Persians, who had no animal sacrifices, and, in modern times, from the case of the Mahometans, that the ministers of such religions have been always regarded as true priests. According to the Levitical law the sin-offering of a poor man was bloodless, of fine flour only (Lev. v. 1—4); yet was it equally a true sacrifice 'to make atonement' for his sin. The material or nature of the offering therefore cannot be the determining points as to the character of a priestly ministry.

"The laws which regulated the Levitical sacrifices, being evidently typical in all their details, give the true key to the principle which underlies the system in all its variations. In regard both to burnt-offerings, and sin-offerings offered by private individuals, the same general course of proceeding was ordained. The victim was brought before the door of the tabernacle, and the offerer laid his hand on the head of the victim, 'that it might be accepted for him.' By this act he symbolized the open acknowledgment before God of his sin, and his obnoxiousness to His judgment, together with the humble profession of faith in the true vicarious Sacrifice, upon Whom 'the Lord hath laid the iniquities of us all.' The victim was then taken by the offerer to the north side of the altar, and was there bled to death. By this was typified the acknowledgment of death being the proper desert of sin, and a pleading of the merits of the death of CHRIST; the north side being emblematic of the region and shadow of death in the natural world, and so of the miserable state to which sin had reduced mankind, into which the Lord voluntarily descended, that He might share it with us and so redeem us from it. The priest then, and the priest alone, received the blood and sprinkled it upon the altar. This typified the act of absolution following upon the confession, with the application of the merits and virtues of the most precious Blood of the true 'Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world.' The principle again was the same, when Aaron, taking his censer, and burning incense therein, 'stood between the living and the dead, and the plague was stayed' (Numb. xvi. 48); and again, when the life of Abimelech hung upon Abraham's prayer: 'for he is a Prophet, and he shall pray for thee, and thou shalt live.' (Gen. xv. 7.)



"In all these cases alike, the intervention of the commissioned agent, applying the appointed means, with the promises of a special covenant, was the principle on which the expected blessing depended, and it is this intervention which constituted the sacerdotal act. Grotius, therefore, in his commentary on Heb. ii. 17, has given the true definition of the priest's office founded on this deeper view of the subject. 'It was the priest's office,' he says, 'to be in God's stead (*Dei vice fungi*) to the people, and the people's stead (*populi vice*) to God.' Estius, commenting on ch. viii. ver. 6 of the Epistle to the Hebrews, gives the same definition, though in fuller detail: 'It is the office of a priest to mediate between God and men, to confirm compacts between them by offering sacrifice, and by his offices to provide that men become partakers of the Divine promises.' Again, Hickee, in his 'Christian Priesthood Asserted,' chap. ii., sec. 1, expresses the same idea, grounding it on S. Paul's statement (Heb. v. 1), when he describes a priest as one who 'among men stands in the presence of God to perform Divine offices for them, and for their benefit and good, to reconcile them to God and God to them, or to obtain graces and favours to them from Him, and as it were to interpose between Him and them.'—Pp. 95—98.

A volume of Sermons by T. W. MOSSMAN, B.A., without being particularly striking or eloquent, may be commended as well adapted for general circulation, and calculated to be of use amongst the sick, the poor, and the aged. The style of the author, and the size of the type in which the volume is printed, render it valuable in this respect. The following is the conclusion of the sermon on the Faith of the Blessed Virgin :—

"In conclusion, then, dear brethren, this seems to be the lesson which we are called upon to learn. In all things to believe in God and trust in His Word. To think nothing impossible which God has promised. We ought perhaps rather to expect that God will do wonders than that He will do common things. So that if anything which we read in Holy Scripture seem especially marvellous, and more than ordinarily out of all usual course, that very circumstance ought to be an additional reason for convincing us of its truth. It is expressly said of JEHOVAH, 'Thou art the God that doest wonders.' The whole work of our salvation is a wonder, a true miracle from beginning to end. God delights in working miracles to save us. Let us delight in believing in Him, and believing them, believing that God does 'so do His marvellous works.' This is the true way of peace. We shall learn more continually God's great love towards us. And the more we meditate, the more will it grow and be woven into all our thoughts, that God 'loved us with an everlasting love,' and 'gave Himself for us.' And as He did this, so may we believing, give up ourselves wholly to receive Him into our souls, that our God may dwell within us, until He make us like Himself in the perfection and 'beauty of holiness.' For blessed are all they that believe, for there shall be a performance of those things which were told them from the LORD."—Pp. 114, 115.

## The Editor's Desk.

[WITHOUT entering ourselves into the question of Biblical revision we gladly comply with Dr. Biber's request by inserting the following.]

### THE AUTHORISED VERSION AND THE SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.

*To the Editor of the Churchman's Companion.*

SIR,—I trust that the importance of the question to which the accompanying paper relates, may induce you to give it a space in your pages. I should have preferred to circulate it,—in the first instance, at all events,—through the official "Monthly Paper" of the Society; but an objection was taken to this course, on the ground that a longer notice than that required by the rules,—one month, which, for the practical purpose of publicity, amounts in fact to no more than a week,—"was without precedent." As I do not think that three months is too long a time for the consideration of so weighty a subject, I venture to hope that the public press will assist me in giving cognizance of the proposed measure to the members of the Society and to the public at large.

I have the honour to be, Sir, your faithful servant,  
*Roehampton, March 6, 1857.* G. E. BIBER.

### RESOLUTIONS AND SCHEME

Handed in at the General Meeting of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, on Tuesday, March 3, 1857 :—

*Resolutions to be moved by the Rev. Dr. Biber at the Meeting of the Board on Tuesday, June 2, 1857.*

1. That a correct knowledge of the contents of the Holy Scriptures is a fundamental part of Christian knowledge.
2. That since the publication of the English Authorised Version, in 1611, additional light has been thrown both upon the Original Text of the Holy Scriptures by collation of manuscripts, and upon the sense of particular passages by the researches of Biblical Scholars.
3. That it is desirable that so much of the additional information thus obtained, as is not of a conjectural or doubtful character, but authenticated by evidence, and sanctioned by the authority of competent Biblical Scholars, should be made available to English Readers and Students of Holy Scripture, not skilled in the original languages.
4. That to effect this desirable object falls eminently within the

province of this Society, as a Society expressly founded and constituted for the purpose of promoting Christian Knowledge.

5. That a Committee of Inquiry, consisting of — Members of the Standing Committee, and an equal number of Members of this Board not being Members of the Standing Committee, be appointed to consider the scheme for carrying out the above object, appended to the present resolution, and to report thereon to this Board.

#### SCHEME

For the Promotion of Biblical Knowledge, to be considered and reported on by the Committee of Inquiry, proposed to be appointed by Resolution 5.

I. A distinct Committee of this Society to be constituted, to be called the Committee of Biblical Knowledge.

II. The duty of such Committee to be—to collect, digest, and sift the additional information respecting the Text and the Sense of the Holy Scriptures, resulting from the advance of Biblical Learning since the publication of the English Authorised Version : and to take measures for making the same available to English readers by the publication of Editions of the whole or of portions of the Holy Scriptures, exhibiting, by the side of the Authorised Version, such additional information as may be considered important and generally valuable.

III. Steps to be taken for obtaining the appointment of Episcopal Referees to exercise a superintending control over the labours of such Committee.

IV. A separate Fund to be established for the operations of such Committee, by means of subscriptions to be solicited for this special object, and of grants to be made from time to time from the General Funds of the Society.

V. A report, stating the progress of the labours of such Committee to be appended to the Annual Report of the Society.

VI. The Committee to be guided in their labours by certain definite rules, to be drawn up, and sanctioned by a General Meeting of the Society, as an instruction to them.

#### SUGGESTIONS FOR RULES,

to be laid down for the guidance of the Committee of Biblical Knowledge, in accordance with Clause VI. of the Scheme.

1. The Text of the Authorised Version to be preserved in its integrity, and all emendations, whether arising from improved Readings of the Original Text, or from improved translation, to be exhibited in the form of Marginal Readings.

2. No Marginal Readings to be introduced merely for the sake of exhibiting a Various Reading, or the suggestion of a different translation, or for the sake of verbal or literal exactness; but such only as are calculated to throw light upon the sense of Holy Writ by clearing up obscurities or correcting inaccuracies.

3. No corrections of the Received Text to be admitted on grounds

purely conjectural or doubtful, but such only as are supported by satisfactory external as well as internal evidence, whether derived from Manuscripts, from Ancient Versions, or from quotations in ancient writings.

4. Alterations in the punctuation, or in the accents of the Greek, or the Masoretic points of the Hebrew Text, to be admitted whenever they are calculated to yield a clearer or a better sense.

5. No emendations of translation to be admitted, unless clearly made out on grounds of sound Biblical philology.

6. Whenever in two or more passages the same word or phrase employed in the same sense in the Original Text, is in the Authorised Version rendered by different English expressions, the sameness of expression in the Original to be indicated in the margin.

7. The Idiom of the Authorised Version to be followed as much as possible in the Marginal Readings; and no emendations of translation to be introduced for the sake of modernising the language.

8. In cases where, from a change in the language, the Text of the Authorised Version is liable to be misapprehended, the proper sense to be indicated in the Margin.

9. Of the Marginal Readings in the present Editions of the Authorised Version those which rest on the authority of the translators themselves, to be retained and exhibited in distinguishing type.

10. Of the Marginal Readings subsequently introduced those only to be retained, which, considering the more advanced state of Biblical learning may be considered valuable.

11. Of the Marginal References in the present Editions of the Authorised Version, such as are merely of a verbal character, to be omitted; and such only to be retained, or introduced afresh, as may tend to elucidate the sense by comparison of Scripture with Scripture.

12. The Text of the Authorised Version to be printed in consecutive paragraphs, and in the books, or portions of books, the character of which requires it, in lines exhibiting their rhythmic arrangement or their parallelisms; the division into Chapters and Verses being, in either case, indicated in the Margin.

13. No comments, or exegetical annotations, to be superadded; but such notes only as may be deemed requisite for the elucidation, or justification, of the Marginal Readings.

14. Such notes, if copious, and any introductory or prefatory observations, explanatory of the sources from which the materials for emendatory Marginal Readings have been derived, or of the grounds on which they rest, to be printed and circulated separately.

15. Of any portion of the Holy Scriptures, at any time so prepared for publication, no larger number of copies to be printed than may from time to time be required to meet the current demand, until the entire Volume of Holy Scripture, or, at least, the whole of the New Testament, shall have been completed, and time and opportunity shall have been given for further revision and emendation.

\*.\* In giving the above notice, Dr. Biber wishes it to be understood that his object in giving it thus early, is to afford to the mem-

bers of the Society ample time for considering the question in all its bearings ; and that he has brought it forward in this definite shape, with a view to obviate misconceptions. He will thankfully receive suggestions on the subject, and [though he cannot undertake in all cases to answer the communications which may reach him] give them the fullest consideration. Any suggestions addressed to him [Roehampton, London, S. W.] before the end of April, may, if relating to important points, be made available for the purpose of introducing any additions or modifications, either in the Resolutions, or in the Scheme and the Suggestions for Rules appended to them, on his giving, as required by the Rules of the Society, formal notice of the present motion at the May meeting of the Board. Suggestions not so used may still prove valuable in the further consideration of the question by the Committee of inquiry, in the event of Resolution 5 being agreed to.

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That a great portion of the Lushington Judgment would be reversed we never doubted. But we were scarcely prepared for such a decision as that to which the Lords of the Judicial Committee of Privy Council have come, with the full sanction of His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. Churchmen may be well content, and more than satisfied, although no more than their rights have been conceded to them. The stone altar of course could not be expected after the decision of Sir H. J. Fust—neither the cross as fastened to, and a part of the altar—and therefore we may fairly congratulate and thank Mr. Liddell and his coadjutors, for the stand they have made in defence of the *liberty* of English churchmen. It may be said, that it has been a great contest for trifles, but however that might be, anything ceases to be a trifle, when the world uplifts its head against it, and it is no trifle that crosses should not be banished from our churches, and that the church's seasons shall have their symbolical representation. The share of the costs which Mr. Westerton has to pay, will we hope, prove a satisfaction to him, whilst perhaps it may cause him to think a little before he begins again to interrupt the peace of a congregation.

On Shrove Tuesday, February the 24th, 1857, a very interesting ceremony took place at the ancient Parish Church of Blithfield, in Staffordshire. The church was crowded to overflowing with neighbours, tenants, and parishioners. All the subscribers to the noble fund collected for the purpose of erecting some memorial to the late Lord Bagot, were invited by letter to attend Service in the old parish church of the Bagots at half-past two o'clock, and to proceed afterwards to lay the first stone of the new Schools on which it had been decided to expend the sum collected. According to this invitation they came, and then the infant son and heir lately born to Blithfield was brought by his parents, Lord and Lady Bagot, to be christened in the presence of all those who had so recently testified their love and respect for his departed grandfather,—and whose affections were thus as it were enlisted for the unconscious babe. Many doubtless were the hearty prayers put up for the infant that day by those there

present together of all ranks ; from the universally beloved Bishop of the Diocese, to the grey-haired peasant whose ancestors had been retainers of "the family," and tilled the same soil for centuries. The Rev. Thomas James preached on the singularly appropriate text, Ezra iii. 12, "But many . . . that had seen the first house, when the foundation of *this* house was laid before their eyes wept with a loud voice,—and many shouted aloud for joy." He touched with heart-stirring eloquence on the similarity of our human feelings at this day, to those described by the Prophet Ezra ; although the soothing balm of our Christian Faith, by stilling the bitterness of grief, and subduing the exuberance of joy, blends both into a holy calm. Every heart thrilled, and few eyes were dry as he spoke of the dear memories which the ancient walls of that venerable church brought to all hearts, and implored a blessing on the infant just made a member of that Christian family in which the noblest and the poorest names of earth are alike blest and honoured to be admitted.

A bright sun poured its rays on the old walls during the service through the painted east window, lately erected to the memory of the Bishop of Bath and Wells.

- " And through the painted window,  
It shone on the floor below ;  
On the monuments of a noble race  
Erected long ago.
- " Over their marble tablets  
A stream of light it threw,  
And tinged the ancient sculpture  
With many a gorgeous hue.
- " Then deep and grave reflections  
Arose within my breast ;  
Gazing on those old monuments,  
So tranquil in their rest.
- " Of good deeds done long ago  
By many loved and dead,  
Which still around their memory  
A holy radiance shed.
- " And methought that emblems there  
Of a Christian's hope were given,  
In the marble white, of a peaceful death,  
In the sunbeam bright of Heaven."

The service ended, all formed in procession at the west doors of the church. First came the school children in their red cloaks and green frocks, then the clergy, last of whom walked the Archdeacon of Stafford and the Lord Bishop of Lichfield, then all the congregation, gentle and simple ; two and two, and very picturesque the long line looked winding along amongst the old oak trees that stand above the house at Blithfield and then across the grass to the spot (just inside the lodges on the Rugeley side) selected for the New Schools..

There the Countess of Dartmouth laid the first stone of that building,—erected to the memory of the late beloved and respected Lord Bagot. All his children, and many of his grandchildren, stood around, with all the assembled relations, friends, tenants, and neighbours—

the men barcheaded, following the Bishop's example ; while the Hon. and Rev. Hervey Bagot read a short service for the occasion, in the responses to which all cordially joined ; and with a prayer extracted from it, we close this account.

"O LORD and Heavenly FATHER, Almighty and Everlasting GOD, we pray Thee to bless this building and bring it to a joyful completion. Look upon it with Thy mercy, and favour it with Thy protection ; keep far away from it all that is evil ; bring about it all that is good, so that true religion and useful learning may here flourish and abound from generation to generation ; through JESUS CHRIST our LORD. Amen."

From the *Church Journal* (New York) we learn that a Home has been established in Baltimore. The account of it is interesting :—

"The Church Home owes its origin to the interest excited by the labours of the missionary of the north-western district. A brief survey of the field assigned him brought to view an amount of suffering and destitution almost appalling, and for which there was no means of relief but the alms-house or private charity. In many cases he found whole families separated from the gifts of the benevolent to one of its sick members, and public charity thus perverted to the fostering of beggary and imposture.

"The Home, which was opened in a rented building in October, 1855, was designed by its founders as an infirmary for the sick members of the Church, and an asylum for the poor and the destitute—for single persons out of employment, and so far as practicable, for the wayfarer and the stranger. During the year and a half of its existence, its benefits have been dispensed to the needy of these four classes, but chiefly of the first two. The number of inmates (for greater or less periods) during the past year exceeds *fifty*. Of these, forty-two belonged to the Church, four were Methodists, two Presbyterians, and three Roman Catholics. At present there are *eighteen* inmates, mostly belonging to the Church.

"The expenses of the Home from October 1, 1855, to October 1, 1856, were 1,529 dollars ; but a small portion of this was expended for furniture : the receipts for the same period, 1,855 dollars. Since October last, the expenses have been much greater,—the family being larger,—while the sum received has been less.

"The Home is supported by ladies connected with S. Paul's, Grace, Mount Calvary, and Emmanuel churches, and is managed (conjointly with the Rector) by a board chosen by these societies. The Rector, who is the missionary of the north-west district, and who has found this charity to be a most important auxiliary to his proper missionary work, resided in the Home, and managed its operations—his estimable lady discharging gratuitously the duties of matron—till October last. It has now a hired matron ; and the functions of the Rector, save in things spiritual, are only advisory.

"Drs. Donaldson and Atkinson have most faithfully attended to the sick in the Home since it was opened, and entirely without fee.

"Although the trustees have reserved a controlling power over the

charity, and appoint the Rector, they have committed its active management to the society above named; charging themselves with the duty of managing and increasing the permanent fund, which now amounts in cash to about 5,700 dollars, which is invested at six per cent. The trustees hold likewise the chapel in the use of the missionary, and leases of three parcels of ground adjacent, believed to be worth considerably more than cost. The Bishop of the diocese is Visitor of the Home."

To this we may add, from the same paper, a pleasing account of a school festival at Illinois:—

"The afternoon was stormy without; but within the Church all was light and beauty. Christmas wreaths hung round the white walls, and over each window was an appropriate motto. Around the church arch were the words, 'Strength and beauty are in this sanctuary;' above, an evergreen cross; and over all the lighted chandeliers shed brightness.

"A little past three o'clock, entering in procession with their superintendent and teachers, and bearing tastefully decorated banners, came the 'train of dear children,' with faces as joyous as happy hearts could make them. Each wore a badge of crimson ribbon, on which was printed the name of the church, and beneath, on a scroll, the letters 'I T S'; also the names of the teachers. On one of the banners was inscribed, 'Feed My lambs;' on another, 'Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man;' while a third bore the words of the beloved disciple, 'Love one another.' After the service, the emblem of each class, with an appropriate text, was presented by some chosen one of their number. The 'Bishop Chase' class brought a Bible open at these words (a favourite text of the Bishop's), 'O God, Thou hast taught me from my youth, and hitherto have I declared Thy wondrous works: now also, when I am old and grey-haired, O God, forsake me not; until I have showed Thy strength unto this generation, and Thy power to every one that is to come.' The 'Olive Branch' class came with a sea-shell, and the motto, 'The abundance of the sea shall be converted into Thee.' The emblem of the 'Bishop Paine' class was gold, and the text, 'To Him shall be given of the gold of Sheba.' The 'Myrtle' class presented a representation of a garden, with the text, 'For as the earth bringeth forth the bud, and the garden causeth the things that are sown in it to spring forth, so the Lord God will cause righteousness and praise to spring forth before all the nations.' The frail bark canoe, the emblem of the 'Bishop Heber' class, proclaimed that 'all the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God,' and the bunch of lilies and violets, brought by the 'Lily of the Valley' class, taught us to 'consider the lilies of the field, how they grow,' which toil not, neither spin, and yet are dressed in more than kingly beauty.

"A full rigged ship was next presented by the 'Robert Raikes' class, named the 'John Williams,' with the text, 'Go, ye swift messenger.' The Rector, the Rev. Mr. Chase, gave an interesting account of the labours of good Mr. Williams in the missionary cause, and



how he built a missionary ship himself. A beautiful rose in a moss basket was brought by the 'Rose of Sharon' class, representing 'Home Missions.' Their text was, 'The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.'

" 'Westward, where the waving prairie,  
Dark as slumb'ring ocean lies,  
Let Thy starlight, Son of Mary,  
O'er the shadowed billows rise.  
There be heard, ye herald voices,  
Till the Love His glory shows,  
And the lonely place rejoices  
With the bloom of Sharon's rose.'

"The 'Ivy' class presented an ivy-wreathed cross, with the text, 'I am the Vine,' and the Star class brought a shining star, set in a frame of green. 'They that turn many to righteousness, shall shine as the stars for ever.' The next class came with a 'moss'-covered stone; their text, 'That Rock was CHRIST;' and lastly, the 'Dew-drop' class brought a figure of a child reading the Bible, 'I love Thy commandments above gold.' During the exercises, the children sang at intervals a verse of Bishop Heber's Missionary Hymn, and at the close their voices joined 'with sweet accord' in that favourite song, 'The Happy Land.' Their united offering to missions was over twenty-seven dollars and a half. After the Doxology, 'Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow,' the Benediction was pronounced. The delightful services were over, and the congregation separated, but not, I think, to forget 'the children's day.'"

*To the Editor of the Churchman's Companion.*

*Strawberry Hill, Sydney, N.S.W.,  
October 18th, 1856.*

REV. SIR,—Having been a subscriber to that most excellent work, the *Churchman's Companion*, since the year 1847, I beg you will favour me by inserting the inclosed, and should you think that a little news from this part of the world would be acceptable to its readers, I shall be most happy to furnish you with a little occasionally.

I remain, Rev. Sir,  
Your most obedient Servant,  
W. HEWETT.

THE SCHOOL FEAST AT ALL SAINTS, SINGLETON, N.S.W.

It will be gratifying to many to know how the spirit of the Church is carried out in this far distant part of the world.

Whit-Tuesday, 1856, was a day that will be long remembered by the school children of All Saints. Shortly after ten o'clock, the children to the number of about two hundred, began to assemble at the Parsonage, with a great many of their friends. At eleven o'clock a perfect picture of a village festival presented itself. The numerous banners and bouquets which hitherto had decorated the grounds and gardens of the parsonage were borne to one central point, and there

distributed to the clergy, churchwardens, school children, &c. to be carried in procession, accompanied by a band of music to the church. On arriving at the church, they lowered their flags, and the band ceased to play. The churchwardens advanced into the church and placed the children in their seats. The church was crowded, and the clergy ready robed for service, advanced through the nave to their appropriated position. The interior of the church was decorated with chaplets of flowers and evergreens of the rarest production. The service was said by the Rev. Arthur Wain, Incumbent of S. Mary, Dungog, and formerly of S. Augustine's College, Canterbury, assisted by the Rev. L. Tyrall, B.A., Incumbent of S. John the Baptist, Black Creek: an appropriate sermon being preached by the respected Incumbent, the Rev. James Blackwood, B.A., from the 2nd Epistle of S. John, 4th verse.

The effect was far beyond what was expected. After the service, the procession formed again, and proceeded to a large building, where a feast was prepared, of which about three hundred visitors and children partook. The rest of the day was spent in merry games, in which all appeared to be interested, and towards the conclusion, the band struck up a country dance.

The party dispersed after singing the National Anthem, and expressed their pleasure at the festival which they had been permitted to enjoy.

It is pleasing to know, that this is one of the churches in the colony where daily prayers are said.

W. H.

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## The Cabinet.

**FOR HOLY WEEK.**—The way in which men regarded the actual scenes of Gethsemane and of Calvary will, I fear, only too accurately represent the way in which this holy season will pass. The world will go on just as it did. When that tremendous Sacrifice took place which shrouded nature in darkness, and made the pillars of the earth to heave, the world went on just as heretofore, unconcerned and untouched. Men bought and sold, visited and trifled, and followed each one the device of his own heart; and so it will be now. Your streets will be thronged, your houses filled, this house will be nearly empty, no one will be able to see that a Christian town is passing the Great and Holy Week; and then Good Friday will come, to some, (O shocking to think of) a day of pleasure-seeking and pleasure-taking, of revelry and drunkenness. And where is the mind of CHRIST? *Where was it at Calvary?* In the breasts of loving hearts, in the breasts of those faithful few, the Marys and the weeping women, and the loved and loving S. John, the fallen but deeply sorrowing S. Peter, of those who,

last to leave the Cross, were first found at the sepulchre. And where will be the mind of CHRIST now? Amongst those, we trust, who will worship day by day in these Holy Courts—among those who on their knees, with the blessed Gospel in their hands, shall now weep over the story of the Passion,—among those who feel in their heart of hearts what it is to know the SAVIOUR and be known of Him,—among those to whom Advent, and Christmas, and Lent, and Passion-tide are more than mere names, are real and distinct realities,—among those who think that Heaven, if it be Heaven, must need some preparation for it, and that the best preparation for it is to “follow the Lamb,” even in suffering, “whithersoever He goeth.” Yes! these are they who have the mind of CHRIST, and having this mind, where the Forerunner is thither shall they go likewise. Lent and Easter are still as ever representations of what shall be; like everything in the Church here below, they have their antitypes hereafter; sorrow first, then joy, the Cross, then the crown.—*Rev. G. Huntingdon's Sermons. The Mind of CHRIST.*

THE INTERCOURSE OF MINISTER AND PEOPLE.—It is devoutly to be wished that communications between Christian people and their Pastors were more frequent and confidential than they are, not confined, as alas! is too often the case, to mere social intercourse, or put off to a sick bed, but that the physicians of souls were applied to as the spiritual patients feel their disease, with a view to their receiving those aids which they are commissioned to dispense. I do not hesitate to say, that by such means many a profitable lesson might be received, many a doubt dispelled, many a difficulty removed, many a good resolution strengthened, and many a sin avoided. It is somewhat strange, that we who lay claim to the exact terms of the Apostolic commission should practise more reserve in this respect than the teachers without the Church, and that there should be hesitation and reluctance to avail themselves of our ministrations on the part of those very souls concerning whom we have received the charge, “Feed My sheep.” “Feed My lambs.” Until, then, our people regard as a privilege what some of them are blinded to look upon as an interference, we must from the pulpit continue to reprove, rebuke, and exhort with all impartiality, and that the more earnestly, because these are the only opportunities afforded to us. We must spare neither high nor low, rich nor poor; we must approve ourselves to God as faithful stewards; accounting it a very small thing to be judged of man's judgment.—*From MS. by the same.*

# THE Churchman's Companion.

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[MAY, 1887.]

## UNA; A DOUBLE STORY.

### CHAPTER XIX.

"O, that our thoughts so heavenly were,  
Our hearts to CHRIST so fully given,  
That all our loves, and toil, and care,  
Might only lead us nearer there  
Where He is set in heaven."

MORNING Service is commencing in Exeter Cathedral. It is the day appointed for the Whitsun Ordination.

Two young men, candidates probably, walk arm in arm in grave converse in the close.

Presently, others come and pass in twos and threes, to be ranged in due order: these two wander leisurely together. One is small and slight, with a bright expression that would be mirthful, but that the small head is so often thrown back, and the glancing eyes borrow their deep light from frequent upward gazing,—and we moralise that earth's shadows cannot fall on those who are ever looking beyond them.

They walk together a long time; Cyril very earnest when he speaks to his companion, the tall manly figure that almost makes two of him.

Then there is a hurried sound beyond the precincts, then a lull, when certain officials appear and request them to take their place within; and while the organ pealed a solemn voluntary from the "Mount of Olives," the holy and time-honoured prelate preceded by his train drew near, and walked into the choir.

Then followed morning service: then that mystic

silence, on whose wings the prayers and coming vows of that kneeling concourse, are borne upward to heaven's courts : and Cyril Maxwell, according to the rite of holy Church, and at the hands of one of her most revered servants was consecrated to God's service, and admitted to the diaconate.

In a lonely nook of the beautiful Kaerlamen Cathedral at that same hour his wife was kneeling ; sending up strong prayer for him that he might fulfil the duties of the office unto which he was now ordained.

And when they issued forth again, Cyril and Henry, accompanied by Dr. Bouverie, found their way to a quiet lodging not far from the Cathedral ; for a painful change had arisen in family circumstances, since the two young men in the hilarity of youth had come hither not three years before. Maveryn rectory was no longer theirs to return to as before : it was in stranger's hands, and Mr. Maxwell unable to get quit of those doubts which had crept upon him, had resigned his living and gone—whither his sister Agnes, for conscience' sake, could not follow him.

It was a day of dark sorrow for Maveryn when Agnes quitted its sunny cliffs and beautiful manor. She had never spent twelve consecutive months away from it in eight-and-forty years : to some of the poor old villagers it was a death-stroke. It had been almost too much to them to lose the rector, but Mistress Agnes, they said, she would never find old England in New Zealand, nor English hearts out of old Cornwall. Agnes felt it acutely as she walked among them for the last time ; but her stately step showed not of faltering, and she would not add her own tears to their grief.

In her home there were clouds that could be riven in no lighter way. Portraits of her father and mother, of her dead brother, Henry's father ; and also of him who had caused all this ; relics of her young idol Mildred, and the weighty certainty that never in this world's weariness they should meet again. The spirit of a man would well nigh break to bear all this unpartaken : but her conscience was as clear from evil memories and indolence as when she first drew breath in the western chamber of

that house. Bred up in all the luxury and enervation of wealth, she had turned it all into a source of blessing; setting herself early to exertion with which no self-interest was blended. For six long years the lingering illness of one and then the other of her parents shut her out from society, and taxed her every energy. Self-devotion like this is real and heroic, though it is not of such that the world, but One Whom the world knows not, takes daily record.

Ten more bright summers saw her nurturing and maturing with a mother's generous care, the early life of Mildred Lyte, with an eye to the softer and more anxious parts of Henry's education. None could say Agnes Maxwell had not fulfilled her part, and some doubted how to interpret those blessed words of promise to such of "a hundred fold more in this present life," as they watched her on a sunny morning in May just when her southern hall looked fairest, unattended except by two well tried domestics, depart with a prophetic certainty that it was for ever.

She spent one week in Exeter with Henry, and on the morning before the Ordination bade him and Cyril farewell. To have outstayed that day would have recalled one other hopeful and happy in that Cathedral; and there is a climax to our self-control. So she set forward on her outward holy mission, with warm prayers and fervent wishes like guardian bands attending her, and with the inward conviction that God fits the back to its burden: a few years ago Mildred would have been a drawback to this work of love, but now there was no fetter to bind her to her saddened home,—one of the many households broken up and scattered far and wide by the defection of its dearest and most useful member.

"Begin life on my own account without my wife!" Cyril tossed his hair back from his glowing face, and smiled, a smile that had no tinge of winter as it rippled over his expressive countenance, it was ever fresh and spring-like when he spoke of her. "It never came into my list of my regulations, uncle, I mean to fetch her of course."

"You say her father is worse, near death perhaps; you would not separate them."

"We must submit to circumstances," was the reply gravely spoken, as he mentally weighed the impending submission.

"You know you are bound to begin work immediately," said Dr. Bouverie, himself impressed with the tangled state of his nephew's plans, and anxious to unravel them, while he felt that time and experience would be the best solvents.

"Could I act cavalier to my cousin's wife?" inquired Henry; "I would bring her safely, or the De Lancys return next month."

"While her father lives she will not desert him," was Cyril's negative, "but I will never go to S. Aidan's without her."

"Then, my dear boy, this step has been premature," said the dean, pushing back his chair from the breakfast-table; and pacing up and down the room with the slow measured step of a deeply-thinking man, he continued,— "There are many things to consider. The doubtful state of your uncle's health at Lytehurst, and the necessity that you should be at hand, as George is absent; the impropriety of delaying to enter upon your work, and— Why, Cyril, you have contrived to exist more than two years with only partial meetings."

"I will not live two months longer, thus," he interrupted hastily.

"You will not: well, it would be against my nature to urge you." A shade came across the dean's face momentarily, as he added, "while it pleased God that I should be married I should have said the same, and it is still left in my heart to feel for others."

He spoke feelingly; for the memory of a young wife taken from him in happy halcyon days, to whom Cyril was said to bear a strong family resemblance, enlisted him in the bonds of sympathy. "Life is short," he murmured, "if its uncertainty should teach him that early lesson, he would have no solace in the retrospect like mine." Cyril eagerly seized the implied necessity.

"Do you see that my desires are tenable, uncle?"

"Compulsory. The warden of Balliol told you long ago that you had been rash."

Henry's eyes flashed fire at the recurrence to this subject.

"He ought to have been the first to silence that piece of diabolical scandal ; I would have staked my fellowship and fortune to trace it to its originator."

"Did you never have the clue?" inquired the doctor, pulling up in his stately march.

"A man in whose disposition the milk of human kindness preponderates," replied Henry, deprecatingly ; "this fellow, to whose mind rectitude is as component a part as a limb to his corporal frame, treated the report with contemptuous silence ; I plead guilty to a taint of the Eden curiosity. How and where did this groundless affair get wind?"

"Do you remember meeting a Colonel Gordon in Munich, Cyril?"

"Only one night at the ambassador's;" he looked as though he would have thanked them to spare him a re-infliction of this ordeal.

"Gordon," pursued he, "was one of the Maveryn pupils ten or twelve years ago, and your Una captured his boyish heart."

"So she did mine, and your sober brother's," ventured the merciless Henry. Dr. Bouverie smiled. "This Gordon happened to be the officer in command of a corps stationed at Nizira, when cognisance was taken of the suspected consular government."

"And becoming odious to the father by traducing him, he meant to add revenge thereto by injuring the daughter!" Cyril winced under Henry's eloquence, but the dean stooping over his shoulder whispered, "Wait for reason, and you will hear justice. For the remembrance of his little child, Gordon felt that he could neither lift word nor hand against Henry Lyte: as far as conscience permitted, he exonerated the erring consul, and in a great measure maintained the man's innocence ; but it was so heartily and vigorously, that he very nearly became impugned with him, and found it advisable to exchange into another regiment."



"Hurrah then! Gordon for ever!" shouted Henry Maxwell.

"Was it a hard thing, or unnatural," pursued the doctor, "that the tender chord should vibrate again for her own sake when he met her? or that every delicate and graceful attention he could render her father should be warmly appreciated, when Mildred learned from her father how highly they were indebted to him?"

"Was riding and singing and being with her constantly a delicate manifestation of respect?" inquired Henry.

"Uncle, when my own cousin needs such minute explanation, is it not time my wife should return?"

"Be patient," cried Henry, "I warned you ere now of my fatal mental inheritance: well, if you please, Dr. Bouverie."

"Mildred Maxwell does not ride now she is abroad," continued the doctor, "and Colonel Gordon never met her separated from her father, or the ambassadress; it was a mischievous report, born of nothing, and circulated by whom or for what end it matters not now. There is one, who if evil had resulted would have had much to answer for, but he is no longer one of us, and God pardon him for this." The dean looked at his watch, and left the room saying, "See, three quarters of an hour the train starts: be punctual."

To Henry's mind a brimful satisfaction was accorded, so far as Cyril's wife was concerned; but did Dr. Bouverie admit no fallacy in those vengeful reports that Henry had read twelve months ago, and contradicted with such strong asseverations? Was Agnes' veiled misery deeper than he had penetrated? Men had said—but he treated it with bitter scorn—that the rector of Maveryn,—hang the poor dog with a bad name, thought Henry . . .

At Didcot, Henry left the train for Oxford. He and Cyril might have been brothers for the heartiness of their farewell,—Cyril leaning with folded arms upon the window, and Henry standing by, his grey cap swinging in his hand.

"Good-bye, then, Harry, remember you are to be our first guest at home."

"Good luck to you, old fellow, I promise you you shall have enough of me."

The whistle, the signal, another hasty nod, and Cyril and his uncle were carried on to Lytchurst. There, if anywhere apart from his wife, Cyril could be at ease: his mother was so much his counsellor, so thoroughly understood him, that he could dash off the jarring discords of the world and feel a child again. He had come only for one night, most of the evening would be spent in discussing plans with his two uncles, and then to start at an Otaheite hour on the morrow for one of the Rhine steamers.

One piece of news he heard, which was cause of rejoicing to him,—George was to be recalled. Whether Sir George had flattered himself that he should live to be a very old man, or that he thought it right for George to see some service while he waited, the rest of his family never truly ascertained; but his health was now breaking up fast, and he seemed to have a great horror of his widowed sister being left without a son at hand, and the valiant son of Mars was ordered home just when absence had begun to be endurable, and the baneful changes of the climate had ceased to affect him.

## CHAPTER XX.

THERE was to be what we English call an evening at Lady Ann McBarron's in Kaerlamen. She was fat, good-natured, and worldly, with a long family of daughters to be disposed of as opportunity offered; numerous and non-descript young ladies, eligible at every continental watering place, and most of whom had a happy facility of looking attractive in an evening; hence Lady Ann's soirées were decidedly popular, and through the care of her husband, exceedingly select.

This evening was one of a series of brilliant assemblies, each exceeding the former. Busy-tongued report hinted that the great English lady had played her cards to advantage, and secured one princely alliance; her fourth or

fifth daughter would, in all probability, return to England as the *fiancée* of the noble Prince Gurga Botha, while the German papers would report of her as beautiful, accomplished, and wealthy, the Honourable Ada Mc Barron.

The well-arranged, well-lighted rooms are filling fast. English, French, Germans, one or two stately bearded Austrians, a beautiful Castilian lady belonging to the foreign circle, and the tribe Mc Barron *in toto*.

In distant rooms dancing was going on to one of those incomparable German bands; from another room an arcade of canvass led to a beautiful garden alcove of crystal hung with variegated lamps; another was a music gallery, where a few people sat in silence, or wandered expectant. One of the greatest of the heaven-gifted was invited to be present that evening.

A carriage drove from one of the hotels. People in full evening costume not going to the Lady Mc Barron's! How the coachmen must have marvelled when ordered to drive into a quiet square behind the cathedral; they stopped at a house which bore no outward tokens of gaiety. A single lamp hung before the entrance; a single un liveried man ushered them unannounced into a large dim apartment. It was April, mild and warm, but a fire burned at the upper end of the room; by it sat an invalid: a large doublet cloak wrapped carefully about his knees, his hair smoothed from his pale sickly face, and his thin long fingers—there was the charm of the tableau—his thin fingers clasping a bracelet of amethyst about a young girl's arm.

"Here they come; I am quite ready; see, dear Mrs. De Lancy, who finishes my toilet for me; am I not the luckiest of the lucky?"

Mildred kissed her father as he completed his task, and then went forward to greet Colonel and Mrs. De Lancy. A third hand seized hers, for which she was quite unprepared, and one in whom she did not at first recognize Lancy Malford, stood before her.

"We thought you would get bewildered and take him for a Cornish mist," said the Colonel, watching the effect of the unexpected meeting. Mildred looked up gaily, though in spite of its genuineness her smile was dim.

"I am living on expectation now," she said, "but Lancy is as welcome as breath of the Cornish breeze. Have you left all well in England, and shall you stay here long?"

"It all depends, as they say," he replied.

"We have a certain ill-favoured cough to wash away at some of the spas; a certain quantum of ocular knowledge of these European cities to gather, and then comes the passport for Addiscomb again; we have worked ten hours at a stretch too often; is not that correct, Lance?" said the Colonel.

"You are in good hands to recruit," observed Mildred, as her maid put her opera cloak about her shoulders, and Mrs. De Lancy reminded them all that the carriage waited.

Mr. Lyte had not spoken; he merely bent courteously as the De Lancys entered. Mildred brought Lancy playfully to him, saying, "Papa; may I introduce one of my Maveryn friends? Will you not be happy to make Lancy Malford's acquaintance?"

"Always Maveryn; and always the sterner sex," he said to her; at the same time offering his hand to her friend. "You must come and see her often. I keep her very moped; she does not often leave me."

The Colonel turned to go. "You will be very late to-night, Mira," he said, impetuously, "and Mathan never knows how much sugar I like in my last cup of coffee."

"Well, dear Papa, shall I come home on purpose? Suppose you sweeten it to your own taste; you like to do so sometimes."

He smiled, stretched his longitude of limb before the fire and said, "Ah! I am afraid I am growing childish; good night, Mira, try and make me useful to one poor fellow in the world."

"A happy combination of dictator and pleader," observed the Colonel, pleased with her method of solving the supposed difficulties of the invalid. She took the Colonel's arm to the carriage; he and his wife were among the few whom she loved as her real friends; there were many who sought her society; many who, for her mother's sake, and in sympathy for herself, took her under their especial patronage. But there was a tinge

of home, an association of her wedding morning with these two, that made her cling to them, and she never went out without them. She and Lancy Malford chatted pleasantly as they drove through the dull streets; he was taller and much improved in appearance within the two and a half years, and she was quick to respond to all his inquiries, "Tell me," she said, "how are your sisters? and how many more there are since you were with us? how is Edith?"

"Edith is quite well, and her mind is grown, but she is very small; do you know I have only seen her for three weeks since I left Maveryn."

"How is that, Lancy? still, I hope you have made us mutually acquainted."

Lancy blushed, though no one saw: schoolboy like he had forgotten, or at least omitted to mention her name in his own family.

"I do not feel myself highly complimented," she said, amused at his confusion; "I flattered myself that I was too much your friend, too much an Edith substitute in those days, to be forgotten."

"Forgotten! oh, Mrs. Maxwell, no one who ever knew you could forget you."

"In the face of which assertion you plead guilty to the fact: poor Lancy!" said the Colonel.

Mildred Lyte had never seemed enough every-day or commonplace for him to make her a subject of conversation. She had been his good genius at Maveryn: to her he felt indebted for a guardianship and example which had turned the current of his ways into a safe clear channel; but not even to Edith had he thought it possible to embody his opinions and feelings about her in any measured terms.

Lancy was soon among the dancers in the ball room: the Colonel stayed to pay his devoirs to Lady Ann for a time, while Mrs. De Lancy and Mildred were among the few lingering for the master spirit in the music gallery.

"You are on the *qui vive* with the rest of us amateurs," said Lord Mc Barron, coming forward to converse with them; "but will not Mrs. Maxwell do us the

honour in the interim ?" he was very anxious to conduct her to the instrument.

There were not more than a dozen people in the room. She hesitated for a moment, and then drew off her gloves. There was a breathed murmur of satisfaction,—Lord Mc Barron had evidently obtained a triumph, and asked if he could find music for her. "I am afraid,—no thank you,—I will try to remember."

With the first cadence there fell a dead silence on the little knot of listeners, so that in the lighter passages you could hear the distant band, and the voices of the people wandering in the gardens beneath. There was no flourish, no wild prelude; music seemed to spring into creation at her touch, for the pupil of Agnes Maxwell had in her possession one of the rarest gifts, it had been but half-developed under her tuition, she played at first a simple English ballad arranged as a fantasia, but a spirit of fascination drew the listeners round her to beg loudly for more: this time it was that wild brilliant scherzo in the "Midsummer Night's Dream." More silent and impatient grew the auditors, one and another stole from the other rooms to catch the tones, and Mildred's cheek burned with a bright carnation, for she warmed like them to the impassioned music, and every note was a familiar voice to her. She rose abruptly at the conclusion, for her quick ear detected a step and voice,—that of the great Mandelhold. Acclamations greeted her as she drew back to her seat by Mrs. De Lancy, but she heard none save his, in the low rich tones of his native tongue murmuring to himself, "Das ist gut, ah! sehr gut." Herr Mandelhold looked benignantly on his favourite, and whispered to his wife that he would challenge all Germany to compete with her,—even his pupils in S. Cecilia.

"You are her instructor then," said Lord Mc Barron, who overheard the sentence.

"Nay, teaching would little avail in her case; we occasionally practise together," and his eye dilated as he bent towards her, but she had not heard; indeed in the Babel of tongues one more interested in the subject, or a far more skilled linguist would have been at fault. And

she sat playing with her bouquet, and talking to the master's wife, until the throng had a little dispersed, and the *furor* of the first act subsided. Then it was her turn to say, "Will not Herr Mandel gratify us now?"

Lancy had been petitioning her to come to the dancing room for the last twenty minutes, but not to dance in her husband's absence was a rule she never broke.

"Not with me!" he exclaimed; "or suppose Henry were here, why are not we two just the same as he?"

"I have never danced since that morning Dr. Bouverie had to drag me out of Roger De Coverly."

"You must submit like the rest," observed Mrs. De Lancy, "it is a rule with no exception."

"It is an intense bore," muttered Lancy, trying to think himself injured by her non-compliance. "I am more than half a brother, and your countryman, and deserve a little extra distinction: not the tamest of quadrilles?"

"Not even a *pas de deux* in my father's drawing room: go now and dance while you can, I shall walk through the rooms by and by when the Colonel comes this way again."

When Lancy came to seek her some hour after, it was to follow in the train of others who trod on tiptoe to the centre of attraction. Mildred and the great composer were at separate pianofortes, doing powerful justice to the "War March of the Priests." Time and tune were faultless throughout: the rolling cadence, the deep swell, the plaintive minor change, all echoed back with incomparable precision from the vaulted roof,—at intervals she could hear the watch ticking at her side. By and by when she took a survey of the other apartments under Colonel Lancy's chaperonage, she was half-amused, half-inclined to be disgusted at the remarks that fell on her ear.

Lady Ann, deeply intent in watching her eldest daughter, a lady in the prime of womanhood, and her partner, a smart officer in the Lancers, turned and nodded good-humouredly *en passant*, saying, "You have had the pith of the party up-stairs to-night: that is, my husband's share; I am duty bound here."

It was in Lady Ann's nature to be civil, but Mildred

was otherwise within the scope of envy. Some passed her in the crowd with just a gaze of wonder : some would have given worlds had they possessed such gifts, to unbend her queenly dignity, and make her one of themselves, but she was very rarely seen among them, and like the rich music of to-night, not to be reached nor even comprehended but by the very few.

There was the charm of mystery in her going out and coming in that added *éclat* to her presence, and Lancy Malford might justify his bit of boyish pride as he walked at her side, for his position was unattainable to any other gentleman in Kaerlamen,—save—yes, Herr Mandel was privileged to stand by and talk to her, for it was to see him she had come out to-night, and her big brown eyes looked soft and earnest while he was at pains to speak slowly that she might fully understand the subject.

"I am expecting my husband here, shortly," she answered to some question, "and I am not sure how it will be then."

"He consented the last time, and you are not acting without his knowledge?"

"Oh no, but Herr Mandel, you do not quite understand me ; if he brought any English friends with him it would not do, then ; you see I am open to these contingencies."

"It is a mighty work, lady. God gives power to perform it but to few." He spoke as if his whole heart was stirred with grateful pride that he was among the few.

"My work is just now of a humbler, more devoted nature, I can never set it aside."

"And we will suppose your choice entirely free—"

"Ah, that is arguing for an impossibility ; I would then do whatever lay nearest my hand."

"And you would do well : there is the soul of perfection, the secret spring of certain success : work well the work that is set before you, and your fame and satisfaction become immortal."

"How?" inquired Mildred, struck with the reverent tone in which her companion spoke.

"Here is your colonel coming, will you walk with him, and I will give you my meaning in illustration." Colonel



De Lancy joined them, and the two paced the saloons for some time.

"There is one of the greatest living artists, he is my countryman: you may have seen his later pictures, but you do not know the earlier ones as I do, to reckon by the contrast. His profession was innate in him, and grew and ripened with his years. There was truth and beauty, and faithful delineation in his works, and with that men of even higher talents have rested." He paused to acknowledge some marked courtesy as they walked, and she asked him, "Does genius ever rest?" her question raised a thoughtful smile, "Perfection is the aim of being, and perfection only could bring rest; it is like the fabled elixir, at least in a human sense. There is God's rest, but that is not mortal."

She thought he had a look that reminded her of Cyril, but it was transient; and the melancholy beauty of the most striking face in all Europe she durst not contrast with Cyril's.

"You know well the difference between a self-acting instrument and one played by the fingers? I do not compromise the former fame of our great artist by such comparison. He follows his art now from principle: he has made it a religious work, dedicated his life in purity and fervour to its consummation. And the mighty principle speaks out in every line and link of his production. He has gone further though than we dare follow to criticise: he lives in Rome: the calm dignity of our Church did not accord with his ardent temperament; he left her and his native land for her summer shine and more imposing pageant.

"With us such sacrifice were culpable in the extreme, and we cannot justify it in him, but we may go even beyond. There is a tide of wondrous passion stirred in the possession and exercise of our faculty for exaltation or depravity." Mildred shrunk at the connection, but he pursued, "Believe me, lady, when I tell you, it is in our power to make it a glory for future ages, as it has been the source of crime, to use no broader term, in those that are gone by."

"I fully understand," said Mildred, "but you altogether overrate my powers and influences."

"It is a gift, lady," he repeated, "what if it be the one talent? We shall be condemned for turning it to no account—whatever excuses we may form."

"You have gained your cause, Mein Herr," exclaimed the colonel. He spoke lightly, but she motioned him to be circumspect.

"Even Lancy," she whispered, "must not have the shadow of a guess of the nature of Herr Mandel's plea: no one," she added, with the tint that gave animation to the radiant whiteness of her face; "no one but you and Mein Herr; it is the penalty upon our English pride."

"Play to us once more to-night in defiance of it," said the colonel, leading her towards the gallery where they met Lancy again.

Some timid young ladies had taken advantage of their absence to amuse their own friends, who sat by, ever and anon descanting on the unrivalled execution of master and pupil.

"She is coming back, stop, stop, Adelheide," said an anxious mamma, who caught sight of Mildred's white dress floating on the gallery stairs. "Here she comes; and that stately Englishman; I wonder if that good-looking youth is his son?"

"Oh, mamma, I very nearly danced with him," exclaimed Adelheide's younger sister.

"Very nearly, did you; look what rare English eyes!"

"A charming young creature!" emphasised another lady, who had watched the approaching party.

"Think, Adelheide," said the younger sister again; "if you had been as good looking as that, you might have been married and out of my way by this time."

"Thank you, Gretchen," replied the elder girl good-naturedly, "Ada Mc Barron is no great beauty, and she has made a capture."

"Mind your turn does not go by, that's all. That pretty thing has been a wife more than two years."

"And lived apart from her husband since her wedding-day, so we have heard," was the retort.

Both girls were silent as Mildred passed them, and some one whom she knew asked if she did not sing.

"Oh if she will only sing!" whispered the voluble

Gretchen to her mother as she heard the request, "look, Lord Mc Barron is trying to persuade her. Let it be one of your own songs, Herr Mandel, and will you accompany her?"

The graceful but most undeniable negative disappointed every one.

"It will be a song without words," murmured Mrs. De Lancy to young Malford.

Gretchen grew bold upon the strength of a very slight acquaintance, and started importunately forward, "You will sing, do sing; for you certainly have a singing face."

She was immovable; Lancy, quite furious.

"Twice frustrated! why you have forsworn two of your best charms."

There was a glance of such mournful meaning in her usually bright eye, that moved even her old playfellow.

"I will sing some of our home songs to you," she said; "when you call upon me, or when I dine with you at Mrs. De Lancy's; but do not ask me to sing here."

"A promise, be assured I will, keep you to it. I hope all these Germanisms have not altered you."

"Ay, you will find her stedfast, Lance," said the Colonel: "she will keep her word to you."

Mildred, at a sign from Herr Mandel was once more presiding over his inspired harmony, and in a few minutes people were engrossed heart and ear with some passages, struck out at random from his incomparable *Lieder*.

Mildred returned home tired as a wearied child: it had been an evening of great enjoyment to her; the highest society was always open to her, but she very rarely availed herself of invitations. English grandees, with the characteristic symptom of brotherhood they only manifest to each other in foreign lands, drew closely to her, but she did not need them: her dependance was on far more trivial circumstances, even the presence of the boy Lancy was a source of real delight to her.

Her trial was long and sharp, but she did not ask to turn the edges of its severity: there was no tincture of a morbid sense in her temperament; in the burden of her

prayer there was always mingled a thankfulness that endurance was permitted her. Her father in the capriciousness of his disease never murmured at her: every day she went to service, and once or twice she persuaded him to accompany her. He could not be constantly within her influence and remain the hardened impenitent man in whom she had at first to recognise her father: the more sullen misanthropy she found to combat the more strenuously she worked and prayed; and in due time, even now, she felt more than remunerated. It would not have been human to resist the self-denial with which she had given up all the peculiar happiness and enjoyment of her youth to share and soothe the bitterness of his years,—the humble way in which she wrought out her path of self-abnegation so that he might not be troubled by it,—the saintly firmness with which she repelled all the unrestrained evil of his nature: all had won upon him, and now the child tutored the father. He loved her with the strong passion of his nature; he tried by every possible act to make her happy; but the only wish of any moment to her he could not accord, and Mildred remained in exile.

She went softly to her father's room and kissed him as he slept, and knelt down by his side to pray her nightly prayer: it had grown into a custom and never disturbed him; and once or twice his arm found its way around her neck, and his low breathed Amen was a renewal of her waning courage.

## CHAPTER XXI.

"The sunbeam comes to seek the flower,  
The dew drops down on her sweet face,  
Ev'n where she grows, in her own place,  
Garden, or wild wood bower."

IN two other cities she had met Herr Mandel: once in Munich, and once at Antwerp; and in the house of Lady Gilvaux he had by accident heard her play or sing. He detected the germ of a gift of no ordinary talent, and in the nobleness of his nature he sought to cultivate it.

Mildred was at first diffident, but when she looked upon it as a solace to her lonely life and as an object of interest and pleasure to her father, she suffered it with alacrity. Step by step her gradations were wonderfully rapid, and he added the refinement that only such a master could confer: but it was a principle with her never to sing in her husband's absence. All that was fresh and fascinating she cherished up for him; she studied that he might appreciate: but by and by a new field opened out before her. The beautiful cathedral church of Kaerlamen was falling into positive decay, and no hand raised to its restoration. The fund needed was incalculable: men did not even trouble themselves to compute, and the ruin of the Holy House was inevitable.

Then the spirit of reverent love woke in some holy soul, and it mourned over the endless yet not hopeless task. "Her foundations are upon the holy hills," and shall not her towers and turrets still stand high and fair in the heavenly arch? it must have been an inspiration.

Herr Mandel was for a short time chapel-master at Kaerlamen, and Mildred frequently attended the service, more generally finding her place in the choir than elsewhere; and it was once by accident that the full capabilities of her voice were displayed, and a new phase opened to her. Death had recently made vacant the chief soprano voice. Mrs. Maxwell was a lady known at court, and he hesitated; but none could know Mildred a little: she was either a closed book, or one whose pages lay open to be read with the greatest ease. Sometimes he resigned the beautiful organ to her, and stood at her side to control and lead the choir; but he went yet a step beyond: the post was highly remunerative, and she had often expressed her sorrow at the decaying grandeur of the cathedral.

"There is a fund already commencing," ventured Herr Mandel, one morning when they were upon the subject, "will you not be a contributor?"

"Of my mite, most willingly, but neither of us will live to see it begun if mine be the average subscription."

He thought it was a moment he must not lose, and said, "Nay, pardon, lady, I am more sanguine; if I may

guarantee a thousand pounds from you, I will pledge myself in the same sum at once."

The conversation was going on in her father's house and his presence: he was as unable to comprehend the professor's meaning as his daughter; and going fondly to her, said, "Mein Herr, I cannot allow her to engage herself to be ruined."

Something of more than usual nobility was in the master's look: he smiled, and ran his beautiful fingers lightly over her piano: the wild prelude emerged into one of Mendelssohn's sacred songs, and she drew near as if by intention to give voice to the accompaniment. It was low and short, and she sang it to the English words. He turned to her with the pride a kindred spirit only could assume—"Sing that song, lady, ten times in the Chapel Royal, and you would be at no risk in proffering the sum."

Mildred's eyes opened for the first time to the magnitude of her powers; she could rely on the master's discrimination, and feel that he would not overrate her. She hesitated, and the casting vote, she said, must come from her father.

"There is a prestige against such acts," he said, reservedly and delicately, "few of us are bold enough to overleap the conventional barrier: If you could write a book, now, Mira, or translate some of the literature of this country, you might work moderately for the desired end."

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," suggested Herr Mandel.

Still Mildred wavered, not with indecision, but that voluntary consent should come from her father. "Herr Mandel is of one of the noblest and most ancient Frankish families, why should it be derogatory to me to co-operate with him? he rises higher by his art than in his natural rank."

"But you have no need to rise: you cannot aggrandise your position by becoming a public singer."

"I will not urge it, lady," said the master, "it was for this great work alone I sought aid; it is distasteful to your father."

But Mildred was growing disappointed; and the curled lip and slightly lowered head were symptoms of annoyance as they used to be of old when things went amiss at Maveryn.

"My pretty chit, she cannot afford to have her will crossed," remarked her father, caressingly, then suddenly altering his tone, he added, "I have given full scope for libel; God forbid that it should fall to your lot, Mira. You cannot marvel," he said to Herr Mandel, "that I who have bought the bitter fruit should yearn to spare her a taste."

Mildred laid her hand upon her father's shoulder, and said, "Never mind, it shall be as you wish, papa; let it wait until to-morrow, we can tell Mein Herr as we return from chapel. You shall decide for me."

But to be met on his ground was to be conquered: he would have yielded on the instant had she not forced him to stand to the arrangement; and then the singing lesson was resumed, or rather, the song she had sung before was repeated in the vernacular, wherein Herr Mandel was more alive to any deficiencies, and his pupil much less so.

The morrow decided as she wished, for the cathedral. She persuaded her father to accompany her, and seating him in the nave, went to her own screened seat in the choir, and praying first that her heart might be cleansed from all spiritual pride, and from vain glory, and that God would grant according to His will the meed of her endeavours, she sang again the song of yesterday: yet not like yesterday, for the effect, so to speak, was sublime. The clear notes rang through the vaulted roof, and thrilled in solemn power on every heart. There was no sublunary motive in the undertaking, nor after she had commenced did she remember that her father's consent was to be wrought by this appeal. Doubts of her powers, fears for her worthiness to succeed, rendered eloquent the strivings of the gifted one, and raised her, if the imagination may thus expand, to almost angelic perfection. It was enough. When she came down at the conclusion of the service after every one had left the Church, she found her father still kneeling; his head bowed down upon his hands, and tears of penitence and

joy falling gently. He would have embraced her then ; have been ecstatic in his expression, but it was not his daughter's failing to forget the reverence due to holy places, and she put her arm in his and drew him home.

At the door Herr Mandel had anticipated their arrival ; his smile was eloquent beyond description, and in an instant Mr. Lyte's hand was warmly offered. " You have won the day," he said, triumphantly, " palms and crowns for our Syren ; the world will never give her half her due." It would have been in a measure preposterous to try to set Mildred's ambition in a right light before her father ; that she should stake at a bold venture, her worldly position, her risk of an exposition, her high caste in society, for the chance of restoring a ruined foreign Church would have been a riddle to one with so little unity of purpose in his constitution.

So it rested ; Cyril's consent was cautiously given, but he visited her and added his warm approval, and a year went by. The engagement at Kaerlamen terminated, and thanks to the judicious care of Herr Mandel, the young bride who sometimes accompanied the De Lancys to those *recherché* evenings was never once suspected as the *prima vocale* at the *kapel royal*.

Some months after, when indulging his wandering propensities, her father had quitted Kaerlamen, and was trying to enjoy new scenery and quiet in a little village near Dusseldorf, they accidentally met the great master ruralizing likewise with his wife and two little children. He had much to communicate to her, for the stupendous work of restoration had commenced, and she in whose daily and nightly visions were garnered pictures of its future exceeding beauty, could not fail to lend a willing ear to the most minute detail. The longing to have heart and part in some good lasting work was achieved, had it come in her way a few months later, in all probability she must have foregone the task for one of more intense interest—nursing her father. As the spirit of tranquillity returned to his excited mind his health sunk rapidly ; the brooding melancholy that she had dreaded was becoming permanent, yielded at length, and she could lead him as a little child.



Then her faith was tried to the utmost; for his moods were changeable as the winds. The bright hopes which buoyed her up yesterday were scattered by the expression of the bitterest scepticisms to-day; and it went on so alternating for many weeks; a nature more self-reliant than Mildred's would have grown weary and given up the combat, but she always liked to feel herself the humble instrument of an Almighty hand; this work was her duty, and she sought not to forecast the issue of events, save by gathering new stores of patience to meet each weighty trial.

Spring was passing into summer, and they were once more settled in their former habitation behind the cathedral in Kaerlamen. Herr Mandel meanwhile had gone to Paris and London, and received the golden offerings, the rightful tributes to a great good man. Every day his fame grew wider; his works better known and appreciated, but amid all the court and honours that surrounded him, the early object of his ardent ambition still stood pre-eminent, and the young English lady his earnest coadjutor, the lily amid the marble of the apparently doomed edifice; it was for her sake that he thought more highly of the sober though hearty welcome of her countrymen than of the renowned and brilliant receptions that greeted him in the continental capitals; it was her true and beautiful character that instilled him with a life-long respect for all English women. Yet the silent secret was safe in his confidence; he would have been proud to blazon in a "golden for ever" that one act of hers, but the more he learned the national characteristics of her country, the more thoroughly he saw that she had done wisely in pledging him to secrecy.

He came to Kaerlamen again in April, and Mildred met him first on the evening of Lady Mc Barron's soirée, when he was so eager to re-awaken her energies on behalf of the lacking funds. It was hard to resist; she heard the sound of axe and hammer becoming fainter and less frequent every day, and knew that both contributors and workmen needed some such spur to create a re-action. This time it was in the magnificent cathedral her powers were to be tested, and she surpassed herself, though it

was a tenfold harder task, for at the appointed services there were a hundred to every ten in the small chapel of the palace, and she might be betrayed. Her brilliant voice had toned down to a still fuller richer melody; yet no one ever guessed that the sustained solo in the deep pathos, or the leading soprano in the finished chorus was that of a young English girl; or that the powers of the great famed organ were under the control of the soft fingers of the ex-consul's daughter—none knew—it might be so—to her it was like a waking dream, for most of her night visions were curtailed to watch her father's broken slumbers, and her only real rest was in that holy house. Lancy Malford did not suspect her mission while he stayed in Kaerlamen, though he often did her good service by constituting himself nurse and guardian to her invalid while she went. One evening at the end of May, he had been too ill to be left for some days, but was better, Lancy came and begged her to go out and get some fresh air and rest, and succeeded in sending her away with the Colonel.

She had been away not many minutes; service had not long begun, when Cyril arrived, not quite a week after the ordination. He was a little surprised to find his wife's place filled by his old friend Lancy, and struck with the telling alteration in the sick man. Lancy suggested to him to go, he would in all probability find her at the cathedral.

When he looked around upon the siege of preparations for re-animating the decaying glory of this vast temple, he thanked God that his wife had been permitted to use her talents in behalf of its restoration, but it was with a thrill which nearly overbalanced his schooled feelings he heard the sustained recitative in an anthem entirely new to him. He caught sight of her white veil as she came down by a private staircase from the choir with Colonel De Lancy, but she was safely out of the church before he discovered himself.

Oh, how different the greeting with which she answered to his first word, from that when Lancy was brought unexpectedly to her—there was no lingering wish behind. All that could make her mortal existence

happy was before her. The objects of her love and solicitude were her husband and her father.

Three weeks later, Mildred's work of filial love and devotion was over; her father lay at rest in one of the beautiful chapels of the cathedral, to enhance the perfection of which she had laboured and ventured so bravely. The voice of the unknown singer was remembered there, and its loss regretted for years; long after, when the Kaerlamen choir travelled through all the European cities for the benefit of the same work, the association of her talents with their high behests was uppermost in their memory, and, alas, for Mildred! they eulogized her most in London.

### THE SONS OF ZERUIAH.<sup>1</sup>

“He that is for David, let him go after Joab.”

WHOEVER should go about to detract from the character of David would doubtless win but his labour for his pains. The seal of Divine approbation is set immovably upon it, that he was the man after God's own Heart. Of Noah, Job, Samuel, and Daniel, the most righteous names on record, it is emphatically declared, they should deliver neither son nor daughter: while for His servant David's sake, the ALMIGHTY multiplied His mercies and lengthened His long-suffering toward the generations of idolatrous Judah. He was indeed the model of fallen human nature, shining in all its excellences, and failing in many of its defects; so that our LORD in descending

<sup>1</sup> In these few observations on the history of Joab, the writer would regret to incur any imputation of too lightly treating the character of King David. As the most glorious personage of the Old Covenant, he stands of course, himself and his circumstances, in a spiritual and typical light, above criticism of this kind; but in regard of the details of his personal history,—like that of others, it is written for our instruction, and is fairly open to discreet-animadversion. And it is because his relations with Joab are so often represented in a manner to the writer of these comments seemingly unjust and one-sided, that he has endeavoured here to place the sacred narrative respecting them in a more impartial point of view.

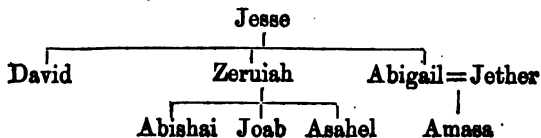
to be the SAVIOUR and Son of Man, chose also to be called the Son of David. The history of such a person must be ever a profitable study: let us consider it in one of its aspects; one it may be shaded somewhat more than others, but withal by a cloud serving still to heighten the contrasted brilliance beyond. Let us examine his connection with the sons of Zeruiah, tracing as we may the course of that close yet dissonant intimacy, and the meaning of that repeated complaint, "What have I to do with you, ye sons of Zeruiah?"

What indeed? When in boyhood he left his sheep to slay the giant that defied the armies of Israel, he cried, "The battle is the LORD's:" and when, his enemies all subdued, he sat a warrior king on Israel's throne, this was still his grateful anthem—"The LORD is my Rock and my Fortress, my Deliverer in whom I will trust." What had such an one to do with men of probity indeed and external rectitude of behaviour, but who looked not further than an arm of flesh, and trusted in their sword to save them?

Now apart from this it might have seemed that David had a great deal to do with the sons of Zeruiah. They were closely related to him, Zeruiah being his sister. They had grown up under his direction, and learned from him the art of war. With devoted fidelity they had accompanied him in his wanderings, and hidden with him in the mountain-caves: they had fought his fights, and shared his conquests. But they were not after his heart who was after God's, he had nothing to do with the sons of Zeruiah.

1 Chron. ii. 13—17. "And Jesse begat," &c.

To begin with the beginning, we have here the parentage of these men, as follows:



Of these three sons, Joab, though not the eldest, was far the most celebrated, both as a warrior and politician, and occupies therefore the great bulk of the narrative. And

it may be as well if we collect at once what is said of the others, to reserve our more continued attention for the history of Joab.

Of Asahel little is recorded: he takes the lead of a long list of valiant men, 1 Chron. xi. 26; but he was best known for his swiftness of foot, though it served him in little stead at last. For in a certain battle fought with the enemies of David,—

2 Sam. ii. 19—23. "Asahel pursued after Abner," &c.

He finds however that to catch and to conquer are different things. Encouraged by his flight, but unequal to his arms, he hopes to slay and spoil the defeated general, and as it were forces Abner to kill him. This we must not forget, when, as we shall find, the sacred writer narrating the death of Abner by the hand of Joab, tells us that it was because he had slain his brother Asahel.

We will next dismiss Abishai. Without equalling Joab he was a brave and faithful soldier, and capable of conducting armies. When the fugitive David ventured into the sleeping camp of king Saul, "Who will go down with me?" said he; and Abishai went down with him. In the campaigns against Edom and Ammon he remarkably distinguished himself, and had a chief place among those whose individual prowess got them pre-eminently the name of David's mighty men. His zeal for David sought permission on the occasion abovementioned to kill Saul; and in the rebellion of Absalom it was his desire to punish the traitor Shimei that called forth that expostulation of his master, "What have I to do with you, ye sons of Zeruiah?"

And here the question naturally arises, why these men are commonly called by their mother's name, a practice so unusual. That of their father is not once mentioned. There was probably some cause for this not recorded in the history: but it might also have been the inspired writer's object to keep in mind their relationship to the king, in order to heighten the contrast of character, or on the other hand to account for their fidelity.

For however Joab may be regarded, the facts remain: his deeds are before us: his fidelity to David cannot be

gainsaid. If ever a king had a faithful and devoted subject, David had it in Joab. The LORD had promised to David the throne of Israel, and used Joab as a principal instrument of giving it him. But David received it as a servant of God, while Joab fought for it only as a servant of David. This we must carefully bear in mind. We may not rashly pronounce him an irreligious or openly worldly man; but we cannot fail to see that he evidently regarded David's might as his right, and the anointing by the Prophet Samuel more as a good excuse for his obtaining it, than as the unquestionable title of David to the throne. We shall see this plainly at the end of his career; at present we must follow in order the consecutive acts of his recorded life.

No mention is made of Joab before the death of Saul. He then stands up as David's chief man, prepared to vindicate in council and in war the claims of his master as the rightful successor to the kingdom. From his occupying this position we may be sure that, though unrelated, the fidelity and valour of his previous service had not been unproved: but both the one and the other are now called into more important action by the rebellious opposition of Abner.

2 Sam. ii. 4. "The men of Judah anointed David," &c.

2 Sam. ii. 8, 9. "But Abner took Ishbosheth," &c.

Abner knew as well as everybody else that the kingdom was given to David: he had doubtless heard Saul himself say so at Engedi, and certainly at the new-moon feast. But the Divine will was nothing to him: he could retain his own power better with a puppet, such as Ishbosheth was, on the throne. If he was influenced by sentiments of loyalty to Saul's house, we shall find him soon tossing them to the winds: in the mean time he contrives, by a long though gradually failing war, to keep David more than seven years from his rightful dominion.

2 Sam. ii. 12—17. "And Abner went out," &c.

In this battle, as we have seen, Asahel was killed by Abner.

2 Sam. ii. 24—32. "Joab also pursued," &c.

2 Sam. iii. 1. "There was long war," &c.

So that at length Abner seeing no chance of ultimate

success against David, resolves to turn over to his side. He casts about for an occasion, and soon either finds or makes one.

2 Sam. iii. 7—11. "And Saul had a concubine," &c.

Some persons are very indignant at the freedom which Joab occasionally uses to David, but here was a speech to the king he had set up! So Abner knew what the LORD had sworn to David—did he only know it now?—and presumptuously says that *he* will do it to him, who had been openly opposing the Divine will so long! The charge here brought against him was a high form of treason, as we find in the case of Absalom, and as is implied in that of Adonijah. "Am I a dog?" said the regicide Hazael: "Am I a dog's head?" says Abner. But perhaps he was not guilty of treason in this kind: he is therefore determined to be so in another.

2 Sam. iii. 12. "And Abner sent messengers to David," &c.

Abner uses the traitor's caution, which requires he should sound the mind of one who might justly take vengeance on him before he braves his presence. The courage of a good conscience might have served him instead; but his history does not exhibit that quality either good or bad. We may note that Ishbosheth would seem from chap. iv. 1, to be ignorant that Abner had carried out his threat.

2 Sam. iii. 13—16. "And he said, Well," &c.

King David was commendably attached to the fair sex, and cares less about his kingdom than his consort. Of course it was a grievous wrong to take away his loving wife, but he had others; and we may observe that when he got this lady back, very little credit did she do him. But David may probably have considered that the restoration of Saul's daughter was a natural step in the recognition of his claim to the crown.

2 Sam. iii. 17—19. "And Abner had communication," &c.

Abner was either a traitor to Ishbosheth, or a seven years' rebel against David. He must choose one or the other: some would regard him as both. Was he not guilty of death? Even an enemy of David would pro-

once the verdict; how much more his firm friend Abner. Was he fit to be trusted with his confidence? No one would say so; how much less Joab. The traitor shows this, and will treat with the indulgent master while the vigilant watchman is absent.

2 Sam. iii. 20—22. "So he came to David," &c.

The small escort of twenty men was suited to the despatch and secrecy needful for Abner's success, and was sufficient for his protection where Joab was away. But he must be quick: no terms or conditions are needed from David, such service he is sure to reward, and the matter so far settled he speedily returns to consummate it.

It is no unimportant circumstance which is next mentioned. While Abner is acting the betrayer, his soldiers are fighting in his cause. Little cared he for their slaughter, so himself was safe; and indeed for anything that appears of his warfare, they were as well without as with him; but they ought to have known of his designs. It is moreover possible that he purposely set them in the way, to draw off Joab while he did his business with David.

2 Sam. iii. 23—25. "When Joab was come," &c.

This is one of the speeches for which Joab is so often charged with insolence to his master: they are after all only familiar. Faithful friends are no flatterers, and one that loves dearly will lecture clearly. And though Joab had a private hatred of Abner, it was his love for David that prompted this warning against a character so dangerous and worthy only of death. It does not appear that Joab was jealous of the courtesy with which David treated Abner; but he could hardly have helped contrasting the implied forgetfulness of his own long and valuable services, with the promotion and reward which seemed in store for the rebellion of the turn-coat chief. Joab knew his master well; and the case of Amasa in after years sufficiently shows how Abner was likely to have fared at David's hands: yet the whole history of Joab proves that he was not influenced by motives of envy or ambition, but only by a desire for David's good.



2 Sam. iii. 26—31. "And Joab sent after Abner," &c.

It is probable that Joab being determined to kill Abner used some artifice to bring him back, and while meditating his death pretended to be at peace with him. It was exceedingly dishonourable and wicked thus to kill even the traitor Abner: but Joab would persuade himself that now he had no other course open. We are here told, however, that Joab slew Abner because he had slain his brother Asahel. Revenge for his brother's death, and fidelity to his king, were different things; and though from this passage we must regard the former as a primary motive, yet from the whole character of Joab we know the other consideration must have greatly influenced him. The causes and reasons assigned in Holy Scripture are often only some of many: and if Abner had been a worthy man, Joab might have overlooked as the chance of war the death of Asahel.

Having got rid of his and David's enemy, Joab does not refuse to honour his burial, and would soon forgive and forget his royal master's grievous imprecations.

2 Sam. iii. 32—38. "And they buried Abner," &c.

This was the time if any for the praises of Abner. But what can the king say of him to account for all this mourning, if it be not merely his dislike of Joab? He says he did not die "as a fool;" that is, by the public executioner: nothing more true. "As a man falleth before wicked men;" that is, by assassination: true again. He was "a prince:" just so; he was cousin to the late king Saul. And a "great man:" great indeed in office; commander-in-chief to Saul for so many years (probably on account of his relationship) he could not but be great in some respects. A miserable enough eulogium, especially when compared with that on Saul and Jonathan. Gladly would the king have said more for him if he could: but what could he say? what had Abner ever done? Had he ever won a battle in which either Saul or Jonathan was not? Did not David find him asleep when he should have been awake, and withal sarcastically complimenting him, himself pronounce him worthy of death? Did he accept the challenge of Goliath? Was he of any

use to Saul on Gilboa, except to run away? He knew as well as every one else from Dan to Beersheba, that David was the LORD's anointed; yet he joined Saul in hunting him down, and Saul's son in rebelling against him. He was a worldly man like Joab; but we do not know that he was a valiant man like Joab; and we do know that he was not a faithful man like Joab.

2 Sam. iii. 39. "And I this day am weak," &c.

In what respect David was weak, may be to the careful reader a matter of opinion. It was unquestionably a weakness in him so to lament a man like Abner, and to affect an esteem for him merely for the purpose of disparaging Joab. Under such circumstances he could expect nothing less than that the sons of Zeruiah would be "too hard for him."

2 Sam. iv. 1, 5—12. The murder of Ishbosheth.

Here we have the result of Abner's doings. The mischief of rebellion always exceeds the expectation of its originators. These men thought that since Abner had successfully revolted, they might with impunity kill: but they had forgotten one necessary step to King David's favour: they had not incurred the special displeasure of Joab; and unmitigated justice is therefore measured to them.

David was the man after GOD's own *heart*: he exhibits the working of the human affections. Generous to his enemies, kind to his friends—love was the mainspring of his being; while the poetry of his soul, and the valour of his prowess, extended the field of his sympathies to all men. But he might have been the man of feeling, and yet not after *God's* heart: his love of man was all-subsidary to his love of GOD: this was the theme of his song, the light of his life, the nerve of his arm. And on the other hand, Joab might have been the practical, hard-headed business-man that he was, and yet have been a humble servant of GOD. The varieties of character and disposition in His people are an accession to the glory of GOD. But Joab was not a servant of GOD; and GOD used him as an instrument only for the prosperity of him who was, and gave his sword success for David's sake.

The saintly king knew this, and hence had no sympathy with Joab: he knew that neither trust in God nor gratitude for His favours had their due place in the son of Zeruah; and was wont vexatiously to complain that such as he "were in no peril of death, and came in no misfortune like other men."

But perhaps David carried this dislike of Joab too far, and exhibited petulance where he should have had patience. Of course it was Joab's close proximity to him that made the contrariety of his captain's character so jarring to his sensitiveness: there were hundreds as bad as Joab in his service; but there were none so near him. He was also perhaps wrong in not sufficiently recognising with thankfulness the instrument of God's dealing to him: and neither charity to David, nor severity to Joab, forbid the fear that perhaps this disregard and light esteem of the aid by which "the LORD delivered him from all his enemies," together with his unconcealed partiality towards those who noway deserved it, may have needlessly clothed his piety in an aspect distasteful to Joab, and tended to render him more than otherwise indifferent to religion.

1 Chron. xi. 4—8. The taking of Zion.

David being now king over all Israel, thought it but fair to give his new subjects an opportunity of distinguishing themselves in his service. An occasion presents itself in the hitherto unconquered citadel of Zion, as yet possessed by the original Canaanitish inhabitants. He issues his proclamation that whoever can take it shall be chief of all his host. This might dispossess Joab of his office, and the danger of the enterprise might cost his life; but the king would not much lament either the one or the other. Joab, however, is the man to take the fortress, and thus doubly establishes his title to the precedence of rank and command.

2 Sam. viii. 16. "And Joab the son of Zeruah was over the host."

2 Sam. viii. 1, 2, 14. "And David smote the Philistines: and he smote Moab: and all they of Edom became David's servants."

Psalms lx. 1. "Joab returned and smote of Edom in the valley of Salt twelve thousand."

1 Kings xi. 15. "David was in Edom, and Joab the captain of the host went up to bury the slain after he had smitten every male in."

Edom. Six months did Joab remain there with all Israel until he had cut off every male in Edom."

1 Chron. xviii. 12. "Moreover Abishai the son of Zeruiah slew of the Edomites in the valley of Salt eighteen thousand."

Although Joab is here mentioned only in connection with the Edomites, he was no doubt with David in all these campaigns; and seems to have been left by the king to prosecute that of Edom by himself. As he also did the after wars with the Syrians and Ammonites.

1 Chron. xix. 7—15. The Ammonite war.

Here we have a good speech for Joab. We must judge a man by his words and deeds; and though some might regard it as mere military recognition of the "established" religion, we are disposed to give him full credit for it.

2 Sam. xi. 1. "And David sent Joab," &c.

2 Sam. xii. 26—29. "And Joab fought against Rabbah," &c.

Joab thus entirely conquers the Ammonite, and having thereby put the finishing stroke to all David's warfare, sends word to his master to come and take the credit of his labours and triumph over the enemy. This was one of those acts of fidelity which distinguish Joab's whole life. Alas, that it was just preceded by another one of which the man of the world, alike with him who "turned not aside all the days of his life," had abundant reason of shame.

2 Sam. xi. The matter of Uriah.

This disgraceful transaction took place during the Ammonite war. While Joab was doing his work at Rabbah, David was sinfully luxuriating in Jerusalem. The story requires no comment: it shows that the faithful servant, uninfluenced by the power of religion, had small compunction in ministering to his master's unlawful desires. Joab knew the sinfulness of adultery and murder, but he would probably have smiled at the idea of his teaching it to David: 'the king might surely be trusted in such matters, and it could not be wrong to second the designs of a man so renowned for piety.' Time and experience, however, convinced him otherwise; and he afterwards boldly warned the king against a sin which most people would have thought no sin at all. And indeed, in read-

ing this detailed narrative, we must not allow any imputation of partiality for Joab to suppress the obvious suggestion, that for anything recorded he did not know his master's reason for commanding the death of Uriah "the Hittite," and he might have complied as an act of obedience without knowing or caring the equity of the order. A clever man like Joab might have a shrewd guess how the matter stood; but whether he had or not, the atrocious crime brought on his master, and in so far on himself, a grievous series of punishments, in the incest, fratricide, and rebellion of David's own family: and we may also observe, what looks like a special retribution upon Joab for his share in this crime, that he eventually meets his death by command of the son of this woman.

(To be continued.)

## "THE DAYS OF MY LIFE."

"This is nothing else but sorrow of heart."—*Nehemiah* ii. 2.

"A Thane came forward and said, 'To what, O king, shall I liken the life of man! When you are feasting with your Thanes in the depth of winter, and the hall is warm with the blazing fire, and all around the wind is raging and the snow falling, a little bird flies through the hall, enters at one door, and escapes at the other. For a moment, while within, it is visible to the eyes, but it came out of the darkness of the storm, and glides again into the same darkness. So is human life; we behold it for an instant—but of what has gone before—or what is to follow after, we are utterly ignorant.'—*Extract from "Latin Christianity."* DR. MILMAN.

"If she *does* live—sorrow and she will be well acquaint, or I know nothing of the human countenance."—*Winifred*.

"Of ambrosial hyacinths gracefully weave a coronal rich for me,  
And as life's sun wanes towards the west, the enduring scent shall be,  
A type of faith, as bright hopes fade which He once permitted to shine—  
For the written sorrow on heart and flower is traced by the Hand Divine."  
"Written Sorrow," *Churchman's Companion*, Vol. X. p. 343.

"I was admiring a rose—the pride of the rosery—when a soft voice addressed me, saying, 'Stranger—on your face is written a history—I would like to hear expounded—' and on looking round, I saw a venerable old lady with bright eyes. . . . After some courteous sentences exchanged—we went our separate ways. Afterwards, I found the old lady was a foreign Princess, of high repute in literary and diplomatic circles."—*MS. Letter*.

For every idle word we speak—ponder; what follows next?—

It is not here I need repeat the awful sacred text;

Words—idle words we speak to those round whom our souls are  
twined—

Sometimes, alas! false cruel words—when words should break or bind.

We smile—we jest—we will not have our brethren's curious eye  
To read the prison secrets dread of our mortality ;  
Suffice that One All-seeing Eye can pierce the ebon veil—  
Yet do we faithfully to Him our hidden sins bewail ?

A wounded spirit who can bear ?—He pities—He alone—  
Can heal and save when earthly aid and comfort there is none ;  
And yet we do not fly to Him and instantly in prayer—  
Confide in His assurances and cast on Him our care.

And some of us in human pride—poor foolish human pride—  
Vaunt in our own supremacy to common minds denied ;  
Better in childlike faith and love to kneel at His dear Feet—  
And wash Them with our tears, and list His consolation sweet.

No matter how we turn and wind—and subtle though we be—  
In vain attempts to ruffle plumes and warble cheerily—  
The impress of His Hand is seen—the written sorrow clear—  
If Eden traces linger, 'tis from Angels shining near.

O sad sad notes—O harpings wild—O memory of days—  
When young spring flowrets wreath'd our brows with sun encircled  
rays ;  
But richer notes may swell the strain ;—behold the river reed<sup>1</sup>—  
Fragrance alone sends forth when bruised :—so deals He with our  
need.

## THE YOUNG MARTYR.

In these times, when Christianity has spread throughout the whole of Europe, and when not to be called a Christian would be a disgrace, few persons are exposed to much trouble or suffering on account of their religion ; and the warning of our blessed LORD to His disciples, "Ye shall be hated of all men for My sake," appears more applicable to them, and to the times that immediately followed their Gospel labours, than it does to this age ; in which at least the outward profession of religion obtains respect and consideration. But when we read of the sufferings of the early Christians, we see both the foreknowledge and faithfulness of our SAVIOUR, Who;

<sup>1</sup> The cinnamon flag ;—according to oral tradition curative in its properties.

far from holding out flattering hopes to induce men to become His followers, told them plainly that their recompense should not be on earth,—not in this present state: His only promise regarding this life was—“In the world ye shall have tribulation.” His encouragement was—“Be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.” The condition He made with them was—“Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee the crown of life.”

Perhaps there are few means better calculated to strengthen faith in our holy religion than the history of the martyrs' sufferings,—who were, indeed, obedient to that command, and obtained grace to claim that promise,—who were so firmly rooted in the faith of CHRIST, that neither torture nor death could frighten them from confessing the truth they believed.

When Christianity was first preached and believed in the world, the Romans were masters of the greater part of it. They were Pagans attached to the pompous worship of many gods, which the Scripture says were no gods, but idols, wood and stone, the work of men's hands. They were a proud people, unwilling that their laws and customs should be disobeyed; and exceedingly despised persons who they thought were so foolish as to worship a crucified God, while they were indignant at their impiety in forsaking the worship of the gods of Rome. The Christians were slandered, misrepresented, and persecuted. We read of their sufferings even in the Epistles of the Apostles, and, after the Apostles' days, these sufferings increased rather than diminished, and until the Emperor Constantine embraced Christianity, and defended it as the faith of the Roman Empire, Christians were continually liable to cruel persecutions. The steadfastness of the martyrs amidst trials of cruel mockings and scourgings, of bonds and imprisonment, and in the presence of death itself, is well calculated to strengthen our faith in the truth of the holy religion for which they suffered; but, while the Christian courage and truthfulness of strong men excite our admiration and quicken our faith, those of weak women and even of young children, show us still more beautifully how the strength of CHRIST is made perfect in human weakness.

At the time of the severe persecution of the Christians in the reign of the Emperor Diocletian—about 300 years after the birth of our LORD—the saying of King David was remarkably verified in a circumstance that occurred at the martyrdom of a Christian deacon. It is written in the Psalms, “Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast Thou ordained strength, because of Thine enemies, that Thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.” And the history of the little martyr, which I am about to relate, appears to exemplify these words.

It was at Antioch, the city where the disciples were first called Christians, that a deacon of the Church of Casarea—the place from whence the devout centurion of the Roman army sent for S. Peter—was subjected to the most cruel tortures, in order to try his faith, and force him to deny the LORD who bought him with His own precious blood. The martyr, amidst his agonies, persisted in declaring his belief that there is but “One God, and one Mediator between God and men, the Man CHRIST JESUS.” His flesh was almost torn to pieces; the Roman Emperor, Galerius himself, looking on. At length, weary of answering their taunting demands that he should acknowledge the many gods of the heathen mythology, he told his tormentors to refer the question to any little child whose simple understanding could decide whether it were better to worship one God—the Maker of heaven and earth—and one SAVIOUR who was able to bring us to God—or to worship the gods many and lords many whom the Romans served.

Now it happened that a Roman mother had approached the scene of the martyr's sufferings, holding by the hand a little boy of eight or nine years old. Pity, or the desire of helping the sufferer, had probably brought her there; but the Providence of GOD had ordained for her an unexpected trial. The judge no sooner heard the martyr's words than his eye rested on this child, and pointing to the boy from his tribunal, he desired the Christian to put the question he proposed to him.

The question was asked, and to the surprise of most of those who heard it, the little boy replied, “GOD is one, and JESUS CHRIST is one with the FATHER.”



The persecutor heard, but far from being either softened or convinced, he was filled with fresh rage. "It is a snare," he cried; "O base and wicked Christian! thou hadst instructed that child to answer thus." Then, turning to the boy, he said, more mildly, "Tell me, child, who taught you thus to speak? How did you learn this faith?"

The boy glanced up to his mother's face, and then replied, "It was GOD's grace that taught it to my dear mother; and when I sat upon her knees, a little baby, she taught me that JESUS CHRIST loved little children, and I learned to love Him for His love to us."

"Let us see now what the love of CHRIST can do for you," cried the cruel judge; and, at a sign from him, the Lictors, who stood ready with their rods, after the fashion of the Romans, instantly seized the poor trembling boy. Fain would the mother have saved her timid dove, even at the expense of her own life; she could not do so; but she could whisper him to trust in the love of CHRIST, and to maintain truth. And the poor child, feeble and timid as he was, did trust in that love; nor could all the cruelty of his tormentors separate him from it.

"What can the love of CHRIST do for him now?" asked the judge, as the blood streamed from that tender flesh.

"It enables him to endure what his Master endured for him, and for us all," was the reply.

And again they smote the child to torture the Christian mother.

"What can the love of CHRIST do for him now?" they asked again. And tears fell even from heathen eyes as that Roman mother, a thousand times more tortured than her son, answered,—

"It teaches him to forgive his persecutors."

And the boy watched his mother's eye as it rose up to heaven for him, and he thought of the sufferings of his dear LORD and SAVIOUR, of which she had told him; and when his tormentors inquired whether he would not now acknowledge the false gods they served, and deny CHRIST, he steadfastly answered, "No! there is no other God

but one; JESUS CHRIST is the Redeemer of the world. He loved me, and I love Him for His love."

Then, as the poor child fainted beneath the repeated strokes, they cast the quivering and mangled little body into the mother's arms, crying, "See what the love of your CHRIST can do for him now."

And as the mother pressed it gently to her own bleeding heart, she answered,—

"That love will take him from the wrath of man to the peace of heaven."

"Mother," murmured the gasping child, "give me a drop from our cool well upon my tongue."

"Child, thou shouldst not have time to receive it; ere it was here thou shouldst be drinking of the river of life in the paradise of God."

She spoke over the dying—for the little martyr spake no more—and thus the mother continued—"Already, dearest, hast thou tasted of the well that springeth up to everlasting life—the grace of CHRIST given to His little one—thou hast spoken the truth in love—arise now, for thy SAVIOUR calleth for thee. Young, happy martyr for His sake, may He grant thy mother grace to follow thy bright path!"

The boy faintly raised his quivering eyelids, looked up to where the elder martyr was, and said again, "There is but one GOD and JESUS CHRIST whom He has sent;" and so saying, he died.

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## THE HIGH PRESSURE PIT.<sup>1</sup>

ON a rising ground, near the junction of the F. and L. Railways, leading into one of our great cities, there stands a Steam-engine house attached to a Coal-pit, on the farm of Miltown, called the High Pressure pit.

On the morning of Saturday, the 12th of June, 18—,

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. Legh Richmond's Tract of "The Collier Boy and his Candle-box," contains an account of the destruction of seventy-five

thirteen colliers, men, women, and children, had gone down for their ordinary work soon after midnight; but had not been long below, when a loud and hollow rumbling noise was heard. The sides of the pit appeared to be giving way; and in a short while, first one, and then another, fearful shoot of earth, rubbish, and stones, from about midway, came thundering down. The mass fell to the bottom; the pit was choked up to within thirty fathoms of the surface; and the colliers above became aware that thirteen of their comrades, kinsfolk, and friends, were buried three hundred and sixty feet down in the bowels of the earth.

The alarm quickly spread over the country-side; the tidings flew from village to village; and speedily numbers came in from the whole neighbourhood, all desirous to exert themselves to the uttermost for the deliverance of the imprisoned sufferers. It was believed that these were still alive, for the pit was old, and the workings below were extensive. There would, therefore, it was supposed, be a considerable temporary supply of air; and this possibly might be more or less renewed from a pit lying in a beautiful sequestered dell in the neighbourhood, which had been for a good while abandoned, but which was known to communicate with the other by a long narrow passage or Air-gate, as it is called, of nearly a mile in length. One detachment of labourers forthwith de-

persons in the Heaton Main Colliery, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, on the 3rd of May, 1815. Of these sufferers, a portion remained alive for a time after the occurrence of the accident. But of their experiences during that interval, no record remains save the Candle-box of William Thew, on which was found scratched these interesting words: "Fret not dear Mother For we were singing while we had time and praising God Mother Follow God more than ever i did."

"It is probable, however," adds Mr. Richmond, in speculating on the occupations of these imprisoned souls, "that the pious men would employ their time in exhorting those who were irreligious, to repentance and faith in CHRIST."

What in that instance was considered probable, is known in one instance to have actually occurred; for here the sufferers, after thirty-six hours' burial in the bowels of the earth, were delivered from that death of which they had been, during this long period, in continual expectation. Patrick Dyke, one of their own number, has given an account of the event, of which the substance is as above.

ascended, in order to set about clearing out the rubbish from the choked pit, and another went to the dell, to establish, if possible, an under-ground communication between the two pits. These last went forward as far as they could; but the roof of the Air-gate had in various places sunk down. The water also had risen upon it; and they were forced to abandon their purpose; for so foul was the air, that no man descending from the upper air, or rather, it may be said, no man whatever, could breathe it. They called aloud, and listened carefully for the voices of their friends; but no returning sound broke the dead silence around. The others, who were clearing out the choked pit from above, were placed in unexpected difficulties, by the danger of new shoots, which now became apparent: and, therefore, measures were taken to construct a Crib, or large wooden drum-like instrument, fitting closely to the shape of the pit, to be let down, and lengthened as it descended, so as to fortify the sides of the pit, and make the descent of the workmen safe.

Here again, however, difficulties increased; for the enormous quantity of the rubbish, and the great depth of it, rendered its removal, in time to be beneficial to the prisoners below, almost hopeless. The closeness, also, of the Air-gate, at the Dell Pit end, proved that no external supply of air could reach them at its other and distant extremity. But in such circumstances, to hope against hope, and to labour in the face of difficulties, or even supposed impossibilities, became duty. The owners of the pit were indefatigable in their exertions, and abounded in kindness and encouragement to the labourers, who all combined to work with energy.

How, meanwhile, fared it with the wives, and the husbands, and the children, and the fathers, and the mothers, and the brothers, and the sisters, and the kinsfolk, and the friends and acquaintances, of the thirteen sufferers? Their houses lay in the adjoining villages; and in these indeed, "was there a voice heard, lamentation, and weeping, and great mourning." In one house, tidy and well swept, with a good fire within, and clear sunshine gleaming in through the little casement from without, and with an air of comfort contrasting strangely

with the distress that reigned around, sat an aged man and woman, some of whose younger relatives were among the buried, quiet, steady, and collected, but with a settled expression of grief resting on their faces. Into this house had also come some of the neighbours, to discourse concerning the common calamity; particularly one or two younger lads who had relations among the buried. And when the clergyman had sat a while comforting them out of the Bible, others, hearing of this, dropped in; and all seemed earnest to betake themselves to God, Who alone, it was felt, could help in this hour of their extremity. Whether it arose from the familiar hazards of a collier's life, known and experienced in that company, or from any other cause better or worse, there was no violence in the grief that abounded; but what their grief wanted in animation and words, it probably possessed in depth and intensity; and, accordingly, there was a disposition to listen with earnestness to the dealings of God in His people's extremities, as these were expounded to them in the cases of Daniel in the lions' den, and Jonah in the belly of the whale, as they were exhibited in the 130th and 69th Psalms, portions of Scripture which, it will be seen, were at the very same instant being used for the like ends at the bottom of the pit.

In another house, lay stretched at full length, in a state of utter insensibility, a young woman recently married to one of the unhappy men below, from whom she had parted but the night before, in his usual health. To her neither the words of Divine truth nor of worldly comfort obtained any access. She was stupified by the blow, and insensible, and time alone, under Divine Providence, could restore her.

By this time, the day being far advanced, the hope of the sufferers' safety had greatly diminished among the parties engaged at the pit mouth, and, in some cases, had given place to despair, because it was believed that the air below must now be too foul to sustain either light or life. But among the people of the coal villages there was more hope; and all agreed that, at any rate, it was the business of those on the surface of the earth to pray to God, and at the same time to work for the preserva-

tion of those below. The day rolled on; night came, and no appearance of deliverance with it. Many speculations were afloat as to the condition of those below. All felt, that every hour, as it passed along, shut up the door of hope more firmly against the buried.

What, then, was the state of these prisoners themselves during this long period of alternate fear and hope, and exertion and suspense above?

"Our pit," says Patrick Dyke, "was called the High Pressure pit; and according to the regulations, we went down, on that awful night to engage in our lawful employment, which was that of preparing roads for carrying the coals to the pit bottom. There were of one village John Thompson, the gatesman, whose business was to see that the work was done to his mind, and he makes every one do as he thinks proper; George Kemble; Thomas James; Andrew Bennett; John Janet; George Pride; and Betsy Kemble, George's wife. And of ours there were myself; Peter James; Ellen James, his daughter, aged 15; Janet Shaw, 30; John James of the old engine, and Margaret Adam, his daughter, aged about 12."

Had the accident happened the preceding day, there would have been twenty-three sufferers instead of thirteen. Two, also, it may be mentioned, of the thirteen had been sent down out of their regular course to perform a particular work that night, and so seemed specially appointed to what ensued. But it was well they were there; for they both materially helped in the rescue.

"The four women were carrying rubbish. I was taking it from them, and putting it in the waste; that is, filling up the vacancies where coals have been taken away before. The men were building biggings for holding back the road, saving two, who were cutting down stone to make the road higher. George Pride was filling water, of which there were about two feet at the foot of the pit. Now, while we were all thus engaged in our lawful employment, as I said, an hour after we had gone down, George Pride arrived among us from the pit bottom in great agony, with the fearful tidings that our pit was giving way!"

A slight dropping, it may be mentioned, of loose earth

and stones, had taken place, which was repeated increasingly at intervals, and caused the alarm.

"John Thompson would not at first believe that the thing was so disastrous, and continued at his work for a little; but at length he went to see, and took with him George Pride, Andrew Bennett, and John James. To our awful dismay, the pit at that time gave way with three fearful claps, which exactly closed up every avenue whatever at the pit bottom; threw Peter James against the wall cutting his face much, and knocked down one or two more against the wall and into the water. I ran to them, and caught John in my arms, his face streaming with blood. Says he, 'Patrick, what is to become of us now! We'll never see our wives and bairns mair!' Says I, 'John, there is no fear, I hope we shall see them yet.' But truly, I must say, we all felt consternation on coming to think that we were just buried three hundred and sixty feet down in the earth, and seemed as if shut up to a certain death.

"We resolved, however, to go away to the back Dell Pit Air-gate, thinking to ourselves that if we could not make our escape there, we were indeed completely gone!"

The Air-gate was a long crooked drain-like passage, about three-quarters of a mile in length, cut through the rock and coal from the High Pressure pit to the Dell. It was in most places only two or three feet high, though in some as high as five or six; and it was generally between two and four feet wide. It was merely for the passage of air, and was closed in by a strong door near the place where the colliers were sitting at the bottom of the High Pressure pit. The Dell pit had, for a considerable time, been abandoned; and at the period in question, it was in contemplation to abandon also the High Pressure pit workings, the coal being very much exhausted; a circumstance that explains the state of disrepair in which the Air-gate was found to be.

"The door of the Air-gate," said Patrick, "was soon broken open, and we travelled into that old Air-gate. But we had not advanced far, when a mass of rubbish stopped our progress. We commenced to get it cleared; and this occupied may-be four or five of our men for

three or four hours. Some of us got wedges, and a punch and mell; but we had to cut a foot off the mell-shaft, the working place was so small.

"I had remained behind; but after a time going to see how they were getting on, John Thompson said to me, 'Go away, and tell the men to fall to work at the pit-bottom, and see and get it cleared, for this place is completely choked up. It will never do. There's no air here.' 'Oh!' said I, 'is there no appearance of any opening?' 'No, Patrick,' said he, 'it is as close as the wall!' We therefore commenced on the pit bottom, and continued till word was brought that they had got an opening in the Air-gate.

"This was glad news, and by this opening (a little one it was), we proceeded, creeping and groping our way, till we came to water. Peter James went in, but soon went up to the chin in it; and the air became exceeding bad. It put out four or five of our lamps; and we could scarcely breathe in it. It was necessary, therefore, to leave it. Those behind were told to move back, taking good care of their lights. So we all returned to the High Pressure pit bottom, and began again to work at the stuff there; and here we continued till the bad air extinguished every light we had at the pit bottom. Still, however, we had light at the place we originally were working at, and that was some comfort to us. We called this our head-quarters, for we always returned to it."

And here let the reader pause and reflect for a moment on the situation of these thirteen persons buried alive. Imagine yourself four hundred feet down in the depths of the earth, in a low, close, irregular driftway, the roof supported by fir-staves, which alone seem to prevent the impending mass from precipitating itself on you. Imagine a set of men, and poor unhappy women, dirtily clad, if clad they can be called, their little oil lamps fixed on their foreheads, yielding the only light which the place affords; all generally in a stooping posture, because rarely overhead is there space to stand upright; some laid at full length on their sides, wielding the pickaxe against the coal in the only attitude practicable; and others, the women not excepted, chained with harness to



their waggons, dragging these on all-fours; while here and there is a man cutting a passage for the trickling water that bedews them on every side; all oppressed with the close heat of the place, which is perpetual, and pursuing their daily and nightly task in a dull silence congenial to the scene. Here is matter enough for anxious feeling to any inhabitant of the upper world, whom business or curiosity may have brought down to this lower region. But let any such person figure to himself his own state, if, while there, he should hear a roar like thunder, and a mighty rush of mixed stones, rubbish, and coal pouring down like a cataract, and blocking up his only way of escape.

“Well, the women were sitting here, for they did not engage in the clearing of the rubbish; the men only did that. Here were all gathered together, and this place became a kind of Church<sup>1</sup> to us; for after we had sat down and become composed, John Thompson proposed that we should say our prayers, for they saw nothing but evidently death before them; and he fixed on me to pray. We placed ourselves all down in a composed manner, for I asked them all to be sedate; and so they were, you may believe.

“All then being quiet and composed we sung the first four verses of the 20th Psalm, which we knew by heart, and I prayed.

‘The LORD to thy request attend,  
And hear thee in distress;  
The name of Jacob’s God defend,  
And grant thy arms success:

‘To aid thee from on high repair,  
And strength from Sion give;  
Remember all thy offerings there,  
Thy sacrifice receive:

‘To compass thy own heart’s desire,  
Thy counsels still direct;  
Make kindly all events conspire  
To bring them to effect.

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<sup>1</sup> This Church was about eight feet by fourteen in size, and only three feet and a half high.

' To Thy salvation, LORD, for aid,  
We cheerfully repair,  
With banners in Thy name displayed ;  
The LORD accept thy prayer.

' To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
The GOD Whom we adore ;  
Be glory as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore.'

" We then sat and conversed a while, and afterwards sent a deputation to the Dell pit, to see if there was any relief coming from that quarter, for we thought they might get down from above there and work their way towards us by the auld Air-gate. But they returned and said they had gone as far as they could for the air, and hallooed and shouted to see if there was any body coming, but they heard no sound ; and it was concluded that we certainly must die, for we thought the High Pressure pit was filled to the daylight, and the Air-gate close, and hence that there was no hope for us.

" A great deal of us were in highly low spirits at this time, because we saw nothing but death evidently before us. We fell a talking, however ; and I bid them remember ' That while there was life there was hope. Let us rejoice that we have a GOD that can hear and answer prayer wherever His people are ; for though we are shut up in the bowels of the earth, yet He is able to hear us, and He can both hear us and deliver us. He is the same GOD yesterday, to-day, and for ever, without variableness or shadow of turning. Let us remember the wonderful deliverance He wrought for the Israelites, when, for their escape from the land of Egypt to Canaan, He opened a way for them in the Red Sea ; and when there was nothing but insurmountable mountains on both hands, the roaring ocean before, and the enemy pursuing behind—when all refuge seemed to have failed, and they thought, many of them, that nothing could deliver them, then it was that the very next thing they heard was the LORD speaking to Moses, and saying, ' Speak unto the people that they go forward.' Man's extremity is GOD's opportunity. Let us not despair. Let us resign ourselves entirely to His will and pleasure. Let us be putting ourselves in a

posture fit for death, and, with the highest resignation, submit ourselves to whatever seems to Him best for us.'

"Now, you must know, that by this time our lights were altogether gone out. The air was too bad to support them. So we were left quite in the dark; and I must tell you that this turned out, as you will see, a happy thing for us, though we liked it not at the time.

"It was then observed," and it is interesting to mark how the observation flows out of the loss of their lights, evidently leading to the thought, "That though we should never behold each other in the face on this side of time, we hoped the next time we met would be in the light of the New Jerusalem, where the sun should never go down, nor the moon withdraw her shining.

"We then crackit in respect of our families. It was observed, 'That desperate as our case was, though they were above, they were much to be pitied; for no doubt they were bewailing us, and thinking of the loss of friends they were about to suffer. And this made us think that there should be more prayer and praise. So the 121st Psalm was sung, because that was good for all, whether on the earth or under the earth.

' To Sion's hill I lift mine eyes,  
From thence expecting aid,  
From Sion's hill and Sion's God,  
Who heaven and earth has made.

' Then thou, my soul, in safety rest,  
Thy guardian will not sleep:  
His watchful care, that Israel guards,  
Will Israel's monarch keep.

' Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's wings,  
Thou shalt securely rest,  
Where neither sun nor moon shall thee  
By day or night molest.

' From common accidents of life  
His care shall guard thee still;  
From the blind strokes of chance, and foes  
That lie in wait to kill.

' At home, abroad, in peace, in war,  
Thy God shall thee defend;  
Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage  
Safe to thy journey's end.'

"Prayer was then offered a second time; after which we spoke of the Three Children in the fiery furnace. The might of that God was observed upon, Who changed the element of fire, that it had no power on these three children when they believed and called on His Name; and it was concluded, that if He was able to qualify the element of fire, so that the smell of fire did not pass on them, and not so much as a hair of their heads was singed, He was surely able to make a way of escape for us, dark as our case was.

"Let me here tell you that the girls at first cried for hunger; but the hunger wore off. Hunger never touched any of the older ones. We had plenty of water; and we thought, 'That the LORD had once made water into wine, and if it was so ordered, He could make that water support us, the same as if it was flesh.'"

Before proceeding with the narrative, it may be useful to call attention to one circumstance, that whereas hitherto, and in the earlier stages, while hope may have been more buoyant, the addresses refer leadingly to the miraculous agency of God in the deliverances of His people; now when death came into more close contact with them, there is more of CHRIST by degrees, and of His saving grace—an unintentional evidence of the power and value of the Cross whensoever death, judgment, and eternity become, not vague generalities, but practical realities in the mind.

"Some of the company then," said Peter, "began to think, indeed all of us did, that we had not lived lives corresponding to the light that we had enjoyed, the light of the precious Gospel shining in its brightness amongst us. One of them, of the Old Engine, said, 'Surely if I escape, it will become me to turn over a new leaf!'"

And such were the feelings and resolutions of these people while under the pressure of distress; and as those who were then incited to serious thoughts by impending danger, were afterwards called on, by gratitude for a very marvellous deliverance, to fulfil every vow they had made; for not one of them suffered any hurt, but all

were restored to their friends in health, and they are yet alive, so it is to be hoped that their good resolutions have borne fruit.

(To be continued.)

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## THE EXISTENCE OF GOD PROVED BY THE VOICE OF NATURE.

*From Minutius Felix.*

BUT you object, we neither show nor see the God, whom we worship. Nay, rather for this very reason we believe in God, because we perceive but cannot see Him. For in all His works, and in every movement we behold His ever-present power, whether in thunder or lightning, storm or calm. Nor be surprised that you see not God. All things are driven, tossed to and fro, and agitated by the wind: yet the wind is invisible. In the full blaze of the sun, which causes us to see, we cannot see at all: the eye of the spectator is withdrawn from his rays, his sight is dulled, and if one looks too long all power of vision is taken away. And would you bear to look on the Maker of the sun, that fountain of light, when you turn away from His thunder, and hide from His lightning? You would see God with your carnal eye, though you can neither see nor handle the soul, by which you are quickened, and speak. (Octavius, § XXXII.) And again: wherefore they who believe that the garniture of the world was not the result of Divine reason, but of a union of atoms thrown together by chance, seem to have lost the use of their mind, intellect, and eyesight. For when you lift up your eyes to heaven, and look upon what is below, and around, what is so clear, evident, and palpable, as that there is some Deity of most excellent understanding, by Whom all nature is inspired, moved, supported, and governed? See how widely the Heavens are stretched out, how rapidly they revolve, whether studded at night by stars, or lighted in the daytime by

the sun; and you will soon see in what a wonderful and Divine manner the Supreme Governor balances them. Mark also how the course of the sun regulates the year, and the moon by its increase, wane, and change brings round the months.

Why mention the alternating changes of light and darkness, that we may enjoy the alternate refreshment of labour and rest? I must leave to astrologers the more lengthy consideration of the way in which the stars direct the course of the sailor, or bring on suitable times for sowing and reaping. Now that all these might be created, fashioned, and arranged, there needed a Supreme Artificer and perfect wisdom; and further they cannot be perceived, discerned, and understood without the utmost sagacity and reason. Moreover as the order of seasons and fruits is marked by a regular succession, do not spring with its flowers, and summer with its harvest, and the pleasant maturity of autumn, and needful winter-time for the olives, bear witness to their author, and parent? And this order would have been readily disturbed, had it not been settled with the greatest wisdom. Then what wonderful foresight is shown in the interposition of the mean temperature of autumn and spring, that winter might not benumb with its cold, nor summer scorch with its heat, so that the course of the year retracing its footsteps, glides on secretly, and harmlessly.

Observe the sea. It is bounded by the law of the shore. See how trees of every kind draw their life from the bowels of the earth. See how the ocean constantly ebbs and flows. Mark the fountains. They flow with unexhausted veins. Behold the rivers. They ever run in their usual courses. Why should I speak of the fitting arrangement of high mountains, sloping hills, and extended plains? or of the various means of defences which the animals possess? Some armed with horns, hedged about with teeth, or shod with hoofs, or pointed with stings? or of others swift of foot or wing? The very beauty of our form demonstrates that God is the maker; an upright carriage, erect visage, eyes in the forehead as if on the look out, and all the senses enclosed as in a citadel. It were wearisome to go over each par-

ticular; there is no part of man, which is not either necessary or ornamental; and what is still more wonderful, we have all the same form, yet each distinguishing features; so that we are all alike, and yet differ one from another. Why speak of the manner of our birth? Is not this from GOD, that when the time of parturition is at hand the breasts are full of milk, and the tender offspring waxes strong from the abundance of milky dew. Besides, GOD has provided not only for all, but also for every part. Britain is deficient in sunshine, but is refreshed by the warmth of the surrounding ocean: the Nile moderates the dryness of Egypt: the Euphrates cultivates Mesopotamia, and the Indus is said both to sow and water the East.

Now if you go into a house, and find everything exquisitely arranged, and adorned, you would doubtless believe that there was a master over it, who was far better than these good things: so in the house of this world, when you behold the Heaven and the earth, the providence, order, and laws, believe that there is a LORD and FATHER of the universe, more beautiful than the very stars and all the parts of the world.

## THE GIPSIES.

### CHAPTER II.

WE have already given it as our opinion that the gipsies were of Indian origin. It may be worth while to add one or two interesting points of similitude tending to confirm this opinion. In the seventh volume of *Asiatic Researches*, Captain Richardson gives the following account of the Buderá Nuts.

“’Tis probable there will be found in their manners a stronger similitude to the gipsies of Europe than in those of any others which may come under review. They have no particular system of religion, adopting with indifference that of the village near to which they happen

to be encamped. In the upper provinces of Hindostan, the little encampments of these people are frequently very regular and neat, being there formed of the Sirker entirely. Each apartment, though not much larger than a mastiff's kennel, has its own particular enclosure or court-yard, generally erected in such a manner as to become a species of circumvallation, to the whole portable hamlet. One cannot help wondering where so many men, women, and children, and other domestic animals manage to sleep, or shelter themselves from the storms, which sometimes assail these itinerant people. The men are remarkably athletic and active, and also nimble and adroit in every kind of sleight of hand. Many of the subdivisions of this class of men, pay little or no attention to cleanliness, or any restrictions in diet, eating dead jackalls, bullocks, horses, or any kind of food procurable. The women do not attend the men during their juggling exploits, but have a peculiar department allotted to themselves, which consists of the practice of physic, cupping, palmistry, curing disorders of the teeth, and marking the skin of the Hindoo women, an operation termed 'godna.' They have two languages, one intended for the use only of the craftsmen, the other general among men, women, and children."

Sir William Jones (in his translation of the Ordinances of Menu,) says,—“Both the gipsies and Nuts are generally a wandering race of beings, seldom having a fixed habitation. They have each a language peculiar to themselves. That of the gipsies is undoubtedly a species of Hindostanee, as well as that of the Nuts. In Europe it answers all the purposes of concealment. The gipsies have their king, the Nuts their nardar boutah: they are equally formed into companies, and their peculiar enjoyments are exactly similar,—dancing, singing, music, palmistry, &c. They are both considered as thieves, at least that division of Nuts whose manners come nearest the gipsies. In matters of religion they appear equally indifferent, and as to food we have seen that neither the gipsies nor the Buderá Nuts are very choice.”

Upon this latter point, Cowper has drawn a picture which could easily be transferred to canvass.



"I see a column of slow rising smoke  
 O'ertop the lofty wood, that skirts the wild.  
 A vagabond and useless tribe there eat  
 Their miserable meal. A kettle slung  
 Between two poles, upon a stick transverse  
 Receives the morsel : flesh obscene of dog,  
 Or vermin ; or at best of cock purloin'd  
 From his accustom'd perch. Hard faring race,  
 They pick their fuel out of every hedge,  
 Which kindled with dry leaves, just saves unquenched  
 The spark of life. The sportive wind blows wide  
 Their fluttering rags, and shows a tawney skin,  
 The vellum of the pedigree they claim."

The legal enactments to which reference has already been made, though they repressed the traffic in gipsies, and caused them to retire for a while, were in a very short time inoperative. The numbers of gipsies in this country have fluctuated much at different times, though it may be questioned, whether they have not been much increased by additions of persons whose skin becomes "tawney" by artificial means, and who cannot lay claim to a genuine origin. Wickedness and vice—low tastes and vulgar habits, however, form a bond of union among them—not but that ever and anon you may trace signs and tokens of better things, and meet with many who have hearts that can soon be deeply moved. At all events we have met with such, and seen with our own eyes, more than one instance of loving care that would have done honour to the gentlest lady in the land. At the beginning of the present century, they amounted to a considerable number. Their head quarters at that period appear to have been the celebrated Fairlop Oak, which is some two miles from Chigwell in Essex, where a celebrated fair was held. The stem of the oak at that period was some sixty-six feet, and some of its branches twelve feet in circumference. It is said that Fairlop Fair originated with one Daniel Day, who had a small estate near the oak. On rent day he used to have his friends and tenants to dinner, and others beginning to imitate his example, booths were gradually erected, and the fair established.

Norwood again was (as it is still) a favourite haunt of another class of gipsies : Knaresborough, Boroughbridge,

Pocklington, and other places in Yorkshire. In this latter county they travel in greater numbers than elsewhere, and many a time have we scented the gipsies' fire at an early hour even within the last ten years. There are to be found amongst these wandering Arabs, men of taste, and clans of the most respectable character. Many of the gipsies remain in London during the winter, whence they make their excursions at different intervals to places easy of access, and to such fairs as may be likely to afford them an opportunity of practising their skill upon the pockets and credulity of the people. In summer they generally contrive to raise a little fund by picking hops in Kent, Surrey, and Sussex. In fact, there is now scarcely a nook or corner of old England, where gipsies cannot be found, whilst there are still dark spots, the inhabitants of which are afraid when the "gloaming comes" on, because they are under the power of the magic spell of some "old crone" who is ever working some wondrous mischief. Here the gipsies, generally speaking, reap a rich and fruitful harvest.

Now, when we remember the vast number of human beings scattered up and down the earth; when we remember the fearful responsibility entailed upon us in the possession of the oracles of God, it certainly does strike us as a question of no ordinary importance, whether the Church has done her duty to these wild tribes; nay, we might even go further, and ask, if it has ever struck her that these should be the objects of her especial care. Nay, we might even inquire if the clergy as a body have not ignored their existence, when there have been numbers on the outskirts of their several parishes.

We are free to confess that there are difficulties in the way,—that their Eastern origin causes them to be moved to change with very great difficulty, and their continued isolation serves only to deepen their prejudices. Add to which the fact that they have never had any education whatever, their nomadic habits having rendered that utterly impossible. But yet, they have a certain amount of natural sharpness and shrewdness, and the powers now applied to evil might be turned to good. Grellman's description is even at this day accurate in the main.

"The gipsies," he says, "have a fertile imagination in

their way, and are quick and ready at expedients, so that in many serious doubtful cases, they soon recollect how to act, in order to extricate themselves. We cannot indeed help wondering, when we attend to and consider the skill they display in preparing and bringing their works to perfection which is the more necessary from the scarcity of proper tools and apparatus. They are very acute and cunning in cheating or thieving, and when called to account for any fraud or robbery, fruitful in invention, and persuasive in their arguments to defend themselves." When such powers are found, we cannot but hope that soil so fertile of evil might be made to produce some good, and yet with the exception of some letters in Vols. VIII. and IX. of the *Christian Observer*, we are not aware of any effort that has been made for any length of time to better their spiritual condition. It is not in our power to do more than throw out an idea or two upon this subject, which we confess we feel somewhat strongly, having met with many valuable and interesting cases in our own experience.

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## CHRISTIAN MISSIONS IN CHINA.

### *Annals of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.*

It is not easy perhaps to conceive of a greater subject than that of Christian Missions to the mighty empire of China, which is computed to contain some three hundred and fifty millions of inhabitants! not far from half, or at least considerably exceeding a third part of the total population of the globe on which we live. And all these souls are walled from us by very mountains of prejudice, hidden from the rays of the Sun of Righteousness!

The British Empire is considered to comprise a fifth part of the earth's dwellers, but China has nearly half as many again, and these not scattered through the four

quarters of the globe, but a comparatively compact, united body, speaking the same language, and having lived under the same laws and customs, for nearly three thousand years.

A stupendous thought truly ! three hundred and fifty millions of souls, living well nigh, if not quite, "without God in the world," and passing constantly into an inscrutable eternity !

"They come like *shadows*, so depart."

For the knowledge of the Eternal Substance is not given them.

Perhaps no better general idea of the characteristics of this vast empire can be obtained than the account afforded us by that devoted prelate of the Roman Church, the Bishop Verolles, so called Vicar Apostolic of Mantchouria, who recently traversed China from east to west, visiting everywhere the flocks which acknowledged his pastoral sway ; for it must be confessed that the only "orthodox" Church which has effected a lodgment in the heart of China is the Roman : this is the record in the "Annals" of that earnest and simple-hearted man :—

"I was lately asked, what are the characteristics of China ? Whatever be the answer given to this question, it will always be shrouded in darkness for Europe. One of the chief causes of this obscurity is, that in this vast empire, more than anywhere else, are to be found inexplicable contradictions ; so much strength united to so much weakness, so much wealth with the greatest poverty, so much that is good, and so much that is mean ; certain arts, tissues, inventions, which astonish us, and such make-shifts, such stationary primitiveness in the instruments, methods, and things, which are most in use,—in fine, an etiquette which is almost (or quite) ridiculous among a people gross in their habits, filthy in their houses, their garments, and their furniture ; in fact, a people creeping with vermin, *which they devour*, as is reported of the Hottentots. I have seen Chinese of rank do so in my presence. To cap the climax, the Emperor, this son of heaven, to whom the highest grandees dare not speak without prostrating their faces to the ground, is always, (excuse the expression) overrun with lice. This indeed is deemed a blessing. Consequently he always bears upon his person, by way of securing their presence, some manufactured specimens of the class, one of gold, and one of silver ; but this is a very unnecessary precaution. In China you meet in combination all the vices of effete civilisation grown old in idolatry, together with patriarchal charac-

teristics and some remains of that ancient simplicity we contemplate among the people of former times. Unhappily simplicity is well nigh confined to external customs, for China has become proverbial. However, such as it is, this considerably the faith in our neophytes :” (renders them, say, more credulous or more believing ?) “The Chinese sensual in his habits, an epicurean, and yet he frequents hardships and privations. Irascible beyond measure by passion even to madness, and this for an insignificant would nevertheless call him apathetic and destitute of emotion. Sometimes labouring to excess, he is at the same time indolent and sonified.” (The Bishop probably means, that he will not resist compulsion, but that his real taste is for doing nothing.) This complete contrast renders it difficult to define the Chinese. It is needless to speak of the profligacy and extreme morality of this people. Their skill in trade is well known. Their agriculture has been extolled too highly. They till the soil, but cultivate without method, and according to tradition and are almost entirely ignorant of all the processes of agricultural science, either to improve breeds or preserve them. This is constantly remarked at Sutchuen and in the northern

This, we observe, together with the corroboration of such men as M. l'Abbé Huc, is far more valuable information than any to be deduced from the tittle-tattle of Sir J. Bowring in the *Times*, or the reports of those who have never really penetrated the recesses of the land. Bishop Verolles speaks of moderation, if not partiality, yet how painful a repression derived. In contemplating China and the Chinese, we are reminded of Goethe's lines in Part of *Faust*, Act 2. Sc. 2.

“He, who lives long, sees much in course of time  
And nothing new can meet his eyes ;  
I've marked, wandering o'er earth from clime to clime  
Races that Nature chose to crystallise !”

Verily the Chinese are a crystallised nation, one of the Seven Sleepers, or the enchanted people of the fairy tale, or rather of the frogs that have been immured in buried blocks of marble ; or again, not rather say, theirs is the sleep of death. They seem to exist rather than to live ; to perform a function rather than to act a part. An unreluctance to antiquated forms, an utter lack

spiritual perception, an absolute dearth of imagination; life a stagnant pool, universal dishonesty, combined with weak credulity, moral wickedness abounding and unspeakable, the religion of the country a gross idolatry combined with a marrowless philosophy, the literature a collection for the most part of moral platitudes, expressed in stilted and pointless phraseology,—we allude to the so-called Proverbs of Confucius,—utter deadness to all advance in arts or sciences, a stereotype Conservatism equally futile and presumptuous, an almost inconceivable vanity, which is indeed the prevailing sin of the whole nation, as a nation, and as individuals, extending to the lowest; it is difficult to conceive a less attractive spectacle than that presented by this mighty empire, one more likely to repel sympathy and exclude the hope of improvement. Yet the love of souls is truly a master-motive, transcending all mere mundane considerations, like the judgment wind sweeping every obstacle before it, like the glow of summer loosening northern frosts and snows, and the prospect of the glorious harvest to be reaped has repeatedly moved zealous labourers to go forth into it, hitherto unhappily, with but limited success,—limited because temporary only. And yet three times has China seemed to be on the eve of conversion to the Faith. Thrice has “the God of the Christians,” and that for one or two hundred years together, the only true God, been worshipped by vast multitudes with the Emperor’s sanction, and at one time at least, Christian Priests attained well nigh to the sovereignty of China.

We may pass by the first call of the nation, presumed to have been effected by the Apostle Thomas. There are scarcely any traces left of that primary work, which, from some cause or other, would seem to have been very temporary.

There remain to be noticed three great Christian movements in the heart of China, each accomplishing seemingly grand results, and yet finally disappointing all the hopes to which it had given rise. Of each of these we propose to give a brief account in this paper.

China, as has been mentioned, would seem to have been much the same as it is at present for three thousand

years; certainly since the commencement of the Christian era. The first Christian preachers, then, who appear to have made any permanent impression on this mighty empire, were the Nestorians, who commenced their operations, in all probability, about the year of our LORD 505, but did not attain a firm footing previous to the year 639. It seems needless to state that these Nestorians were followers of the doctrine taught by Nestorius, Patriarch of Constantinople in the fifth century, who had been deposed and expelled from the Church with his adherents, because he maintained, or was held to maintain, that there were two Persons, not Natures only, in that Incarnate LORD, the SON of GOD *and* the SON of MARY.

We need not say this is a most pernicious heresy; and there is no doubt that it *was* held by Nestorius, though we are confidently assured that the communities which are now called after his name, declare that they reject that heresy. Be this as it may, the Bishops and Priests of the Nestorian party, driven from the Greek Empire, took refuge in Persia, and succeeded in converting its monarch to their creed, which became the established religion of the country, and their exertions as a Missionary Church were crowned with very large successes,—a fact from which Mr. Newman draws much food for his novel speculations in his *Essay on Development*. This Persian Church, separated from Christendom, he presents to us as a type of our beloved spiritual Mother. But the parallel fails in fundamentals. We hold and teach the entire faith of the Undivided Church, as incorporated in its three Creeds; we anathematise none; we claim true spiritual communion with all; even though “the more abundantly that we love, the less we should be loved.” We are not Donatists or sectarians of any kind, for we acknowledge the Orders and Divine Commission of East and West, who mutually anathematize one another! That there is error in both is patent from the fact of division.

To resume. Thus then did missionaries from the Persian Church come to China, and by some means, it should seem by assuming the garb and language of Eastern sages, secure the goodwill of several of the Chinese Emperors.

The only record of this remarkable attempt to Chris-

tianize, or should we not rather say, Nestorianise the Chinese, is to be found in a very singular Inscription discovered on an ancient monument at Sing-gan-fu, the former capital of the empire, about two hundred years ago, which give extraordinary details, and would certainly appear to be authentic.

On the monument stands this heading, "A Tablet commemorating the diffusion of the illustrious Religion of the Ta-Tsin," that is, of *Judea*; whereon we may remark at once that Christianity is not spoken of as the true religion, but only as the Judean, thus assigning it a simply local origin, and apparently ranking it among the national "cultes," taking therefore a false step at starting, building upon sand. Christianity is universal, not Judean; of heaven, not earth. The Inscription then proceeds to state, in a peculiar style which seems wellnigh inseparable from the use of the Chinese language, that "The Unchangeably True, the Cause of causes, Deity, is supremely honourable," and proceeds to a direct affirmation of the doctrine of the TRINITY, which happily Nestorius and his followers never ceased to hold.

"This is our mysterious TRINITY," says the Inscription, "the True and Eternal LORD JEHOVAH! He, determining, *in the form of a cross*, to establish the four quarters of the earth, moved the Primeval Spirit, and produced all things visible and invisible. The dark expanse was changed, and heaven and earth were unfolded. The sun and moon revolved, and night and day began. As an Architect having finished the universe, He created the first man, endowed him with goodness and benignity, and commanded him to rule the world. His original nature was entirely pure and unsullied; and his simple and uncorrupted heart was wholly free from inordinate desires. But at length Satan, by exercising dissimulation, took away equity and greatness from the centre of good, (in man's heart,) and insinuated evil and darkness in their stead. Hence arose a multiplicity of sects, or of false religions." These are described in general terms as substituting the worship of the creature for the Creator, &c. Then the Monument proceeds: "Thereupon our TRINITY set apart the Illustrious and Adorable MESSIAH; Who,



laying aside His true dignity came into the world as man." Here we fail to discover definite Nestorian leanings so-called; the Divine Person at least is said to have come as man, not to have joined Himself to a man. Still the language employed is not that of the Church and Word of God.

We are then told of our LORD's Birth of a Virgin: of the Wise Men coming from *Persia*, (the chief seat of Nestorianism) to adore Him; of His ruling families and nations, of His teaching the doctrine of the TRINITY, of His revealing life and destroying death; but His own death and atonement are not distinctly mentioned. We may presume them, perhaps, to be reserved. His final Ascent to heaven is spoken of, and then the Twenty-seven books of the New Testament are referred to. It is remarkable that no mention is made of the Apostles or of the Church. Here the heretical character of Nestorianism becomes distinctly visible. Religion is spoken of as a matter of book-revelation, wholly apart from that Body of CHRIST, wherein GOD'S HOLY SPIRIT dwells. Conversion is next mentioned, also Baptism, to wash away sin and cleanse the heart. Then it is said that "taking the Cross as a sign, the LORD's *followers* unite all people without distinction." The Inscription proceeds to describe the Nestorian missionaries as the representatives of this religion, men who, in evangelising the East, "took the way of life and glory," who "preserved their beards," (we quote literally) "*for outward effect*," who shaved the crown of their heads to indicate the absence of passion, who owned no slaves, who hoarded no riches, who practised abstinence, that is, watched and fasted, who offered praises seven times a day, who once in seven days (it would seem not oftener,) held Divine Service to regain purity.

Is there not something unsatisfactory in all this? does it ring like true metal? Not that we doubt the authenticity of the Inscription, but there is something essential lacking in this sketch of the origin and growth of Christianity. The kingdom of heaven upon *earth* has, on Nestorian showing, vanished into nothingness. The whole thing is not very dissimilar in truth, from what might be

expected from sectarians of the present day, only that they would put Scripture more prominently forward; here it is only once alluded to, and no authority is cited for the facts alleged.

"The true and constant doctrine," says the Inscription, "is mysterious and difficult to be characterised. Anxious to make it clear and manifest, we can only name it the illustrious Instruction." Here Chinese formalism is glaringly evident, the spirit that contrives to make the very blue of heaven prosaically saucer-like to its own perceptions, while Christianity seems rather regarded as an exoteric philosophy than as the very and eternal truth.

The Stone-chronicle then goes on to relate how in the reign of the Emperor Taitang, the Enlarger of the Tang dynasty, there was in Judea a man of virtue called Olopun. We omit superfluous matter, respecting this worthy's observation of the *azure clouds* whereby to shape his course, &c. However, Olopun, we are told, arrived with the true Scriptures at Chang-ngau in the year of the LORD 636. This was the chief Nestorian missionary, it should seem. "The Emperor instructed," proceeds the Inscription, "his minister Duke Tang-Hiuenling to take the imperial sceptre and go out to the western suburbs, receive the guest and conduct him into the Palace. The Scriptures were then translated in the library of the Palace. The Emperor in his private apartments made inquiry respecting the religion, and fully satisfied that it was correct and true, he gave special commands for its promulgation."

Here it is not a little remarkable to note the way in which the Scriptures are put forward to do, as men say, "their own work," severed entirely from the work of the ministry. The lack of substance of this system, its essential unreality and weakness, manifests itself strikingly enough in the Emperor's Proclamation in favour of the new religion, dated 7th month, August, 639, or rather literally, "Chingkwat, 12th year, 7th month." It begins with one doubtful, and one openly heretical statement. "Religion is without an invariable name." True in a sense, but very liable to misinterpretation. "Saints are

without any permanent body." This amounts to a direct denial of the existence of the Holy Catholic Church. It proceeds :

"Olopun, a man of great virtue, bringing the Scriptures and *Images* from afar, has presented them at our capital. His instruction is found to be pure and mysterious, its language simple, its reasonings attractive;" (we abbreviate, giving only the heads;) "to the human race it is beneficial. Let it be promulgated throughout the empire. Let the appropriate Board (of Administration) build a Judean Church in the Righteous street of the Capital, and appoint thereto twenty-one priests,"

A Judean Church, remark, not even Christian, fixing the *local* notion of the new religion, as only one out of many, however good, a kind of star of the first magnitude perhaps. Christianity being evidently regarded as a species of fashionable philosophy, if one may so speak, the exoteric teaching of the West, not the one faith essential to salvation, but morally "beneficial," and therefore to take a recognised place in the empire.

Here we find, (and throughout the whole records the same characteristic meets us,) what appears to us the capital error of the Nestorian missionaries, and indeed, we must add, of the Jesuits also, in no small measure, at a later time, that in order to gain a hearing they consented to reserve the due claims of their God, and submitted to be ranked on a par with the propounders and defenders of false religions. They did not say to the Chinese Emperor, "If this, that we come to tell you, be the revelation of God's will and God's dealing with men, all other revelations must be false, or, at the best, distorted shadows of the truth. This is truth, and this only, to know God and His SON JESUS CHRIST, whom He has sent." They hoped, no doubt, to bring the knowledge of this home to the hearts of their true converts by degrees, but meanwhile they accepted an ambiguous, in very deed, a false position, and allowed the Emperor and his counsellors to entertain a wholly erroneous notion respecting the claims of Christianity. Minor truths, though even important, may, we conceive, be taught in due season. The Apostle lays down this principle broadly

"I have fed you with milk, and not with meat; for hitherto ye were not able to bear it, neither yet now are ye able." See also Hebrews v. 12—14. But primary and essential truth should ever be put forth. The Nestorian house was not built upon the rock, and was therefore sure to fall. Besides this, the *specific* error of this sect in China, as we have seen, was to ignore the Church of God, thereby severing themselves from the whole of Christendom, and making their religion rather an opinion than a creed or life.

The Inscription goes on to relate the progress of this bastard Christianity, for surely it was nothing better, in very glowing terms. After a florid and somewhat ridiculous account of the size and fertility of the land of Judea, which is a specimen, of course, of pure invention, we are told that the next Emperor raised Olopun to the rank of high priest, (that the heathen Emperor raised the Christian Priest or Bishop!) and that he built churches in all directions. And then we have high-sounding but vague reports of the consequent wealth and happiness ensuing to all. Next, we hear, how in 713, seventy years after the coming of Olopun, some base scholars raised ridicule and in Sikan spread abroad slanderous reports. But there were chief priests, Lohan, Tieh-teh, Lieh, and others, honourable descendants of those from the west, distinguished and elevated in character, who unitedly maintained the original doctrines and prevented their subversion. Maintained? and prevented subversion? Nothing said of any the least desire to spread the knowledge of the truth, to save immortal souls? As though the Church of CHRIST could be simply conservative? As well might the trackless winds be bound, the sun be taught to shine within a meted circle. This is the language to use respecting a political or philosophical sect rather than of the faith. Nestorianism in China was manifestly a court institution, patronized in high quarters, and passing as the exponent of western philosophy; learned child's play, and no more. The next thing we learn is, that another Emperor commanded five Kings to go in person to the church of felicity, build up the altars, restore the fallen timbers, and replace the dilapidated stones.

Here is a sad record of decay. There was so little interest on the part of the people, so little honest zeal on that of the preachers, that one of the chief churches in the capital had thus become dilapidated fifty or sixty years after its building. Everything in this record tells the same sad tale of unreality and formalism, the substitution of respectability for the Gospel. Next we are told of the placing of the portraits of the Emperors who had protected the new religion in the Judean Churches. We then read of a series of Emperors highly commended for their virtues, as also for their patronage of the religion of Tat-sin. All this is told in an inflated style, which might well move to laughter, but the story seems too sad to laugh about; as, when after telling us how some Duke Kwoh-Tszi favoured the clergy, and gathered them together for fifty days at his residence, the record proceeds, "the refined and circumspect Tahsha" (the new Emperor we imagine,) "never heard of such noble deeds!"

The record ends thus: "The true doctrine is great and all-prevalent and pervading:" (here *seems* to be something catholic, but it eludes you if you seek to grasp it:) "hard it is to name the word, to unfold the Three-One. The sovereign can act, his ministers commemorate. Raise the splendid monuments! Praise the great and happy! Erected (A.D. 781) the second year of Kienchung, the ninth Emperor of the great Tang dynasty, in the first month, and the seventh day. The priest Ning-shu being special law-lord and preacher to those of the illustrious religion throughout the regions of the east. Written by Lu-Sin-yen, court counselor, formerly holding high military commands in Taichau."

It may not seem quite fair to hold the Nestorians responsible for all the statements of this good Lu-Sin-yen, who possibly only adopted the religion of Judea, out of compliment to the reigning Emperors, and may not have been well instructed, or rather may have taken the popular Chinese view of the new religion and its benefits; yet as the monument is the only monument of Nestorianism in China, and enters into such details, it seems but reasonable to imagine that the Nestorian clergy may have been consulted in the drawing up of the Inscription.

And, assuredly, many historical facts would seem to be appealed to. So much would seem clear. Christianity can have taken no very deep root in the land, can have reared no stronghold in the hearts of the people, under Nestorian influences; for about 60 years later in A.D. 845, Wootsung then Emperor ordered all the Nestorians by an Imperial edict to retire to private life, that is, to resign their public ministrations, which order they would seem to have at once obeyed, true to their policy of worldly craft, and hoping, we presume, for better days. But these days never came. The succeeding emperors were equally unfavourable to Nestorian philosophy. In the year 877 there was an outbreak of civil strife in China, in which a great many professing Christians were slain, and from this time forward Nestorianism seems to have sunk into insignificance. It was just tolerated, and no more. There are still Nestorians in China, it should be added, but that worldly-wise policy by which their missionaries hoped gradually to insinuate themselves into the confidence of the Chinese nation, and win them to Christianity, wellnigh without their knowing it, proved an entire failure. "Every plant which My Heavenly FATHER hath not planted, shall be rooted up."

*(To be continued.)*

## "OUR DOCTOR'S" NOTE BOOK.

THE writer of the "Tales of Kirkbeck" and "Alice Beresford," will never be an unwelcome contributor to our church literature. It is a long time since we had to announce the third volume about Kirkbeck and its annals, and the author now presents us with the fourth *and last*. Her tales might truly be called tales of trial, and the trials are fearfully severe, and the end of most of them, death or affliction. The author is quite aware that the sunny side of life is not her peculiar vocation, or at least not for long. We are not disposed on this account to

quarrel with the parting volume ; we would rather let her speak for herself and tell us why this line seems the more real, which she does in the introduction to one of the tales in this volume. "Some stories," she says, "are pleasant and cheerful to remember, recalling scenes of innocent happiness and sunny gladness,—but *for the most part* they are rather those of trial and sorrow, tragedies of real life very often ; and it is so for the double reason that in this world of preparation for another, man's life is much more made up of trial and pain than of gladness (and, indeed, when God does not send trial and pain, man is apt to make them for himself.)"

The character of Doctor is certainly the most appropriate one under which such tales could appear. Next to the Parish Priest no one has the power or opportunity for good and influence that the Doctor has, and where that influence is used as a help and assistant to the Parish Priest, as in the present instance, we can conceive no more privileged and useful calling. This volume is not lacking in the vivid descriptions, the deep and heart-stirring scenes of her former ones. There are twelve tales, and we have chosen the following as a specimen rather because in style and subject it is somewhat different to those we are most accustomed to from the same pen :

#### A SEA STORY.

"John Lanehouse (such was his name) had for some years served in a brig belonging to his brother, Robert Lanehouse. 'She was a prime beauty,' he said, '250 tons burthen, and as light winged as a sea-fowl. Rab was aye a graidly lad, and when father died and left a' he had to him, cause I were nobbut a wild un, Rab said he and I'd go shares all our lives, and that he'd never have nowt but he'd share wi' me—and he kept his word. I were his mate, and many a storm we've seen together. God help us! that's over now for ever.' Again he brushed his great brown hand over his face, and then began once more.

" 'Well ye see, we had a lile home like of our ain at Whitby, and atween voyages like, we bided there. One ways or another, we'd been aqwent some time wi' a right bonnie lassie, Kate Bourne they ca'd her, and the brig, we called her the Kate, a'cause of t'other Katie. Eh! but she was a bonnie one, and a good too. Maybe, if Kate had likit me instead o' poor Rab——well, that's neither here nor there—I might ha' likit her, none could help it, and I winna say that I hadna a heartache when ane day Rab says to me, wi' his bright face

a sparkling for joy, 'Jack man,' says he, 'Katie's promised to be my wife, and I'll never mak' but two voyages more before we'll be wed.' I wussed him joy a' the same, and bonnie Katie too. Eh! sirs—'

" 'Well,' asked his auditors eagerly.

" 'Well ye see, they was wed, and I was bridesman, and I never tell't Rab one word that I had ever looked sweet on Katie mysel', I thoct it would nobbut trouble him, but I minded I suld be glad to get off to sea again, and I looked to our next voyage gladly.

" 'Then one night Rab comes to me and says—' Jack,' says he, 'I can tarry nae longer, and Katie's promised to marry me next week afore we sail. I could be more content like to leave her as my wife, ye ken.' So they was wed. Well ye see, must directly after we was bound to sail sooner than we had looked for, and sair, sair did Katie greet to part so sune frae Rab, and he was nae muckle less lothe to part frae her. Then she began to set upon him that he suld tak' her wi' him, and tho' at first he made as tho' he couldn't no how, I saw how he pined to do as she wished, and how he kept like sayin' No! fainter and fainter, till at last she put up her bonnie face to kiss him, and said—' Now ye'll let me gang, my ain Rabbie, I ken ye wull.' And sae in an evil hour Rab gave way, and it was settled Katie suld sail wi' us. Ye suld hae seen the child how pleased shou were, and how shou did nowt else but dance and sing for very joy, and Rab was scarcely less pleased both to please her and to hae her beside him.

" 'Well, we set sail in fine like weather; for Rab said an' it were no' fine he would not let Katie go if 'twas ever so! Our first voyage was to Liverpool, and how pleased Katie was, and how she liked the sea: she would walk up and down our deck half the evening, and 'joyed herself so heartily, that when Rab had to go south wi' a fresh cargo to the Spanish Main, she wad tak' nae denial, but must gang too—so she sailed wi' us.

" 'We had gotten nae further than the Cornish coast, when a thick fog closed in heavy aboon us, and an awful gale began to blow. Never a hand on board had seen a heavier gale, and I could see Rab were ill at ease—he hadna just his ordinair spirit and presence of mind I expect, because it vexed him sae to think that Katie suld be on board in a time o' danger. I was no vera well pleased mysel', for I saw we were like to be in peril, but I held my tongue, and said nowt—I didna want to mak' things look warse noa they were. Katie was frettened I expect, but she was very still and said little; she kept down in t' cabin as Rab had bidden her, and tried not to make him more anxious. Twice I had to go down, and baith times I found her on her knees, and shou looked sairly white, but I didna speak till her:—seemed like as though I couldn't.

" 'Well, we did all that men could do—but 'twere all of no good: the sea rose awfully high, and it was pitch dark. We knew we must be somewhere off the bluff headland of Cape Cornwall, about four miles north of Land's End, and so we were—close upon some dangerous rocks they call the Great and Little Brisson. All that men could do—and we were nine, young, strong, powerful men of us—we did, but it was all of no avail—we struck on a ledge, and the Katie, our bonnie



vessel, went to pieces as if she were made but of glass! The night was pitch dark, and I can scarce tell how it all was, but by God's help we all got safe on to the ledge, and there we had nowt to do but to bide till morning, and pray that some help might be sent to us. I think we one and all thought most for Katie, but she thought none for hersel': 'twas little she said, yet all that little was to strengthen and encourage her husband, and me her brother, and all the men. She never screeched, or cried out, or complained; but from time to time she whispered a verse or two, a psalm, or something o' the sort, and it seemed to give fresh hope to Rab, and to all of us, to hear her sweet gentle voice speaking of hope.

" 'Help will surely come with the daylight,' she said more than once, and poor Rab strained her closer, but he couldn't say, 'Aye, surely!'

" 'Well, that awsome night had its ending, and the cold grey daylight broke, and then we could see the coast-guard folk on land, and we had a fresh hope that our lives might be spared, for we could tell that they saw us, and we knew that they would let be nothing to try and save us. But the sea was running so awfully high that it seemed all in vain: we could see them try to put out a boat, but it was of no use—they could not get off. Then our hearts began to die within us, for there seemed only death before us. Poor Rab! I felt worst of all for him: he sat there on the rock wi' Katie clinging to him, very still, but I could see how nigh his heart was riven. Somehow, I think, he was so fall of her that he missed noticing how the tide was rising, but I saw it, and I saw plainly too that within half-an-hour there would be no single inch of the ledge where we were uncovered. I peered round to see if there were no spot higher where we might get Katie, but there was none; and while I yet looked, there came up one huge great mountain of a wave, and—Heaven help us—we were all swept away together!

" 'God have mercy on their souls—our seven men (and there was na ane on them but had a father and mother, or a young wife and bairns at home,) sunk at once—hope and fear were alike done wi' this world for ever for them. Somehow, I got hold of a mass of floating timber frae the wreck, and I contrived to keep my head above water; and somehow just then I didna seem to care a snap for my ain life, but wi' all my heart and soul I prayed God Almighty to take me and spare Rab and Katie—those two loving young hearts. It seemed like hours, but I suppose in truth it was but a little while, I could see the people gatherin' on the high cliffs, and I saw five fishermen at Sennen, (yon's a bit fishing-cove by the Land's End,) striving to launch their boat to come and help me, for I do not think they saw aught save me. Yet while I saw this, my whole mind was taken up wi' watching what I heeded far more than my ain life—I saw Rab struggling in the waves. I don't believe there ever was a bolder or a finer swimmer i' the world—and he was supporting Katie, who clung to him desperately for life. God guide them! She's slackenin' her hold—the surf has hidden them! No! there they are again. Yon huge wave, sure it must dash them to pieces on the little Brisson—

no! praised be God for ever, Rab has gained the rock, he has a footing!—he is safe!—he is still holding her!—he is fighting for the very life against the cruel sea that would swallow up his Katie. There—  
one brave spring, Katie—pull Rabbie! Oh! if I were but beside you both to help! The Lord is powerful!—he has her by his side—she is saved! Now let me sink or swim it matters not. Oh! my God, I thank Thee. Surely now the boats can reach them and save my Rab, my only brither, and his Katie.

“Meanwhile the fishermen had striven bravely with the wind and sea, and as Providence would have it, I, too, had drifted towards them, and just as I began to feel dizzy and forget all, and ’most to wonder where I was, they hauled me into their boat, and for a long while I knew nothing, being insensible with cold and exhaustion, having been like drowned.

“When I came to, I found that the Commander of the coast-guard—Captain Davies they ca’d him—had been sparing no pains to save my brither and sister. He had sent a revenue cutter to work round Land’s End and try and get at the rock, and the mate, Mr. Forward, launched their boat, and himself tried wi’ four men to get forrard, but it was no use, and the gallant fellows were well-nigh lost themselves in getting back to the cutter; neither Captain Davies nor anyone watchin’ from the cliffs thought it possible they could—it was a ’most beyond what man could do. But they were at last on board, and the Captain signalled to the cutter to try no more, for the day was wearing away, and nothing further could be done till the wind and tide should drop a bit. The people all cheered Forward and his men for their gallant attempts, but my heart sank as I heard the cheers. Rab and Katie were still on that cruel peak, all ’lane there, and no certain prospect of help; and how could they live through another night out there, with neither food nor shelter?

“Mr. Forward hove to, and got as near the Brisson as he could, and with the speaking-trumpet he tried to give them courage, promising to renew his efforts to help them the moment it was possible, and minding them that they had friends on earth, as well as a God looking on in heaven. They had no trumpet, so they could not speak again; but I could see poor Rab press Katie close to his breast, as if he said, We will live and die together, will we not, my sin wife?

“Oh! what a night it was, wi’ its thick darkness, and at each wave that thundered along I bethought me, Happen yon swept away Rab and Katie, or else she has sunk beneath the cold and hunger, and he is watching alone there over her dead body. But at length it was light enough to see, and there they both were, alive, and still signalling to us on land!

“The wind drew somewhat to the south-east, and the sea did not run fully so high, and all hands set to work at once—not a man but was ready to risk his own life to save the husband and wife who had thus clung together on the cold rock through those long, long cruel hours.

“Surely now help was certain: three different sets of fishermen had got off their boats, and were fighting their way through the angry

surf; the coast-guard had another in the perilous work; Mr. Forward, who scarce seemed less keen than I mysel', had once more manned the cutter's boat, and the Captain himself—a brave gentleman he was—one o' few words, but ready and firm o' purpose to do, he had gone to Pendeen—a little cove to the north-east, and took boat thence himsel' for the Brisson, having four o' the preventive men and a miner lad wi' him, and they took rockets to try and cast a rope to the pair that still clung there together, sayin' but little I'm thinkin', but watchin' wi' all their hearts in the efforts makin' to save them. More and more folk kept crowdin' on the cliffs, and as each fresh boat came up they cheered as though they were at a grand show. I couldn't cheer—my veins were all bursting like wi' anxiety; and yet of all lookin' on, I suppose no one felt one quarter so thankful as I did to each and every one of those gallant fellows, striving at the risk o' their ain lives to save my Rab and Katie. I wad hae gone wi' the coast-guard mysel', but my right arm had been well-nigh brucken in the surge, though I had scarce given it a thought, and they said I could do nae good—I had better bide on shore.

"Well, the gallant boaties won their way through yon heavy sea, but ne'er a ane on 'em could get within a hundred yards of the Brisson: the sea might be calmer than it were, but yet it ran awful high like. Then the Captain made ready to try the rockets, and wi' his ain hand let off one. It flew off like a flash o' God's ain lightnin' to help the perishin' creatures on yon cruel rock, but just as we all trusted Rab might hae gotten haud o' t' rope, the line fell upon a sharp ledge which cut it sheer through as though it had been a knife, and the rope fell useless into the sea. My heart sank down, and there was a sort of wild thrill of disappointment went through the watchers. I fancied I saw Rab fold his arms closer round his dear wife, as though he had said, 'Tis no use, my ain Katie, we maun just die here surrounded by them as risks their life to save us.'

"But the brave Captain had no mind to give in. Again, with his ain hand, he let off another rocket, and this time—oh! praised be the Lord—it has reached! See, it fell on the rock—surely he has it! Aye, the man is stooping—he has seized it! he has it firm! Now they are safe. Sure, but he's a fine and a brave sailor, the Captain. Such were the cries all around me, and you wad hae thought each man and woman around (for there were many women lookin' on too, and they had fand out how our bonnie Katie was nae but a bit bride, and their hearts were moved over her beyond the common,)—aye, ye wad hae thought each ane on 'em had his ain brither and bonnie sister out there to be saved. The very sun seemed to joy over them, for just then it broke out, the first time these several days, and its full bright gleam fell right on the rock, and even them as had no glasses could see all that Rab and Katie did. I 'most felt as if I could hear each word they said. Poor Rab, he took the rope, and bound it round his tender bit wife's wee waist; and didna his hands shake sair as he bound it fast. She stood sae meek and patient—and then when he'd done, she just clasped her hands and looked up in his face as though she were praying him not to bid her seek safety through

such an awsome gate. Then we could see him persuadin' and encouragin' her, and telling her, nae doubt, how he wad follow next. Nae wonder she was feared, poor gentle Katie, for it wad hae garred the strongest man's heart fail him to look at yon boiling foaming sea, and then to jump in deliberately, and of his ain will. I could fancy at last, how Katie was sayin', 'Rab, my ain husband, I hae sworn to obey ye, and now I will.' She knelt down, and he knelt beside her; and then in a few words they baith commended their sauls to their God, and gave each ither one long long embrace, and then without another pause, Katie jumped into the dashing waves—from a great height it was, and even at that moment there came three huge waves that seemed bigger than any before, and for a bit nowt could be seen, neither Katie, nor Rab left on his rock, nor the boats of gallant men bent on saving them. First a shudder crept through the hundreds o' lookers on, and then a woman's voice said wi' a low wail, 'They're a' gane!' and then a cry rose from the multitude, 'All lost!' But the next moment the boats were to be seen rising again upon the created waves, and once more there was a cheer fit to bring down the skies. I couldna cheer—I was straining beyond what e'en could bear to see whether they could get my poor Katie into the boat. The Captain was drawing in the cord himsel' with a' the caution and skill man could gie, and in about three minutes (so they telled me afterwards—to me it seemed like three hours) she was drawn into his boat, and I could see the Captain and the men stripping off their coats and wrappin' her up in them, as she lay motionless in the boat, and he had her poor head lyin' on his breast, and was chafin' her starved hands in his big ones, as though she were his ain daughter. The Captain put his boat in for the cove at once, while Mr. Forward was gettin' Rab off the rock in like manner; and soon they landed, and he came carryin' her sae tenderly, and ligged her doon on the plaids and cloaks that all the women were lavishing for her succour, and many a one crowded round to help. Somehow, after the first glimpse that I caught o' her still deadly white face, wi' her lips just parted and purple wi' cold, her blue eyes shut, and a' her bonnie brown hair hanging in wet tresses round, my head seemed boun' to turn round, and I lost all my thoughts for a bit; and when things got present to me again, they were landin' poor Rab, who was well-nigh spent, and seemed quite unable to speak, or even to stand alone, and I had scarce spirit left to gang to him mysel', but then I heard t' folk sayin' one to anither, 'Have a care, dinna let him see her yet: let the Captain brak it till him,' or sommat o' that sort, and then I just knew that Katie—our ain wee Katie, war nae mair ourn, but gone to the angels that were her like.

"They began to carry Rab up to the coast-guard's house, but he kept calling in his feeble way for Katie. 'My wife,' was a' folk could hear him say; and just as he was lookin' round, there was a moving among the women, and he saw between them his Katie—his wife—lyin' there cold and dead upon the ground.

"He tried to go to her, but he was too weak to stir, and the people wad hae carried him on, but the Captain, wi' the big tears

standin' in his e'en, said—' Let him go to her, poor fellow—nothing can make him worse now ;' and so they put Rab doon beside her, and he just took her in his arms, and folded his face on her face, his breast on her breast, and he spak nae word, and grat nane, and for a bit folk thought he were prayin', but when they touched him, he were just cold and stony as her.

" ' So they carried them baith up to the houses, and a' that night the Captain and the doctor and I, and one or two more forebye, stayed by poor Rab, but he never took much notice again. Once or twice he seemed like in his dreams to fancy they were still on the Brisson, and he muttered saftly—' Aye, Katie woman, let us pray to God—anyhow we'll die tegither ;' but this was a' he said, and towards mornin' he died.

" ' They buried them baith in ane grave, nigh to a lile chapel up there wi' a lang auld soundin' name :—it's a year sin, but I never can hearken to yon wind howling without a' that fearsome time comin' up again as though it were present, and all that's really goin' on now nobbut mak' believe.' "—Pp. 35—50.

### Reviews and Notices.

OUR readers are already aware of the distressing cause which led to the resignation by the Rev. J. Skinner, of the Senior Curacy of S. Barnabas, Pimlico. The serious state of his health has led him not only to break his connection with a people by whom he was deservedly beloved, but also to leave England and try the effect of a more genial climate. We sincerely trust that he will receive all the benefits in search of which he has gone, and be yet spared some years to the Church of England. He has left behind him a very fitting memorial of his six years' work, in the publication of a volume entitled *Warnings and Consolations*, (Mozley.) Mr. Skinner very truly says in his prefatory address, " What is true of all my public teaching, since I knew you is true of the passages, which I have here selected to leave behind me. It has been my single aim to be in earnest for that end to which I am sent." This no doubt was the secret of his success as a preacher, and would solve many a vexed question as to pulpit oratory. Earnestness cannot fail to win. The selections are practical; there is warmth about them which communicates itself to the reader, and a depth of thought which will make the work worth more than a cursory reading. It must do good. Take the following as a specimen :

" Compare the love of Jesus with the love of a man. And is not this a mystery? Men love nothing but what is lovely. They cling to the good, because they are good. They honour greatness, and riches, and rank, because they are fair things to look upon; and men may give them, and men take them away. But, if those among

whom we live have any blemish in soul or body, we cannot care it; we are constrained either to hate the man for his imperfections, or love the imperfections for the man. But Jesus makes that lovely, on which He is pleased to set His love. He forms His own object. He creates that within the vilest, which He is pleased to commend within the best. And so, by a mystery surpassing thought, He gives purity to the immodest, and innocence to the guilty. The once lustful and unchaste Magdalen, the once selfish and presumptuous Peter, the once violent and headstrong Paul, had in them, severally, no such deformities, but God could change them, and love them with a deeper love. And how should it not be thus with you, O ye penitents? His love searched us out from heaps of nothing; and now it knows no bounds. He loves you in your infirmities; and that which might provoke His justice to punish you, provokes His mercy to deliver you. Before you came into the world He loved you, and gave you being. And now in the world He loves you, and would give you grace. Nothing can separate you from the love of CHRIST.

“Why is it that the majority of men among us have no hearty sympathy in such thoughts as these, but that the world has no love? The world has no eyes for the secrets of grace. It judges by what it sees. It honours greatness and riches, simply because they are greatness and riches. It cares not to inquire whether the rich and the great commit sin. It finds its own strength in abundance of goods, and the triumph of fortune. So it would measure CHRIST’s kingdom by its external show. It is a stranger to the mystery of love; and, not knowing the secret source or well-spring of God’s boundless mercy and compassion to sinners, it mistakes the measure of sinners’ love to God. The Magdalen washed CHRIST’s feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hair of her head; she kissed His feet, and anointed them with ointment. And the world wondered, as it wonders still, first, how a sinner should have such love; and next, how He Who bestowed it should accept again the love He gave. They had indignation; they murmured at her. But He said—‘Let her alone. Why trouble ye the woman?’ The world knows not the depth of God’s love.

“But the HOLY SPIRIT comforts the penitent with many truths which the world comprehendeth not, and with the knowledge of no truth more precious than the love of God. O! the priceless love of God for returning sinners! It names all in naming nothing. It has no bounds to its promises. It instructs us by its very silence. It leaves us to imagine what no words can tell. Hope on; love on; pray on; strive on; and God will stop the sun, shake the earth, remove the mountains, and reveal the depths of the sea, rather than withdraw His love. If you be sick, He will heal you. If you be afflicted, He will comfort you. If you be poor, He will enrich you. If you be in prison, He will free you. If you be dead and in the grave, He will raise you to life. O! ye, who continue in sin, and love sin, whose hearts are hard and stony, ye are strangers to this blessing, not because God does not love you, but because you do not

love God. How black is that veil which ye have weaved to darken your own souls withal ! Come to the penitent—the earnest loving penitent—and he will tell you how God sweetens sorrow, by pledges of His love ; how He gives blessings for to-day, and hope for to-morrow ; how He comforts him with the ceaseless assurance, that having died for him on the cross, he shall reign with Him in Heaven ! The love of JESUS passeth knowledge. It is only they who love not JESUS who feel not JESUS' love. Happy hour ! when JESUS calls from tears to spiritual joy ! To be without JESUS is a grievous hell : to be with JESUS a sweet paradise. JESUS is love. Go on, penitents, and you shall find it so of a truth. After winter followeth summer ; after night the day returneth ; and after a tempest a great calm."—Pp. 268—270.

Bishop FORBES has also enriched the literature of the month with another of his valuable volumes, entitled *Amendment of Life* ; whilst Mr. HEYGATE under the title of *Ember Hours* has published a serious and thoughtful manual which we should be glad to see in the hands of all candidates for Holy Orders. From the choice of his subjects and the manner in which he handles them, we consider Mr. Heygate one of the most useful writers of the day.

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### The Editor's Desk.

ON the 19th of last month, the first stone of S. Columba's Church, Nairn, N.B., was laid by the Right Rev. the Bishop of Moray and Ross. There are circumstances of peculiar interest connected with the commencement of this church. Nairn is a small town on the Moray Firth, celebrated for the salubrity of its air, and resorted to by many in summer for sea-bathing,—amongst whom there are always some who belong to the Church. Previous to the spring of 1853, there existed no authorised provision for the spiritual wants of members of the Church. A chapel was erected several years ago, purporting to be Episcopal, but with singular inconsistency those individuals who erected it professedly excluded it from Episcopal jurisdiction. The present Bishop of the diocese, deploring so unhappy a state of things, after having made ineffectual efforts to restore to the communion of the Church, those who had thus separated themselves, sent thither the Rev. John Comper to afford the Church's ministrations to her children, and to such others as might avail themselves of them.

By the good Hand of our God, the mission flourished beyond expectation. In 1854, the Bishop having appointed Mr. Comper his Missionary Chaplain at Inverness, the mission was placed under the charge of the present Incumbent, the Rev. Charles M. Keith. The congregation, in spite of great opposition from without, has continued steadily to increase, and the communicants, exclusive of visitors, are between thirty and forty in number. The mission af-

fords an interesting testimony to the winning power of this Church, when her faith and system are fairly presented. Almost from the commencement of the mission, there have been Daily Service and weekly Communion; and it having been felt that some more fitting place should be provided than the large upper room hitherto used as a chapel, an Appeal was put forth sixteen months ago, which has so far been responded to as to warrant the commencement of the building of a church, though the congregation must still rely upon the sympathy and charity of their richer brethren, to bring the holy work to a happy completion. A sum of £645 has by great exertions been gathered; but as £100 of that sum has been paid for the site, a further sum of £300 is needed to finish the chancel and nave without the projected tower.

We trust that amongst the readers of the *Churchman's Companion* some willing hearts may be found to aid for CHAIR'S sake, this little northern congregation, which consists almost entirely of the poorer classes, as otherwise from their poverty the church must be unfinished. Any subscriptions for that purpose or offerings of church furniture will be thankfully received by the Rev. Charles M. Keith, Nairn, or the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Moray and Ross, Hedgesfield, Inverness.

The Church is dedicated in honour of S. Columba, whose labours in spreading Christianity in Scotland are so well known, and many of our readers who have had the privilege of a northern tour, and have travelled so far westward, will recall with warm feelings the distant little island of Iona, and the interesting ruins of its Cathedral, and may think of Wordsworth's lines:

"Think, proud philosopher,  
Fallen though she be this glory of the west,  
Still on her sons, the beams of mercy shine,  
And hopes perhaps more heavenly bright than thine;  
A grace by thee unsought and unpossessed,  
A faith more fixed, a rapture more divine  
Shall gild their passage to eternal rest."

The services of the day in question were commenced with Matins and Holy Communion in the temporary chapel at nine o'clock, and at half-past one the Litany was sung by the Rev. Charles M. Keith, after which a procession was formed, and marched to the site of the Church in Queen Street in the following order:—the Architect, (with plans); the Builders; Churchwardens; Choir; Clergy (in surplices); the Bishop; the Congregation and Laity; School children.

As the procession approached the site, the choir and clergy chanted the 132nd Psalm—"LORD, remember David and all his trouble. . . I will not come within the tabernacle of mine house, nor climb up into my bed. . . until I find out a place for the temple of the LORD, a habitation for the mighty God of Jacob. . . This shall be my rest for ever, here will I dwell, for I have a delight therein," &c.

On coming to the appointed place, the Bishop after a few words explaining the purpose of the meeting, proceeded with a form of service published by Masters for the ceremony of Laying the Foundation Stone of a Church or Chapel, consisting of prayers and



psalms, the latter being very effectively chanted by the choir. The Bishop then laid the stone, saying these words—"In the faith of JESUS CHRIST we place this Foundation-stone, in the name of God the FATHER, God the SON, and God the HOLY GHOST. Amen." Beneath the stone was placed a bottle containing the coins of the present reign, a number of the *Scottish Ecclesiastical Journal*, and a document recording the event. The sun shone out brightly on the scene, and a beautiful hymn which was sung immediately after the laying of the stone, by the clergy, choir, and congregation, echoed joyfully through the air beneath the blue sky overhead. This was followed by the 87th Psalm—"Her foundations are upon the holy hills," &c., and before the concluding prayers, the Bishop delivered the following address:

"There are circumstances in connection with the building of this new Church in Nairn on which I feel it right to make a few brief remarks on this occasion, for the information of those who may think it strange that the building of an Episcopal Church should be projected in a place where, as they suppose, one already exists, and which from its size would seem to suffice for the small number of Episcopallians in Nairn; and as my part in the present ceremony offers the strongest testimony of my approval of this work, I am desirous of stating the reasons of my approval, and showing the necessity for building this Church.

"On entering upon my office as Bishop of this diocese six years ago, I learnt that there was here a chapel, which was called an 'Episcopal' chapel. Now an 'Episcopal' chapel is a chapel subject to the jurisdiction of a 'Bishop,' and in which also Divine Service is offered, and the Sacraments are ministered by a clergyman licensed or instituted by a Bishop. This as is well known to all Churchmen, is a recognised principle of Episcopacy. But upon inquiry, I found that that chapel was not subject to the jurisdiction of the Bishop, and that the Clergyman officiating there was not licensed or instituted by the Bishop, and that consequently it was not an Episcopal chapel. It was an independent chapel, independent of all ecclesiastical authority whatever. I further learnt upon inquiry, that when that chapel was first projected, it was intended by the promoters of the scheme, amongst whom was my late predecessor Bishop Low, and the present Bishop of Argyll, then incumbent at Forres, that it should be a *bona fide* Episcopal chapel, i.e., subject to the jurisdiction of the Bishop of the diocese. Before its completion, however, steps were taken by a numerical majority of the subscribers, for changing altogether the original intention; and by this majority it was resolved that neither the chapel nor the clergyman whom they might persuade to officiate there, should be subject to the Bishop of the diocese—in other words, that it should not be an 'Episcopal' chapel. In consequence of this resolution, subversive altogether of the intentions of the original projectors, they and many others withdrew the subscriptions which they had offered towards the building, and amongst these, Bishop Blomfield, the late Bishop of London, withdrew the subscription which he had kindly given. I mention the

withdrawal of the Bishop of London's gift especially, as a recent act of his will better illustrate what I am now saying than any words.

"A few months since, shortly before his Lordship's resignation of the See of London, I received a letter from him, in which he informed me that some years ago he had subscribed £5 towards the building of an Episcopal chapel at Nairn in my diocese. On subsequently learning that the chapel was not to be placed under the jurisdiction of the Bishop, he had withdrawn this subscription; but that, having recently learned that a chapel was now about to be built in Nairn with my sanction and approval, he begged that I would accept the subscription which he had formerly withdrawn, and devote it to the building of this new chapel; and his letter contained a cheque for £5. That chapel, then, having been deliberately and designedly severed from all Episcopal control and jurisdiction, they who minister there, and they who worship there (although they may use the Prayer Book of the Church of England) are, and can be in no sense of the word 'Episcopal'—for that word means 'belonging to a Bishop,' and they belong to no Bishop in Christendom.

"It was not consistent either with my inclination or my duty to leave matters in this unhappy state without an attempt to improve them. I did attempt it, and with this view I put myself into communication with the person who had the chief management of the affairs of that congregation. My overture for peace and union was not merely rejected, but rejected, I regret to say, with contempt and insolence. Thus, as there was no Episcopal chapel in Nairn, I resolved that the design of my predecessor should be carried out, and a building provided where Episcopalians might worship in Nairn without schism. Through the exertions of the late and present incumbents, a congregation has been gathered, which has outgrown the building in which our worship has hitherto been conducted, and in connection with it an excellent school has been established. Contemporaneously with the church, the first stone of which, through the good hand of God upon us, I have been permitted now to lay, a school-room will also be built. If God's blessing continue to rest upon us, we hope that this our Church of S. Columba will be ready for Consecration in the course of the ensuing autumn. In the meanwhile, or at least for a time, Divine Service will be continued in the present room.

"We shall not be able to complete our Church in all its fair proportions until we have obtained a yet further increase to our funds. But we do what we can, and feel no doubt that piety and charity will ere long enable us to complete what, by God's mercy, has been thus auspiciously begun. To Him be all the glory!"

The Church, which is from designs by Alex. Ross, Esq., of Inverness, is to consist of chancel, nave, and vestry, and is to be of the First-Pointed Gothic, with a fine tower of Scottish character, with saddle roof and crow-stepped gables attached to the north-west corner. There was a considerable number of gentry from Inverness, Forres, and Fort George, as well as many of the principal inhabitants of Nairn present to witness the ceremony, and altogether a large con-

course of several hundred people on the ground, who behaved throughout with a decorum and propriety which did them great credit, and who were evidently much impressed with the whole proceedings.

A very important improvement has recently been made in the parish church of Brockley, which is justly considered one of the gems of the county of Somerset. The organ—a very valuable instrument—was liberally given about thirty years since by the late Mr. Pigott, and was erected, according to the then usual custom, in the gallery, in front of the west window; in this situation it concealed one of the chief architectural beauties of the church, and at the same time excluded a very large portion of light, which could ill be spared, the windows being chiefly of painted glass. The organ has now been placed in the north transept, which has been enlarged for the purpose of receiving it. The west window and the richly carved oak screen of the gallery are exposed to view, and these, with some minor improvements, have altogether a very pleasing and satisfactory effect. The whole expense will be defrayed by a private subscription.

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### The Cabinet.

**HOLY COMMUNION.**—Behold now, praise the LORD, all ye servants of the LORD, ye that stand in the house of the LORD, in the courts of the house of our GOD. The impure and profane man must not even tread the sacred precincts; so that if any one is worthy to tread the courts, he is also worthy to offer praise. The house of GOD resembles heaven, and just as any adverse power is not permitted to enter, so neither can it be in the house of GOD. Consider, O man, of how great dignity thou art deemed worthy; and since thou thyself art made the temple, how great purity art thou expected to possess. And how canst thou reach that purity? If thou expel every evil thought; if thou make the stronghold of thy mind inaccessible to the operation of the devil; if, as though thou wert in a holy shrine, thou continue to cleanse and adorn thy heart. If in the temple of the Jews, every place was not open for every one to enter, but there were several and various distinctions, and one place was assigned to proselytes and converts, another to those who were originally Jews, another for the priests, and another for the High Priest only, and not always even to him, but once every year: how much higher degree of holiness oughtest thou to possess, who hast received so much higher and better symbols than the Holy of Holies at that time received? Thou hast not the Cherubim, but the very sovereign LORD Himself of the Cherubim dwelling in you; not the pot, and the manna, and Aaron's rod, but the LORD's Body and Blood and the spirit, instead of the letter: and grace passing man's understanding and an unspeakable gift. But the greater the symbols, and awful mysteries, with which thou hast been intrusted, for so much higher a degree of holiness art thou accountable; and if thou transgress so much the more severe punishment dost thou deserve.—*S. Chrysostom.*

# THE Churchman's Companion.

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## UNA; A DOUBLE STORY.

### CHAPTER XXII.

" He the young and strong who cherished  
Noble longings for the strife,  
By the wayside fell and perished."

THE happiest year of Cyril and Mildred's married life passed exceedingly fast, and the young deacon was on the verge of the more responsible office of the priesthood, while on his wife's face played a beam of love maternal; as they both knelt by a baby's cot on his baptismal morning.

Let the sun shine fair; let the bells ring glee; it is the commemoration of our risen Lord's Ascension, as well as the birthday of a new heir to the eternal inheritance.

Hearty and merry, keeping the high festival according to the primitive notions of the country, and dwelling we will presume, less upon the right good cheer of the vicar elect, than upon the Holyday which made it imperative, the villagers came in good file to the grand spread under the trees.

Henry Maxwell, Fellow of Balliol, and the present curate of S. Aidan, were sponsors to Henry Cyril. Of course his health was welcomed with cheers, and the well wishing of the rustics was expressed in terms rather figurative than literal, while his pretty little proud mamma carried him round to be surveyed and admired: at large by any and all of them. Henry proffered many

civilities to his young godson, and Mrs. Leigh, the curate's wife, pronounced him, as all kind ladies who have no experience in such articles may safely do, a very perfection of a child. Give her credit for a peculiar taste, as Henry did; for a very snub nose, rather dubious complexion, and frightfully outrageous lungs, had few charms in other eyes. The little morsel might do another day, as his nurse strictly affirmed he would, but it was not easy to say what he was worth at this eventful moment, and still less to take dear Mrs. Leigh's view of the matter.

A fortnight later Mildred accompanied her husband to Exeter, thankful to realize, what she had in part only, and in the weariness of absence imagined of the Ordination service. She thought of her lonely corner in the foreign cathedral a year before, and how vividly she had painted in idea what she might have and feel in all reality now.

"Mildred, are we not blessed with many blessings?" he asked, as he followed her to the carriage that awaited them at the conclusion of the service.

Her answer was a ready kiss; she respected his solemn face and calm demeanour, but could not restrain her wifely emotions of happiness, and that kiss was her very silent congratulation on his attaining to the higher order.

"Now, Cyril," she said playfully, as they sat at their *tête à tête* dinner in a pretty room in the southern Hay, where they had taken up their temporary abode. "Now you are going to settle down into a sedate vicar, dispense with Mr. Leigh, and begin business for yourself as the father and head of a family."

"In a measure, madam vicaress: but with regard to the curate I do not think of hurrying him away, that is, if you can persuade your son to set out so early upon his travels. I had thought we would make our way to the Highlands, and have a little recreation before I adopt the complete character of *major domo*."

"The Highlands!" she repeated; "Oh, Cyril, what an unexpected treat!"

"You approve? Well that is a point gained; and

you presume upon young Henry taking no harm in the excursion? I shall persuade Henry senior to join us."

"It will be delightful: I should so like to see Inverholme, for George used to fill my head with such absurd romance about your home that I cannot separate tradition from history."

"Capital, every reason more decisive; and Mildred, you will be hard up for a lady companion in these Gaelic wilds; we will ask Lucy Bouverie to go too."

She was slow in assenting.

"We are become an old married couple, less dependent on each other than when you used to come to me abroad: yes, dear Cyril, if you must have your Achates, I shall need a Philomela."

"Do you know, sweet wife, that while we live we cannot live without each other? is not that dependence entire and mutual?"

He rose, offered her some choice fruit, then rang the bell for the baby, and drew a chair for himself close to her side, "Henry is homeless, and without us friendless," he pursued, "we ought to make him happy."

"Of course we ought; forgive me, Cyril, I was thinking too little of anybody else and too—"

"Not too much of me," he interrupted merrily.

"Poor Henry! he will little guess what welcome he has now: not you, little master consequence," he added, as his young son appeared in his nurse's arms; and he took him from her, and carried him with careful pomposity to his mother. The grotesque stateliness of his movements made her laugh. "I brought Henry twice with me to the continent, and warranted his welcome there."

"You did; but you never thought his coming would engross you, and make a lady companion necessary to me," she replied timidly.

"I see," said Cyril; "I see very plainly that the girl's society is at a discount; we will waive the matter: only to think you should be jealous at my making the proposal."

He had hit upon the exact term, she felt so.

"I was jealous," she replied, "however childish, I

must confess it; I could not help it. Man, woman, or child, I could not bear them to be anything to you."

"You naughty uncharitable Christian: it is well I have not a host of brothers and sisters to tempt you."

"I should have been too wise to accept you: the penalty might have been malice and hatred continually."

"Such sins are foreign to your nature, Mildred; their names sound strangely from your lips."

She bent her head submissively at his gentle censure, and the loose coil of hair swept down over her shoulders, giving an appearance of extreme youth to the young matron.

"Oh, Cyril! this is your first rebuke; I will never vex you again."

"Never, pretty mamma, never; when perhaps we both may live to see our children's children: there is a long uncertainty in such a vow."

"Never, I have said it."

The force of nature rather than intention, put just a small degree of confidence and pride into her manner, but her inmost heart was humbled, and she was proud if proud at all, that love made her at once so yielding and humble. She had set herself a mighty task; for the ruling passion of her nature rebelled against the tuition of a lifetime, and she had pledged herself to conquer and ultimately to subdue it.

They went home to S. Aidan's, full of schemes for executing their Highland trip as soon as possible. Mr. Leigh was to have a fortnight's absence to go and inspect a curacy offered him in the north of England, after which, if all matters went straight, they were prepared to depart. Then Cyril settled, fully installed in his pretty vicarage and began the full swing of parish work. A comfortable house, about £500 a year, which with his wife's settlement, might keep the wolf from the door; in a beautiful neighbourhood, with good country society, a charming wife, a prodigy son, a young man with the most worldly views must be ambitious to require more;—but add to all this, a well trained parish, and a perfect church, and there was nothing left to long for.

Cyril took advantage of the period of Mr. Leigh's absence to confirm by his own practice all the rules and regulations which had been in vogue since the last vicar, now Bishop Lyte, had put the place in training. It was admirably situated: beyond the furthest outskirts of the surrounding manufacturing districts; dry and healthy, though not quite so congenial to the lily flower as her Cornish home, yet snug and sunny with a set of warm hearted peasantry whom she had found it interesting to learn and love, and it was her home, her baby's birth-place, and her residence for life in all human probability.

Then the house, though not quite of Indian-rubber capabilities, was good and roomy: there was always an apartment appropriated to Henry, though for the present his heart was in his books, and he never came to them but by invitation, and not then always.

Sir George Maxwell, the confirmed valetudinarian, had paid them a visit of compliment the previous summer, while Cyril's mother and the two Bouverie cousins enjoyed nothing better than a long stay at S. Aidan's.

In due course Mr. and Mrs. Leigh returned, delighted with the curacy to which he had been accepted, but a check unlooked for impeded the vicar's plans to leave the parish once more in Mr. Leigh's hands. Three successive summonses to George Maxwell to retire from service and return home had been disregarded: the letters had each missed, for he was up the country, engaged in occasional skirmishes. None of the letters he had sent home during the past year had been answers to these mandates; and now came tidings of his death on the march. It was a loss not the less bitter that the two brothers had been so long separated, for George had been half a parent to his young brother. It was nearly six months since his death. To Sir George it was a fatal blow: he accused himself of having been the means of his going at the onset, and he wept and marvelled more at his widowed sister's patient resignation than if she had broken her heart with loud demonstrations of despair.

The pleasant summer tour was of course put off for an indefinite period, and Mr. Leigh at liberty to depart



whenever convenient, and Henry Maxwell who was with them prepared to accompany them to Scotland, remained a week or two to be useful to Cyril, and watch the possible course of events.

Mildred resumed the mourning she had only laid aside at her child's birth ; and once when she sat condoling with her husband over his loss he whispered, little guessing the keen wound he inflicted, "There is none to come between us now : you remember our evening talk at Exeter." He was on a low ottoman at her side, his head resting between her hands.

"Look up, Cyril," she said tenderly, "if you had made the promise I did that night you would have broken it now ; did you mean to vex me ?"

He looked up as she bade him, but their former subject had been mournful, and against all force and straining his eyes were full of tears ; and they reproached her though they gave her comfort. Men can and do hide their griefs ; and she knew it was a living token that she was his all, his dearest part, for her right was to share it and console him.

"There are some affections, Mildred," he said to reassure her, "that have no associations, and to blend the interests of the one with the other is an unwise and mischievous policy. Think whether your love for our noisy little interloper detracts one iota from that which belonged to me long before he came into being. Shall you think less of me if he grows ten times closer into your heart ? And so it was with George, so it would have been if I had had half-a-dozen brothers and sisters instead of only him ; they would never have crossed the orbit of my day star, though they were dearer than life to me as he was."

"It is very hard to give my husband pain, and set him to lecture so strenuously."

"It was the primal sin—the sin of those angels which kept not their first estate ; it is that which ruins conjugal felicity."

"Cyril, I think it is crushed in the bud ; you are not afraid I shall not keep my promise ?"

"You would have no peace if I were, I can assure you."

He spoke in a lighter tone, one which she well understood, and then they went away together to some parochial work.

The last day of Henry's stay arrived, and a proposal was made at breakfast that they should ride to Eden hill, whence the nearest view of Tintern Abbey could be obtained. It was a good ten miles' ride, but on a clear day the sight was magnificent, and this was in all points to be chosen for the excursion. Mildred rode well, whilst Cyril and his cousin were not by any means second-rate horsemen.

They started the moment after morning prayer, and when careful provision had been made for the sick, and baby been made over to the special charge of Mrs. Leigh, Cyril borrowed a decent hack from a neighbouring farmer, and mounted Henry on his own horse. Just as they were starting, he playfully insisted on giving his son the last kiss, an infringement on her own pet privilege Mildred was by no means disposed to grant, so that when he had lifted her into the saddle, and settled her so that she could not dismount without much discomfiting, he rushed away to the nursery, and kneeling by the little cradle, kissed and whispered his tenderest blessing upon the sleeping baby, then descended to the courtyard with such a smile of daring satisfaction, that all her rising jealousy was put to flight in an instant. Away they rode then fast and free, not merrily, for the late tidings had somewhat subdued them; but still they were fresh for the enjoyment of a long bright ride, and descanted learnedly upon past ages, and the magnificent ruin that rose in dim outline before them.

On the hill of Eden they dismounted, refreshed their steeds with water from the brook at its base, and themselves with sandwiches, and a stretch upon the down for an hour, with their faces Tinternward, admiring all around them, as the passing clouds threw into shadow some of the bold foreground, or the sun brought out in clear relief the grand old ruin and the elevated castle of Chepstow, above the silver thread of Wye.

It was time to return. Mildred's small figure was well adapted to the riding dress, and her low plumed hat

could not hide the glow of wind and exercise upon her happy face. Henry thought her beautiful; he had not ridden at her side since they were children at Maveryn. So far the farmer's horse had comported himself with the utmost decorum; he felt himself in superior society, and emulated the distinction of his companions. They had arrived within half a mile of their village, the wood behind the vicarage bounding their view: to the left was a narrow cart track leading to Dowling's farm, the proprietor of the horse: they came at a steady trot, either entirely forgetting the off lane, or else intending to pass it. But Cyril's horse permitted neither their defective memory nor their plan to stand,—he stopped resolutely, threw back his ears, and prepared to defend his right to go his own way. This abrupt movement roused the mettle of Mildred's beautiful little palfrey, and he began the performance of sundry difficult evolutions, not gratifying to witness outside the canvass walls of a travelling circus. They rode back a little way, putting Cyril on the inner side, and keeping close at a quick trot. It was a useless endeavour; the beast was just one of those half-bred clumsy creatures, partaking much of the nature of a certain dogged class of humanity. Though Cyril was forewarned, and to an extent forearmed, his will was not proof against the angry brute. Again they tried, riding to a further distance, and coming up with greater speed. Not far before them, Mildred saw the nurse and her baby, and rode on towards them, if possible to coax the other animal to follow. It was of no avail, Cyril was a fearless rider, and had no idea of yielding.

"Once more, Henry," he cried, cracking his whip and turning back with his cousin, "one more trial, if I fail I give up after this."

"Master will be killed, ma'am; he is throwing his life away; look!" said the terrified nurse.

Was the Sibyl right? O misery! the horse came up at a hand gallop, stumbled with a sudden jerk round the turning, dashed himself violently against the guard post, and fell. Cyril made one desperate effort to release his feet from the stirrups, and bound out of harm's way, but he fell, and a blow from the iron hoof of the struggling

animal laid him senseless. The nurse shrieked, not so the wife—she had dismounted and drawn her husband's head into her lap in a second of time, and she and Henry carried him to the shady bank. The blood flowed fast, it dripped from his hair on to her knees, it stained her fingers, how should she stanch it! her baby's face was covered with her own beautiful wedding veil, and with it she bound up her husband's death wound. Henry rode fleet as the wind for medical help, but the surgeon lived four miles away. Some farm men were alarmed at the return of the riderless horse cut and hurt, and came quickly down, but she would not have him touched. She sent the nurse away with the poor little baby, to give necessary directions at home; and then she sat with her sad burden alone,—alone, it felt like hours, his cold hands growing colder, his face settling into the statue-like expression of death. Still the deep wound in the temple flowed, but the limbs were contorted, and she knew the injury went further.

A thousand giddy insects of the summer were humming round her; birds chirped and sang in the tree that shaded her, and in the hedge row behind her; her own heart beat fast and heavily; life was everywhere but in the senseless treasure in her arms. Big warm tears fell on him which he could not feel; her spoken prayers woke no response in the dulled mind, while she stirred scarce a muscle or a finger, and waited on. When Henry and the surgeon rode up to her, she scarcely dared to breathe. She was still allowed to hold him while the wound was unbandaged and examined. The man of practice shook his head, and eyed her curiously a moment, as if weighing her strength of mind.

"Can you still hold him, do you think? to move him now might be fatal."

"If you please," she said eagerly, "let me if I may."

Strapping and binding was in time accomplished with the head; she fancied it grew heavier; then came a painful trial, the straightening of the stiffening limbs.

"He might easily rally from that wound if his constitution can bear the loss of so much blood, but, I am not—"

A low groan interrupted, and he stayed his task an

instant. Henry had hastened to procure water, and such restoratives as the farm-house afforded, and the supply came at the very moment they were needed. Again and again Cyril moaned, as if some internal pain were killing him; the mortal agony came with returning consciousness,—he looked up into his wife's face, and murmured "Home."

"Is it much pain, dearest?" she asked.

He made another effort. "Very much; I must go; take me home, Mildred."

A shutter and mattress were brought from the Parsonage, and half-a-dozen labourers waited to be of what use they might, to carry him dying to his home which he had left with such light steps and joyous hope six hours before. So life and death are interwoven, and we reckon it not.

The investigation was very tedious, Henry never left him till the doom was pronounced: he might recover, though every present symptom was against his doing so; but that bright active life on which they had both calculated, was a thing of yesterday; the spine was mortally injured, the fate of a hopeless cripple, if even he lived, awaited him.

Gentle wife, sweet Una, can you stand up and hear his fate sealed, and not pray that it may be averted? not pray in your hopeless sorrow some succour from the Almighty God of mercy? Mildred did not; her head drooped lower to her bosom, but she did not weep when Henry broke the tidings to her with more than a brother's tender thoughtfulness. "It is the LORD, let Him do what seemeth Him good." Henry heard no other word ere she rose to take her post for better or for worse at her husband's couch.

Night came on, and he was racked with fever, and long fits of wandering and delirium broke the stillness of the midnight watch; towards morning he slept heavily, but, contrary to her hope, this was not a favourable sign; there was great doubt whether his mental powers would rally again. The lighter intervals of pain tried her to a pitiful degree—he lived over his whole life again in review; now pausing as a connecting link was wanting,

now inveighing against his lack of patience, when the fit of irritation made him writhe—then reading on, as if the pages of the past lay in a register before him—his hand locked in hers, and his blue eyes, meaningless and dim, searching her face through and through, he did not know her.

In the morning she brought her baby into his room, but its low plaintive cry was to him as the passing wind, or as the voices of the others: towards evening, a physician of high repute from one of the neighbouring capitals was summoned, and he only confirmed Mr. Knowles' worst fears. He bade them watch unremittingly for any alteration, if reason returned it might be very temporary, and the relapse would be a far more distressing delirium. Day and night, with unwonted energy, strengthened by unseen Hands, with a love that knew no relaxing, as hour by hour hope faded, the sad girl watched. These years! years that in the scattered path and broken way of their first married life they had looked to as the solace for the harsh duty of separation, she felt them rolling from her ere they had well begun. One little year and all was counted.

On the evening of the third day she was ordered from her watch for half-an-hour, to fit her for another night, the last in the opinion of both medical men. Henry, (she could have trusted none besides in the house,) took the station she unwillingly vacated. She had been absent a quarter of an hour when a sudden change came over his face; it had been growing paler for the last few hours, and the moans of fever had died into an occasional murmur. He started to a half-sitting posture, drew his fingers through his hair and over his brow as if recalling himself, and asked what o'clock it was. "Nearly eight," was Henry's reply, but as his eyes met that stedfast gaze, he involuntarily shuddered. "Do you fear for me, my true friend? you are trembling; where is Mildred?"

"At the evening service, let me call her."

"No, no, she is helping me, it is good for her too! help me to remember what happened."

Henry was but an amateur nurse, and felt nervous about entering upon the subject, especially as he looked

upon the helpless figure, and into those eyes that fastened on him with such eagerness. "You were thrown from Dowling's horse."

He closed his eyes, and felt the bandages upon his forehead with some curiosity. "Is it long since it all happened?"

"More than two days; save yourself to talk when Mildred comes." He fell back heavily on his pillow. "I recollect it well now; she held me a long time, and I thought I was dying; then Knowles came and pulled me limb from limb." He paused again some seconds. "Is Leigh still here? I have one wish, Henry; I desire the Holy Communion."

"To-morrow or to-night?"

"To-morrow! are not my hours even now numbered. Henry Maxwell, I leave you a solemn charge; to be instead of a husband to my Una, instead of a father to your godson." Henry felt his cousin's fingers close over his own with a tightening grasp. "God help me, Cyril, while I live they shall be protected."

"For my sake, for the love of many years, I give them to your care; we have never wronged each other." "You, never:" but Henry trusted himself no further, the deep beauty of his cousin's eyes seemed to read his soul, and he knelt by the bedside and hid his face. All his wayward uncurbed temper in their first intimacy, the sin of his early and misguided love, all flashed up into his memory, and as if Cyril had read the rest, he said, "Cyril, shall you trust me?"

"As the truest friend is trusted: you are kneeling, pray for me; my cross is sharp but small, and the crown is early won; now it is getting dark." His eyes were closed for several moments together, and the words became less connected. "The glorious light is breaking on me. 'Lead, kindly Light, lead thou me on'—is it dark?—follow me; the track is lighted;" and he groped with his hand for some he would guide. There was a beautiful smile on his lips, but the cloud, the death-dew gathered to his forehead, and Henry trembled for Mildred's chance of recognition; the treasured sentences grew, as had been predicted, more incoherent.

The little bell, the curfew of olden days, rang eight, and at the same instant a quick light step passed the stair and crossed the dressing-room. Henry hurried to meet her, to tell of his return to consciousness, and that he was sinking. The change in that half-hour drew a heart-wrung cry from her: they came forward, Henry motioned her to speak to him. She heard her own name repeatedly in the low murmurings. "I am here, dearest Cyril; we are together."

There was no response, he had lapsed into a wandering exhausted state; and more than that he held her hand, and drew it to his lips, and blessed her and her baby, more was not permitted: the comfort of the parting words was withheld. Through the night his oftenest repeated word was "rest;" no position gave him ease; Mildred knew it was eternal rest for which he prayed; its opening vista was already before him, and she joined in his prayer.

Once more he was raised, his head lay on her bosom, and she whispered soothing texts and collects.

Twice slowly and distinctly he said aloud the Apostles' Creed, and then voice failed him: this was soon after midnight: it was too late to fulfil his last wish, and Mr. Leigh only stayed to say some prayers from the Office for the Sick. About an hour later his breath grew short and painful, and he could not sleep, but his perception again became clearer to outward objects, and he knew her: the peaceful expression came over his face once more, and that rare smile, so exceedingly beautiful, lit up his countenance: his Church smile Mary and Lucy used to call it.

He lay very still, his look upturned to her; but the hour when their true love, and trust, and resignation could be told in words had passed, the daylight broke in the eastern sky, and she laid him down, its first full beam slanted in upon his dead face. "Sleep, dearest," she murmured, as she shut the sunlight out, and watched the settling sweetness of his countenance,

"He giveth His beloved sleep."



## CHAPTER XXIII.

" The graveyard by the river lies  
In the heart of the old hills,  
Over the graves the sycamore  
A honey breath distils ;  
And from its top the mountain thrush  
Breaks out in sudden thrills."

" About the graves the river runs  
With a low monotonous fall,  
Like murmur in a mourner's heart  
Who shows no tear at all."

THE morning ripened : as the passing bell tolled, Mildred, Henry Maxwell, and Mrs. Leigh received the Holy Communion.

Comfort for her aching soul could be given in no other way : through the sudden trial there had been no renewal of hope for her, no whispered prediction that he would recover ; from the moment when his head lay on her knee, and his wistful eyes and broken words prayed for home, she knew the sign ; the angelic messengers were gone forth beyond recalling.

One sob, that almost echoed in its uncontrollable bitterness, burst from her during the service ; but otherwise, there was calmness that gave sacredness to her early sorrow.

Later in the morning, when the post-bag arrived, she sent it down with a message to Henry to attend to it for her. An exclamation of annoyance made Mr. Leigh who was in the same room writing for them start up. One was a large foreign letter which had been directed to Cyril at Balliol ; another, (it was that which troubled Henry,) was in deep mourning, and addressed to the Rev. Sir Cyril Maxwell, Baronet, with the Lytehurst postmark. He guessed the contents ; it was from Sir George's steward, acquainting Cyril with his master's death, and requesting his immediate presence : there was a letter too from Mrs. Maxwell, containing full particulars of his last days, and begging them both to come to Lytehurst if possible. Sir George's death must have occurred only the day before the accident at S. Aidan's.

"Sir George Lyte is dead," said Henry hastily to Mr. Leigh; "they had no tidings of this when Morrison wrote: poor Mildred!"

"You will scarcely tell her this just now," observed Mr. Leigh. "Why, she will wonder at their not coming or writing, what had I better do?"

"Better wait perhaps until she asks if there is no Lytehurst letter, some one may come to-day."

Wilson came in at this moment, to ask if there was any letter for her mistress. Henry looked at Mr. Leigh, uncertain how to respond; he as a clergyman must be more capable of advising. Mr. Leigh turned to the maid, it was one who had gone with her from Cornwall and served her abroad, and now acted as nurse to the little Henry. "We have heard bad tidings from Lytehurst this morning," he said; "do you think your mistress can bear any more?"

"Oh no, sir; is it Mrs. Maxwell? Mr. Henry would be the best to break anything to her; I ask your pardon, sir, for dictating."

"Go back then, Wilson, and tell your mistress there is no letter for her, and that Mr. Henry will attend to the rest."

The clear bright morning changed about eleven, and a dull dreary rain settled in: pattering and mournful, like the change that was wrought in their summer day of life. Mildred sat in her husband's dressing-room, nursing herself for the active trial that must follow; the two gentlemen continued to write letters, when about noon a quiet tap at the door announced Mrs. Maxwell and Dr. Bouverie. There was a mute questioning in the childless, brotherless lady's face, that went to Henry's heart; the expression was so entirely that of the friend he had lost.

"You bring tidings of death to the house of death," he said feelingly, and it explained all they dreaded to inquire. Two letters had been forwarded to Lytehurst, one by train on the night of the accident, which was mis-sent to Lyndhurst, the other, the next day, by post only reached in time to bring her at this hour. Dr. Bouverie's presence was a great solace to Mildred: she was always

an especial favourite of his; and to him belonged that practised knowledge of the human heart under its minutest as well as most intense trials, which enabled him to bring consolation almost in his very presence.

He led her gradually and delicately to give them all the details of her husband's last days; knowing that while it was the only comfort for poor Mrs. Maxwell, it would greatly tend to soften the burden of Mildred's own grief. They went together to Cyril's room, and he knelt with her, and prayed for her there; but would not allow her to stay very long: afterwards, when the rain ceased in the evening, Henry saw them walking on the lawn, consulting over plans of immediate necessity; and finally, when it grew quite dark, she went out with him to choose her Cyril's resting place.

Mildred's sympathies were never wont to be self-concentrated; it was she who made Mrs. Maxwell go to bed before the evening, and brought her tea and read to her, and told in everything but words how strong was the common bond of sorrow between them: her very starting, against her efforts at composure, when she heard her infant's cry in that still melancholy house, bespoke the strain upon her self-command. Of Sir George's death, and the further consequences and responsibilities upon her widowhood, no one had warned her. For two days Dr. Bouverie and Henry Maxwell were absent, but she never knew that it was to exchange one house of mourning for another: they went to Sir George's funeral, they returned the evening before Cyril's.

How fast that morning came! The heavy knell began with daylight, and tolled on at intervals until evening: it was her wish that he should be laid in his grave at six o'clock; and a short time before, Henry stole into the room to take his farewell look at one who had been dearer to him in life than a brother; he drew back; Mildred was kneeling at the coffin, and when he caught sight of her face surrounded by the close widow's cap, he was overcome and wept as a child. She motioned him to come nearer, and took his hand in hers, but he was unmanned, he could not trust himself, and kissing the placid face he hurried from the room, while she felt that

besides chief mourner, there was another duty as chief comforter devolving on her to-day. Therefore, while the time was granted her, she must weep on quietly and unreservedly.

"O God of the widow and fatherless, hear me," was her petition. "I thank Thee that it hath pleased Thee to take Thy servant out of this troublesome and naughty world; he shall evermore dwell in Thy house," was her note of praise.

And the death knell tolled on, smiting the hearts of all who heard it in that parish, and the bearers assembled, and the hushed tread of the one official warned her, that, henceforth she must look up to her Cyril in the land very far off, for the mortal remains were about to be closed from her sight for ever.

"He there does now enjoy eternal rest  
And happy ease, which thou dost want and crave,  
And further from it daily wanderest:  
What if some little payne the passage have,  
That makes frail flesh to fear the bitter wave;  
Is not short payne well borne, that brings long ease  
And layes the soule to sleep in quiet grave?"

His grave is in a very lovely spot, by the side of a high green hill which shuts out the bleak northern winds, and a river runs along the western bank, making a musical murmur through the long cool grass in summer; two great yew trees, where the finches build, stand as buttresses to the eastern portion of the church, and give shade and solemnity to the whole. It is very beautiful there; strangers seldom find their way to its retirement; those who do, may know it by the restored upright cross of white stone, with a rounded flight of steps up to its base, whereon old ivy and the delicate westeria climb strangely together, standing opposite the great south porch, and by the young priest's coped tomb close by the chancel door, planted with a tall virgin lily at the foot, and two as stately at the head stone, that willing hands among the humble keep freshly trimmed and guarded; for his own people are all gone forth, and Cyril's wife and child have never seen S. Aidan's since they went away the second week of her widowhood.

They took her away the week after the funeral with her little child of three months old, her only tie, her only care and comfort. She went with Dr. Bouverie to his pretty deanery at Morden, where Mary and Lucy were awaiting their arrival, while Henry accompanied Mrs. Maxwell to Lytchurst. They allowed her no trouble in packing and arranging her valuables; all was to be done for her by and by, before a successor should enter, by Mr. and Mrs. Leigh. The only thing she carried with her was a large old desk which had been her father's, and in which their daily correspondence had been indiscriminately mingled. It was some weeks before she summoned courage to glance at its contents, and then those two letters which arrived on the morning of her husband's death lay uppermost. One still remained unopened, the other, the one she took up to peruse, was the announcement of Sir George's death. She wondered as she read it, why they had kept it from her, especially as they all knew she had some vague fears about the future. She went at once to her ever-ready counsellor, Dr. Bouverie, and meekly inquired why no one had told her, what indeed appeared due to her. He seemed reluctant to answer when she put the question; his reply was an evasion.

"Are you not happy here, my child, and will you not accept this as your home for some time?"

She looked at him doubtingly.

"You would be an elder sister to my children, and initiate Lucy in household duties; we hoped you would stay here a very long time."

"I am not ungrateful, Dr. Bouverie," she replied sadly, "but I am not used to being kept in the dark upon business matters that concerned us. I will try to listen sensibly," she added.

Dr. Bouverie was puzzled; the truth only would suffice he knew, and he told it her.

"We can train ourselves to bear what God is pleased to lay upon us; but men often inflict the hardest burdens. Your late uncle's will is not deemed satisfactory among the other branches of the family, and they are raising difficulties in the way of your child's right."

She stood mutely by his chair, while he told her this, but her look implored him to add more. He gave her an opened letter, the address on which was "The Lady Maxwell, Morden Deanery."

"It is to yourself," he said, as she unfolded it; "you will wonder at my presumption, but I scarcely thought you prepared to hear that the validity of your marriage was contested."

The young widow's cheek could scarcely grow whiter, while she read the letter from Dr. Bouverie's lawyer, full of technicalities and mystifications; her head was tolerably clear however, and she made out its purport without great difficulty. It was to advise her as soon as she should be of age, to put the case into legal hands, fully prepared to follow up and justify her claim on behalf of her son as next heir to Lytehurst.

"You meant to spare me a great deal; I suppose it will all end right," she said, returning the letter with a smile.

"If it end justly, it will end well; have I anticipated your wish in acceding to Mr. Grey's opinion?"

"Yes, thank you, you understand it best."

She paused before she added shrinkingly, "He never could bear the thought of our getting involved in law."

"We are all shy of the meshes," said the doctor, "but this is due to your son. You and Henry Maxwell are his sole guardians; I, and one in the opposite faction are trustees for Lytehurst."

"I suppose it is not at all doubtful; are there any chances against us?"

"Do not build securely on your hopes; a month or two may decide, or it may be years."

She folded her hands, and walked to and fro; this was a heavy addition to her anxiety. The dean watched her tenderly and kindly as he would his own child; she was so small and fragile, so thin and worn, he trembled for her.

"I should like to hear all," she said after a few minutes.

"Facts are at present against, rather than for us," proceeded Dr. Bouverie. "You were both minors at the time of your marriage, and some formulæ, insignifi-

cant at the time, but productive of consequence in a court of law subsequently, were omitted. The proof of a valid marriage rests upon some evidence not at present forthcoming; and I, though a witness of the ceremony, because partly an agent, am not at liberty to avouch that it is unquestionable. While this impends, the baronetcy remains in abeyance; have I made it comprehensible?"

"Thank you; I think so. But may I know who has agitated such a notion?"

"Who! rather say what; for it was a foolish prejudice, unworthy a sensible family like the Lytes. Do not burden yourself to trace it to its origin."

"Do they put in an opposing claimant?"

"Yes, Mildred; you can understand how Henry Maxwell will be a resisting instrument in their hands."

"Our cousin Henry! my baby's guardian!"

"Your baby's true friend and yours. Never fear that Henry will be a passive tool to work ruin to Cyril's wife and child; they could have been ill aware of the favourable choice they made in your behalf, yet, by a strange coincidence, he is the next heir after your infant. There are no sons of Sir George's sisters."

"Thank you, Dr. Bouverie, I am glad you have told me all."

"Perhaps I shall be accused of doing mischief; they feared accumulating troubles would bow you down completely."

"Troubles should lift us higher," she said, drawing herself up; "earth cannot lighten our loads; we must surmount them."

"Amen," said the dean impressively; "God's mercy be upon you, my child."

"And pray for me, that my trust may not fail, even if my strength wax feeble, or the battle go against us. We may lose these without a law suit."

Poor little thing! she went back to her baby with a darker shade upon her brow, and an additional weight upon her heart that none could read, by little and little the bow string was drawn tighter, it must snap unless she give way. The worst of all to her was her loneliness: nothing spoke of him. She could not go into any room

and fancy he sat writing there in some accustomed place; she could not hear a door open and listen for his well known step; the very disappointment would have been less wearing than her dreariness; but it was in her lot, and she taxed herself with repining. Her husband's memory, his favourite books, and choice passages of poetry could still talk to her, and she learned over again the beautiful German verses he cared for, and gave herself occupation in translating them into French and Italian, as well as revising the English she had done at his request. She tried to believe whatever she did had a touch of his spirit in it, her baby might grow up in his likeness, her track should be lighted to follow him to endless day.

Thus nerved for the battle of life she went on her quiet way: no arrangement could have been more judicious than that which placed her under the guardianship of Dr. Bouverie. He could go with her in her yearnings, and teach her how best to strive; and help her through the first mournful months of desolateness, till she was strengthened to go on alone,—on she knew not yet whither.

Sometimes she thought before the winter came she would take her passage for New Zealand, and find Agnes and stay with her, and yield up her baby's rights rather than have them so cruelly coveted and struggled for.

If ever she put this in the shape of a proposal to Dr. Bouverie he negatived it with a word, indeed he thought her physical strength would scarcely stand a journey to London, where in the course of business it would be necessary to carry her shortly; and when she mentioned her plan indirectly in a letter to Henry Maxwell, it so distressed him that she gave it up and waited for her ultimate fate. And the beautiful place at Lytchurst like her awaited its destiny: it was safe in chancery.

Henry was furious, he shut himself up in his rooms at Oxford, afraid to be seen in daylight lest he should be captured and dragged to the detested honour: racking his brains and every comeatable law book, and spending every available guinea in obtaining counsel's opinion on the case; for every plea he overruled, some fresh one more



perplexing was pushed forth, until it was finally left, oh, how gloomily, it almost broke her heart to submit to the decree, yet to oppose it would be silently to annul her child's claim. Mrs. Maxwell in trust for her two sons deceased was to be placed at Lytehurst charged with the bringing up and education of Cyril's son, until such time as proof could be produced that the elder son died unmarried, and that the said child of the younger son was the issue of a lawfully contracted marriage.

Henry came in ecstasies to London one morning, when Dr. Bouverie, Mrs. Maxwell, and Mildred were breakfasting together over the decision. He hunted up the baby, made Wilson very doubtful about trusting the tender article to his crazy mercies, carried him aloft triumphantly, and saluted him every five minutes as Sir Henry, glorying outrageously in the temporary lull of his own set up claim, till the dull vacancy on Mildred's face brought him to reason. He had forgotten for the instant what that decision involved, and stood with the little one in his arms as quiet and self-reproached as though he had wilfully been barbarous.

"Do not take on about it, you shall join him presently indeed, Mildred," he said warmly. "I will go to India myself to prove poor George innocent of all matrimonial connections, or to New Zealand for my aunt Agnes' attestations or—" he said it hurriedly as an unpleasant association hung over the name, "or I will go to Rome for Monsignore's signature,—but Una, hear me; are you ill?"

Her head drooped lower and lower, and large tears fell slowly into her lap. She looked even in her heavy mourning, like a lily that had outlived the summer sunshine, and prayed to be gathered from the cold coming autumn.

"Mildred, are you ill to-day?" he repeated, bringing her merry crowing baby to arouse her.

She looked up dimly, "I shall have nothing left then, my life's work will be taken from me."

It was a sad truth, he could not gainsay, but he tried to soften it by his next remark. "They have put him into the best of hands, grandmamma will spoil the boy almost as fast as you could."

Mrs. Maxwell smiled: she had brought up her two fatherless boys too well to merit such an imputation.

Mildred drew the dimpled arms about her neck, and played with Henry's pet. "He will soon learn to do without me, and those two conventional visits in a year will not keep my face in his memory."

"You are not afraid to trust him to me," said Mrs. Maxwell, coming to the sofa where they were. "You will be a nicer mamma than I, but still it is so very hard."

Henry's cheerful voice again interrupted, "Recollect I am to be a privileged visitor at Lytchurst; I shall fetch and carry reports accurate, and delineations faithful between you, and every one knows it is too savage a taboo to last long."

He turned to the dean, who was still poring over the contents of the newspaper, absorbed in the detail of the case at length.

"When do you return to Morden?" inquired Henry, letting the baby patter and trample over the crackling paper, not quite within the line of politeness.

"To-night or to-morrow, I thought," said the dean. "There is nothing to keep us here, and Mildred is brighter in the country,—eh, my dear."

"Oh, if you please, no," she said, coming eagerly to his side. "Mrs. Maxwell need not go until next week; I cannot part with him one hour beforehand."

"It shall be as you wish of course, my child," he said, with his marked kindness to her; he was kindness itself in heart and manner to every one, but there was a studious tenderness in his bearing towards her.

Upon the strength of this arrangement Henry went to secure his lodgings in Dover Street for the remainder of the week. His visits to London were now very rare, but he allowed himself to believe it an imposed duty upon him to watch over Cyril's wife and child, and he had no excuse to go to them at Morden; besides, he and Aunt Mary, Mrs. Maxwell, were very staunch allies, and now more than ever she gave him a sort of sonship to her.

The baby was carried away for his morning siesta, and now after Henry went out, the doctor finished his news-

paper and entered into a long routine with Mildred and her mother-in-law planning how soon the first visit might be paid to the banished heir, and reasoning upon the reasonableness of Henry's proposal to go himself in search of the necessary evidence, and finally agreeing with his view of the case that it was too unnatural a decree to be more than temporary.

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## SISTER MAUD.

"For of heaviness cometh death, and the heaviness of the heart breaketh strength."—*Eccles.* xxxviii. 18.

"— God doth not need  
Either man's work, or His own gifts; who best  
Bear His mild yoke—they serve Him best;—  
They also serve, who only stand and wait."

*Milton's Sonnets.*

"Could we allow ourselves to be persuaded that there was no such thing as a future life, how many sorrows would remain without consolation."—*S. Pierre.*

"Knowest thou that '*Worship of Sorrow*'? The temple thereof, opened some eighteen centuries ago, now lies in ruins, overgrown with jungle, the habitation of doleful creatures; nevertheless—venture forward: in a low crypt arched out of falling fragments, thou findest the Altar still there—and its sacred lamp perennially burning."—*Sartor Resartus.*

"The Lord's own garden path is not a dreary road for those—  
Who yearn to find in Jesus's arms a rest from earthly woes."

'*The Lord's Garden.*' *Churchman's Companion.*  
Part 124. Vol. XXI., p. 110.

Our sister Maud hath fixed her gaze upon the starlit sky—  
A bright flush mantles o'er her cheek—yet death lurks in her eye;  
And she will see but once again the young spring flowrets bloom—  
For when the summer roses fade, they'll fade upon her tomb.

Roses never more will be,  
Gathered, sister Maud, by thee.

Our sister Maud she listeneth to sweetly chiming bells,  
Chiming in the ivied tower down amid the brakes and dells;  
Perchance she thinketh of the hours when she was wont to play—  
With fawns and conies 'mong the ferns through all the pleasant day.

Sweet and slow those bells will be—  
Tolling, sister Maud, for thee.

Our sister Maud is passing fair, and she hath wealth and fame,  
 And youth and all earth's choicest gifts adorn her ancient name;  
 And yet she grieveth not to leave her heritage below—  
 Nor casts a fond and lingering look upon the glittering show.  
     Earthly joys have ceased to be—  
     Cherished, sister Maud, by thee.

Our sister Maud doth recognise an awful Presence nigh—  
 A shadow dread her footsteps track with stern fidelity;  
 Yet with a placid smile she greets the ghastly cold embrace—  
 Though oft an icy breath dispels the bright flush from her face.  
     Death himself appears to be,  
     Welcome, sister Maud, to thee.

Our sister Maud hath been beloved—and she hath loved again—  
 'Tis a tale of lamentation sung to a holy strain;  
 For one stands on the unknown shore and beckons her to come—  
 And share th' eternal glories of a blissful Heavenly Home.  
     Home on earth no more to be,  
     Rest—O sister Maud—for thee.

## THE SONS OF ZERUIAH.

*(Concluded from p. 354.)*

THE faithfulness which distinguished the conduct of Joab to King David in the early part of his reign, when his business was to aid his master in acquiring and consolidating his dominion, became no ways diminished as time passed on, and when internal disorders and rebellion called again for the judicious and decisive measures of the son of Zeruiah.

2 Sam. xiv. 25, 26. Absalom.

The worst of King David's sons was loved by him the best. (Of course, as we said before, there is a mystical meaning in all this, which may not be approached without the deepest reverence; but we are now regarding the sacred narrative only in an historical point of view.) He was proud of the handsome prince, and overlooked the faults of his character in admiration of the beauty of his person. Perhaps also, after the death of Amnon the

first-born; (nothing being said anywhere of Chileab or Daniel, 1 Chron. iii. 1, who was the second) he may have been the eldest. His mother too, Maacah, was the daughter of a king. With these advantages, he was a person of importance, and easily became a general favourite. How far the king in his fondness for him neglected his proper education, we cannot say, and we will not surmise. His vicious propensities may have grown and strengthened in spite of the best attempts to restrain them and urge him in the path of virtue: but it is not more than probable that they did. "The rod of correction," says the Inspired Philosopher, "will drive away, ay, far away, the foolishness of a child, even though it be bound up in his heart." But if his father, as we know of another of his sons, had never reproved or corrected him, what could he expect? And being what he was, the inordinate love of David for him can only be regarded as a notable instance of that misplacement of its affections to which human nature is so liable.

2 Sam. xiii. 23—29. The murder of Amnon.

This treacherous assassination of Amnon was in revenge of the incestuous outrage committed by him two years before on Absalom's sister. It shows the extremity of Absalom's hatred, that he should cause his brother to be killed under his own roof and at his own table. The rites of hospitality are inviolable in the East; and no doubt Amnon, who knew his brother's mind (ver. 22) would not, except as a guest, have trusted himself so near him.

2 Sam. xiii. 39. "And the soul of King David longed," &c.

2 Sam. xiv. 1—24. "And Joab perceived," &c.

The beauty of Absalom made but small impression on the honesty of Joab. That clear-headed statesman could see through his shallow recommendations, and found nothing but wickedness and worthlessness in the favourite prince. He was quite proof against the young man's blandishments, and only cared a little for him, because David cared so much. To please the indulgent father he compasses Absalom's return: but he will not trust himself in his soldier-like plain speech, either with a

petition or a parable, and that for fear of a "What have I," &c. So he employs a supposed widow to excite the king's compassion, and induce a merciful judgment of her pretended case. David is no doubt glad enough to find himself and justice thus entrapped; and gratifies himself and his general by permitting Absalom's return to Jerusalem. Joab does not always speak so respectfully to the king as in this return of thanks; but we must remember that the king does not always give him the opportunity.

2 Sam. xiv. 28, 29. "So Absalom dwelt," &c.

When David is to be comforted, Joab readily brings about the return of Absalom: but when only the graceless fellow himself complains, Joab will have nothing to do with him.

2 Sam. xiv. 30—33. "Therefore he said," &c.

Prince Absalom thinks that the son of a king may do anything; which is not exactly the same as making the captain of the host think so. Forbearance has its bounds, and though Joab might not much mind losing one field of barley, he knew that the lawless prince would not stop at one unless attended to. Joab does not like that Absalom should be entirely restored to favour; the more such a man was restrained the better, for himself and everybody else. However he just tells the king what Absalom says; and David is glad of any excuse for pardoning his favourite son.

2 Sam. xv. 1—6. Absalom's rebellion.

This great rebellion under Absalom comes about like most others. By personal attractions, fair speech, and imaginary grievances, he seduces the people—the common people, then as ever, prone to follow a designing leader to wickedness and ruin. But the atrocity of this rebellion was enhanced manyfold by the rebel's relation. The people were not deceived in that. They knew it was a son against a father, as well as a subject against a king, and that David was that father and that king.

2 Sam. xv. 7—11. "And after forty years," &c.

It is not likely but Absalom could have gone to Hebron

upon some other pretence than this: but he will lull any suspicion his father might have, and blacken the dye of his guilt by an hypocrisy of dissembled religion. The forty years are probably his age.

2 Sam. xv. 12—14. "And he sent for Ahithophel," &c.

Ahithophel was grandfather to Bathsheba, and as a politic statesman was probably too much ashamed of the disgraceful steps by which she became queen, to care much for the honour thus acquired. Hence probably arose a coolness between him and David which might have led to Absalom's seeking his confederacy: but far more than this would his wickedness. It was the revenge only of one hardened in iniquity to counsel as he did. The project to kill David, the treasonable incest, and his own deliberate suicide, were marks of no ordinary depravity. And this occasions some surprise how such a man could have been David's counsellor. What hadst thou to do with Ahithophel, thou son of Jesse?

The breaking out of Absalom's rebellion throws Joab somewhat in the shade. The man who has the mob after him, and cunning counsellors with him, is a formidable foe; still not more than a match for the veteran general, if his father were not so weakly fond of him. Loth indeed were Joab to leave the field to the traitor-son; but when the people run one way after Absalom, and David and his men flee the other, he has no alternative but to follow his master.

2 Sam. xvi. 5—10. Shimei and Mephibosheth.

The story of Mephibosheth forms no part of that of Joab and Abishai; but it is so parallel in contrast to this treatment of Shimei, that we must just notice it. Though the sacred writer does not emphatically state it, the history seems to show that Ziba was a lying scoundrel, and that David unjustly condemned Mephibosheth on his false charge. But the treason of Shimei was before his own eyes, and yet he lets the villain off, merely because it was a son of Zeruiah, who in his righteous indignation desired to punish him. Alas for the inconsistency of human frailty! Because Abishai is not a religious man like himself, the holy David can tolerate

nothing in him. But it is ever so with God's servants, and David's failings show up his excellencies. The world says, Give a dog his due; but David cannot be peaceable towards Abishai, nor S. John enter the same house with Cerinthus.

2 Sam. xvii. 24—26. Amasa.

Our first introduction to Amasa presents him in the creditable character of traitor-captain against his king and uncle: anything that he was besides the sequel will show. Absalom chooses him from necessity rather than confidence. There is no chance of enticing Joab into the rebel son's designs; so he sets up Amasa, wicked enough for his harm, but as the event proves not warlike enough for his help.

2 Sam. xviii. 1, 2. "And David numbered," &c.

2 Sam. xviii. 5. "And the king commanded Joab."

There is a self-contradiction in this charge to the captains, of which the politic Joab will take advantage. The king says, "Deal gently with him for my sake," but that cannot be: if they deal gently, it will not be for David's sake; if they deal for his sake, it cannot be gently. Just as consistently might a wounded man beseech the surgeon, for the sake of his life not to dress his wounds. Of course it was quite natural for the fond David thus to charge his officers: only it was quite as excusable for Joab, as we shall see, to disregard the command.

2 Sam. xviii. 6—9. "So the people went out," &c.

Thus Providence hangs up Absalom, and waits to see who has courage to execute him.

2 Sam. xviii. 10—13. "And a certain man saw it," &c.

This man who comes to Joab was perhaps a person of some rank, since he speaks rather freely to the general. But when he says Joab would have set himself against him had he killed Absalom, he says what he did not know, and what we may very reasonably doubt.

2 Sam. xviii. 14—17. "And Joab took three darts," &c.

Joab would have been best pleased had Absalom died in the battle: but rebels are generally cowards, and



Absalom, like Abner, will run away: so if he will not die fighting, he must die hanging. We may remember—as perhaps Joab did—that in lamenting the death of Abner, David says he did not die “like a fool.” Alas! he cannot say so of his son.

There may perhaps be some difference of opinion as to how far it was right in Joab to act thus in direct opposition to the expressed wish of the king. We cannot say that it was a wrong wish of David to save Absalom, or that it was a wrong act of Joab to kill him: the little awkwardness is, the known wish of the king. On this the sacred writer seems to lay some stress, vv. 5, 12. But Joab loved David: and he knew that if Absalom escaped, there would be no security for the throne, or even the life of his master. Should the weak fondness of the king weigh against these considerations? As a rebel he was worthy of death, as one against his father-king still more so; as a consenting parricide most of all. Yet he might have escaped if David had not had a faithful servant, who loved him better than he loved himself, to take care of him. Under the favour of God; indeed, David was secure enough. In that Fortress, in that Strong Tower of Defence he had nothing to fear. But to rely on God’s protection without using the means He provides for our safety, is only to “tempt the LORD our GOD.”

2 Sam. xviii. 19—23. “And he said, Let me run,” &c.

This good man Ahimaaz would not have been so eager to run with the news of victory, had he known as well as Joab how the king would receive it.

2 Sam. xviii. 33. “And the king was much moved,” &c.

The lamentation for Absalom, like that for Saul and Jonathan, is part of David’s self; and we must pass it by in the history of Joab.

2 Sam. xix. 1—4. “And it was told Joab,” &c.

Here the people are ashamed of the king, and well they might be: the more that they did not recollect any such excessive mourning for Amnon. No, ‘Oh my son Amnon! oh Amnon, my son, my son!’ True, Amnon had been guilty of a sad crime, and David was very wroth at hear-

ing of it: but two years elapsed between it and his murder, and we may hope he had repented of it. Still nothing but an ordinary mourning for him—"the king wept very sore, and mourned for his son every day"—and this though killed by his own brother: was it because that brother was Absalom? But Absalom's wickedness totally eclipses Amnon's; yet the king laments him inconsolably. He does not lament his wickedness, or that he died in his wickedness, but that he died at all; and to that degree does he grieve over the worthless loss, that the people are ashamed of him: indeed he seems afterwards to be ashamed of himself.

2 Sam. xix. 5—8. "And he came to the king," &c.

Joab here speaks very familiarly to the king: firmness and decision were however requisite to the occasion, and produced the desired effect. Nothing could be more true and to the point than what he says: but it is doubtful what he means by the latter part of his speech. He cannot really mean any harm to his master, whether David acquiesced or not: he wishes but to rouse him up to the exigency of the occasion; lest the people should think they had lost the real king as well as the rebel one.

2 Sam. xix. 11—13. "And David went to Judah," &c.

It could be only under pretext of Joab's commendable disobedience to his orders concerning Absalom, that David could such a thing as this, to take from him his generalship, earned by the citadel of Zion and lifelong services, and offer it to the traitor Amasa (Absalom's chief man) that he may procure the king's return to Jerusalem. The danger and difficulty were all past, and if not, Joab with a few soldiers could have easily reseatd David on the throne: but that did not suit the king. Such is his Absalomania he must reward the traitor in the very hour of his treason, and that at the expense of his faithful servant. "Of his bone and of his flesh;" therefore his crime more atrocious. And will he be more safe in the guard of this nephew than of the other? We shall see.

2 Sam. xx. 1, 2. Sheba.

Here is another rebellion on the heels of Absalom's. The son of Bichri, whoever he might be, would think, and that rightly, that the deceased young man was no more deserving than himself, so he will try his chance. Let us see how the king will fare with his new traitor-general.

2 Sam. xx. 4. "Then said the king to Amasa," &c.

The new captain of the host is ordered to assemble and bring with him his men of Judah within a given time. The king was not likely to be ignorant what time would suffice; and that there could be no difficulty is certain, from the fact that the men of Judah clave unto their king; except that naturally they would unwillingly follow so uncongenial a leader.

2 Sam. xx. 5. "But he tarried," &c.

Where is Amasa? why does he not come? Is the rascal considering the probability of Sheba's success, and the expediency of going over to his side? What thinkest thou, my lord the king?

2 Sam. xx. 6, 7. "And David said to Abishai," &c.

The king begins to fear: he is not quite sure, but he very much suspects Amasa will betray him. But why "more harm?" Amasa was a traitor then: he can but be a traitor now. Ay, but David esteems and rewards a traitor under Absalom, which is a different thing from one under Sheba. But why more harm? if not that now he has lost the services of Joab, to whom he cannot therefore apply after turning him out of office so unceremoniously. He seems now to regret that unjust step, and so to make the best of it sends the other son of Zeruiah to go and see what the rebels are about. And Joab, though reduced from command, being yet one of the mighty men, with his own troop contentedly follows his brother Abishai, determined to do what he can in his master's service.

2 Sam. xx. 8. "When they were at Gibeon," &c.

O, here is Amasa. 'Yes, he thought it was unnecessary for him to go to Jerusalem, and that he had best

pursue the rebels at once.' O indeed! so didn't think David, and so don't think we. He was making the best of his way to Sheba; whether to join him, or to battle him, may be doubtful. But Joab is not the man to leave his master's interest and safety a matter of doubt.

2 Sam. xx. 9. "And Joab said to Amasa," &c.

Joab killed Abner, and he here kills Amasa; for the same reason; except that Amasa appears if anything the worse traitor of the two. And he kills him in the same way, treacherously: not a very honourable way: but he would say the only one open to him. As for Amasa's ability, it does not appear he had any. He had been of small use to Absalom against David, and was not likely to be of more to David against Sheba: besides that it is not clear whom he was for and whom against. For he who had helped a son to fight against his father, would have no scruple in aiding one of the house of Saul, as Sheba is thought to have been. And we shall find that David will make no lamentation for Amasa, as for Abner. Upon second thoughts he will repent his promotion of such a suspicious character, and conclude that Joab has acted for the best.

2 Sam. xx. 10—13. "So Joab pursued," &c.

All danger of treachery dying with Amasa, the business will now proceed prosperously; and there being none other, Joab resumes as matter of course his old command, the exigence of the case requiring an immediate leader. The people naturally stand still as they come up, on seeing their captain dead, and perhaps ignorant who had killed him, would not know what to do. One of Joab's men therefore stays by the body to direct them, and afterwards on account of the delay it occasions, removes it out of the way. "He that favoureth Joab," that is, every friend of justice, and who cannot see the reason of Joab's displacement. "He that is for David," that is, every loyal subject like Joab, and who wishes the king's safety, never so sure as when in Joab's hands.

2 Sam. xx. 14—22. "And Sheba went to Abel," &c.

The rebels cannot make much headway now that

Amasa is dead, and Joab in pursuit: they are soon shut up in a single town, and have not even that at their entire command. In the peaceable conclusion of the rebellion we cannot help admiring both the wisdom of the woman and of Joab. David himself could not have been more lenient, and only for the sake of pleasing the king was Joab justified in thus forgiving the rebels who had followed Sheba.

2 Sam. xxiv. 1—4. The numbering of the people.

1 Chron. xxi. 3—7.

Here is Joab's last recorded act to David. The end crowns the whole and Joab's last service is his best. He had loved and served David as a warrior in the battles of earth, and he now serves him as a warner in the battle of his soul. Joab knew his master well: a mere professor, he was theoretically acquainted with the principles of true religion. He recognised and admired it in his beloved master: and he trembles for his danger, "The king's word is abominable to him," and it can only be so on this account. There was nothing positively sinful in a census of the people; but he was casuist enough to know that what might be quite lawful for others, would not be for David. He knew that David's safety was his trust in God, and he saw the sin which the saint overlooked. He saw that for once pride and vainglory had insinuated themselves into David's heart: and knowing that shield and spear could not defend him from those enemies, he gently yet plainly cautions the king. Strange transposition this! Joab the preacher to David! Alas that its strangeness renders it futile. "What have I to do with thee?" brings at last this grievous calamity on the king. He has nothing to do with Joab, and consequently falls into sin.

1 Kings i. 1. "And king David was old."

The man of God is about to leave this world and return to God. There is no further occasion for the services of Joab, and the life which he has made his care is dissolving away. "The LORD has" no further "need of him" to defend and help His Anointed: and leaves him unprotected to his own devices. Like our own cardinal-

statesman, if he had only served his Heavenly King as faithfully as he did his earthly, He would not have deserted him in the weakness of old age. But he has not known God, and God, apart from David, does not know him, and suffers him to fall into the very error of which under David he had so laudable an abhorrence.

1 Kings i. 5—7. Adonijah.

Adonijah was no doubt now the eldest son of the king. As such he would consider himself the rightful successor. But the king is not yet dead: true, but he is too old and feeble to reign; he cannot last long. But had he not better obtain the king's consent to his taking the reins of government? 'O that could not be necessary; his father had never refused him anything. Besides, what a handsome man he was; no one was so fit for the approaching regal vacancy. He would see Joab about it.'

It had been expressly appointed by God through His prophet, that David's younger son Solomon was to succeed him. Whether this was known from the first to all Israel may not be clear; it probably was. Anyhow a man of Joab's station could not be ignorant of it. But he has been too careless of the service of God all his life, to be very studious of the Divine will now. He was by this time getting an old man; and it is not likely that any particular friendship existed between him and young Solomon; while he had perhaps long been a boon companion of the elder Adonijah. Besides his seniority, Adonijah would also appear to Joab the more suitable successor; and as David's favourite, it is possible Joab thought to please his master by furthering his wishes, when from increasing infirmities he could only wish. But then he should have made quite sure that such was king David's wish.

1 Kings ii. 28. "Joab turned after Adonijah," &c.

Thus the inspired writer intimates that Joab was almost as guilty in following Adonijah, as he would have been in following Absalom. The anointed of the Lord is alone the king; and all who rise against him are guilty; and just as Providence gave up Amasa to the sword for rebellion against David, so will Joab not escape for rising

against Solomon. Indeed Joab is now precisely in the position formerly occupied by Abner. Each regardless of God's will favours the succession of him whom he thinks the fittest person. But on hearing of the proclamation for Solomon, Adonijah's courage fails him, notwithstanding Joab's presence and support: and the captain who is prompt and valiant enough when his cause is good, has no more courage now than to ask what the noise is all about.

1 Kings ii. 5, 6. "Thou knowest what Joab did to me," &c.

The first words of this accusation probably refer to Absalom; but as he is not named, we may search for ourselves the recorded history of Joab—and from that we shall hardly know what it was of harm he had done to David himself. Perhaps however we should regard this last charge of David to Solomon as uttered in the spirit of prophecy. He could not, we must think, have spoken thus in his own person of the man who all his life had served him so faithfully. But though Joab has served David, he has not served the LORD; and the LORD by the mouth of him who has pronounced his doom.

1 Kings iii. 29—34. The death of Joab.

Joab suffers the penalty of rebellion with this advantage over Abner and Amasa, that he is not slain treacherously nor without some little notice. King Solomon however in this his order for the execution of Joab makes some additions to the words of David's charge, the correctness of which we shall do well to consider: and whether they do not show, together with the rigorous vengeance he takes upon his elder brother, after his moonshine pretence of honouring his mother (who was not likely to prefer a "little request" of unquestionable impropriety—nor would Adonijah have been so foolish as to make it) how much he needed that Divine wisdom which God was pleased shortly after to give him in such abundant measure. To be sure a man must be somewhat wise before he can desire wisdom: but if it is not a proof of ignorance, it looks very much like one of something worse—this character he gives to Joab.

All that king David says is, that Joab shed the blood of war in peace: Solomon makes the addition that it was innocent blood. Solomon might easily know more of Abner and Amasa than we; but it were inexcusable indeed if he did not know as much: and as we know from the inspired history that they were both guilty of treason, all that Solomon might know beside would not make them innocent. Again he says, what David did not say, that the men Abner and Amasa were more righteous and better than Joab. How better? better warriors, who fought, truly, but always ran away? better captains, who left no victory on record? better subjects, better servants, better friends to David? But he says they were more righteous: how more righteous? certainly not in the world's esteem, and anyhow much on a par. Joab indeed abetted one sin of David; but Solomon should have been the last to remember that: yet in another case he had dissuaded him, and evidently from a good motive. As for Amasa, not one good thing is related of him. To have been worse than those men was a stigma that might fasten on Ahithophel the suicide—on Absalom the fratricide—but it did not belong to Joab.

To sum up the character of Joab. He was an able general and a valiant warrior. He was a disinterested politician, unaffected by either envy or ambition. He was a faithful subject to David as his king, and devotedly attached to him as a friend. In fact his love of David was the mainspring of all his actions. How happy had it been for him if David could have reciprocated his love! But this could not be without something else, without the one thing wanting in Joab,—the love of God. Outwardly respecting religion he felt not its power; his affections were of earth, he was a citizen of this world. His morality and propriety of behaviour were not gauged by the revealed law of God, but by the maxims and conventionalisms of society. To such a one a case of pressing necessity will dispense with the ordinary rules of honour, and Joab scruples not to assassinate unsuspectedly the enemies of David. But such procedure was not the rule of his life. He was upright as the world.



would judge, plainspoken and soldierlike, and at the same time politic and clever as a statesman. And it was because he was all this, without being really religious, that his contact so afflicted the holy David. A flagrantly vicious man might be less trying to David's patience than one whose code of rectitude was not the will and love of God. That this was Joab's case we should have needed no other mark than the unconcealed dislike of one whose "delight was upon the saints" and who "made much of them that fear the LORD."

And Joab had his reward. A long life of success and prosperity did God give him for his friendship and service to David. More than this he did not seek, and more he did not get. Let us learn this lesson from the history of Joab: to "seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness." "Open thy mouth wide, saith God, and I will fill it." "And let him that glorieth glory in this, that he knoweth and serveth *Me*."

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## CHRISTIAN MISSIONS IN CHINA.

*(Concluded from p. 387.)*

THE next great effort to convert the Chinese Empire and nation to the Christian faith was made by Missionaries of the Latin Church, Dominican and Franciscan friars, in the thirteenth century. At that time a Tartar dynasty had obtained the dominion over China, and Europe itself was trembling at the terrible advances of the Mongolian hordes. Tidings were brought to the court of Rome that these fierce barbarians professed a reverence for the Cross, and some knowledge of the Name of CHRIST. Forthwith it was resolved to make the effort to convert them wholly, and we read how the Franciscan monks after four months of toils and dangers arrived, A.D. 1247, under the Yellow Tent of the "Son of Heaven," or Tartar Sovereign. There they assisted at

the installation of the Emperor Gayouk, son of Genghis Khan, waited on by four thousand ambassadors and an innumerable multitude of Emirs, Princes of the blood and generals,—whose gorgeous appearance contrasted strangely with the simplicity of the two poor monks who had come among these savage warriors to announce to them the Gospel of Peace.

These monks were at first dismissed with contumely, owing, it is said, to the intrigues of some Nestorian priests, who had contrived to keep themselves in the good graces of "The Powers that be," and a somewhat insolent message was sent to the Pope on this occasion. The Franciscans however, persevered: other missionaries arrived, and their work was soon tolerated as the Nestorians' had been, and they were even allowed the use of a chapel within the Imperial residence.

We do not know many particulars respecting the actual work effected by these missionaries, but it was so far successful that before the close of that century one of the Franciscans was nominated by the Pope Archbishop of Cambalu, and Primate of the East, and the Church was formally organized in China. There were many contentions with the Nestorians in which the new comers would seem to have been victorious. One of them gives an interesting account of his mission in a letter dated the 8th of January, 1305. He says he found the Emperor of the Mongols too hardened in his idolatry to submit to CHRIST, yet favourable to the Christians; he speaks of the churches built, the number of persons baptized and catechumens under instruction, and complains of a lack of sufficient helpers. He thus describes his school: "I have also with me a select congregation of one hundred and fifty little Chinese, of from seven to eleven years, withdrawn from the bosom of their pagan families before they knew the voice of error. I have baptized them, taught them Greek and Latin, and transcribed for them thirty and two Psalters with two Breviaries. Eleven of them already know our office, sing in choir like religious, and whether I am present or not, perform their weekly duty with the same regularity as in our convents. The Emperor comes occasionally to contemplate in the Church my little angels,

and he is delighted on hearing them sing." This good man also mentions that he had translated the whole of the New Testament into the Tartar language.

Here were good beginnings, we should say, but they do not seem to have led to great results. One chief cause of this may have been the fall of the Mongolian dynasty; for, amidst the horrors of civil war, the new religion would seem to have sunk into obscurity, and when the Chinese regained the upper hand their dread of foreign ascendancy rendered them more distrustful than ever of European missionaries. We shall not attempt therefore to give further details of this second work, which at one time promised so largely, and excited such ardent hopes throughout Christian Europe.

But a third time was a more persevering effort to be made to win the Chinese people through the medium of their Ruler's favour. This did not take place till some 800 years later, and it was then made by the agency of the Jesuits. This word Jesuit is to Englishmen, nay, to the world perhaps, an embodiment of falsehood and cunning; and that a worm was at the core of all Jesuit greatness, even in its prime, we affect not to question. Nevertheless, mighty results were accomplished by this energetic body, only to be accounted for by the enthusiasm of faith, and few more sacred memories have descended to us since the Apostolic day than that of Francis Xavier, called also the Apostle of the East.

To penetrate within the apparently inexorable walls of China, this was indeed a design to arouse all the ambition and appeal to the noblest desires of that indefatigable Order. Ricci, one of its most active members, was the man selected for the first attempt. He seems to have been one of the most scientific and learned men of his day, and it was accordingly in the character of an eastern sage that he first gained admission to the empire. He was skilled in mathematics, which are highly esteemed in China. He spent years among the Bonzes in the east, studying the Chinese language, which he mastered, and all the customs of the country. Then he laid aside the habit of a Jesuit, and put on that of a Chinese philosopher. He did not at first appear as a divine teacher, but rather as a man of vast scientific acquirements aiming to

serve the State. And thus he succeeded in ingratiating himself into the Emperor's favour, and winning a good position. His first introduction to that Potentate he owed to the possession of a clock, which excited the admiration of a Mandarin who wrote concerning it to Pekin. Ricci was sent for to explain its nature and uses, and was received with very great favour. He did not long however, if it all, reserve the fact of his being a Christian. On the contrary he displayed sacred pictures, and even asked leave to preach and explain his views to the court. This was granted him, and his preaching was listened to with equanimity, though it had no immediate effect. The Supreme Court of Pekin issued a decree that his teaching, images, and relics were of no value. Still he was tolerated, and remained in favour with the Emperor, and after seventeen years, during which he had established the highest reputation for wisdom, the harvest seemed ripe. It is impossible not to admire such patience, not to sympathise with such self-devotion. He was now able to announce the Gospel with acceptance to the learned as to the masses. We read that many great dignitaries of state became his disciples, the people following in vast numbers in their train. Other of the Jesuit fathers now joined him: some of the Chinese sages were ordained and preached to admiring congregations. There was indeed a great jealousy on their part at first against the notion of admitting the rabble to a state of spiritual equality with themselves, but by the efforts of the missionaries this seems to have been finally removed. Ricci was styled the new Confucius. His work was indeed very wonderful for one man, and when he died in 1610 his memory was revered by the nation as something more than human.

Political convulsions, which seem to be frequent in China, again arose, and the reigning dynasty fell, but this time Christianity sank not, for the victors also bowed to the Cross. Schall, the successor of Ricci, was so high in favour with the new Emperor, that he was appointed preceptor and governor of his son, heir to the throne. In fourteen years, from 1650 to 1664, one hundred thousand new converts were baptized.

The first blow to this seemingly successful work was

dealt by dissensions within the Christian ranks. Dominican and Franciscan friars were jealous of these vast Jesuit successes and claimed their shares in the spiritual spoil. They accused the Jesuits, doubtless with no little truth, of various pious frauds, or rather unlawful attempts to bring the Gospel to the level of the Chinese, instead of raising them to the true Christian standard; and much unseemly disputation followed. Meanwhile persecution arose at Pekin. The chief nobles conspired against the Christians,—so far a testimony to their worth,—Schall was thrown into prison in his extreme old age, and the Christian religion was declared to be false by an Imperial edict. On this occasion we read that 175 Churches were deprived of their pastors. A Dominican priest, called Lopez, distinguished himself exceedingly on this emergency; he seems to have been indeed, under God, the very wellspring of fresh life to the Church. He hurried from city to city, from congregation to congregation, and everywhere restored the courage of doubting hearts. His work was ultimately successful. Even the unbelieving Chinese were won by the influence of his Christian love, and did not oppose his labours. Multitudes were converted by him, and at last he was proclaimed Apostolic Vicar at Nanking, or chief Bishop of the Christian Church in China. He died in 1687 universally regretted.

The new Emperor was once more favourable to Christianity. At the close of the seventeenth century, some 150 years ago, there were fully 300 Churches in the land, and the number of Christians went on steadily increasing. This prosperous state of things continued till some twenty years later, when a fresh persecution burst forth, in which tens of thousands are said to have perished, and by which, alas! for a time, the Faith seemed well nigh to be rooted out. The origin of this persecution does not appear to be distinctly traceable, but Court intrigues are assigned as the immediate cause. "Put not your trust in princes." Only a few Jesuits held their ground at Pekin, and that not as Christians but as men of science, and waited for more happy days. Since then the Roman Church has never been able to regain a prominent position in the country. She has however always existed, and even now

boasts very numerous adherents (testibus M. l'Abbé Huot and the Archives of the Propaganda,) but these, it would seem, belong well nigh exclusively to the lower classes, and profess, it is to be feared, not an exceedingly enlightened faith.

Very great obstacles, we cannot but observe, to the success of Roman missions would seem to be those very things which secure them a first favourable hearing, *accommodation* carried to the brink of deception, and again the external appearance in which they approximate to the false religions prevailing in the land. The cultus of images, pictures, and relics, presents a grave stumbling block to the learned in China more especially, while it wins favour with the ignorant; and we cannot but conceive the chiefest of all the causes of premature decline after sudden conquests to be the absence of that stern and entire integrity, which surely ought to characterise the bearers of the Gospel message and the teaching of the Church of the Living God. This is a very painful theme, but to our apprehension genuine religion is based on Truth, and can exist, at best, in a very depraved condition without it. Natural and revealed religion are not opposed but essentially one, and all casuistry is more or less opposed to the first principles of light and truth. That the Church of Rome has been seduced by considerations of expediency to fight the world with perilous weapons we all know and lament, and her own simplest manuals proclaim the fact to the world: such as that iniquitous penny pamphlet, "What every Christian must know," put forth only last year in Ireland with full Archiepiscopal authority. The Roman Church conceives communion with herself the one essential. She would gladly doubtless save souls by fair means, but if they will not be saved excepting on terms which will not force them to crucify their evil lusts, then she accepts them on their or any terms, looking to purgatory to cleanse them hereafter. Hence, from a presumed necessity, men with an ardent love of souls have been led to devise a system of casuistry, which it is appalling to con-

<sup>1</sup> See "Christianisme en Chine, en Tartaire, et en Thibet," which supplies many curious details beyond our present scope.

template, and well nigh impossible to realise. Thanks be to God, we have reason to hope that it is kept in reserve in most cases, and yet the publication of such a catechism as that above referred to makes us hesitate to affirm even thus much. Only this we must say: Whatever horror we entertain for fraud and duplicity in themselves, we cannot make too large allowances for those who have been trained under this injurious system and consider themselves the victims of a species of Divine necessity. However these things may be, there can be no doubt that the Jesuit body, with the best intentions, has often done evil, (and that, alas! on principle,) that good might come: and from first to last one seems to see the influences of the spirit of worldly policy, rather than of true wisdom, in all their Chinese labours. And now to proffer some practical observations with regard to our own possible missionary work in China.

- The Chinese are not an uncivilized or an ignorant people; at least they have much knowledge within certain limits; but they are an essentially false people. If there be one thing more indispensable than another for the permanent success of Christian missions among them, it must be truthfulness, candour, shrinking even from the bare semblance of deceit. The Faith should appear among these people as Iconoclastic, casting down not only all external images, but all strongholds of falsehood and vain imaginations, waging open war against all forms as against the spirit of evil, making no compromise with a lie.

We often hear in the present day of the blessings of toleration, and it is true that civil toleration is essential to the welfare of humanity. God has given man the liberty of thought; it is not for his brother man to take it from him. God might have saved us from the responsibility of choice, from the liability to error. He has elected to create man free. We dare not contravene His commands. Of course man is not absolutely free: of course he is bound to embrace in the first instance heartily and with his whole affections, as Mr. Ward among others has abundantly proved, the system God has placed him under. Still his is no blind obedience. Reason and

conscience are twin powers, and both will be heard. Man is responsible, and therefore he is free. You have no right to do what God has not done, constrain him to think rightly.

Nevertheless, it is not the less true, and it is a fact too often lost sight of, that error of every kind is tolerant of other errors, and only not tolerant of the Truth, while truth is essentially intolerant of all error. Thus the heathens of old time professed a thousand different religions simultaneously: they could find room in their temples for every fabled deity, only not for the One True God, because His worship admits of no competitors. Thus Judaism and Christianity were in turn held hostile to the Roman Empire, inasmuch as they maintained all other religions to be false, and affirmed that there was no God but One, and that to Him exclusive worship is due.

As far as we are able to judge, Nestorians, Dominicans, Franciscans, and Jesuits, would all seem to have split upon this one rock in China, that of calmly tolerating error as standing on an equality with truth! They did not proclaim that salvation was promised *only* in the Name of CHRIST JESUS; they did not insist on the *excessive danger* of all denials of the truth; they associated on terms of equal friendship with idol priests and idol worshippers.

Doubtless, it may be argued, they would have been put to death if they had spoken out more plainly. "Well," we must answer, whether the taunt be addressed to us or not, that this is easy writing, but hard doing,—“what if they had?” The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church, but only when that blood flows willingly, when the conscience of the Church is pure from all expedient falsehoods. What did the Apostles, who must surely be our models? They went preaching everywhere and openly the Gospel of their Master, whether men would hear, or whether they would forbear. We often hear commended, and justly, the moderation of S. Paul at Athens; and yet he exhorted the Athenians, on the very first occasion of addressing them, those most self-opinionated of Greeks, to turn from their vanities to serve the living God. He charged them with ignorance.



"Him whom ye ignorantly worship declare I unto you." Compare this Apostolic precedent with the conduct of the Christian Missionaries in China. Of course we do not mean that the Church should not labour to be all things to all men; that She should not present the truth for acceptance in the least obnoxious form; that She should not observe the law of charity in denouncing established corruptions. Nay, She should even recognise a sort of goodness in things evil, and trace first principles in the very dregs of false religion. But She may make no compromise with evil; She dare not for an instant allow truth and falsehood to be held indifferent.

Everything in Christian Missions, it appears to us, depends on the soundness of the foundation laid, and the firmness of the first step taken. It is better not to advance at all than to advance by assuming a false appearance, by yielding the least of first principles. Thus the work wrought, though oftentimes great, by these courtly missionaries, and favourites of emperors,—and far be it from us to detract from the excellence of intention of these good men, who often sealed their faith with their blood,—but the work wrought by them would seem to have been superficial. It may be questioned whether they should have *accepted* the kind of patronage extended to them. At all events they were not justified in keeping back the essential truth, that all idolatry is grievous sin, and that it was a paramount duty to receive, and live according to the faith. The melancholy fact of their own offering of religious prayers to creatures *may* have made them less sensitive than we should be upon this point, and so may serve, perhaps, for a palliation of their error.

The present state of China is well known. We are aware that it is distracted by internal broils, that nearly half the land is in possession of rebels, under chiefs who profess a species of distorted Christianity. The good point about their faith would seem to be that it sternly prohibits the worship of the creature, though, with grievous inconsistency, divine honours are paid to the Chief Tienteh! This man claims, however, to be literally an incarnation of the Divinity. We have said nothing of the

work of other Missionaries; it has hitherto been comparatively insignificant, scarcely penetrating beyond the shore; yet the Chinese rebels would seem to have derived their religious notions, such as they are, from such sources. In consequence of our having obtained a footing on Chinese soil the English Church has now her first Bishop of Victoria and Hong-Kong.

We shall not enter on the painful subject of the present war, further than to say that it is impossible to foresee the progress of events. This grievous outbreak of hostilities may be intended,—God only knows,—to promote a great purpose in His providence. It *may* be the means, under God, of procuring for us free entrance into the empire, and a consequent right to teach and preach the truth undisturbed, not on sufferance and by court favour. And if so, it is not impossible, that our own beloved Church may yet be destined to achieve, by God's help, what has proved too difficult an undertaking for Nestorian and for Latin: we mean, the gradual conversion of the Chinese nation to the truth of the Gospel. That this could ever be accomplished by the mere scattering broadcast of the Word of God and the efforts of a few isolated missionaries seems to be a vain imagination.

Two elements appear alike essential for success, (may we not trust that the great body of our missionaries go with them?) Apostolic Order and Evangelic Truth. This has been sneered at as a battle-cry; but we know none worthier. Sever them, and you may achieve great temporary results, but nothing permanent. Unite them; as we believe them to be united, despite all drawbacks, all erastian tendencies, all coldness to sacramental reality in the spiritual life and teaching of our mother-Church, and, under God, all things will be possible to them that believe.

Yet this may prove a vain hope. How slow, it may be urged, are our advances in India, where we are temporal rulers! May it not be answered, We have to struggle there against the evil influences of long years of neglect. The people of India are only beginning to open their eyes to the fact that we have any religion at all. In China we have no such melancholy Past to obstruct our

Christian progress ; no antecedents of shameful carelessness. If the way into the heart of China be thrown open to us, if earnest truthful plainspeaking men be found to enter in and proclaim the Gospel, if congregations be formed and a regular ministry established with presiding Bishops, if the English Church be once able in fine to hold anything like that position in China which the Nestorian and Roman Churches have held in time past,—and this, we repeat, is by no means impossible ; then should we have great cause to hope, although great cause to tremble also, knowing our own grave defects, our internal strife and coldness. But at all events the simple Christian faith, which we should proclaim, in a spirit of truthfulness, would not need to shrink from the keenest investigation of the sage, and might satisfy the cravings of the heart of humanity.

But we pause, fearing we have already exceeded our limits, and mainly anxious lest we should seem to have done any injustice to the labours of those who have gone before us. We shall conclude in the words of the apparently good and simplehearted Roman Catholic Bishop Verolles, before cited, who was recently obliged to fly from Mantchouria by Chinese persecution. He writes,

“What sadness of heart to an apostolical missionary! From the banks of the Yellow Sea over an extent of country of one hundred and fifty leagues right and left, not a single Christian! What a night of darkness shrouds this populous China! In the fields, at the gates of their towns, at the entrance of their villages, there are nothing but graves and sepulchral stones ; and nowhere could I repeat with S. John, ‘Blessed are they who die in the Lord.’ When will mercy ring the hour for rousing so many souls buried in the shade and night of heathenism ? O let us accelerate by our earnest prayers that happy day.”

And then he adds, “Let us cry to Mary, and she will hear us.” Let us who own, as we humbly trust, a purer faith, display also a more fervent zeal. Let us cry to God in His Son’s Name, and *He* will hear us !

## THE HIGH PRESSURE PIT.

*(Concluded from p. 370.)*

"DURING the night, when we were getting low, 'My friends,' said I, 'to divert you and strengthen you as much as possible, I will repeat a hymn to you.'"

"This was a great consolation, both to myself, and to them who heard it. Indeed, I must just say to you at once, that this, after all, was one of the sweetest and shortest Saturday nights I ever passed : and I dare say there never was a more solemn church on the earth, than was that night at the pit-bottom in the heart of the earth.

"After the hymn, the wives and families were the next subject resumed, every one lamenting and mourning for his own. I repeated several times, that it seemed to be a dear High Pressure pit for me, for only nine months before, I had lost a beautiful daughter there,<sup>1</sup> and now to all appearance, I was to fall a sacrifice in the same place myself!

"About this time, another detachment was sent to see if there was any relief coming from the Dell pit. But they returned with the former sad tidings, that they heard nobody coming, and that the air was closer than ever.

"It was then agreed that prayer and praise should be offered once more, and we sung the 130th Psalm, and I prayed :

' From lowest depths of woe  
To GOD I sent my cry ;  
LORD, hear my supplicating voice,  
And graciously reply !

' Shouldst Thou severely judge,  
Who can the trial bear ?  
But Thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,  
And quite renounce Thy fear.

<sup>1</sup> This young girl was working at the foot of the pit, when a lump of coal fell from the ascending bucket, then at a great height, on her head, and felled her to the ground. Thanks to Lord Ashley, no collier's daughter can now so die.

- ' My soul with patience waits  
For Thee the living LORD ;  
My hopes are on Thy promise built,  
Thy never-failing word.
- ' My longing eyes look out  
For Thy enliv'ning ray,  
More duly than the morning watch  
To spy the dawning day.
- ' Let Israel trust in GOD ;  
No bounds His mercy knows ;  
The plenteous source and spring from whence  
Eternal succour flows ;
- ' Whose friendly streams to us  
Supplies in want convey ;  
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse  
And wash our guilt away.'

"The subject of Jonah in the whale's belly came then under our view. It was observed, 'That Jonah from the bottom of the mountains had prayed and cried to GOD, and that, awful as his case was, this GOD, who filled the immensity of space with His presence, heard that prayer and spoke to that fish, so that it threw him out on the dry ground ; and from this it was observed that we should encourage ourselves, because that same GOD, who is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working, could open up a way of recovery for us, desperate as our case seemed to be. We remembered Daniel also in the lions' den. For all the enemies he had, none could find any fault in Daniel, except his worshipping his GOD. Yet, like GOD's people in all ages, he was persecuted. But he placed his confidence in GOD. As Joshua had done before him, he determined, whatsoever others did, to serve the LORD ; and so in his extremity the LORD heard his cry and answered his prayer, and sent His angel and delivered him from all his powerful enemies. And why not us also ? said we. While there was life there was hope ; and we ought to evince energy in such a case, and console and strengthen each other.

"It was a grand thing, however, to be preparing for death, whatever might be the event of the providence that had befallen us ; for that we never could be losers by preparing to appear before the judgment seat of

**CHRIST.** And with respect to the efficacy and sufficiency of **CHRIST'S** atonement for sinners, it was certain that 'He was able to save unto the very uttermost all that come unto God by Him; for He is exalted at the right hand of the Majesty on high, a Prince and a SAVIOUR for to give repentance unto Israel and the remission of sins.' And it was observed, 'That with respect to prayer, none need to be at a loss; for do you not remember the Pharisee and the Publican? The one had a long prayer; the other a short one. The Publican smote on his breast, and just said, 'God be merciful to me a sinner;' and that prayer, which was heard and answered, any one can use.'

"Much was also spoken out of the 1st chapter of Isaiah, and chiefly from this passage, 'Come, now, and let us reason together, saith the LORD: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.'

"About this time a part of the 51st Psalm was sung.

' Make me to hear with joy  
Thy kind forgiving voice:  
That so the bones which Thou hast broke  
May with fresh strength rejoice.

' Blot out my crying sins,  
Nor me in anger view;  
Create in me a heart that's clean,  
An upright mind renew.

' Withdraw not Thou Thy help,  
Nor cast me from Thy sight;  
Nor let Thy HOLY SPIRIT take  
Its everlasting flight.' "

It is singular to observe the care about the disposal of the body, which will creep in even where that might seem the least part of a present and deep suffering. These men were not unawake to this point, and they began to think of the sort of burial that awaited their bodies. "Prayer," says Patrick, "was now offered again; and it was observed, 'That if we died there, it would be long before they came to our bodies, if ever they did. But with respect to our bodies, we need not be careful; for if we were mindful of our precious souls, and were put-

ting them into the hands of our merciful Creator, He was able to save both soul and body, no matter where the bodies were mouldering, or whether they had burial or not.'

"I should have mentioned, that about six o'clock at night, as we thought, it was resolved to write our names on a stone, and say on it that we were alive at that hour, so that friends might know something about us when they came to find our bodies, if ever they found them. And I began to write accordingly; but just at this time, after I had written one or two names, the lights went out, we were left in utter darkness, and I could write no more! Our comfort on this head was that God and His angels would know where our bodies were.

"After this, the passage from 1st Thessalonians iv. 14, was observed on, 'For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.' Verses 17 and 18 of Revelation chapter i., were also repeated, 'And when I saw Him, I fell at His feet as dead, and He laid His hand upon me, saying unto me, Fear not, I am the first and the last; I am He that liveth and was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore, Amen; and have the keys of hell and of death.' Revelation xiv. 13, was likewise very comforting to us, 'And I heard a voice from heaven, saying, Write, Blessed are the dead that die in the LORD: yea, saith the SPIRIT, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.'

"Various hymns were repeated.

'Where high the heav'nly temple stands,  
The house of God not made with hands,  
A great High Priest our nature wears,  
The Guardian of mankind appears.

'He Who for men their Surety stood,  
And poured on earth His precious blood,  
Pursues in heav'n His mighty plan,  
The SAVIOUR and the Friend of man.

'Though now ascended up on high,  
He bends on earth a brother's eye;  
Partaker of the human name,  
He knows the frailty of our frame.

- ' Our Fellow Suff'rer yet retains  
A fellow-feeling of our pains ;  
And still remembers in the skies  
His tears, His agonies, and cries.
- ' In ev'ry pang that rends the heart,  
The Man of Sorrows had a part ;  
He sympathizes with our grief,  
And to the suff'rer sends relief.
- ' With boldness, therefore, at the throne,  
Let us make all our sorrows known :  
And ask the aids of Heav'nly Pow'r  
To help us in the evil hour.'

" We also sung this hymn :

- ' Come, let us to the LORD our God  
With contrite hearts return :  
Our God is gracious, nor will leave  
The desolate to mourn.
- ' Long hath the night of sorrow reign'd,  
The dawn shall bring us light ;  
God shall appear, and we shall rise  
With gladness in His sight.
- ' Our hearts, if God we seek to know,  
Shall know Him and rejoice ;  
His coming like the morn shall be,  
Like morning songs His voice.'

" A conversation then ensued, and Thomas James asked me to pray the LORD's Prayer. Then the first four verses of the 103rd Psalm were repeated, and likewise Psalm 137th : on which it was observed, that the Jews' captivity might be spoken of as resembling our own. Surely we all at this time preferred Jerusalem above our chiefest mirth.

" At one time when we were sitting close together—it was a long time to converse, and we were all in the dark—our company became very melancholy. Some thought that every avenue for our escape was shut up ; others thought something might yet be done. At length it was agreed that another deputation should be sent to see if any relief was coming from the Dell pit. They returned with the same melancholy news that none appeared, and the place was as close as before. This no



doubt increased the alarm among us; on which it was observed: 'Let us not fear, but put our implicit confidence in that God Who rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm, whose way is in the sea and His path in the mighty waters, and Whose footsteps are not known. Trust in the all-powerful JEHOVAH, Who weighs the mountains in scales, and taketh up the isles as a very little thing, Who measureth the waters in the hollow of His hand, Who is wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working. His ways are not as our ways, for He could even yet make a way of escape for us, dark, dreary, and dismal as our case seemed to be.'

"With respect to death, our words turned on the topic of our families, and we thought that we should never more see our dwellings. But we then remembered the sufficiency of the REDEEMER to answer every one of our cases, how diversified soever they might be; and it was nothing beyond His power to make us meet our families again, if not in the present world, certainly in another world, by making us all meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light. But nothing could redeem a soul but CHRIST; and it was evidently pointed out to the company, that they must put their whole dependence on Him, for there was 'none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.' Let us then, as it is said in the Epistle to the Hebrews, 'draw near with a true heart, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help us in the time of need.'

"And truly this was a time of need with us!

"This made them think of hearing another Psalm; and one was repeated."

Let it be observed here how these people mixed the use of means with their prayers. There was equally the life and the sobriety of faith among them. Says Patrick, "By this time we were beginning again to consider about making another trial, and seeing whether any relief was coming to us from above by the Dell pit. Three, accordingly, were sent out, myself, Andrew Bennett, and John James. I went first, till we came to the water's edge, and there we sat down and consulted; when it was agreed among us all that we thought the air was better,

and indeed that it was tolerably good. We had no lights to prove it, but judged only from our breathing, and we were all of this opinion."

This is an interesting circumstance. These men were habituated to nice observation, particularly in regard to air, in their subterraneous occupations: and on the present occasion, their perception was as correct as it was nice. Previously they had found the air very bad, and judged it insupportable. They were right. On these occasions, the water rose nearly to the rubbish overhead, very much excluding all communication of air from without. But in the interval, a change, though unknown to them, had taken place. The Dell Air-gate had, in fact, during their confinement, become more freely ventilated than at first. This was effected through the prompt and considerate measures taken in the course of the day by the owners, who had set on their engines at the different water-pits in the neighbourhood with redoubled power, and by the general draught thereby caused, had lowered the water in the Air-gate the necessary number of inches to admit of a flux of air, and of the narrow and precarious passage through it, to be now described.

"Feeling the improvement," says Patrick, "we all agreed to return with the tidings, that there was no relief appearing from the Dell pit; but that the air was better in the Air-gate, and that we proposed to make a trial of it, if they all were agreeable.

"So we returned and told them. But they were refractory and unbelieving. One indeed said, He had made up his mind to die where he was, and if any of us escaped with life, we might give intimation to his friends where they could find his body. It was replied, 'That, to be sure, if we sat there, it was certain death; but here the story of the four lepers occurred to be spoken of. If they stood where they were, it was death; if they entered into the city, it was still death; if they entered into the camp of the Assyrians, it was but death. Therefore they entered. We are bound to use every energy while we had breath, for rescuing our lives from destruction, and then to leave the event with God. To sit still there, was little else

than suicide. If we wished to die, it was our part to buy death at the dearest rate ; and we had some prospect of life at the end of the proposed trial.'

"It was no wonder, after all, that there was some difficulty about trying ; for since then I have seen the place again, and I can truly say, that if we had had light at the time, to see the holes into which we had to creep, I scarcely think we would have ventured to go. But see how good God was ! We grieved when our lights went out ; but God put them out in mercy, that we might not fear to enter into the narrow places for our life. The loss of our light was just the means of our life.

"So it was agreed that three should make a trial, and the rest follow half-an-hour afterwards. The three appointed to go were, Andrew Bennett, Peter James, and George Pride. But they would not go without me ; so of course four were sent away. Half-an-hour was allowed for removing the obstacles in the way, and making a clear passage. So we four went on till we came to the water's edge. Then we sat down, and prayer was offered to the prayer-hearing God.

"After this, we went into the water. At our very first entrance, we crept on our bellies for perhaps four or five yards ; so low was the roof, and all in the dark. The roof had sitten down where we crept, and the water was floating round our mouths ; so that we had to turn the backs of our heads round, to keep our mouths out of the water. We pressed on and on, however, and with a little more comfort, occasionally being able, with tolerable ease, to keep our feet. But soon we came to a broad flag-stone. On this, Bennett and James called back, that if they did not get picks, they could proceed no further, for they had got a stone here which lay across the whole way. Well, we had had the good presence of mind the day before to leave two picks on the dry ground, a little distant from the water. So George Pride and I returned and found them, and carried them to Bennett and James, and they were enabled to remove the flag in a very short time. Just as they got the flag removed, the back parties were making an advance : but they had to stop a little till we were ready. So, all things being clear for the

march, we proceeded onward, every one following the other, and always naming each other aloud as we marched on in our journey, to see if all were on the move. We continued thus on our march, till we met with another disagreeable bit; but it was soon overcome. The rubbish had fallen down, and was raised above the level of the water; and the passage was very high. We soon surmounted it, however, creeping on our hands and feet. There was no water here, and we got through the rubbish, and marched on. After this we came to a place where we walked on our feet: but the water was very high—in some places higher, in some lower. It was sometimes up to our waists, at other times to our shoulders, touching even our chins; and the women had to hang by our necks, and just float and swim as they best might, for it would have drowned them, the young ones at least, to walk. We carried on, however, the best way we could, getting through the water: till we observed that we had left some of the party behind, and I waited till the last came forward.

“By this time I thought that George Pride had found the dry ground, and had escaped away with great joy to the pit mouth; for I cried several times to him, but received no answer. So when the rest came up, and were following me, as I thought, I moved up a road or avenue. But I soon found, to my dismay, that I was alone, and that I had gone wrong! I went over a mass of rubbish just twofold; the road became impassable with rubbish, and the air so extremely bad, that one of my ears gave a loud crack and a ring, and the streamers flew from my eyes, and there was excessive heat. Then, thought I, I am certainly wrong here! However, I must be as cool as possible, for I know there are two ways back—a right and a wrong; and I have heard of people's brains turning in such situations! So if my brain were to turn, and I took the one road instead of the other, I might just go back the way I had come, and be lost! With as much coolness of mind, then, as possible, I returned back, and, turning to the right hand, I again went to the shoulder in water; but at last I reached the dry ground. Then I began to feel the smell of sulphur and smoke;

and as I knew that a lamp hung constantly burning in the Dell pit to help the purity of the air, I thought it must be this that was causing the reek and smell, and that I now was indeed in the right way. This was the case: and so I immediately found myself just where we had so long desired to be—hard by the bottom of the Dell pit! And that, you may believe, was no small comfort unto me!

“To my great joy, the rest were all safe arrived before myself, nor had they missed me at the time; every one was so excited with his own case. For my own part, before I went up the Air-gate, I was like a lion for strength; but after I came out, I was weak enough. We found the air extremely bad; our sides blew the same as if we had been running a race, for want of breath; and that made us weak.

“However, we shouted up from the bottom of the pit, and to our great joy we were quickly heard and answered. A bucket was sent down; but, as we were so weakly, a man was sent down with it to help us. So the man descended about half way down the pit. To use his own words, however, he soon did not know whether he was coming down or going up, and he called to them to take him up, for he was not able to live in the air of the place. We who had come from the pit were able to stand it; but the man that had come from the fresh air was not able. So the bucket was again let down, and we were drawn up three at a time in order.”

Such was the simple narrative of Patrick Dyke, and such the issue of the fearful adventure which befell him. When it is borne in mind that he was a common working collier at the time, this history will be felt as a new proof of the truth of the Scripture declaration regarding spiritual things, that “*A good understanding have all they that observe these things.*” This was shown in the case of the colliers, by the wise and vigorous measures which, under circumstances of extraordinary difficulty, and with exemplary patience and a courageous dependence on the God of grace and of providence, they took for effecting their passage through the Dell Air-gate.

“So we reached the Dell pit head, and again saw

the pleasant light of day, about eight o'clock on the Sabbath morning; and my first words were, 'Glory to God in the highest, that I am once more on the earth safe alive!' And glory be to His Name I now say, and shall say to the end of my life!"

A practical remark of some value is forcibly suggested by one circumstance of this story, viz., the existence of an Air-gate between the two pits forming its scene, which became the means, and was the only means, of the escape of the colliers buried, while busied in their ordinary work. Would it not be well, if for protection against accidents, every coal district throughout the land were provided with similar openings? if—not between the pits of the same proprietor, but among the pits of the whole proprietors of a coal country—under-ground passages were established, that might, in every emergency, become places of refuge? if the mining regions below should everywhere be reticulated with intercommunications connecting with one another, and, at intervals, with the surface of the ground? Surely it would. But if such an arrangement would be good even for its remedial effect on occasions of comparatively rare occurrence, how infinitely greater would its value be in regard to the every day and every night concern of fresh air? Ventilation is a thing just about as important as it is little understood, in regard to our houses and public places above ground: but under ground, it is the very life of the people who there ply their unremitting daily and nightly tasks. That it is little attended to in these regions, the statistics of collier life, with its "black spit" and its narrow span, but too fatally prove. In many collieries, the majority of the workers die of the species of consumption known as the "black spit," and the average of their life is not much above fifty. The continual inhalation of vitiated air, polluted by re-breathing, as well as by the constant gunpowder blastings, which charge it with sulphur, is the leading cause of this melancholy fact. By means of an extensive system of underground communications, spread like a net-work over the buried country below, there might be such an infusion of fresh air as would greatly relieve the evil, if it did not radically

cure it. With the progress of science and the growth of a benevolent spirit, it is possible that a systematic regard may yet come to be paid to this.

Surely it was a great blessing to the people below that there was a man among them who could lead them to holy thoughts, and preserve them from that recklessness of despondency, either of which would have been their destruction! Surely to himself and to his comrades it was a blessing indeed, that this man's memory had been stored with Scripture, becoming to them, in the hour of trial, a light shining in a dark place, a lamp to their feet and a light to their paths! 'Let others, then, be induced, and especially the young, to follow his example; and while sight and light are given, "while the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars be not darkened," to store their minds richly with the Word of God. It may not be the lot of many, like these poor people, to be buried alive in the depths of the earth. But it may be the lot of all, and it will be the lot of most, to be stretched on the beds of sickness, and to meet "the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and the grinders cease because they are few, and those that look out of the windows be darkened;" and there are none, save the LORD's people at His coming, whose lot it shall not be to "stumble upon the dark mountains," and "to walk through the valley of the shadow of death." Then will the value be felt of a plentiful provision of Scripture promises; enabling the sufferer, under the guidance of the SPIRIT of God, "to lift up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees, and make straight paths for the feet;" bringing "the blind by a way that they know not," "and in paths that they have not known;" making "darkness light before them, and crooked things straight:" and causing them, though blind and in darkness, to "look for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God," which hath "no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it; for the glory of God doth lighten it, and the LAMB is the light thereof;" and where "they shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat," but they shall

ceaselessly say, with a loud voice, "Worthy is the LAMB that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and glory, and blessing," "Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the LAMB for ever and ever."

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### "WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

IN our own times, a habit prevails which Mr. Newland has told us, and truly, is a very bad one, the habit we mean of calling names! "What's in a name?" Very much indeed, as we might readily prove, if we were disposed to enter into the question at large. But we must content ourselves with a mere protest against the temper of the times, so manifest in Christian people, bandying about party names, as lightly as the feather is swept before the wind, and condemning each other, because of a name—not of their own choosing, but which the world has first coined, and then fastened upon them. It is so contrary to the spirit as well as the letter of the Divine Word, that we wonder how people can do it with that book in their hands. There is a name of which we are now justly proud—the name of Christian. This it is needless to add, was used as a term of reproach, and it may perhaps make some pause when they see how the early Christians fared at the hands of the heathen with reference to the name. We shall show this from the early writers.

JUSTIN MARTYR.—"A mere name should be regarded as neither good nor bad, without the actions implied in it. Although as regards our name, which is brought against us, we are the best of men; (*χρηστότατοι*, here playing on the name as Theophilus does *χρηστός* and *ἀχρηστός*.) But as we should consider it unjust, if found guilty, to claim acquittal on the ground of our name, so on the other hand, if we are found innocent as to the name we bear, and our manner of life and doctrines, it will be



your duty to beware lest if punishing the guiltless, ye incur the vengeance of justice. For neither praise nor blame can reasonably arise from a name, unless either good or bad can be proved by actions. For ye punish none that are accused among yourselves, until they are convicted; but ye receive the very name as an accusation against us, though as far as the name is concerned, ye should rather punish our accusers. For we are called Christians, but to hate what is good (τὸ χρηστὸν) is unjust. Again, if any one of the accused denies it, asserting that he is not a Christian, ye acquit him as if ye had no charge against him; but if he confesses, ye punish him for the confession; whereas ye ought to examine the life both of him who confessed, and him who denied, that it might be made manifest, what kind of man each was. (Apol. § 3.)

TATIAN also complains, that though a thief is not punished, because of the name charged against him, the Christians are hated and punished on mere prejudice, without any examination whatever. (Ad Græcos. § xliv.)

ATHENAGORAS.—Now, if any one can convict us of greater or lesser crimes, we do not deprecate punishment, but think it right that we endure the most severe and cruel. But if the accusation refer only to a name, (and at any rate what they bring against us at this day, is but the common and ignorant rumour of the people) it is your duty as great, humane, and wise rulers, to ward off by law any injury." After complaining that no sentence was passed upon others before conviction, though it was on them, and asserting that a mere name is neither in itself good nor bad, he adds—"we also demand the common right of all not to be hated and punished because we are Christians, (for what wrong doth the name cause us to commit?) but to be judged on the merits of the accusation brought against us, and to be acquitted if we refute them, or punished if we are convicted." (Leg. pro Christianis, § 2.)

TERTULLIAN also, in his usual style, writes: "If it is beyond doubt, that we are most guilty, why are we treated differently by the same judges to our fellows, i.e. criminals, since the same offence should be treated in

the same manner? Whatever we are accused of, when others are accused of the same, they use their own mouth, and hired advocates to establish their innocence. They have the liberty of answering, and disputing, since it is illegal for them to be condemned altogether undefended and unheard. But Christians alone are prevented speaking anything that may repel the accusation, defend the truth, and prevent the judge being unjust. All that is looked for, all that is necessary for public hatred is confession of a name, not investigation of the charge; whereas when ye take cognizance of any other criminal, ye are not led to pronounce sentence as soon as he has confessed to the name of a murderer, sacrilegious or incestuous person, or treason (to speak of our own terms) before you have first examined all the circumstances, the nature of the offence, place, manner, time, accomplices, and companions. . . . In our case alone ye are ashamed or unwilling to pronounce the names of our crimes. If Christian be the name of no crime, it is absurd that there should be crime in the name alone." And again. "Therefore, in innocent men, a name which is innocent also is hated." (Apol. § II. III.)

MINUCIUS FELIX confesses, that whilst he was yet a heathen, and practised at the bar, he thought no process of torturing examination too bad. His words are—"When I undertook to conduct the defence of sacrilegious or incestuous persons, or murderers, I did not think that these (Christians) ought to be heard at all; sometimes also I punished them more cruelly by pity than anger; in that I tortured confessors to escape death, by denying their names, employing in their case an unjust mode of examination, not to elicit the truth, but to compel them to falsehood. And if any weaker Christian, worn out and overcome by the torture, said that he was not one, I acquitted him, as if by abjuring the name he had in that act wiped out all his offences."

W. B. F.

## THE BOY BISHOP.

In the old times on the Feast of S. Nicolas the best boy of a Cathedral choir was chosen and invested with a sort of Episcopal dignity till the Feast of the Holy Innocents. The child Bishop could sing any part of the Divine office except the mass : a sermon by one in Gloucester Cathedral is still extant.

ON the feast of good S. Nicolas,  
The saint of the child-like heart ;  
A chorister young, from the choir among,  
Who to his God the soft strain sung,  
They set as a Bishop apart.

On the feast of good S. Nicolas,  
They chose him not for his voice,  
But him who forsook not the Holy Book,  
The pure in soul, and the simple in look,  
And the humble heart their choice.

On the feast of good S. Nicolas,  
He stood in his raiment fair ;  
By the Altar bright, with its tapers alight,  
In men's and the holy Angels' sight,  
The mitre was placed on his hair.

On the feast of the good S. Nicolas,  
At the Altar low he bowed,  
In his hand he took the pastoral crook,  
He read the words of the Holy Book,  
And the prayers he sang aloud.

Till the feast of the Holy Innocents,  
In alb, and amice, and stole,  
He knelt at the Altar, he chanted the Psalter,  
He intoned the verse, his lips did not falter,  
The choir replied in a roll.

Till the feast of the Holy Innocents  
The sermon aloud preached he ;  
Then his childish tone resounded alone  
In the grand old aisles of fair wrought stone ;  
And all listened attentively.

Till the feast of the Holy Innocents,  
He uttered the blessing of love ;  
When the ear has heard no sinful word,  
The soul springs up to the sky as a bird,  
And blessings brings down from above.

If before the feast of the Innocents  
 It chance that the boy should die  
 In the net in the deep, he lieth asleep,  
 For JESUS shelters His slumbering sheep,  
 When the enemy draweth nigh.

Then before the feast of the Innocents  
 His funeral mass was said;  
 The big bell was toll'd, and the organ roll'd,  
 They laid in his hand the crozier of gold,  
 And the mitre placed on his head.

On the feast of the Holy Innocents,  
 When JESUS judgeth the world,  
 The Bishop will rise, and his boyish eyes  
 Will gaze into the heaven which never dies,  
 When the heaven is unfurl'd.

On *that* feast of the Holy Innocents,  
 When JESUS cometh again,  
 He will wake from sleep, and gather as sheep,  
 All the boys who spotless their souls'-robes keep  
 In a glorious youthful train.

On that feast of the Holy Innocents,  
 Brighter his robes than before;  
 With a joyful song, his boyish throng,  
 Waving lilies will journey along,  
 And earth behold them no more.

S. B. G.

## CHISLEHURST CHURCH.

PERHAPS there are few villages within the range of ten miles round London so picturesque as Chislehurst in Kent. Its wide commons, its hilly views, extending over to the more distant parts of the county,—its shady trees and woods, offer peculiar attractions, as a retreat from the busy haunts of the Great City. But far beyond these in interest is its well-known village Church, cherished in the affections of all who have partaken in its services. We do not dwell on the history of its restoration from long neglect,—from high closet-pews and defaced chancel,—its unsightly galleries, one over the other, and roofs decayed. Sufficient to say that its present exterior fabric, and internal arrangement and decoration testify to the

well-directed zeal of its Pastor, and the reverential spirit of the parishioners.

We remember the day, when amongst other visitors from the neighbourhood, and from distant parts, we witnessed the imposing and solemn service of its re-consecration. That was indeed a most impressive and holy hour, when the present Archbishop of Canterbury, a large assemblage of Clergy, with the village choir, and crowds of rejoicing people entered in procession with a Hymn to the Glory of God, to Whose only worship it was to be dedicated.

Since that day Chislehurst Church has offered an example worthy of all imitation in its daily prayer,—Holy Communion every Sunday, and on Festivals. The Church is left open some hours every day: there the sorrowful and the penitent, or the thankful of heart, the poor, or the world-weary may go in by themselves for a few short minutes to kneel before God, and gather comfort from the great mystery of His Presence in His Own temple.

The early morning of March the 16th, 1857, was ushered into Chislehurst by that always-fearful cry of "Fire." Even before the most wakeful were awake, the beautiful spire of the Church was doomed to destruction. Some casual passer-by observed a small curl of smoke issuing from the top, and denoting mischief. Alarm was promptly given,—the news spread—and in an hour the majority of the parishioners were assembled in the Churchyard<sup>1</sup> to witness the imminent danger which threatened to overwhelm the whole Church so endeared to them by the fondest associations. Messengers had been despatched for several neighbouring fire-engines: in the meantime all united heart and hand to do their best: whilst some carried out the altar and other furniture of the Church, the records in the vestry, and everything that was moveable, a quiet and orderly chain of men was arranged outside to hand on buckets of water

<sup>1</sup> This Churchyard is a model of affectionate respect for the departed. It is planted throughout with various specimens of scarce cypress and pine, and other evergreens: every humble turf that covers the mortal remains of the poor is cared for: many beautiful crosses, and small ornamental headstones begin to supersede those large ugly upright slabs, which like white ghosts disfigure English receptacles of the dead.

from some pumps, which were near, to the ladders, and from thence to the roof. There a body of the most zealous, with the Rector at their head, kept down the sparks and splinters of lighted wood that fell upon it.

Before the engines could arrive the whole spire was a blaze of flame, which quickly consumed the light covering of wooden shingles; and then the oaken framework, and cross-beams, were exposed to view, like a glaring giant skeleton, enveloped in fire. It was a beautiful though fearful sight: until all at once, in a most remarkable and Providential manner, the supporting rafters having given way, the whole fabric of the spire dropped, or as it were slid down, into the ancient tower, and was buried within its massive walls. Not a single beam fell outside, which was an unlooked-for mercy; for had only one gone upon the roof, the whole Church might have been destroyed. Then the engines arrived; and the wells of water, which are not deep, just afforded a sufficient supply to saturate the blazing timbers at the bottom of the tower; in another quarter of an hour the water would have been exhausted.<sup>1</sup> By half-past ten o'clock all danger was over; and at twelve the Rector, —the Rev. Francis H. Murray,—assembled the people in the body of the Church, which was altogether untouched, to offer up their thanksgiving and praise to Almighty God, Who had mercifully spared the Sanctuary.<sup>2</sup>

We understand that the Church was well insured, so that the loss will not fall heavily upon the parishioners, and that the Office, desirous to mark the zeal and care shown in subduing the fire, has fully met the claim made upon it. We learn also that it is in contemplation to restore the spire much in its original character with some necessary improvements. The clock and bells were destroyed, but we hope to hear as joyful a peal very soon again from the tower of Chislehurst Church, as it was our pleasure once to have heard on the day of the consecration of the Church.

<sup>1</sup> It was much observed that the high wind of the previous day had mercifully changed and lulled during the night, or nothing could have saved the whole building.

<sup>2</sup> The cause of the fire, which began among the bells, still remains a mystery.

## BISHOP GESTE.

NEXT to the due transmission of the Apostolic Orders, no note of God's Church is more important than an orthodox ritual, whereby she outwardly expresses and constantly sets before her people that faith and those holy truths once for all delivered and handed down from the foundation, built on the teaching of the Church's great and unerring Founder. That the three Creeds contain the substance of this we are all agreed; that many other parts of our Prayer Book are in full accordance with antiquity we cannot but allow; but we can affirm, that at no period has this character been so vindicated and established on behalf of the Articles and some other disputed portions of the Prayer Book, as during the later controversies that have arisen in our Church. Many effects of these controversies we must and do deplore. We regret that the mysteries of our Faith should have been handled and bandied about with fearful irreverence in newspapers and periodicals of all shades of indifference and unbelief; we regret that they should have been treated with scarcely less of hasty indifference in the highest quarters, and in those courts where English evenhanded justice was wont to be administered. These and many other subjects of regret we have felt, and deeply, but yet we can rejoice, ay, and give thanks in spite of all, for the good results may surely be said to be most important. The clear, well-reasoned, and most convincing array of learning and profound research called forth during the last ten years by these questions will be of infinite value to the Church for many generations. They will prove that an orthodox interpretation, and one in full accordance with Holy Scriptures and the teaching of the ancient Church, is the one most agreeable to our Church of England Prayer Book; and that God's everlasting truth has not been added to or taken from.

And shall we then forget and think but little of those who in the troublous times, (ay, in times, the difficulty

and perplexity of which we can scarcely form an idea of in our day), vindicated and gained this inheritance for us? Shall we in our hasty zeal and more showy and forward knowledge judge these men? Let us well consider the excessive difficulty of their work, under the circumstances in which they were placed; one's chief wonder is that they accomplished so much. One party clamoured for the right of all to take the Bible and make a new religion from it suited to each individual taste, and cared no more for true Catholic antiquity than they did for the plain words of Holy Writ when they crossed their prejudices. The other, at one time, denied the right or capability of any national Church to set about its reform, declaring, that, if it did so or hesitated to endorse all modern additions to the ancient Faith, it would cut itself off as a branch of the Catholic Church; then, finding this fail, they sent teachers to preach all strange doctrines that the true faith might be so mixed up as to be all but destroyed; and both these sides hesitated not to use the sword when it was in their power; but spite of all, we find that the Church of England still held her belief in "one Catholic and Apostolic Church," and that she did no more by the Reformation take from herself the character of a true branch of the Church, than did S. Cyprian or S. Hilary cut themselves off from the Church, when they resisted the claims of the Roman Pontiff.

In this good work the name of Bishop Geste stands boldly out; and as his letter to Cecil, which we print entire, (wherein he acknowledges that he penned the 28th Article) is so important a document and so lately discovered, a few words about him (for which there are but scanty materials) may be interesting to all our readers.

He was born in 1514, the early part of Henry VIII.'s reign, at North Allerton, Yorkshire, and was first sent to the Grammar School at York, and thence to Eton, (then in the end of its first century,) till 1536—7. In due time he obtained a Scholarship in King's College, Cambridge. He became a Fellow, and took the degrees of B.D. and D.D. He became the Provost of King's in 1544. Strype and Wheatley, and indeed all the writers who name him, acknowledge his great learning, and also



his piety; and for many years he laid up in store that learning which he was soon called on to wield, both at Cambridge and at Westminster. His first controversial work was published in 1548, and was "A Treatise against the private Masse in the behalf and furtherance of the most Holy Communion." In this work many parts show that the author never for one instant imagined he was writing against the true and real Presence of our LORD in the Sacrament; for instance, he says, "I beg thee by the precious death of our only SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST, embrace, love, and frequent only the most sacred Communion, CHRIST's own ordinance, the true Masse, the true Sacrament exhibitiv of CHRIST's Body and Blood, the very ghostly nourishment and foode, both of our bodies and souls, unto life everlasting." This pamphlet or book is reprinted entire, in the "Life of Bishop Guest," published by Pickering: it is, however, difficult to read, on account of the quaint spelling. The editor of that life falls into the very common error of thinking that Geste wrote against any real presence of our LORD in the Sacrament, when he was only combating the carnal and sensual way of expressing it, that had grown but too common in his day. His other works are: "A Letter to Sir William Cecil, about the new Service Book and Ceremonies and Usages;" "A Sermon before Queen Elizabeth;" "Letter to Parker, about the translation of the Bible;" "Translation of the Psalms;" "Answer to the Puritans about wearing the dress of Priests as of old."

No doubt the author of such works as these could not be long in those days before he was in the thickest of the controversies then raging. The whole of England, and indeed Europe, was involved and interested in the great events and stirring questions then raised.

Luther, with his disregard of due authority,—Henry VIII. with his undue regard for his own authority and self-will,—were dead, and the whole question became of a somewhat different character. The "Bible only" was not the principle of Geste, and most of the Commissioners then appointed. They had a regard for the ancient Fathers, both in discipline and doctrine, and were not ready, (as

unfortunately so many others were and are), to sacrifice all that did not fit in with their own private judgment. Geste was one of the few licensed to preach during Edward VI.'s life.

Through the reign of Mary, Geste was in England, though deprived, and living in secret. Strype tells us that his companion in concealment was Bullingham, afterwards Bishop of Lincoln: their place of habitation was very often changed to avoid apprehension, till 1558, when Queen Elizabeth's accession once more changed the aspect of things. He then became Chaplain to Archbishop Parker, and Archdeacon of Canterbury, and sat at the Westminster Conference. Afterwards, by the appointment of Sir William Cecil, and owing to the bad health of Archbishop Parker, Geste had much share in revising Edward VI.'s Service Book; and the Letter mentioned above among his works was written to explain his arrangement of the Book.

Soon after this, Geste was consecrated by Archbishop Parker, in Lambeth Chapel, Bishop of Rochester; and before long he was made Almoner to the Queen. He appears to have worked as well as written much, for the retention of the proper priests' dresses, position and arrangement of chancels, &c., and wrote a reply to the objections by the Puritans to all priests' vestments; and very many finding that they could not carry their point, on this ground of vestments only, separated themselves from the Church, and formed the beginning of many Dissenting congregations.

There is no doubt that at this time the "uses" throughout England were of every variety of order and disorder: we find in the complaints made to Bishop Geste and others, that chancels, lecterns, altars, surplices, chalices, fonts, &c., were all disused, and the most rigid Puritans regarded them with horror. Their protest was listened to and considered, but it was not at all the intention of those in authority to give up the outward and visible, and most needful teaching, implied by these and such like ornaments. Geste's reply will repay perusal. In substance he says that all priests' apparel shall be *new* made; and this will suffice those

who consider it to have been used for superstition: and if it be replied, he says, that priests' apparel is such in fashion as hath been used, and therefore ought not to be worn, I say from S. Paul, that meat that *hath not* been offered to idols is the same in kind as meat that *hath* been offered to idols, but you will not say that therefore meat ought not to be eaten. He goes on to warn them that the liberty of the Gospel allows the wearing, and that they should suffer themselves to be better taught and amended therein, they that be offended at the wearing of these apparels take the offence, and the wearers give none.

Geste was one of those who could not see that a return to the ancient doctrines of the Church involved the sweeping away of all the ornaments and vestments that had been almost universal for ages, and indeed they had doubtless been used without superstition by very many whose memory all England delights to honour. Dean Colet, the noble founder of S. Paul's school, in his will left several altar-cloths and vestments to churches; and his biographers delight to tell us that he was a Reformer before the Reformation.

In 1564 Geste attended her majesty as almoner at Cambridge, and in 1571 he was translated to the bishopric of Salisbury, which he only held five years, dying in 1576. By his will he left money to all the poor of Salisbury, and all his books to the Cathedral Library of that city, and tokens of remembrance to all who had been his chaplains. He was buried in the choir of the cathedral, close to the remains of Jewel his predecessor. The monument of Bishop Geste is a square stone, of Purbeck marble, and close by a brass effigy of the bishop.

We learn from contemporary historians that from his youth Bishop Geste applied himself to the acquiring of theological, classical, moral, and scholastic learning; that he was ever devoted to his sacred calling; that in his private life he was virtuous, amiable, and gentle. A life of this bishop, from authentic sources, is still a desideratum; a life that will show us, not merely a prejudiced one-sided view, but a true and liberal judgment of one who lived through perhaps the most trying times of English history.

The Letter to Sir. Wm. Cecil, is as follows :

*The Letter of Geste, Bishop of Rochester, who penned Art. XXVIII. to Cecil, Secretary to Queen Elizabeth, &c. 22nd December, 1566. From the original in the State Paper Office.*

" Greeting in ye Lord.

" Right Honourable—I am verye sorrye yt you are so sicke, God make you whole, as it is my desyer and prayer. I wold have seen you er this, accordinge to my duetye and good will, but when I sent to knowe whether I might see you it was often answered yt you were not to be spoken with.

" I suppose you have hard how ye Bisshop of Glocestre [*i.e.* Cheney] found him selue greeved with ye plasyng of this aduerbe *onely* in this article, 'The body of CHRIST is gyven taken and eaten in the Supper after an heavenly and spirituall maner *onely*' bycause it did take awaye ye presence of CHRISTIS Bodye in the Sacrament, and prively noted me to take his part therein, and yeasterdaye in myn absence more playnely vouched me for ye same. Whereas betwene him and me, I told him plainelye that this word *onelye* in the foresaied Article did not exclude ye presence of CHRISTIS Body from the Sacrament, but *onely* ye GROSSNES AND SENSIBLENES in ye receavinge thereof: For I saied vnto him *though he tooke Christis Bodye in his hand, receaved it with his mouthe, and that corporally naturally reallye substantially and carnally as ye doctors doo write, yet did he not for all that see it, feale it, smell it, nor tast it.* And therefore I told him I wold speake against him herein, and ye rather bycause YE ARTICLE WAS OF MYN OWN PENNYNGE. And yet I wold not for all that denye thereby any thing that I had spoken for ye presence. And this was the some of our talke.

" And this that I saied is so true by all sortes of men that even D. Hardinge writeth the same as it appeareth most evidently by his wordes reported in the Busshoppe of Salisburie's [*Jewel's*] booke pagina 325, wich be thees: 'Then ye may saye yt in ye Sacrament His very Body is present yea really that is to saye, in deede, substantially that is in substance, and corporally carnally and naturally, by ye wich words is ment that His verye Bodye His very flesh and His very humane nature is there not after corporall carnall or naturall wise, but invisibly unspeakeably supernaturally spiritually divinely and by waye unto Him *onlye* knowen.' " [The extract is here taken from *Jewel's* controversy with M. Harding, Art. v., Divis. v., p. 445, ed. P. S.]

" This I thought good to write to your honour for myn own purgation. The Almightye God in CHRIST restore you to your old health, and longe kepe you in ye same with encrease of vertue and honour.

" Yours whole to his poore powr

" EDM. ROFFEN."

" To ye right honourable and his singler good friend  
Sir Willm Cecill Knight Principall Secretaire to  
ye Queens Ma<sup>tye</sup>."

## Church News.

THE news of the death of Dr. Weeks, the late Bishop of Sierra Leone, was brought by the last African Mail. The departed Bishop was only some two months longer in his Diocese than poor Vidal, his predecessor. He, however, showed during that time the same practical working spirit he had manifested whilst in England, having established a native ministry, and ordained seven native catechists as deacons, in Sierra Leone, and four in Abbeokuta.

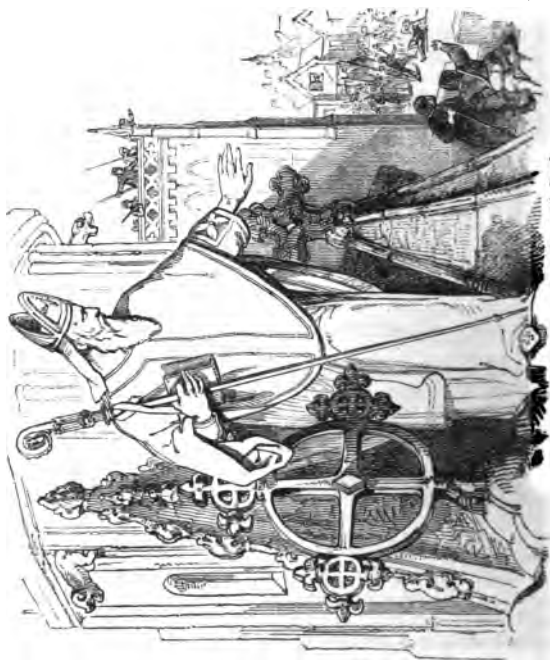
The first of May was the scene (as usual) of great rejoicing at Arley Hall, Northwich, Cheshire. Few men have done more for their tenants, or shown a more real appreciation of the duties of landlord and master, than R. E. Warburton, the generous squire of Arley Hall. The noble chapel which he raised at his own expense some few years ago, is, we are glad to hear, about to be enlarged for the further accommodation of the tenants and labourers on the estate. It is an architectural gem, and its services are conducted with simplicity and beauty, the choir of boys being admirably trained, and properly educated. The crowning of the May Queen on the 1st of May, an old custom still kept up, gave the opportunity for gathering together a happy band of old and young. The choristers sang some appropriate measures. Games and sports were enjoyed on the lawn. A good repast was also provided, and all returned home happy and cheerful, and none the less delighted because the squire and his wife had joined them in their sports.

The May Meetings have presented no great feature this year except the dulness of the speeches. There is some new life wanted: an infusion, at all events, of fresh blood, would do no harm; though we should have thought even those who have for twenty or thirty seasons appeared at Exeter Hall, might have contrived something worth hearing, on such grand occasions. The Bishop of Oxford's speech at the Westminster Branch of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel seems about the most notable.

Church restoration progresses. Many of our readers no doubt remember Iffley Church, Oxon, and the fact of the great and effective restorations that were effected some years ago. These are being further carried out. The fine Norman west doorway has been opened, and the circular window over it restored. The glass is from Hardman's. The design is a dove with seven rays descending in the direction of the font underneath, accompanied on each side by two angels. The window has been restored by the Rector, the Rev. Acton Warburton, in memory of his brother Eliot, who was lost in the *Amazon*, in 1852.

The work at S. John's, Glastonbury, is going on well. Various discoveries have been made. The pillars in the nave are found to have been built on the basis of the old Norman pillars of a former structure, and there are the remains of the old foundation of a tower, occupying the middle of the present transept. It is also conjectured from the colour of the freestone, that the edifice to which they belonged was destroyed by fire.





3. Abbas on the Towers of Midgnetia at Astrabad.

**THE**

# **Churchman's Companion.**

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**VOL. XXII.—MDCCCLVII.**

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PART CXXVII. VOL. XXII.]

[JULY, 1887.]

UNA; A DOUBLE STORY.

PART III.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"Lonely? nay! I am not lonely!  
When the friends that once were nearest,  
Distant now, but still the dearest,  
Greet me from afar!"

"FLORENCE."

"All right, well?"

"Why, I told mamma, to see how it sounded."

"Well; was she annoyed? how did she take it?"

"She just smiled as if it amused her, and said she supposed they had been left so much together Edith could not help it; oh, no, she was not a bit angry."

"It would not go down with Charlotte Auley very well, would it? I wonder what she would think?"

"You will be an immense blab if you go and tell her; she can't see the distinctions between her crotchety uncomfortable Miss Blaydon and our refined little Snow-drop. Flo, it is hardly fair to retail everything like that."

"Don't be in such a dreadful hurry, Rose, I shall wait and learn more for myself."

A year had just passed since Madame had first entered an unhonoured inmate of the Malfords' schoolroom. A year made an age of difference in the unripened tastes of the young ladies, and though they knew no more than they did then of Mildred's early history, they had caught

the prevailing infection. She had become, to a certain extent, a household treasure as in her other homes, and Edith nearest in age and strongest at first in repugnance, had leagued closest with her. In casual conversation Rose had overheard her wave the ceremonious title of *Madame* and address her as *Mildred*.

Their relative duties had been more linked than at the onset. Edith was grown up and about to take her place in society ; and almost ever since the confirmation in May to the end of September she and Mildred had managed matters conjointly for the household. Mr. and Mrs. Malford travelled for that period ; Willie went to school ; and Florence and Rose were carried off to Edinburgh to be under the safeguard of a prudent maiden aunt. Edith waited for the coming winter for her introduction ; and there were besides, at home, Annie, the two little boys, and charming little Muriel, of whose beauty and spirit as Annie's rival there could be but one opinion.

Mr. Malford was no longer curate of Calne ; it was endowed by Mr. Dudley's will as a separate parish, an incumbent appointed, and Mr. Malford presented to Oakridge. Edith's heart throbbed with a thousand speculations and surmises about their going ; no one imagined what the church and vicarage had become to her, or how the spirit of her brother's friend pervaded all with which she would have to do at Oakridge.

The removal was accomplished during the absence of Mrs. Malford ; rooms selected and appropriated by the two young managers, very much (as it turned out) in accordance with the wishes of the absent ; they got on wonderfully through that long quiet summer, yet Edith's inquisitiveness often overstepped its bounds ; she asked questions that banished the smile from the young widow's face, and sent her into silence and reserve. She had been with them now a year, and never talked of visiting her friends or going elsewhere ; her letters were as few as at the first, and invariably addressed Mildred Lyte. She was still dressed in plain rich black, still wore the same beautiful diamond guard-ring on her hand ; nothing changed outwardly ; and inwardly it was only that her

heart expanded to receive and cherish a new and different affection, the fresh warm love of one of her own sex.

Edith's letters to Lancy invariably glanced in some form or other at her friend. "Am I not truly constant in what you pertinaciously refused to believe anything but a new fancy?" she wrote: "If you desire your next to be welcome, tell me what you do know." But Lancy was impenetrable on the subject, and Edith was obliged to wait on, often impatient at the prolonged absence of her sisters, and as often drawn back into submission by the telling example at her side. If Edith allowed herself to murmur that her lot was dull and hard in comparison with others of her age and position, there was but a breath between her and the knowledge of a fate so severe that all hearts could not be attuned to accredit it—if Edith congratulated herself on the distance between her way and that of some who were forced to bear and brave the world and its coldness, Mildred could have disarmed her, saying, "I was even as thou." But Mildred loved her thoroughly, and could only bear to imagine sunshine on Edith's coming day.

There was yet much to fear for Edith. Pride, cold and calculating, though somewhat distanced, still followed her; she still looked as from a pinnacle on those whom God had placed in an outer circle; in her intercourse with the world this would be the ruin of her peace and of her Christian character if not subdued by strength of principle beforehand. Mildred always believed it would, for her self-discipline was almost severe, and her purity of intention kindred with her own.

It was again winter; Florence and Rose returned home more handsome and attractive than ever; the gauche countrified manners were polished—without rubbing off the simplicity they were improved. They brought home with them the good will of all whom they had met, besides a little gratifying flattery whispered aside in their papa's ear, that it was generally remarked that they were as well-looking, and well brought up girls as had been met a long time, and did great credit to their mother and governess. Mr. Malford repeated this in triumph one evening to his wife and Mildred in Edith's presence, adding,

"There, they made quite a sensation; a great deal more than somebody else will when she comes out legitimately."

Some men always consider the impression their speech may make, however innocent its meaning. Mr. Malford was not of this class. His wife contented herself with crying shame on such personal remarks, and Mildred's silence was a powerful disclaimer, but her eyes fell on Edith's face, which coloured to the brow, and she wondered if it were her own individual blindness that made her stand out against all deprecations of Edith's outward self.

Presently Annie entered with a large letter in her hand, so crossed and interlined with re-directions as to make it doubtful for whom it was intended.

"Felix brought this from Walden for you, Madame," she said, bringing it to Mildred; "it has been mislaid there; he is waiting for his lesson." Felix was her old Calne organ pupil. He had kept up his practice steadily, coming to Oakridge regularly twice a week for his lesson. With all her notions of punctuality she kept the lad waiting while she read her letter, whereby Edith argued that it must be an important one, but gathering nothing by the expression on her face, she determined to sound her about it afterwards.

Mildred went to the schoolroom to give the lesson as usual; there was more talking than ordinary when it was concluded, and Edith saw Felix pass down the passage looking very grave and thoughtful.

"Was he a very naughty boy to-night?" inquired a loving voice behind Mildred. She did not answer; even a quick earnest kiss had no effect.

"Have you had bad news, dear Mildred?" Edith still leaned on the back of the chair.

"I have lost a friend; he has gone home safely; we should not call this bad tidings."

"Was it one you loved very much? you have not many friends, have you?"

"Not many." The words came slowly. "Edith, should we thank him or regret? it was through him I had to come here."

"You *had* to come!" Edith spoke petulantly, she was sorely tried, but the strong tide did not understand a

check, and her love once fixed was very faithful. "So many, many times," she said, playing with the thick roll of Mildred's hair, not venturing to come round and confront her, "so many times I have almost begged it and you keep it back; will it always be so?"

"Will it be how?" Mildred did not, or affected not, to understand, and for the very indifference Edith plied her again.

"Only say once that you care for me, and then I might comfort you."

"Do you know that I need comfort?" Mildred's coldest, most repulsive manner was upon her, though all unmeant. Again Edith was chilled, but only for a moment: she bent her head and whispered almost by intuition,

"Oh! might we all our lineage prove,  
Give and forgive, do good, and love,  
By soft endearments in kind strife,  
Lightening the load of daily life!"

"Is that heart-prompted?" inquired Mildred, changing her tone.

"All my feelings towards you are genuine, if you would not always treat me as an intruder. I know you have some great trouble, and are very lonely: would it never 'lighten the daily load' to speak of it?"

Mildred looked thoughtful again, and ran her fingers over the piano which Felix had just left.

"If we could stand on common ground," she said, "I might begin to-night; but my lost friend was only a musician, and high and mighty Edith does not sympathise with such."

It was a cutting, even a cruel speech; the fast brimming eyes of her auditor smote Mildred, but Edith bore the accusation as the meed of past sins, and listened without retaliating.

"I told Felix about him," pursued Mildred, as if she owned herself not at all amenable for the effect of her words, "and he was very interested: it is a melancholy story."

Edith sighed disconsolately: "It must be my own fault



if Widow Brown's son is worthy of a confidence you refuse me."

"If I could be sure that you would not feel condescending—"

"O Madame, do you know how you are humbling me in my own eyes!" She gained her point, and won the portal of admission to the quiet heart.

Edith sat on an arm of the chair, Mildred's head rested against her, while she looked steadily into the decaying fire and told the story.

It was long and somewhat melancholy. Beginning with the earliest days of the great Mandelhold, when through the pride of family and high birth the strivings of his mighty genius were crushed and fettered for a while; then on to the time when the towering spirit was fostered and stimulated in the noblest acts.

She touched upon the charity and magnanimity of his disposition, told how unity of purpose combined with holy zeal achieved success in all he undertook; and sketched half in figure the glorious work to which he long devoted the offerings to his fame; and finished, by reading parts of his widow's touching letter of the long two years' decline, of the strivings against hope to bring forth the many unfulfilled aspirations, then of the calm sinking in the beauty of an early prime, of a sun as brief and brilliant as ever swept from the horizon.

There was a silence as she folded up the letter: Edith broke it, saying, "your story makes him rather a very good than a very great one."

"Such was the purpose and aim of his life."

"Did you ever hear him play? was he really one of your friends? do we know any of his compositions?"

"Yes, to all three questions," replied Mildred, adding, "his music is not of the style ever to get vulgarly popular, but we are likely to hear much more of him now than while he lived: it is an English characteristic to devote enthusiastic honours to genius—after death."

"Was he much in England?"

"Twice, I believe."

Mildred went to her desk and brought out a folded column of the *Times*.

"I will read to you of him at length here," she said; "it was cut out and sent to me two or three weeks ago."

"Do you know," said Edith, interrupting the account, "Do you know it must be the same Lancy heard when he went to stay in Germany with the De Lancys a long time ago: I remember his mentioning in his letters some great composer whom all the world and himself were wild about; it must be the same."

"I should think most likely;" and Mildred resumed her seat, her head leaning once more against Edith, while Edith vouchsafed a wondering interest in all that short extract told.

"I wonder, madame, you never talked of such a famous friend: two or three such would make up for a score on the common average; yet wait, the most interesting point is not solved yet; how came he to have anything to do with your coming here?"

"I shall try you," answered Mildred, playfully, "at present you must rest content with the simple declaration; to explain into the minutiae is not in my power."

The decided twinge of disapprobation was still Edith's; but Mildred in her own assuring way against which there was no resisting, promised that some day she would hear all without restriction.

"And why not now?"

"Because just now our paths in life blend and go together; some day, perhaps ere long, there will be a world-wide difference, and we shall be no more to each other than we were two years—or, shall I say one year—ago."

"Say whatever you please, Mildred: you seem to-night to find pleasure in cruel speeches. Do you know though, I am nearly a woman, and may begin to have a thought on such matters? I will never have a home of my own, that is not large enough and nice enough for you also."

"Thank you for it, now, dear Edith; but you are young enough to change your mind, if circumstances should not change your plan: we will make a compact; you shall hear this tale of mine when I come to be your guest in the pleasant home you picture."

"It might be too long to wait till then."

Edith jumped off her seat, for the church clock struck

eight, and she still heard the little boys their evening prayers with a stability that did credit to the training of the last twelve months.

Mildred did not move: the quarter and the half-hour chimed unheeded. She sat by the low fire gone back in memory to her home in the foreign land, to the music and the song, to her father's dying hours, and her own buoyant Cyril. The letter on her knee was full of him: it asked of Mildred sympathy for the widow's lot, with a prayer that from her it might be long averted, with no dream that on her that lot had fallen for more than two long years. The letter was wet with many tears before she put it by, and rose to join the family.

Such recurrences tried and almost crushed her. She could bear the common weight of care that met her in the onerous duties of her post; could bear to hold in the eyes of all but the most intimate of the Malfords' friends the qualified position of a governess, because in all these there were no associations; but these precious reawakenings in the unpartaken blank and humdrum of the present, tested all her heroism.

She had told Edith only truth in saying that Hert Mandelheld was the cause, though the indirect one, of her coming to the Malfords'. The same busy tongue that had spread a scandal against her once before had kept fresh its malignity, and watched a second opportunity when the missile should not fall harmless. This time it whispered to the proud and prejudiced Lytes, the custom of her ways in Kaerlamen as a public singer, as one who by her connection lowered the dignity of the family, and brought an unworthy succession to Lytehurst: it suggested the invalidity of her marriage, and respectfully pointed to the heir-at-law.

Cyril's predecessor at St. Aidan's, the Bishop, was the only one of all the Lytes who stood out against this unheard-of persecution. He had never seen Mildred, of course, but he had corresponded regularly with her since her husband's death; and when he came to England, and through her agency, even to Oakridge, the main object of seeing her was frustrated by an act of charity to a humble schoolmistress. It was a keen disappointment at the

time; none but Margaret Dudley knew how keen, the missing a long-treasured hope never likely to be realised again, of talking with one who had known her husband from his childhood,—who had with her a common interest in everything concerning his old parish, and who, while Cyril ministered, had watched them from afar with a parental guardianship. It began to feel as though, by an immutable decree, all her real friends were eluding her: Cyril's mother was placed in a position that forbade frequent intercourse, the bishop was gone back to his distant see, and Henry Maxwell's manly heart denied itself the charm of her presence.

For the first few months of widowhood she was comparatively happy in her seclusion at Morden, with her child: for the next few months health and courage completely failed; her sense became dull to everything but the vivid misery of her misfortune.

The lily drooped then. All excitement had gone by; the re-action had subsided: her husband slept in his distant grave, her baby played in the arms of strangers; her fingers refused her the solace of the gift that had cost her so much, and her heart ached for the echo of some word or tone of her lost one.

Her praying and her watching, her days and nights, had lost the life that buoyed and shared them; she had never been alone before. At Maveryn loving loyal hearts beat unison to her gleeful ways; and when she was married and separated, she still had Cyril in thought and spirit with her, and her father making her the idol of each moment.

This utter alienation from her own people was too much at first, and ever and anon her thoughts would wend to cousin Agnes or the bishop, and a new world, where she might begin life again, and leave this in all its spirit beauty to dwell on only for a rest; but it would not do while one living tie was left her.

She drooped: appearing less and less among the household at Morden, and waking many an anxiety in the minds of the dean and his inexperienced daughters. She had risen above her own griefs at first to console and comfort his mother and Henry; but now the Healing

Hand came slowly to restore; and she lay on her sofa for three months very white and very thin. No one would have known her had they taken her as it was threatened, home to Maveryn for change and setting up,—she, who used to be the fleetest and merriest in all the parish: but the proposition to go there pained her so much that it was set aside again, and the work was left to time, and Mildred in her heart added, to patience, and hope, and above all to the mercy which sustained her in her feebleness and sorrows. Spring came, and she gave signs of reviving; and a visit to her baby, that all had dreaded, re-animated her, and drew her back to active life.

She asked for occupation. Dr. Bouverie, never failing in resources, made her a visitor in an establishment of mercy, which he mainly supported, and which was not far from the deanery. At first he was afraid he had wrought a dangerous cure for her; her sympathies were thrown heartily into the work, and won the affection of all the sisters. She forgot there the troubles that assailed her outward way, and sought to be fitted for dwelling permanently there.

Again, the dean refused. He said it was a blessed portion, that of redeeming the fallen, and recalling the wanderers; but she must not ask it for herself, it was a stepping-stone for her to more imperative duties.

Mildred yielded to necessity. She was very useful while she worked there; raising the spirits of the desponding, and heightening the zest of those who hoped and waited; no wonder Margaret Dudley should have greeted her with such respectful love when they met at Calne. Margaret was one of the sisters there at the time Mildred came among them, and before she was removed from temporary intercourse they were fast friends; friends, not in the acceptance of the term in which Edith and Mildred held it, yet bound together in one common service, pilgrims together in the same pathway.

From Morden Mildred went to stay with the De Lancys, and as it was vacation time Henry met her there. He was enraged at the change the wearing trial had wrought; the transparent beauty of a complexion

neither sun nor climate ever sullied had been stolen in her illness, and the soft gloss of her bright hair returned not when the widow's cap no longer held it hidden. Agnes Maxwell might have passed her by without a second look. They nursed her well at the De Lancys', theirs was a quiet house in Sussex, independent of all associations to her, and full of comfort and kind hearts, and they won back sometimes something of the bright look of old when they talked at first cautiously, but afterwards unreservedly of the past; the truth was that her heart was breaking with its untouched hoard, and they had the clue whereby to lighten it and temper it to coming exigencies. She stayed with them until her introduction to the Malfords in a difficult and adventurous capacity. To be amongst young children was what she needed, to divert her from her own child-loss; many a plan was mooted, many a scheme set on foot by her untiring friends, until the requirements at the Malfords' appeared to tally exactly with hers. The Colonel went to stand sponsor for little Muriel, and then and there settled for her becoming an inmate of the Parsonage.

How the arrangement succeeded so far we have seen; the presence of the little children smoothed the warped edges of her fate; the elder ones unrolled the more thoughtful pages and learned unconsciously the power and dignity of suffering.

## CHAPTER XXV.

"But here—as ever in life's cup of parting—  
Their's is the bitterness who stay behind!"

Edith Malford 'came out' at a grand ball at Chichely, at the Auleys'. Mr. Auley was a county member, and Chichely a noted house for grand balls and dinners.

Miss Charlotte champed a little, and was somewhat irate, that being minus her seventeenth year she could by no means keep pace with Edith: she consoled herself however on hearing the next morning from her mother

that Miss Malford had made no particular sensation, she had danced twice with Frederic, Charlotte's eldest brother, and about six times with some other people; but most of them knew her well, she was nothing fresh among them. This generous piece of maternal opinion reassured poor Charlotte, and she counted on her idle fingers how many months and weeks it really wanted until she should go to London and be presented, it was something to come out in London first; while Edith in all graceful simplicity, went home from the mazes of the largest dance she had ever seen very tired and very delighted, and as her mother laughingly observed sadly satisfied with dissipation.

The following week she went to dine at the Stauntons', and this gratified her almost as much as the dance.

The Stauntons at Netherley Court were a very old county family, and Roman Catholics. The present baronet and his wife were the first seceders from the Church of their ancestors; his widowed mother and two unmarried sisters lived with them: they kept a learned Italian chaplain, and had a chapel in the Court, and it was no uncommon event to meet at the same table the rector of the parish and some famed star of the other communion, whose name bore a strange affinity to one that had been known and recognised heretofore in a very different calling.

Edith was sent in to dinner with Frederic Auley, a youth who had very little to say for himself at the best of times, but her right hand neighbour gave her some interest; he was a guest of the elder branch of the Stauntons and dressed very handsomely, though in a garb she had never seen before. His manners were quiet but very fascinating, and he had the art of conversation in which Frederic Auley was decidedly wanting. He had brought in the dowager Lady Staunton, and Edith felt him to be a person of consequence; he had learned her name, her father's living, where and by whom she was being educated, and all that she had yet seen of the world at large, before the second course, and this not by any pumping, but at intervals, easily and casually.

Frederic Auley felt slighted at the monopoly, and ven-

tured to hint, in an under tone, that she should be wary of the Jesuit at her side. Edith was recalled to self-presence instantly, and allowed herself to be a listener only for a time. She was, as Frederic's refined sister would have expressed it, a 'little bored' at being paired with him; he would report to Charlotte everything she said or did, and Charlotte was Florence's friend, not hers, and one of those gossiping light-tongued girls who make everything go as far again when they retail it.

"Is your eldest brother at home?" was a question that roused her from her cogitations.

"No, he is a long way up the country with the Indian artillery; he left us not quite a year and a half since." Edith began to dislike the set look with which he regarded her, and grew uncomfortable though he was upon her favourite topic.

"Do you ever remember his mentioning the name of Maxwell among the officers of his acquaintance?"

"I think not; I am not sure, though Maxwell was the name of his tutor, I may be confusing him with my recollections of the name, I can ask mamma by and by."

"It is not important; pardon me if I have appeared intrusive." He had overheard young Auley's hint to her, and noticed her discomposure. She was rather glad to escape his attentions and queries; and then music and chat with Mr. Leigh, who came to her during the evening, drove all thoughts of the name of Maxwell quite out of her head, till she saw her interlocutor coming towards her.

She secured her mother and begged her to try and remember that she might satisfy the stranger and get quit of him; he stood now before her. "Didn't Lancy write some message to Mildred about a George Maxwell who had fallen fighting, to Madame, I mean," she added. Her mother smiled, "You are very speedy friends," she said, and her eye followed the stranger's inquisitive interested look to her daughter's sunny face. "I cannot remember that my son said more than that upon the subject," added Mrs. Malford politely. Edith was sorry to see a dissatisfied look upon his countenance, and was just trying to add something civil and conciliatory, when she



heard Josephine Staunton address him as Monsignore, and request him to come and settle a question about the antiquity of a set of tablets, which had been preserved in the family for generations. Edith was not sufficiently familiar with appellative titles to understand that this meant anything beyond an un-English one, and yet she felt convinced that he was no foreigner.

"It is no especial business of yours, my love," said her mother. "You will not care to canvass every fresh person you meet, when you have been out half a dozen times," added her father drowsily; "he is a friend of the Romish branch of Netherley, with whom we have nought to do."

Edith leaned back in the corner of the carriage with the certainty that society was delightful. Edith came to Mildred's room the next morning with a difficult passage in Faust to be construed for her; Mildred was not there, some one had seen her go away to the church about half an hour before, so Edith sat down by the writing table to wait, and to try once more to make sense of her lines. The blotting book lay open with a half written page upon it, which Edith thought was only a fragment of translation, and read before she well knew what she had been doing. "If he comes into the neighbourhood I shall be sure to hear of it, and will come at once to you; but my life is very retired here, and I think you need not fear for me."

She read no farther; a sense that it was something she ought not to be doing, made her turn away, and she went to the window. It looked over the yew hedge into the churchyard; she saw a little boy on a Shetland pony leading a horse up and down the road—it was little Frank Staunton she thought, and that probably Sir George had ridden over to call upon her father.

Mildred was some time before she came in, looking cold and trembling, and scarcely noticing Edith's presence until she came up to the window.

"O, Madame, I am waiting to tell and ask you something."

"Not just now, if you please;" and she took off her gloves; Edith's quick eye missed the diamond guard ring. "But, Mildred, I want to tell you, I have been reading

that bit of letter on your table, I hope it does not matter very much."

"Nothing matters just now," she said, in a low cold voice, "ask me about Faust another time, Edie," and in her unusual mood she put her cheek near Edith for a kiss.

"O yes, I did not mean to worry you now—only—are you very angry that I should have seen those few lines?"

"It does not signify," she said again, with more vivacity and attention, for the Shetland pony and the large horse with their respective riders were hidden among the oaks that led over the hill towards Netherley Court.

According to Edith's notion her mood changed suddenly, for she asked, "Whom did you meet at Netherley last night?"

"Mrs. Auley and Frederic, Mr. and Mrs. Leigh, and three gentlemen besides the padre, a Captain Courteney, a Mr. Bideau, and a Monsignore somebody, a foreign grandee, I expect, though he chose to talk a good deal to me."

"What could a foreign grandee have to say to you?"

"O, he talked plain English; he asked me about my brother, and a George Maxwell he mentioned in a message to you soon after you came here."

"Did you like him?"

"Pretty well; he was a gentlemanly person; old Lady Staunton made a lion of him. I should have liked him better if he had not stared at me so long before he spoke; and Frederic Auley frightened me by saying he was a jesuit."

"And what of Captain Courteney and the other people there?" Mildred inquired, to prevent her questions appearing too pointed.

"I do not know, I am very fastidious, for which you are in great part accountable, dear Mildred."

"If so, have a care; do not let it degenerate into prejudice, which is never pardoned in young girls."

Edith laughed. "You should go out with me, to keep me right." The answer was as playful:

"Now I set thee down, to try  
How thou canst walk alone."

"If I were as good-looking as Flo or Ro should you trust me without fidgeting?"

"Perhaps not; but that is not the question; go now, I have no time for argument, I must finish my letter before luncheon."

"Don't coop up here till luncheon time; this day week is Christmas Eve, we have oceans to do."

"I know, Dennis and I have been planning a little about the decorations at the church."

Edith vanished, the pen was resumed, the letter destroyed, and another four times the length of the original completed.

"In the interval of writing," she began, "I have met him whom I revered as my early friend, whom you designate my unprovoked enemy. He came designedly to see me, but we met alone in the church-yard this morning; tears filled his eyes when he looked into my face, and he spoke to me as tenderly as the last time on my marriage morning. I tried to be very cold and distant to him, and when he asked me where my child was, and how I bore my changed position, I could not answer him; I had to pray and smother up the anger that rose in my heart. I asked him to undo all the wrongs of the past, and he looked incredulous. I told him I was poor, almost dependent now, and he smiled as if it were a triumph to hear. I think I could not bear the risk of a second meeting, and he is to stay to the end of the week with his friends. May I come to you to-morrow night? you do not know how very hard it is to meet him in any other light than that in which I always knew and revered him. Will you send to meet the half-past eight train?"

The letter was closed, sealed, and directed to Dr. Benverie, Morden Deanery; then a small travelling trunk drawn from a closet and quickly, almost mechanically, packed. Mildred went again to the closet and opened a large cedar-lined portmanteau, from which she took a handsome furred cloak, one of Agnes Maxwell's very latest gifts to her; under it, in safe solitude lay Cyril's desk, which she had brought with her and never opened. She had a great inclination to take it with her, and look over its contents in the leisure of the Christmas holiday.

She opened it to put Madame Mandelhold's letter there, as belonging to the things of the past, when lying uppermost, the seal yet unbroken, was the second of those two that had come on the first morning of her widowhood. It was by some unmeant oversight that it had never been brought to light before. A letter, a treasure in itself now, from Herr Berthold Mandel, written from the palace at Kaerlamen, by order of the king, requesting her, the unknown English singer, to accept a set of pearls, and mentioning that they would be forwarded by his Majesty's ambassador and deposited at one of the London banking houses.

Two years and a half had passed, and by some mischance the letter had lain unopened, and the royal gift unknown and unacknowledged. Mildred fell into a fit of musing until the luncheon bell rang, and then she had to be called down. She felt the prudence of never having mixed up the past and present: it took her back so completely, as to cause her to forget for a time the cruel interview of the morning, very nearly her business with Mrs. Malford, when the juniors had left the dining-room.

"I shall be glad to go to-morrow, instead of next Wednesday," she said, abruptly, for an exquisite sense of the torture of delay was returning.

"But, my dear, this is a very sudden decision, there is such a grand evening in prospect at Netherley too; the notes came this morning: here is one for you."

Good Mrs. Malford did not understand her horror of the name of Netherley just now, of course: she said, "Oh, indeed; no, I cannot: I would rather not begin."

"Do you think it is right or good for you? Edith would value your going so much."

"I could not do it, it would only make it harder." Tears were gathering to the surface, but she was adroit at controlling them, and her voice steadied again for her to continue, "Our paths lie together now, but our positions are not the same: when I go into society again it must not be on a painful footing, different from before."

Mr. Malford came in, to ask if his wife had forgotten that they were to drive out that afternoon.

"I have not forgotten, but we are in the midst of a

little conference: can you send the carriage into Walden to-morrow, to meet the early express?"

"Certainly not, if madame means to desert us then."

"It is a new arrangement," answered Mildred. "I shall be glad to go to-morrow."

"Business, I am afraid—eh?" said Mr. Malford, gravely and kindly; "Annie, we must make up our minds if this is to be final."

"Was there ever a more inconsiderate man!" returned his wife; "it is far too abrupt for that: we should break the children's hearts with such a scheme."

"It must be a sair rainy day, come when it will; I thought it could be easier done at once."

"No, indeed, Edward: but that is just the way in which you men get over matters; madame and I intend to plan quite otherwise."

"Will you let Edith stay with me sometimes?" inquired Mildred.

"Why, you have been her true friend and our's; we must not be jealous of her exclusive preference: and what will my poor little Beauty do? you were her only compensation for Willie's absence."

"Beauty will fare no worse than the rest, I fear," said Mrs. Malford; "now, Edward, do go and counter-order the drive: the horses ought to rest for to-morrow, and we want to sit and chat."

Mr. Malford went discomfited, to order the carriage for half-past six to-morrow morning, but presently returned to compromise that his wife and Mildred should take a quiet drive in the pony chair. Mildred declined eagerly; she had no mind to be caught outside the doors again at present, so they sat and had their chat out until it was time for Beauty's music lesson.

Florence and Rose were at the afternoon class, and Edith was teaching her little brothers. The business of education was beginning to hold a secondary place with the young ladies. Sixteen, seventeen, and eighteen were respective ages, which with all the thorough application of late had begun to render them independent of extraneous assistance; this, coupled with their mother's almost re-established health, made it a question whether Mildred need remain longer. Her friends had sought it

merely as a restorative, and it began to be generally understood that the girls must look to their own resources. The law-suit on the disputed title to succession was expected to come on after Easter, and both Dr. Bouverie and Henry thought she ought to be at hand. How far the unexpected and undesired appearance of Mr. Maxwell on the scene of action might hasten or retard the decision, Mildred could not guess: she felt the crisis near, and forearm'd herself by prayer with resignation.

She had agreed to go to Lytehurst at Christmas, and to spend a few weeks at Morden, and the rencontre of this morning hastened her departure by a week. She must come back to gather together her belongings, and to make timely adieus; it might be therefore, (as they all hoped) nearly Easter before she left for good.

Edith and her sisters were much aggrieved when the news was told them after dinner, as they sat round the cosy evening fire, that madame was going, that Christmas decorations and Christmas festivities must get on, and be carried out without her, particularly as Edith wished to show her altered sense of right and wrong upon these subjects.

The year which had flown by so full of varied events had taught Edith Malford many a practical lesson; and above all, the need of Christian charity. Only one year since she had spoken and thought so unkindly about Margaret Dudley! she had lived a new life since then.

"You won't stay to welcome dear Willie! nor for Lance's next letter!" cried Beauty in a most injured tone: "well, that is too bad."

"Egregious, is it not, poor little Nan?" said her father, squeezing her round dimpled cheeks between his hands.

"If you please, papa, I don't choose to be called Nan, and I don't know what egregious means."

"Something very horrid, which cannot be helped," explained Rose.

"One week could scarcely make the difference to you that it will to us," said Florence.

"And, my dear, have you plenty of wraps? I dread the cold journey for you to-morrow so much," said Mrs. Malford.

"Then, mamma, keep her, do," said the saucy Edward, who was learning worsted work at his mother's elbow. Janet says it is very likely to snow, and the trains will be stopped, and she won't get home till morning."

"What is your station? when shall you arrive? shall you be there this time to-morrow?"

This time Mildred spoke.

"Farringdon, on the Great Western line, is where my rail journey ends; I shall be there about nine."

"Then you will be tired just about," said little Harry, who sat on her knee drawing likenesses.

"Most likely, Harry, as tired as Mr. Bredon's hounds after a whole day's run."

"I am going with you, if it does not snow; papa has promised," whispered Edith.

A look of unmingled delight was on both faces.

"May you not tell us in what sort of domicile to imagine you? are you going home? surely this is a fair question."

A thousand self-rebukings rose up in Edith's heart ere she had well asked it.

"No, we are waiting for our home, it is all so uncertain."

A pronoun in the plural! Edith jotted that down in her memory, and said, "I beg your pardon, I did not mean to forget, I am so sorry for you."

"Thank you, Edith; only do not pity me; you do not understand, and perhaps it will all come straight: do not guess."

"Shall you have left off black, and wear coloured dresses like mamma when you come home?" inquired Beauty innocently.

"Well, that is coming it a little strong, Ann, I must say," put in the loquacious Edward, and it saved a rebuke from her mother, and Mildred the difficulty of replying.

One and all were sorry to lose her, and often among themselves tried to make out her past and future; but if they could have dreamed that with all her outward placidity her young heart stirred with a mother's tenderest yearnings, that a decision for sorrow or for comfort was near

at hand, they would not have connived every possible scheme for keeping her longer, if not always with them.

They never knew how at first the soft baby-cry of little Muriel almost rent her heart; nor how as if by fascination all little children were won to love her,—how she had to hear communications from time to time of little infantine maladies, and never be at hand to lay a soothing finger on the baby pain—to learn that he could speak and walk, could say her name and papa without any distinct realization—they never knew all this, and yet she blessed them that they forbore to tease her.

“You will write to me often, Edith,” she said, as Edith leaned against the door of the railway carriage, having packed her up warmly to her heart’s content.

“Write! I should think I shall; there is no other consolation. I wish you would promise to answer every question.”

“You will have more to tell than to ask, if you are a good correspondent.”

“I shall try—oh, Mildred, good-bye, here comes the guard.”

“Good-bye, we are to meet again as we are parting, remember; it is the season of peace and good will,” and the tone was lowered,—no one else heard the “God bless you, Edith,” the same words, the same tone that breathed a blessing on that Whitsun morning; Edith recognised them—the door was slammed and locked, and the unceremonious express carried out of sight all that Edith Malford had ever loved out of her own family.

She found herself almost crying on her cold companionless drive home, arriving in time for breakfast; never was a longer day than that.

And Mildred leaned back and reflected; for uppermost in her thoughts was the unconscious beauty of expression in her young friend’s face. The fair regular features, the white even teeth, the lofty air—men will not long see that lighting loveliness, thought Mildred, and not awaken her knowledge of its possession, the time is coming, will she rise above it, or sink to the common level? she will do credit to the precepts she has imbibed, and there is a natural self-respect to uphold her. Fear not for Edith.



The train carried her on: there was the usual long stop for refreshment at Crewe, the entire change of line at Birmingham, but no incidental markings of the journey, and the lights flashed within and without the carriages, and she drew near and nearer to a warm fond welcome.

## LITANY FOR THE HOURS.<sup>1</sup>

ANOTHER hour has passed away,  
One is striking: let us pray:  
God is one, eternal, high,  
Sov'reign of the earth and sky.  
God of love, and Lord of light,  
May we worship Thee aright.

Another hour has passed away,  
Two is tolling: let us pray:  
Two the ways to mankind given,  
One of earth, and one of heaven.  
One is broad, the other strait,  
Lead us through the narrow gate!

Another hour has passed away,  
Three is tolling: let us pray:  
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
Worshipped by the heavenly host,  
Teach us how to honour Thee,  
Ever blessed TRINITY!

Another hour has passed away,  
Four is tolling: let us pray;  
Four the Gospels writ, to show  
How the SAVIOUR came below.  
May His sacred blood and tears  
Wash away our sins and fears!

Another hour has passed away,  
Five is tolling: let us pray;  
Five the loaves that Jesus gave,  
Suffering multitudes to save.  
Be our spirits by Him fed  
With the true, the living bread!

Another hour has passed away,  
Six is tolling: let us pray;  
Six the water-pots of stone,  
Stood with water filled alone.  
Thou who turnedst it into wine,  
Change our hearts to love divine!

Another hour has passed away,  
Seven is tolling: let us pray;  
Seven the deacons, sent to feed  
Christian brethren in their need.  
Give us open heart and hand,  
For the poor in all the land!

Another hour has passed away,  
Eight is tolling: let us pray;  
Eight beatitudes were spoken,  
Left us for a blessed token.  
SAVIOUR, smiling from above,  
Make us understand Thy love!

Another hour has passed away,  
Nine is tolling: let us pray;  
Nine ungrateful lepers healed,  
Turned away from God revealed.  
By Thy living grace renewed,  
Keep us from ingratitude!

Another hour has passed away,  
Ten is tolling: let us pray;  
God hath sent commandments ten  
To be kept by sinful men:  
Guard us by Thy wondrous power,  
Or we break them every hour!

Another hour has passed away,  
Eleven is tolling: let us pray;  
The labourers watched eleven hours,  
Ere the LORD called forth their  
powers;  
Grant us patience—let us be  
Immoveable till called by Thee!

Another hour has passed away,  
Twelve is tolling: let us pray.  
Twelve men did the SAVIOUR choose,  
To announce His blessed news;  
May we spread it far and fast,  
Till all nations hear at last!

LORD! be with us, guard our way,  
Through the night and through the  
day:  
That each hour may bring us near  
To Thy holy faith and fear;  
And eternity may find  
Willing heart and ready mind!

E. H. R.

<sup>1</sup> From the *New York Church Journal*.

## A SKETCH OF THE HISTORY OF THE KNIGHTS HOSPITALLERS.

"The knights are dust, and their good swords rust,  
Their souls are with the saints I trust."

FAR away in the extremest eastern reach of the blue Mediterranean lies a wondrously beautiful island. The waves of that "sea of memories," dash in snowy foam on its fantastic rocks; and run in floods of molten lapis lazuli, or emerald, into its deep creeks; and ripple, and dimple, sparkling and rejoicingly in its fair havens. There, the sun shines every day of the year, and therefore this summer island was called in olden times the beloved of the sun. Forests of the finest timber clothe its hills, rich pastures and vineyards are found in its valleys; wine and oil, silk and cotton, are supplied in abundance by its fertile soil and genial climate. Dark green and majestic cedars loom grandly on the rugged mountain steeps, and the delicate flowers of the white cyclamen bloom profusely in the fissures of the rocks.

The vine is at home in the rich soil, creeping and trailing its luxuriant festoons, over the trellis porch of the fisherman's dwelling, where his wife sits twisting the cotton for her distaff with nimble fingers, and his dark-eyed, dirty, picturesque children are basking blissfully in the sunshine, while yonder is his boat,—a white speck far off on the sapphire blue waters.

And yet beautiful as all around us is, a melancholy seems to brood over the whole,—we cannot ascribe it to the want of sunshine or the denseness of the air as we should in our own dear northern island, for here the sun is bright enough and to spare; and the atmosphere is so clear that the snowy peaks of the mountains on the opposite continent are plainly to be seen cleaving the blue sky. You are not shrivelled by the east wind, or scorched by the fierce sirocco, but yet the place is a melancholy place, and it is even in a certain sense haunted—by the ghosts of the deads of other times!

Picture to yourself, reader, a sunny sleepy city in this same island, a calm, somniferous place, without the usual noise and cries of life resounding from it. Seawards, are large harbours for goodly fleets, where now only a few stray fishing-boats are lying. Strong towers, and massive bastions guard the entrance, evidences of strong purpose-like work in days gone by are all around, now disregarded and no more wanted. "See what goodly stones, and what buildings are here," may the Greek children say, as they play among those grim fortifications, wondering why they were made, and why they are not wanted now. Very thin of population too the city seems, you will hardly see a dozen people at one time in a street, and those would most likely be recumbent in gateways on cool stone benches out of the sun, or placidly smoking long pipes in airy summer houses, curiously perched on the tops of the garden walls.

Turn the next corner with me, and you will find yourself in a wide, straight, and marvellously silent street, with a line of imposing edifices, more or less palatial and ecclesiastical, but very little oriental in character on either side. For a moment you might imagine yourself amidst some remains of Italian mediæval magnificence, or of ancient Spanish splendour,—but you are in Rhodes, and this is the Strada di Cavaliere, or Street of the Knights!

Thinking of this old city, and this street of noble ruins with the carved escutcheons of the knights on their walls, where the marble is still white, and the carving still fresh and sharp,—thanks to the dryness of this delightful climate, and lovingly adorned by Nature's hand with peaceful wreaths of clematis and roses. Contemplating these stately remains made me think it might be interesting to trace an historical sketch of the Knights of Rhodes, or as they were originally designated the Knights Hospitallers of S. John of Jerusalem. For they are men who have carried the spirit and institutions of chivalry down almost to our own times; and it is even possible that a few survivors of the Order might still be found lingering about some of the old-fashioned European courts. Sir Francis Head in that charming book, "Bubbles from

the Brunnen of Nassau," tells a pleasant story of meeting an old knight in the person of a rheumatic and chilly old gentleman, who was wont to sit for hours on a sunny bench at Langen-Swalbach,—his tall spare, martial figure bent by age, and his cloak wrapped closely round him to keep off the chills of the northern climate, while under its blue folds peeped out the once world-renowned cross of Malta.

All honour be to his hoary head, and to his sorrows ! for by the extinction of the Order, "the glory is departed" has been written on all things earthly for him. All honour be to him ! for he was one of a noble brotherhood, which for seven hundred long years bravely did the work it was called to do, until its task being finished it was forced to give place to other institutions more consonant to the spirit of modern times.

To begin at the beginning of the history of the Knights we must go as far back as the tenth century, when it was the custom for people to go on pilgrimages to the Holy Land. The pilgrims who had been to Jerusalem were called *Palmers* on their return, because it was their custom to wear a palm branch in their hats, as a token that their pilgrimage had been accomplished ; and sometimes *Saunterers*, not because they lingered on the road, but from Sainte Terre, the Holy Land. It is curious that these two equally unoffending words should have met with such an unequal fate. While palmer has become a very respectable surname, saunterer has had the misfortune to have an invidious meaning attached to it.

What a tremendous undertaking a pilgrimage must have been in those days ! Fancy starting to walk all the way from York, or Frankfort, or Rouen, to Jerusalem ! It would not be a great hardship now for an able bodied man with a little money in his purse, but in these rough times, when there were hardly any inns, and very few roads, and so much fighting was going on in the world that one would be likely to be besieged and starved to death in a city, or slain in the fields ; and when people believed in the existence of all sorts of horrible things, such as dragons and gorgons, "hydras and chimeras dire," it must have been a terrible enterprize, and one

requiring dauntless courage and enthusiastic faith to accept the adventuring of it.

But the world was young then, valour and enthusiasm are the virtues of youth. The "world is in its dotage" now, as Ephraim Jenkinson assures us; and therefore people went on pilgrimage in those days as eagerly as they rush to the 'diggin's' now.

It was a terrible journey through Germany, Hungary, and the states of the Greek Emperor, even if things went well; if the pilgrims escaped robbers and marauders on the road, and encounters with the various poisonous and uncouth monsters that infested the trackless wilderness through which they had to pass, still they suffered much from fatigue, and hunger and thirst. When they reached the goal of all their wishes their case was sometimes worse even than before, for the Seljukian Turks, in whose possession the Holy City then was, subjected them to all kinds of ill usage, and extorted heavy tolls from them on their visits to the holy places.

The Italian pilgrims were not exposed to equal hardships, having a much less fatiguing journey, coming by sea in trading vessels from the rich cities of Amalfi, Genoa, and Pisa, they had not expended their strength and substance in a long and perilous journey, and were most likely a wealthier class of persons. They however saw and laid to heart the distresses of their poorer brethren; and in the year 1050 certain rich merchants of Amalfi built a church and two hospitals in Jerusalem for the use and accommodation of the pilgrims of all nations.

The hospital for the reception of the male pilgrims was dedicated, according to the pious usage of that age, to S. John the Eleemosynary, and the other, for the accommodation of the female devotees, to S. Mary Magdalene. They were by no means intended for the benefit of the sick only, as we should infer from the modern acceptation of the word hospital, but were also houses of entertainment and refuge for the pilgrims, who, before their establishment had been compelled to lodge wherever they could, either in or outside of the city, and were exposed to every sort of contumely and ill-treatment from the Mussulmans. These small unostentatious establishments were

by voluntary contributions, chiefly from the Southern Italy; sometimes money was bestowed by merchants, or some of the richer and the commercial citizens of Amalfi were the stewards and administrators of their funds. And the institution began by being solely and simply meant implied and nothing more,—a hospital, a place of entertainment of the pilgrims and the cure

An economical and unostentatious hospital practised within its walls, and so just and simple a notion of charity was entertained by the monks that not even the Infidel Arab was sent away expelled from the gates, when want had made him

the exigency of the times required more of the monks than this, and in obedience to the call they began to expand, and to comprehend a new character. It began to be imperative that more was needed to be done for the pilgrims returning to their necessities whilst in Jerusalem; exposed to manifold perils during their journey to the holy city and the sea-coast. They related their brethren dismal tales of injuries received at the hands of the Infidels, and the hearts of the Hospitallers were filled with the tale of their sufferings. "Surely," said one to another, "we could sally forth with our arms and guard them through the worst part of the journey if need be so far as Ptolemais."

And they did,—there were amongst them young men, to whom such a service was a pastime, they put on long straight swords to their sides, and put on surcoat and helm, they mounted on horseback, and with the redoubtable guardians of a goodly band of returning pilgrims.

The service was so successfully performed, and grew so popular that it led to a large increase in the number of brethren. Indeed it may easily be conceived that the Moslems and guarding parties of pilgrims on surprisals and onslaughts, was a more pleasant mode of life than passing monotonous days within the white walls of the convent at Jerusalem. It ac-

cordingly drew to them many young, devout and ardent spirits, who felt it their vocation to engage in some arduous duty. Still their self-denying and unobtrusive charities were continued as before. Vertôt tells us that the bread for the table of the Hospitallers was always made of the coarsest flour, the finest being reserved for the use of the sick.

And now we come to the year 1100, when the warriors of the first crusade took the Holy City, and Godfrey de Bouillon,

“ Il Capitano  
Che il gran sepolcro liberò di Cristo,”

was elected first Christian king of Jerusalem.

One of his first actions after entering the city was to visit the Hospital of S. John, where he found the beds, and the floor, and all the time and attention of the brethren devoted to the wounded crusaders. For this devotion Godfrey testified his gratitude to the brethren of S. John by endowing their Hospital with some of his demesnes in Brabant. They also at this time received the reward of their services to humanity and the Christian religion by the recognition of Christendom, in being erected into a regular monastic society, with their own peculiar laws and regulations; though they did not take their final definite form until 1138, when they became thoroughly incorporate under their first head, or abbot, Gerard di Didier. Many of the chiefs of the Crusaders followed Godfrey's example in endowing the Hospital with lands and estates in Europe; and several of his young companions-in-arms renounced the hope of returning to their own country, and, entering the association of S. John, consecrated themselves to the service of the sick and the poor. Amongst these were Raymond du Puy, a gentleman of Dauphiny, and Dudon de Comp, of the same province, who both subsequently became Grand Masters of the Order.

Gerard di Didier was the first superior of the Order. He seems to have been a noteworthy man, and we may consider him in the light of a second founder of the association, for he made so many alterations in its constitu-

tions, and so extended its sphere of action, that he completely new modelled it. It was Gerard who conceived the plan of escorting the pilgrims, and who caused the wounded Crusaders to be carried to the Hospital as soon as the siege was over. When quiet was restored to the city, he received the grants of lands given by the princes and nobles of the Crusaders, and then divided his hospitallers into three classes, viz. nobles, clergy, and servientes; changed the patron saint of the Order from S. John the Almoner, to S. John the Baptist, obtained a bull from Pope Innocent II., confirming the institution, and conferring a standard upon it,—gules, a full cross argent. He also drew up a great many rules and regulations relating to the different classes, and the ceremonies of admission to the Order, which we may suppose were observed at the admission of the young Crusaders who joined them at this time, the Patriarch of Jerusalem being present on the occasion.

"I do promise and vow," said the aspirant, "to Almighty God, to the Holy Eternal Virgin Mary, the Mother of God, and to S. John the Baptist, to render henceforward by the grace of God, perfect obedience to the Superior placed over me by the choice of the Order, be he who he may; to live without personal property, and to preserve my chastity."

The brother knight who received him then said, "We acknowledge you as the servant of the poor and sick, and as having consecrated yourself to the defence of the Catholic Church."

To which the novice answered,—"I acknowledge myself as such;" and kissing the missal, placed it on the altar which he also kissed, and then in token of obedience brought back the missal to the brother who had received him.

This brother then took up the mantle, and pointing to the white cross on its breast, said,

"Do you believe, my brother, that this is the symbol of that holy cross on which the SAVIOUR died for our redemption?"

The new member answering, "Yes, I do verily believe it;" "It is likewise," continued the senior, "the sign of



our noble Order, which we command you constantly to wear."

The newly-admitted brother then kissed the holy symbol, and the other threw the mantle over his shoulder in such a manner that the cross rested on his left breast, and kissed him and said,

"Take this sign in the Name of the HOLY TRINITY, of the Holy Virgin Mary, and of S. John the Baptist, for the increase of the faith, the defence of the Christian cause, and the service of the poor. We place this cross on your breast, my brother, that you may love it with all your heart, and may your right arm ever fight in its defence, and for its preservation! Should it ever happen that, in combating against the enemies of the faith, you should retreat, desert the standard of the cross, and take to flight, you will be stripped of this truly holy sign, as having broken the vow you have just taken, and you will be cut off from our body as a corrupt and unsound member."

The officiating knight having concluded this exordium, next fastened the robe on the new brother, tying the strings round his neck, and saying,

"Receive the yoke of the LORD; it is easy and light, and you will find rest for your soul.

"We promise you nothing but bread and water, a simple habit and of little worth, but we give you; your parents and relations, a share in the good works performed by our Order and by our brethren, both now and hereafter, throughout the world." To which the newly-professed knight answered "Amen, so be it."

Then the brother who had received him and all the knights present, embraced and kissed him in token of friendship and brotherly love, and the ceremony was terminated by the prayers of the priests, who implored grace and succour for the new knight.

E. F. W.

*(To be continued.)*

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## LITTLE MARY; OR, THE CAPTAIN'S GOLD RING.

WILLIAM MORISSON went to sea when quite a young lad. His mother was a good woman, and did all she could to bring him up well; for she used often to repeat a saying of the wise man's—which is, perhaps, more frequently quoted than practised—"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." It was a grief of heart to the mother when her boy took to a seafaring life, not more on account of its hardships than on account of its reputed sinfulness; for people in general believe that the lives of sailors and soldiers almost necessarily lead to sin. This is a mistake; for the Bible gives us examples of the contrary; and the men whom our LORD chose to be His Apostles were of those "who go down to the sea in ships, and exercise their business in great waters."

But the poor mother, though she grieved, did not despair. She put her Bible and Prayer Book in her boy's hands, and prayed him to keep them and to use them; and she placed her boy in her GOD's hands, and prayed that, come what might, nothing should be allowed to pluck him thence.

Well, the sailor-boy led a long life at sea, yet it was a life spent with God. He was termed a saint by his comrades—a glorious name, which we should all strive to earn.

When he had passed the forty-fifth year of his age, and his poor mother had gone to the grave some years, he left the sea. He married a young woman, and then settled down on shore, to earn his bread as well as he could about the docks of a seaport town.

Morisson had spent many years at sea, and hard years they had been. Many a time had death been very near to him; many a time had he seen his comrades perish around him. He had borne the storm, and braved the tempest; and now the weather-beaten man had nothing

to hope for but that he should find work enough to do on land to keep himself and his wife from want.

Whatever little money they had saved between them sufficed to establish them in a small house; and when they were settled there, the sailor felt very proud and very happy; and then he gave to his wife's care his two sole treasures—one was the Bible and Prayer Book his mother had given him so long before, and which were now grown very old; and the other was a thick, curious-looking gold ring.

The history of this gold ring, so far as to the way in which it came into the possession of William Morisson the sailor, is simple enough.

It had belonged to the captain of a Dutch ship. The Dutchman was lost on a foreign shore; the captain was the only one on board saved, and he was saved by William Morisson.

Morisson had been discharged from the vessel in which he had served, and while waiting for another this incident in his life occurred; and often afterwards did he look back with gratitude to it, and feel that the very circumstance at which he had rebelled—namely, the period when he was without work and without pay—was made to him a remembrance full of delight and thankfulness. He had saved that poor captain from a grave in the great deep—a grave no one, perhaps, would choose; he had been the means of prolonging his life, of comforting him in an illness of some duration, of ministering to him in the only way he had in his power—namely, by reading to him the Bible his mother had given him. The Dutch captain perfectly understood English; and he had not to learn the faith and principles of religion on his death-bed (for so that had proved to him), but he had then to receive all the comfort and all the support that faith and those principles are capable of affording. The Psalms and Lessons which William Morisson read to him revived the hope and refreshed the soul of the dying man. When his heart and his flesh were failing him, they told him God was the strength of his heart and his portion for ever; and that he who cometh to Jesus shall not be cast out; and, in passing through the valley of the shadow of

death, it enabled him to look in humble faith to the LAMB of GOD Who taketh away the sin of the world.

Besides thus ministering to the soul, the sailor kindly and cheerfully, and most disinterestedly, ministered to the suffering, failing body also. When the strong man is brought low, he feels grateful to the hand that supports his weakness; and most grateful did the heart of the Dutch captain feel to the poor English sailor. When he was dying, he drew from his finger the thick gold ring he wore, and told him to keep it in memory of him; and then he prayed to GOD that mercy might ever be shown to the man who had shown mercy to him.

And when he married, the sailor gave this ring and the book into his wife's care, and said to her that the ring was to him the source of a double memory—that of the benefit he had himself derived from the holy teaching of the Gospel, and that of the good he had been able to do to a fellow-creature by following the pure and blessed precepts of CHRIST, which teach us to do good, not hoping to receive again; for the poor captain had lost all but his gold ring, and had nothing else to give. His wife laid up both the Bible and the ring; for the former was grown much too old to be used with safety, and they bought a newer and larger one on their marriage, which was read daily at morning or at night, or at both, by one to the other, during the course of their wedded life.

That wedded life only lasted for ten years; then the poor sailor died at home on land, and at peace, after all the hazards to which he had been exposed. He died quietly, and it might be said almost suddenly, lying down in his bed weary at night, and feeling the toils and hardships of this work-day life no more.

Widow Morisson was left with one child, a girl, then about nine years old. Poor woman! if it had been a boy, she could have got him employment from the persons who had employed his father; but no one could do anything for a girl, and the widow found herself soon in great distress.

One who had known her in better times offered her all he was able to afford—a small house that had been built for the family of a herdsman, on a common some miles

distant from the town. It was a poor place; but as she had it rent free, the widow was thankful to get it; and having disposed of all the little furniture she could spare, removed the rest, with her daughter Mary, to the poor house on the common.

Mary knew that common very well; for when she was but a little thing of three years old, her mother, who was often weak and sickly, used to go out of the town to stay with a friend who lived near it, and Mary used then to like to run about among the daisies and furze-bushes that covered the short grass, or to chase the birds which, like herself, flitted about among them; and sometimes the child would stand still, and stretch up both little arms over her head, hoping to catch the larks which went singing up to the blue sky, till she closed her strained eyes, or shaded them with her hands, and thought the lark had gone straight into the sun that dazzled them.

Then the little one used to prattle in its own way, and say—

“Mother, I should like to get up there into the sky like the bird. Does any one live up there, mother?”

“God is above the sky, child; God is everywhere,” the mother would answer.

“Where is God? I cannot see God,” the child would say again, looking up still, and blinking her eyes.

“No; but God sees you, and one day we shall all see God; for JESUS CHRIST the SAVIOUR came down from heaven to teach us the will of God—to tell us how to please God.”

“Does the sun always shine in heaven, mother? If it always shines, then you will be always well there; for you say, when you are poorly, the sunshine makes you well again.”

“It is always bright there, dear; and those who go to heaven are always well, and feel pain no more.”

Then the little one would throw her arms round her mother’s neck, and say coaxingly—

“Then, mother dear, let us go to heaven now, and then you will always be well, and we shall not have it wet and cold any more.”

The little one did not understand at that time what

going to heaven meant. She could not understand that the life of heaven began when this mortal state ended; and that the body, in which the soul has dwelt, must die and return to dust before the soul can return to God.

It is only through the grave and gate of death that we can enter on a new state of life. Little Mary understood something of this when she saw her poor father dead. She had never seen any one dead before; and her weeping mother made her kiss his cold forehead, and told her he was gone to Paradise. At another time she saw a grave dug, and they told her a dead person was to be buried there. Mary shrunk away, and said she should not like to be put into a grave.

"Yet you have often said you would like to go to heaven, Mary," said her mother. "Should you not like to go to heaven, my dear?"

"Oh, yes!" said Mary, looking back at the grave with aversion; "yes; but I should not like to go through that way."

What little Mary felt, perhaps we all feel. None of us would like "to go through that way;" but CHRIST died to destroy the power of death, and to take away the sting of the grave; and the Christian, who thinks more of the soul than of this earthly body, is chiefly anxious that the soul—which can then feel, and suffer, and enjoy, perhaps more than ever it did before—shall be with those of all the faithful "in the hand of God."

Well, when the sailor died, he had little to leave his wife and child but his Bible, Prayer Book, and his thick gold ring, which he had given into his wife's care on their marriage. His widow was then poor—very poor—but she trusted in God, and was contented (and we are told that "godliness with contentment is great gain;" and we see and know that ungodliness, with poverty and discontent, make up the greatest amount of worldly misery.)

The widow became poor; but she had learned the great secret of being happy—she had learned what the Apostle meant when he told Christians "in everything" to give thanks. The widow thanked God for everything she had, for everything she received—nay, for everything she

lost or wanted—for even then she bowed her head, and blessed the GOD Who tried her and proved her, and led her in the way wherein she ought to go.

She taught her child that GOD would surely provide for those who trust in Him ; that bread should be given them, and their water should be sure ; that CHRIST taught the rich as well as the poor to pray, “ Give us this day our daily bread ; ” for the bread of all comes from GOD—the bread that perisheth, and the bread that endureth unto everlasting life. In Him we live, and move, and have our being ; and his Providence will never fail those who trust Him while they try, if they can, to help themselves.

Little Mary listened reverently to her mother’s simple instruction. She learned from her that we must do GOD’S will here below ; that we must suffer patiently, and do obediently, and constantly look to our gracious LORD and SAVIOUR for His grace and strength, that our rebellious tempers may be subdued, and our sinful natures sanctified, and the mind that was in CHRIST JESUS be also implanted in us and cherished by us ;—that so we may live in this life as beings who strive to be fitted for the better life to come.

Mary was right when she said the sun did not always shine here : one very cold winter it scarcely shone at all. The widow had gone to live in the small house—a very poor one indeed, just on the edge of a wild moor, a few miles from the town where her husband died. The winter of which I speak was very severe ; Mary was then nearly ten years old, and had come to be of some use in the world. Some persons think a child of ten years old cannot be of much use, but Mary could be a great deal of use ; she was a great comfort to her mother ; some children are only a source of torment and trouble—they hinder instead of helping. Mary was not self-willed, nor disobedient, nor selfish, nor greedy : her chief fault was that of being rather giddy at times,—thinking of one thing while she was doing another ; or being easily diverted from what she was about by some new thought or fancy ; or some unexpected sight that caused her to make the poor widow start by her sudden exclamations,

and think some great thing was going to happen. This seemed a small fault in a child; her mother felt it was so, but she felt, too, that it ought to be corrected, for a small fault not corrected in youth becomes a great one in age; and, after all, the chief evils of life spring from what are considered small faults. Poor little Mary! her fault was to be corrected! and the correction was to be very severe: this will be seen as I go on with her story. That severe winter the widow and her daughter suffered much. It was very cold: the common was covered with snow; only the top of a furze-bush was here and there to be seen sticking up, all powdered over, from its deep white bed. It was a great mercy that firing was plentiful in that neighbourhood, for the widow got a bad attack of rheumatism, and a little fire was all the earthly comfort she had, and for this she gave God thanks.

But if firing was plentiful, food was scarce—oh! so scarce—with the poor widow and her child! Children who like dainties, who spend money in cake-shops, and are fanciful in what they eat, might wonder to see how careful little Mary was forced to be with a very few potatoes; how slightly she would pare them, and how carefully she would save up every morsel of hard bread. Sometimes the mother would eat little that Mary might eat more, and sometimes Mary would learn the same trick, and eat far less than she could eat that her mother might eat more. Yet with all this saving the little girl had one pensioner who never went without his meal. It was a fine large robin-redbreast. Poor fellow! the summer had now gone, and the friends he had neglected in his prosperity, he sought in his adversity. Never was robin more famished; he bore the hardships of winter well, and though not so sleek as in summer, he was remarkably stout, for he made as free with the widow's house as if it were his own—hopping almost at his ease, gobbling up whatever he could get, actually warming himself before the hearth, and almost disputing with Mary the morsel she was eating. It was well that the widow kept neither cat nor dog. "We are too poor to have food to spare," she would say, "so we must not keep creatures we cannot feed." But Mary could



still spare a crum for "Dickey," and when her mother hinted that he was ungrateful, and left her in summer, when he could find plenty elsewhere, she affirmed that though he did not visit them then in such a friendly manner, he made it a point to sing on the tree close to her window till she fell asleep at night.

One day Mary brought to her mother all the dinner she was able to prepare for her—a couple of potatoes mashed up on a plate. The widow was in her bed, and when Mary had laid them beside her, she went and looked out at the door, and saw a whole flock of poor starving birds scarcely able to flutter along the ground, with drooping wings and ruffled feathers, uttering a faint and pitiable chirp in place of their joyous songs of summer. Mary had nothing to give them—nothing but sympathy, and this, though very pleasant to our suffering fellow-creatures, is of no use to birds. But when she returned to her mother's bed, she found the sick woman had not eaten the potatoes, and could not do so.

"I may give them to the birds then, mother," she said ; "the poor birds are dying of hunger."

Now, when the widow saw the tenderness of her child to the birds, she would always pray that the hearts of her fellow-creatures might in like manner be opened to her—for CHRIST Himself said, "Give, and it shall be given unto you—" and the poor widow knew that out of her own deep poverty, her child was ready to give to those who needed. But now she looked dolefully at the little girl and said,—

"What will you have then for yourself, poor chick ? you may want these potatoes again."

"The half will do for me, mother ; and now I am going out to get you some bread, for you cannot eat these potatoes."

"You need not go to the shop, dear ; I will not ask for credit when I see no way of paying."

"No ; but I will go to the town, and ask some of the rich people to send my mother a loaf."

"Poor child ! do you think the rich give for asking ?"

"If they love God, and obey our SAVIOUR'S commands,

they will give me some bread, when I tell them you are ill, and cannot work to get it: for you know we are told in the Bible to try to be like Him—Isn't that true, Mother?"

"Quite true, Mary; it does me good to hear thee, dear, and to think that, however we may suffer here, we—even we, through His poverty are made rich; for soon we shall want for nothing—soon all tears shall be wiped from our eyes—and till then, my child, will not His Grace be sufficient for us?—will not His love sustain us? He Who makes the birds of the air His own charge, will He not keep us from perishing of want? He Who gave His own Son for our souls, will He not with Him also give us what our poor bodies actually require? My child, let us pray as He desired us, and watch also, that our faith fail not."

"Mother," said Mary, and turned aside to hide her tears, "rich people who have more learning must know the Bible better than a poor child like me; and I think if I told them you were ill, and in want, they would know what they ought to do, because you know it is written there that pure religion and undefiled is this—to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction."

"And to keep yourselves unspotted from the world," added her mother, shaking her head—as if she thought there was a great deal of meaning in the part Mary did not add. "I should be sorry to see thee beg, my child."

"Beg! oh dear! I should not like to beg," cried the little girl.

Her mother lay for a time reflecting whether there were any difference between begging, and asking the rich to send her help out of their superfluity. She saw that Mary understood there was a difference, and she felt it too; but she feared her child would be called a beggar, and she could not bear that thought. She prayed in her heart that God would direct her, and open some way of escape from her present difficulty. All at once she said quickly,—

"Mary, bring me that tin box." Mary brought over what she called "father's box." It had belonged to the pious sailor; it contained the books that his mother had given him, and the thick gold ring which the dying Dutch

Captain had left him as a remembrancer. While she was praying, it had suddenly occurred to the widow that she had this gold ring, and though she would not sell it, nor give it away, because she knew that it had been to her dear husband a memorial of the Christian kindness he had shown to a stranger in distress, and that that stranger in dying had prayed to God to return that kindness into the bosom of him who showed it—still she thought that now in this time of sore necessity, that captain's dying prayer might be in some degree fulfilled, and his gold ring be made the means of bringing a little relief to the widow and orphan of the Christian sailor.

"I can pledge it," she said, "and when this bitter weather is over, Mary, you will work hard, if I cannot do so, to make up the money to redeem it."

Mary joyfully promised to do so, for she was delighted at the prospect of getting some relief for her mother. The widow then took out the gold ring, and told her little girl she should go to the town, and take it to a pawnbroker she named, who would give her the money he thought proper, and also a bit of paper which would be a receipt for the ring, and which she must keep very carefully.

"But the snow is deep on the common," she added, "and the road is too long for you; I fear I cannot trust you to go so far in this cold weather."

"Oh yes, mother, you can, very safely: the path is not quite covered, for some people have gone over to-day, and trodden down the snow. You will go to sleep, and I shall be back before you miss me."

"Do not be self-confident, my child; be humble and careful; put your trust in God, then you will be safe," said her mother, as she rolled the ring carefully in paper. "Now do not be giddy, Mary—what should I do if you lost your poor father's ring?"

"Oh! no fear, mother—see, I have got a pocket."

"Your pocket is so small it might fall out; I will fold it in this piece of cotton, and then fasten the cotton inside the breast of your frock. There now, I think that will be quite safe; and when the man gives you the duplicate, or receipt for the ring, do you roll the money he

will also give you, in the paper, and then put all in this bit of cotton, and fasten it round in the same way to your dress."

"Never fear, mother," cried Mary, stooping to give her mother a farewell kiss.

"Do not be giddy, dear child—think of what you are about, and take care of yourself: may the FATHER of the fatherless and GOD of the widow bless and keep thee." The widow kissed her child, and after Mary left the door she ran back again, and cried out, "mother, if I get the money may I bring you home a quarter of tea?"

The widow hesitated; but she longed for tea very much in her illness, and so she said—"Yes, dear, if you get what you think will allow me to afford it."

Mary skipped away more joyfully when she heard this. The path over the common had, as she said, been trodden that morning, and the foot-marks were very distinct—indeed the snow was almost quite trodden down. She hurried gaily along, got to the pawnbroker's safely, and presented the gold ring, which the pawnbroker knew at once was a foreign one, and therefore readily believed had belonged to the sailor. He offered five shillings, and Mary, thinking it a great deal of money, thanked him very gratefully. The pawnbroker gave her the duplicate and two half-crowns. "Take care of that paper," said he, "for if you lose it you must lose your ring too."

"Yes, sir, my mother told me that; but I'll take care of it," said Mary; and so, to show how careful she was, she folded up the duplicate in the brown paper in which the gold ring had been, and then wrapped that up in the piece of cotton, and pinned it all round inside the breast of her frock.

"There, now it is safe!" said the little girl; but just then she cast her eyes on the counter, and saw she had left out the money. Other people came into the shop, and Mary took the half-crowns in her hand, and walked out of the shop, looking at them.

*(To be continued.)*

## EARTH AND HEAVEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MARTYRS OF VIENNE AND LYONS,"  
ETC.

THE silver lake is sleeping,  
Its rippling waves at rest,  
The stars their watches keeping,  
Are mirror'd on its breast,  
The harvest moon up creeping,  
Behind the mountain's crest.

The convent bell is ringing,  
Its chapel windows glare,  
While soft unearthly singing  
Floats on the summer air :  
Towards heaven the angels winging,  
Those earthly songs upbear.

Years pass,—the lake is sleeping,  
Years pass,—come out the stars,  
Those souls that watch were keeping,  
Rest within heaven's bars ;  
Fled now their pain and weeping,  
Healed now their wounds and scars.

Yon rugged mountains hoary,  
That harvest moon that glowed,  
How tell they still the story,  
And point they out the road !  
Hills sunn'd with golden glory,  
And hearts without a load.

True that the end is nearing,  
Pale frame and closed eye,  
Though winter skies are clearing,  
And Spring once more is nigh ;  
Yet each one death is fearing,  
And all must one day die !

At last Heaven's sea is gleaming,  
The seven lamps are hung,  
The Light of God is streaming  
O'er race and kind and tongue ;  
The sapphire throne is beaming,  
And the endless chorus sung.

F. G. L.

## PARTY SPIRIT.<sup>1</sup>

BUT, while we are thus testifying our high estimate of the character of one so long and so justly loved and revered amongst us, let us not forget in how many of its points it has supplied a lesson for our own instruction and example. There is one subject, on which that example has been so eminent, and which is of so much importance to us all, that I propose to devote to it what remains of my present address. The subject, of which I speak, is that of Party Spirit in Religion.

It is not because I believe that the body of Clergy with which I am officially connected, is reproachable on this point, that I thus select it for consideration. All the conclusions of my own experience would point in the opposite direction: nor were it otherwise would it become me to usurp the office of a censor over my brethren. But it is because I feel, and think that you will feel with me, that it is every day becoming more and more the duty of all good churchmen, and especially of clergymen, to make common cause, on common principles, in resisting and discouraging this growing vice of the age; which is more and more infecting the general body of the Church, hindering the work of the clergy, mingling itself with the conflicts of political opinion, and shedding a malignant influence over the intercourse of social life.

One great cause of this is doubtless to be found in what may on other grounds be regarded as a hopeful sign of the times; the growth of a more general interest in things of high and holy import, to which there had been but too much general indifference. That men should inquire for themselves into such things, and exercise upon them a careful, sober, well instructed judgment, all lovers of truth would desire. But when large multitudes without sound knowledge, or godly wisdom, or rightly disciplined tempers, rush into subjects, with which they

<sup>1</sup> From Archdeacon Dodgson's Charge delivered to the Clergy and Churchwardens of the Archdeaconry of Richmond, Yorkshire, at the Visitation in May, 1857.

are incompetent to deal, catching up, as they run, the superficial notions and loose phrases of the day, which pass current for facts and arguments; or retailing the anonymous dogmas of the periodical Press, more often the vehicle and abettor than the corrector of popular ignorance and violence—the discussion of opinions becomes a mere conflict of parties, and the lust of victory takes place of the love of truth. It is reported as the saying of one, whose position may give currency to his words, that every man in these days must belong to a Religious Party. True it unquestionably is that men cannot, and need not, keep their judgment in abeyance on those subjects, on which churchmen are found to differ; and party, in this sense, may be quite consistent with union and harmony. But this is widely different from *Party Spirit*, which is essentially a spirit of division and antagonism. If it may be urged, as it has been, in justification of the existence of *Party*, that even S. Peter and S. Paul had each his own proper followers, it may no less be urged, in condemnation of *Party Spirit*, that one of those Apostles has declared that, while these men said, each of himself, “I am of Paul, and I of Cephas,” they were “carnal;” opposed in temper to the spirit of his own earnest admonition, “I beseech you, brethren, by the LORD JESUS CHRIST, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you: but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind, and in the same judgment.”

In fact *Party Spirit* might be described as the Religious Zeal of irreligious men; a zeal not *for* the LORD, but *against* those who differ from them. It has been said by an acute living writer, that if that sublime description of charity, contained in the thirteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, were to be exactly reversed in each of its separate propositions, and then the words “*Party Spirit*” substituted for “*Charity*,” all would be struck at once by the graphic fidelity of the portraiture. The value of this remark, the truth of which any one may test for himself, lies in the inevitable conclusion, that *Party Spirit* and *Charity* cannot consist together in the same heart and temper; that the one

must necessarily exclude the other. And here, I think, is the true secret of that admirable part of our late Bishop's character, to which I have adverted. It was not, as those who best knew him can best declare, from indifference, or indecision, or timidity, that he always shrank from everything, which looked like a party question; but because genuine Charity was such a fixed habit of his mind, that the very atmosphere of Party Spirit had become uncongenial and intolerable to him. The consequence was one, which became of the greatest importance to ourselves in the exercise of his office amongst us. When any question, to which the world would assign a party character, was brought before him for his counsel or adjudication, an immediate confidence was felt that it would be decided without reference to Party: that all the unbiassed powers of a clear and sound judgment would be industriously applied to it: and that, however the result might disappoint the wishes, or contravene the opinions of any, none would be able to ascribe it justly to precipitancy, prejudice, or partiality.

The same spirit marked all his other intercourse with the diocese; from the private hospitalities of his own home, to the numerous public occasions, on which he was accustomed to meet both the clergy and laity of his flock; nor was anything more remarkable in his whole career than that cordial tone of Christian fellowship, which his presence and demeanour always seemed to inspire in every place, and amongst persons of every shade of opinion.

In all this there is a lesson for us, and an encouragement as well as a lesson; for where the same spirit is exercised, the same happy results may be expected to follow.

And such a charity, as this very example has taught us, implies no sacrifice of independence, no violation of conscience, no compromise of principle, no suppression or disguise of truth. It requires no man to say more or less than he believes, or to treat as indifferent things which he considers important, or to pretend to reconcile views, which he feels to be incompatible. It demands nothing but what God demands: that, in estimating the acts, and words, and views, and motives, of one another,



men should forbear from judging one another; should "judge nothing before the time;" should "think no evil," but "believe" and "hope all things" that are good; should "rejoice in the truth," so it *be* the truth, from whatever lips it may fall, under whatever aspect it may present itself.

Such a spirit, earnestly and patiently exercised on all sides, would not fail to bring to light many real agreements lying beneath surfaces, on which nothing is apparent but discord and antagonism; might invite more confidence and interchange of sentiment between men of professedly opposite opinions; might often discover, in the very oppositions of those opinions, only varied forms of the same truth, contemplated from different points of view, and applied under different modifications of circumstance.

There is nothing, which seems to me more fully to illustrate this, than what, in popular language, is spoken of as the present state of parties in the Church of England.

To hear and read what is uttered in those outbreaks of popular ignorance and prejudice, which so often disgrace the present age, we might suppose that the two Theological Schools, with the various titles of which we are unhappily too familiar, could not long subsist together in the same body: and that the Church could have no peace, until the one or the other were cast out. Whereas the very history of the origin of these Schools would show that their normal state is one of mutual peace and harmony: since their essential elements are inseparably blended together and harmonized in the very constitution of the Church, and in the economy of the Gospel itself.

For the Gospel itself sets forth its great facts and truths, sometimes as abstracted from, sometimes as embodied and represented in, visible forms and substances (so to speak) of God's own ordinance and appointment: and the visible Church, herself the incorporation of the spiritual kingdom of CHRIST upon earth, and under the guidance of His Spirit abiding in her, has adopted these ordinances into the very essence of her constitution, as

the means whereby she is rendered visible, and the tokens by which she is to be perpetually recognized. Thus, the "Word of God endureth for ever in heaven:" its truths are eternal, certain, immutable: but its inspiration is embodied in the form of human Writings; and a body of human beings is, under God, the keeper of its integrity, and the witness of its true interpretation. The reconciliation of the world to Himself in JESUS CHRIST is the pure act of God's infinite love and sovereign power. But "the ministry of reconciliation" He "hath committed" to sinful and fallible men, the accredited ambassadors of His Word, and stewards of His mysteries. The graces signified by the Sacraments are purely spiritual, given unto us by God alone, worked within us only by Himself, and of His own good pleasure. But the outward and visible signs are ordained by CHRIST Himself, as means whereby we receive them, and pledges to assure us of them. It is in such ways that He has been pleased, in condescension to human infirmity, to invest spiritual things with form and substance; and so has His Wisdom determined that His own gifts may best be imparted, extended, and perpetuated among men.

When we pass from these positively Divine Institutions to that lower system of symbols, emblems, and memorials, recognized by our Church, as well in Ecclesiastical ordinances as in many voluntarily established usages—the ceremonials of Public Worship, the annual series of holy days and seasons, the sanctity attached to places devoted to the purposes of Religion, the form and position of Churches, their furniture, ornaments, and decorations, the tones of the voice, and the gestures of the body in acts of Prayer and Praise—we cannot fail to see how deeply the foundations of all these are laid in things, which in their origin are Divine. Sometimes, as in the sanctification of a weekly Sabbath, they originate in the authority of a Divine command: sometimes in some analogy, taught by Scripture itself, between the Jewish and Christian Dispensations: sometimes in those special sanctions, which Scripture has given to the common instincts of Nature, as the devotional postures of the body, and the consecration of Music to the purposes of Wor-

ship, especially the music of the human voice, that first instrument of God's own creation, which went before and will outlive the best contrivances of human art, a link between men and angels, only to be perfected in the eternal harmonies of heavenly song. Sometimes, again, the origin is to be traced to some practice or precept of the Apostles, or even of the SAVIOUR Himself: always to that spirit of lively and earnest Piety, which would "set God always," and the things of God, before the eyes, and thoughts, and memories of men.

That a system thus originating, thus authorized and sanctioned, should be ever suffered to lapse into desuetude, or to degenerate into lifeless formalism, losing the love and reverence of good men, and inviting the scorn and calumny of the ignorant and ungodly, without at last raising up earnest spirits to vindicate and restore it, is a result as impossible as the absence of a similar effort would be, under a similar need, on behalf of those spiritual truths, to which all these external types are related, and from which they derive all their sanctity and value.

In fact, it seems to be a law of God's Providence, to ordain, in either case, special periods of revival; and such have been experienced in our own as well as in earlier times of the Church.

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## A LAYMAN'S OBSERVANCE OF HOLY WEEK IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.<sup>1</sup>

*To Sir R. Gr., Knight and Bar.*

NOBLE SIR,—I had yours upon Maundy Thursday late, and the reason that I suspended my answer till now was, that the season engaged me to sequester my thoughts from my wonted negotiations to contemplate the great work of man's redemption; so great, that were it cast in counterbalance with his creation, it would outpoize it far. I summoned all my intellectuals to meditate upon

<sup>1</sup> Extracted from the Letters of James Howell, 1647.

those passions, upon those pangs, upon that despicable and most dolorous death, upon that Cross whereon my SAVIOUR suffered, which was the first Christian altar that ever was; and I doubt that he will never have benefit of the sacrifice who hates the harmless resemblance of the altar whereon it was offered. I applied my memory to fasten upon it, my understanding to comprehend it, my will to embrace it; from these three faculties, methought I found by the mediation of the fancy some beams of love gently gliding down from the head to the heart, and inflaming all my affections. If the human soul had far more powers than the philosophers afford her, if she had as many faculties within the head as there be hairs without, the speculation of this mystery would find work enough for them all. Truly the more I screw up my spirits to reach it, the more I am swallowed in a gulf of admiration, and of a thousand imperfect notions, which makes me ever and anon to quarrel with my soul that she cannot lay hold on her SAVIOUR, much more my heart, that my purest affections cannot hug Him as much as I would.

They have a custom beyond the seas, (and I could wish it were the worst custom they had) that during the Passion Week divers of their greatest princes, and ladies will betake themselves to some convent or reclused house to wean themselves from all worldly encumbrances, and converse only with heaven, with performance of some kind of penances all the week long.

Let this serve for my part of apology. The day following, my SAVIOUR being in the grave, I had no list to look much abroad into the world, but continued my retiredness. There was another reason also why: because I intended to take the Holy Sacrament the Sunday ensuing, which is an act of the greatest consolation and consequence that possibly a Christian can be capable of: it imports him so much that he is made or marred by it; it tends to his damnation, or salvation; to help him up to heaven, or tumble him down headlong to hell. Therefore it behoves a man to prepare and recollect himself, to winnow his thoughts from the chaff and tares of the world beforehand. This then took up a good part of that day to pre-

vide myself a wedding-garment, that I might be a fit guest at so precious a banquet,—so precious, that manna and angel's food are but coarse viands in comparison of it.

I hope that this excuse will be of such validity that it may procure my pardon for not corresponding with you this last week. I am now as freely as formerly, from the Fleet,

Your most ready and humble servant,  
J. H.

## PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF BASIL MORTON,

*Sometime Curate of Chigwell, in Essex, but ejected in the  
year 1643.*

### CHAPTER I.

God's presence is the happy lot of His saints after death; for in *His presence is fulness of joy*. But God, Who withholdeth not His mercies in another world, is often pleased to extend His loving-kindness to His servants, even before their birth into this world. One of these mercies I esteem it that my parents were moved by what men call a misfortune (it proved, nevertheless, a great blessing,) to settle down near the town of Reading, in Berkshire, a little before I was born. To this I owe, under God, that I was brought up at the grammar-school in that place, and that in due time I was advanced to the University of Oxford, and was entered at the famous college of S. John, A.D. 1623. Dr. Laud had been some time the president, and though now no longer so, yet he took great interest in all matters concerning our college, and often visited it; and, his family being of the same town as myself, he showed much kindness to me and to Robert Smythe, who was scholar of the same year, and born in the same town. At least I was born at my father's house, about half a mile on the road towards

Newberry, on the 14th day of June, in the year of our Redemption 1607 ; whilst he was born not twelve months before, in Fryer street, in that town.

*"Amicitiam duo faciunt, mutua conscientia et eadem voluntas,"* says S. Bernard in his book on the love of God. Perfect friendship is made up of two things : agreement of thought and sameness of will. And truly as we were of the same age, the same town, our friends in the same walk of life, boys in the same school and scholars at the same renowned University, and our dispositions not unlike, and also remembered all our lives through that we were labouring, however remote, yet in the vineyard of the same Master, and looking forward to the same *recompense of reward* : so we soon formed a close friendship which nothing has loosened until now ; for though he is transplanted to a better vineyard, whilst I linger in this, yet we know that friendships formed in mutual esteem, and cemented by good offices, last beyond this world.

My friend had an uncle, his mother's brother, and, except his parents, his only near relation. He was for awhile vicar of a parish in Yorkshire, but had, in the early part of the reign of his late gracious majesty, accompanied some settlers to the new country of Virginia, where he was for awhile chaplain to Lord Delaware, the governor. My friend had never seen his uncle, inasmuch as he was but an infant when he departed for America ; but the letters which his mother had received and carefully preserved from this her only brother, had early turned his thoughts to imitating his labours among the wild tribes of the earth ; and but for the discouragement he met with, on his mother's death, he would have settled as a pastor in those lands which were consecrated to him by the latest breath of his kinsman. Often as we walked together in the quiet garden of S. John, or rambled through the woods that lie on the sloping sides of Shotover, where Bishop Jewel preached his first sermons to the trees, and exercised his lungs betimes for the cross at S. Paul, we made many plans of mission work, which doubtless we should then have executed, but that the death of his father, and the entreaties of his mother that he would not make desolate her old age, kept my friend from his pur-

pose. Like S. John Chrysostom, whom he greatly resembled for fervid eloquence, choosing rather the immediate duty of caring for her whom God had given to his love, than in pursuing distant schemes of greater good.

As we were chamber fellows at Oxford, so we never allowed our friendship to decay. We felt indeed that this mutual love which had drawn us together, was no light fantastic humour to be sundered at our pleasure; that the affection which unites two souls, is the best preparation and foretaste for that Catholic love which embraces all mankind, and, that earthly friendship is sent to fit us for the enlarged loves of another world. So that when we give in to such attachments, I hold with S. Basil that "a man should take abundant thoughts,—ay, in his sleepless nights that he should even with tears seek his duty from God, before he dare to sever the bonds of friendship." And to our continuing friendship many advantages concurred, and chiefly this: that by the merciful providence and goodness of God we were early settled in the same diocese and within ten miles of each other. I first ministered for awhile at a small parish nigh to Reading, where I assisted Master Greenwood, then and for a long time one of the masters of the school in which I received my education.

Afterwards I served in the fair church of S. Margaret at Barking in the Marshes, in Essex, and then at Chigwell, in the same county. And during this latter time, Master Smythe was minister of a small parish near Harlow, which also he owed to the singular affection of Dr. Laud, who was at all times a most upright patron and server of all good men.

It was, if I remember aright, some time in the month of January, or at the farthest in the beginning of February, in the year 1643. After I had enjoyed my curacy somewhere about seven years, for truly I cannot say with any certainty, my papers having been taken from me, and not afterwards given back, as shall be related further on; even my letters of orders and my licence under the hand of Dr. Juxton were withheld from me. It was, as I said, in the very first opening of the year 1643, when all things

round were in great confusion, and the country was troubled with marchings of soldiers hither and thither; and the armed bands robbed the poor cottager at pleasure; and those who coveted other men's goods became troopers for awhile, that they might rob with safety, and with an easy conscience. Such conscience have some men: for they who plead conscience for everything, have commonly very little real conscience to plead. Then the famous window at Barking was destroyed, the which contained the seven corporal works of mercy, done in glass-work; and the large and sweet organ made by one Lesley, as the inscription thereon testified, was broken, and the pipes carried off; also the Holy Rood in the Gate Chapel was shamefully defaced. Then it was that I was one day summoned by an instrument under the hand of the Lord General, and by order of the House of Commons to appear before a committee of divines at Chelmsford; and in the evening of the day in which I received the message and order, four troopers with an ensign, said to be of the company of Master Hollis,—but this I cannot affirm with truth,—came to my poor dwelling and laid forcible hands upon my goods, taking with them, *inter alia*, a silver jug of no great value truly, but which was my wife's wedding portion and the gift of her uncle. My books also they tossed about, and took away my papers, my sermon notes also, and defaced one large Bible with cuts, because of a frontispiece of the Crucifixion of our Ever-Blessed Lord and the sign of man's redemption stamped upon the covers. These covers they tore away and out the picture with their knives; and this so rudely that, to this day, may be seen the text of the Holy Word of God stabbed through in many places. When I looked at the torn boards of this book, I bethought me that if irreverent men could thus use the holy sign because it had been abused to superstitious uses, they might reject God's truths themselves for the same reason.

Known I have men who in their times begun by breaking crosses end by denying the Godhead of Him Who hung thereon. I had rather commend the fear of the newly converted Christians of Cathay, who when they had of long while rejected their idols, yet shrunk from



destroying what they no longer revered : but these men scruple not to spit upon and destroy the sign of that cross which was aforetime revered by all good men. They offend the Papist, it is true, but are they sure that they thereby please their SAVIOUR, Who once hung upon the material cross ; or that they themselves are a whit advantaged by this damage ?

Next day, as per order, I rode to Chelmsford, in the cart of an honest yeoman ; and after being kept at the inn for awhile, I was first examined by five or six troopers dressed like those who pillaged me, in red ; I was indeed told that they were divines, but whether they examined me in mock earnest or no, I cannot say ; for truly these were times when it became a prudent man to be calm and submissive to many indignities. After a while I was sent for by the committee, who though dressed in Geneva clothes and bands, and wholly clad in sad coloured garments, differed not in attainments from the soldiers. Here I was asked divers questions ; and firstly, as to my being a favourer of the Archbishop of Canterbury, whom they reviled, especially that he being the son of a poor man—though this in truth was not so—should yet seat himself among the nobles of the land ; but truly to me all this appeared to arise from jealousy of his greatness, and that the Church should permit the rise of the poor to high stations ; indeed, this much I will say, that if my Lord's Grace had been the son of a nobleman, the world had never heard complaint of his discipline ; but the lords of the court could not endure that the son of a tradesman should come to such a dignity.

Because he was “ a fellow of mean extraction,” he must be undone by those who hated all below them, and sought to pull down all above them.

Next I was accused of holding prelatical notions, and herein that episcopacy and government by bishops was by right divine ; whereas, as the spokesman avowed, the scriptural platform was a presbyterian one. To this I was about to rejoin, but before I could speak, there ensued a most violent altercation between the divine in the chair and the soldier who guarded the door, and who though in only a grey coat, stood up stoutly for the platform—if

such there be—of independency, which then begun to make itself heard among the different sects newly sprung up. Hereat I hoped to have escaped, but it was not so. However, this quarrel, during which the soldier threw his small Bible at the head of his opponent, and drew his sword upon him, and had surely done him some mischief but that his heat was allayed by some other in the room: this quarrel, I say, shortened my examination, but did not, alas! save my poor curacy. I was pronounced incompetent, and scandalous, and malignant, and a hinderer of godly men; and enjoined not to preach more, the which they took other means to prevent; for a few days after, a grave minister of that persuasion, and one of the committee at Chelmsford, was sent to the parish and took possession of the parsonage. Truly many of my dear parishioners who loved me would have resisted, but I was unwilling to cause them damage, so I exhorted them to submit.

This man held not the parish a long time; another of the same opinion having succeeded in getting a grant of the tithes through the interest of Master Greenhill, who was one of the triers, and lecturer at Stebonhith, and lecturer at divers other Churches, and although a divine, afterwards secretary to the London committee for managing the affairs of the army. When then I found to my grief that I could no longer minister unto my people, I at first tried to teach a school, but in this I was hindered. The new Vicar of Leyton also did me much disservice.

But I pass over these sad days. I am now as I feel, an old man, and how near my life may be to the grave, I know not. It is wholesome at times to review the season of youth; but when it brings thoughts and remembrances of suffering, and calls up feelings of indignation against our fellow-men, it were better to be oblivious of all such scenes, rather than endanger one's own soul with anger.

Thus much I may write. Hard were those days; my family then consisted of my wife and three children; often have we been without bread, and garden roots were only scantily obtained. Two months, and those cold, for September of that year was colder than wont, we had only such wood as we gathered from the forest for firing;

But the new rangers would not permit the poor cottens to collect wood as before. Had not my poor people been bountiful to me, it had been far worse for us all; as it was, my poor daughter, my eldest born, and named after her mother—pined and died before the winter came on. She left this life for a better on the Feast of S. Michael and All Angels, being the day of her baptism, having on the same day put off original sin and the burden of this flesh.

She had but just passed the 17th year of her age, and her death, which would have been at all times saddening to us, was more especially felt in this our time of greatest gloom. Add to which, though she died not of direct want, yet we knew of a certainty that her disease was occasioned by the scantiness and unwholesomeness of our food, and the weather to which we were all exposed. I attempted at this time, but to no purpose, to dispose of the whole of my books; many, however, I parted with, to procure necessaries and attendance for my poor child, who on her part bore with Christian patience the sufferings attendant on her slow decay. But a few days before her death, observing her writing, we were anxious to know the subject of her thoughts, and discovered that she had been engaged upon some sweet verses, which we have saved with care, as the last remains of our dear child and eldest born.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> [In the original manuscript these "sweet verses" occur in the middle of the narrative. As after the reference made by the writer, the editor thinks himself scarcely justified in suppressing them, he has added them in a note, although there appears nothing particular in them to demand insertion. No one, however, will wonder at their being of importance in the eyes of a bereaved father. They at any rate partake of the quaintness of the period. Some other on a "Faded Leaf," and apparently by the same hand, appear of the same character as these now given, and he has not therefore seen it necessary to print them.—ED.]

"The world's a bubble, they who know it say :

As well they may.

What are its pleasures all ?—it hath no joy

Without alloy.

They who drink deepest first of all repent

Their life so spent.

They curse their folly that in it could trust,

And own at last her temples are but dust.

And now my successor, pretending that I made the people discontented with his teaching, procured an order for me to quit my house at Chigwell, which had been a comfort to me because of the kindness of my old parishioners. However as no help was to be had by murmuring, I departed to London for awhile ; but being fain to remove again, I went to consult with my old college friend Master Smythe, then resident at Leigh, in Essex, hard by the River Thames. Him I found having met with harder treatment than myself, indeed he had been utterly pillaged, and having been turned out in the fields on a cold, wet evening, had well nigh perished. We, after the evening prayers of the Church had in private, consulted what was best to be done in this sad extremity, and we determined, by GOD's blessing, to depart for France : in which country we were assured of a refuge, and had hopes of liberty to open a school, which the English there had long desired should be established for their children. I therefore sent by a hasty messenger to my

“ Greedy of honours, view the grasping man  
 At his last span.  
 Pomp's cringing train, inconstant slaves are fled  
 From his lone bed.  
 No fawning crowds salute his filmy eyes ;  
 Alone he dies !  
 What is the world to him ? a worthless sod,  
 On which experience stampeth Ichabod.

“ What are all life's gay pleasures then to him,  
 Whose eyes grow dim ?  
 What are its fairest toys when life's last gleam  
 Fades as a dream ?  
 When all are sinking from his mortal eyes,  
 And this world flies ?  
 Are they not bubbles of a summer stream,  
 Deck'd by the sun, yet bursting as they gleam ?

“ Was our life given then for this intent,  
 To be thus spent ?  
 Brother to brutes, and were we only made  
 For masquerade ?  
 To waste our little hours in pomp and show,  
 And then to go ?  
 Go whither ? To receive the promis'd price  
 Of all our folly and of all our vice.”

wife notice of my intentions, and praying her to come to me with all speed, which she did, together with my two children and such books and household goods as yet remained to us. My library indeed was not ample. The large folio Bible in Hebrew and Greek and divers modern tongues, which the soldiers had defaced. Another in English. A choicely bound copy of S. Basil the Great, the gift of my godfather on the day of my ordination at Salisbury. S. Jerome's works bound in three volumes. S. Bernard in one. Sundry treatises of S. Augustine, besides many English writings of Bishop Montague and Archbishop Laud, Bishop Andrewes, and Dr. Donne, and the learned volume of Master Hooker on Ecclesiastical Polity. I had saved also some favourite books of my wife, such as Tasso, translated by Edward Fairfax; the Fairy Queen, by Spenser; Sandys' Psalms of David; the Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia; in all about one hundred,—the poor remains of a once valuable collection of four hundred volumes, plundered, and alas! many sold to procure necessities and medicines.

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## *The Children's Corner.*

### SCENES FROM LIFE.

#### CHAPTER VII.—*Continued.*

ETHEL had no time to think, or surely she would have drawn back; but there was a spice of daring in her innermost nature, and she dearly loved an adventure; besides, she felt she had Cecile's protection. With both hands clasped round the ebony ball that formed the handle of the study door, the little one vainly tried to turn it, but a heavy step sounded inside, the door was flung open, and Lord Flemyng himself stood there, looking in Ethel's eyes a perfect giant, as she gave a timid glance upwards at the tall, stalwart figure before her; he had snatched up his little daughter, saying, "What,

Queen Mab herself! come to see her humble servant! and now you must introduce me to your young friend, madam."

Cecile struggled from his arms and took Ethel protectingly by the hand. "It is Miss St. Clare: mamma said I might bring her."

Lord Flemyng looked a moment in evident admiration at the pair; so different, yet both so lovely. Sun and shade—night and day—pearls and rubies—came as similes to his mind, while he closed the door and led them to his chair. Ethel had bent before him as Cecile introduced her in a low and grave reverence, for she had some notion of propitiating the terrible Lord of the Park by excessive politeness. And though frightened out of her wits lest he should take her up in the way he had done Cecile, she stood to outward appearance composed as usual.

"Well, is Miss St. Clare come to spend the day with your majesty?" he asked, smiling. "We shall have to summon the Graces and Muses to make up a court for you."

"*Vous badinez donc, papa,*" said Cecile, with a little pout: "we are going up to the nursery to look at Beatrix; Ethel is only come with her grandpapa, but she will come again soon and spend the day; you must ask him, please papa: do say yes; and mamma told me to say that Mr. St. Clare was in the drawing-room."

A look of annoyance crossed Lord Flemyng's face.

"You see how busy I am, my dear; your mamma will ask better than I can. My horse is waiting for me, but you shall have a play-fellow; here Arthur, put away your slate, and come and play with these two fairies."

He kissed Cecile's hand in mock homage as he spoke, and taking up his hat and whip left the room; while Ethel's face underwent a most singular change. She turned scarlet as the long unheard name was pronounced, and eagerly looked at the little boy who came forward from the deep window where he had been hid; but when she saw his blue eyes and fair hair, she put her hand to her head; the flush faded from her cheek, and a look of disappointment took its place. She scarcely heard what Cecile and Arthur said about their play, and the first

sound that recalled her attention was the loud and noisy dinner-bell. Then Cecile said she must go to the nursery to have a pinafore on, and, hand in hand the two little maidens went up the staircase and along the corridor in silence. When they returned to the hall, Lady Flemyng met them, and taking Ethel's bonnet off, said Mr. St. Clare would allow her to dine with Cecile.

It was with a shy, embarrassed feeling that Ethel found herself standing at the long table where the boys were noisily taking their places. Nor was it any relief to her that Stanhope would come round and shake hands, and Mr. Gresham nod and smile as he recognized the little stranger of the hill.

Such a dinner she had never before seen. Accustomed to the quiet little table laid for two in the parlour at home, the rows of plates, and knives, and glasses,—and even more, the silver covers,—dazzled and bewildered her. It was a great comfort when she heard her grandpapa's voice, and felt his kind hand on her shoulder, for he had guessed how shy his little bird would be, and so had accepted Lady Flemyng's offer of a glass of wine, in order to come in and see how Ethel bore this unusual noise and splendour. Cecile strained up with an arm round her mother's neck to whisper what papa had said, and to plead for a long day very soon, which was repeated aloud to Mr. St. Clare, with a polite addition from Lady Flemyng as to her Lord's press of business, which prevented his asking the favour in person. It was a very noisy dinner. Mr. Gresham tried to enforce silence once in vain, and made no further attempt; but Ethel's fears were over, the ice was broken, and her grandpapa was not surprised at the whispered request after they rose from table, for "half-an-hour's play with Cecile." This too was granted: very little was ever refused that earnest, pleading look of hers; and for the first time in her life Ethel enjoyed a real game of play with children of her own age and station.

Stanhope and Hugh seemed to consider Ethel as belonging in a special manner to them; and when Cecile said she must now take Ethel to the nursery to see the dolls, they proposed accompanying them; and paying

their devoirs, as Stanhope said, to the illustrious lady who there reigned supreme. Ethel thought he must mean Beatrix Isabella; but when they arrived at the nursery, so grand a person sat there in so gay and majestic a cap that she was quite at a loss, and would not have known how to behave had not Cecile come to her aid with her self-possessed introduction,—“This is my nurse, Ethel. Hammond, this is Miss St. Clare.”

The nurse looked up curiously, and Mary Arden, who was at work, rose as her little mistress came in and stood earnestly regarding the child whose position at the vicarage made Mary feel a little jealous, even while all the novelty and glory of her new life were still around her. The boys had made an apology for their intrusion to Mrs. Hammond, which decided Ethel in her opinion that she was a very grand person indeed.

“Now you must see my dolls: Mary Arden will fetch them,” said Cecile, with the half regal little air she always used in speaking to those beneath her, and a magnificent cradle was accordingly fetched, in which lay the largest and most exquisite doll in the world. So Ethel thought as she knelt delightedly by the cradle, and examined with Cecile’s assistance the treasures it contained.

“See her night-cap: it is real lace; godmamma made it for me. Look at the frills of her night-dress. She was not well to-day, and so stayed in bed. The doctor was coming to see her.”

“In other words, Miss Flemyng was too idle to dress her,” said Hammond.

Cecile smiled, but did not answer.

“Here,” she continued, “is her wardrobe: two best frocks,—a silk one for Sundays, a muslin for summer, and a ball dress, but there are no parties here. She used to go out a great deal in London. Here are her shoes and stockings,—silk ones for the evening, and a worked slip. We will dress her when you come to stay the whole day, and we will take her to the drawing-room—the queen’s drawing-room, I mean, only mamma must be queen.”

“You would play queen better than mamma,” said Stanhope, laughing; “but show your baby house.”



Cecile walked across the room ; she opened the folding doors of a kind of closet, and displayed to Ethel's enchanted eyes a perfect mansion for the lady in the cradle : entrance halls, kitchens, dining, drawing, and bed-rooms, all beautifully furnished and filled with the prettiest things possible ; for Lord Flemyng never went from home without bringing some addition to Beatrix Isabella's vast possessions. Ethel forgot her shyness in her delight ; the boys too seemed equally amused, and listened to Cecile's grave relations of her doll's various adventures and parties. She was in the midst of an account of an accident that had deprived Beatrix of her right thumb, when a message came to say that Mr. St. Clare was waiting, and that Miss Flemyng must be dressed to go out with her mamma. It was a great trial to Cecile, she was half inclined to pout, and a few tears were shed ; but the boys seemed to know they must persuade her to obey, Stanhope dried her tears, and promised if she would ' be good and let Ethel go ' he would get Mr. St. Clare to let her come again very soon for a whole day ; so she consented to kiss her visitor, and went into another room to be dressed ; while the boys, fearful as it seemed of the duration of this good conduct, hurried Ethel down stairs, not giving her even time to admire the beautiful stand of ferns and gold-fish which stood so temptingly in the window of the corridor. She found her grandpapa ready to depart, and after thanking Lady Flemyng for her invitation, and receiving another warm, kind kiss, she walked away, talking so fast that Mr. St. Clare could scarcely ascertain what had pleased his darling most.

## CHAPTER VIII.

" And like the stained web in the sun,  
Grow pure by being purely shone upon."

AND now a new life had opened for our heroine ; she was no longer the solitary child who mourned a brother's lost love, and eagerly longed for something beyond her reach. She had found brothers and a sister too ; she

had fresh new motives, and Ethel, though such a bright-spirited child, required strong motives to prevent her character from dwindling into frivolity. She had more of the butterfly than the bee in her composition; and it was a quick apprehension of this which gave Mr. St. Clare so much pleasure in obtaining for her the companionship of children. Now, he found no difficulty in persuading Ethel to learn to read; before her visit to the Park, she had sometimes put aside the book with such a pleading, puzzled face, that he had refrained from trying to teach her, hoping that one day the taste for learning might spring up spontaneously; and now that happy time was come, and every morning the little hand on his arm—the smiling face pressed so close to him, warned him to push away books and papers, and make room for the mystic spelling-book, which had at first assumed for Ethel more terrors than schoolboy ever found there, but which, in a few mornings, suddenly became so well remembered, that Mr. St. Clare was convinced she had learnt to read at some previous time, and forgotten all during her gipsy wanderings.

Some part of Ethel's eagerness to learn, might have been caused by visions of Mr. Greeham *en précepteur*, but more certainly her anxiety was traceable to her ambition to be able to read the prettily-bound books Cecile had so generously pressed on her. In three weeks from the time of hearing the simple outline of Beauty and the Beast, Ethel was able to read it for herself; and she soon outstripped Cecile, whose love of books was principally confined to their pictures and bright covers. All her story books were bound in crimson, green, and bright deep blue.

The week finished calmly, as usual; the peaceful Sunday came and went, leaving Ethel seated on the old man's knee in the pleasant porch, listening eagerly to one of the stories which had grown to be a daily treat. It was finished, but they still lingered there to see the shadows deepen, and the moon rise and almost mingle her rays with those of the setting sun.

"Now, my love, before we go in, I have something to tell you; I am going away from you for all to-morrow;

I shall be gone when you open your eyes, and hardly think I can be back before my bird is asleep in her nest."

"Where are you going, grandpapa?" asked Ethel, wonderingly.

"I am going to see the Bishop. Why, what makes your colour come, my child? I cannot take you with me!"

"Grandpapa! I have seen a Bishop!" The child's hand was pressed to her brow. "He had large sleeves, black ribbons here,"—she touched his wrists,—“he walked slow, and sat in a beautiful chair."

"Yes?" said Mr. St. Clare, unwilling to disturb the current of her thoughts.

"Will you ride old Dobbin?" she asked next, to his disappointment, but true to his resolve, he did not try to force her memory.

"Yes, that is one reason I go so early. Dobbin is old, like his master, and must rest half-way. But now, tell me, what will you do all day, my love?"

"Perhaps Mrs. Willis will hear me say my spelling, and I can carry Sally Ingram some of my roses, and little Annie Loudon part of the pudding after dinner. I mean to weed my garden, too; and oh, grandpapa! I never told you,—I think I shall take up my rose-tree, and put it into a better place."

"Not while the roses are blooming, I hope, or they will all die."

"Will they? I am glad you told me; then we must wait till the roses are all gone."

"But Ethel! shall you mind being alone the whole day?"

The child's face clouded for a moment, but she said, softly, "not very much."

"Well, I will not keep you waiting to guess where I have promised you shall spend to-morrow; the 'long day,' as Cecile calls it, will come at last."

"Oh! am I going to the Park? thank you, dear grandpapa," she said, kissing him, as she saw by his smile she was right. "I shall be so happy."

"Just one thing I must tell you to-night, my darling, as I shall not see you in the morning. You must re-

member not to speak at all about Church, nor ask the children why they do not come to our church."

"I did ask Stanhope once," she said, ingenuously, "but then you had not told me, you know."

"But now, my love, recollect you are not to speak of it at all. We are not always to say exactly what comes into our heads, because sometimes we may give people pain by not reflecting a little. You look surprised at my telling you not to talk about God's house: but you are too young to know why, and I must have my little girl learn obedience without asking why, because it is her duty."

"Grandpapa!" said Ethel, putting her hand on his shoulder, and slipping off his knee in her energy, "I know a story about that! There was a tall dark boy, and a little baby used to play with him, and there were spiders, and green snakes, and robins with black eyes,—no, I think it was the mice with black eyes. One day the boy was told not to go somewhere—you know the place on the east hill, what did you call it?"

"A fortification?" Ethel shook her head. "Was it a ruin?" he asked.

"Yes, that is it,—thank you—a ruin. He was told not to go there, nor let the baby go. He sat on the grass, and the carriage came; and then he had left his hoop high up, swinging in the ivy that covered the ruin. It often does, grandpapa. You know there is some in the ruin on the east hill, is there not?"

"Yes, my love; and the boy?" he asked, unable to resist the temptation of hearing the story.

"The boy did not go for a long time, but he wanted his hoop very much, and so at last he went, and—I am afraid I forget. Will you finish the story, please?"

"I suppose he went and climbed up the ruin to fetch his hoop, and while he was gone, some harm happened to the baby?"

"You know, she crept after him along the grass; and oh! grandpapa, while he was climbing, a long, wicked, black-and-yellow snake came out from the tall weeds and bit the tender baby!"

The tears were in Ethel's eyes. Mr. St. Clare listened with interest.

"And the boy, Ethel?" he asked.

"Oh, he jumped down and sucked the place which the snake had made with his tooth, and there was a drop of blood."

"And do you think the baby got quite well? Was there no mark left of the bite?"

The child knelt down and pulled away the sock from her ankle. There was a little round purple mark that could be distinctly seen.

"Were you the baby, Ethel?"

"I think it must have been me; but then the boy, grandpapa?"

"Well, my love, what was his name?"

"He was called Arthur," said Ethel, decidedly. "Yes, the baby got well, and the boy never disobeyed his father again, that's all, grandpapa."

She rose and stood by him, and his arm was round her, and she was folded in an embrace, warm as ever her own father could have bestowed; and then, after receiving his fervent blessing, she ran up to her own room to tell Mrs. Willis of her bright prospects for the morrow, while Mr. St. Clare, seeking the quiet of his study, proceeded to enter the whole of Ethel's story in the book he had from the first devoted to her reminiscences.

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Certainly the sun had never shone on so fair a holyday morning—at least, so Ethel thought when she jumped out of her little white bed and ran to the window, setting it open that the sweet song of birds and scent of flowers might attend her simple toilette.

Her bread and milk was ready for her in the porch. She heard that her grandpapa was gone, but while Mrs. Willis was tying her bonnet, with careful pride, and giving her directions to make her curtsy, and say, 'my lord' and 'my lady,' the gate opened. Stanhope came eagerly in.

"I am so glad I am in time," he said, as he saw the bread and milk, "Cecile is to wait breakfast for you."

They started soberly at first, Mrs. Willis standing at the gate to watch them; and as the little fairy figure of Ethel, holding the hand of her companion, was gradually

lost among the trees of the wood, it might have been that three years were annihilated, and that the "tall, dark boy" beside her was her own brother, Arthur, she looked so little changed.

Slowly, then, they went up the hill, but it was shady on the downward path, and here they ran merrily till the copse was reached, and Ethel begged to go in that way. Lifting her over the hedge, they went through the crackling wood path, and coming to the green railing, Ethel, in her open-hearted happiness, told her companion her first adventure there.

"You were not with the others," she said; and this remark brought back so uncomfortable a time, that their walk up the steep lawn to the house was a very silent one. Even yet, Stanhope had not recovered from his feeling of humiliation.

Ethel was greeted so warmly in the hall, that it seemed as if she would never be allowed to reach the breakfast-room; but kissing and welcoming, like other earthly things, must have an end; and at last she found herself seated at the top of the table, between Stanhope and Cecile. Lady Flemyng herself had lifted her to her chair with such a kind kiss, saying, "So your kind grandpapa has spared you to us for the whole day. I hope it will be a very happy one, my love."

A hasty, anxious look round the table, convinced Ethel that Lord Flemyng was not there—and this was a great relief. She did not see Mr. Gresham, either, but ere long, she looked up at hearing Cecile say, "Good morning, sir," in a queenly little way, and saw the young man entering by a door which led to the garden, and paying his respects to Lady Flemyng, who was trying to hasten the boys' breakfast, and the cause soon appeared. Lord Flemyng was gone to the station, about five miles off, to meet a nephew, of whom he was very fond. Erskine had accompanied him. The boys seemed to sympathise with their mother's desire of having the coast clear by the time the travellers returned, and Ethel nearly choked herself in her fear of being obliged to see her enemy, and her wish to eat all that Stanhope had heaped on her plate, as she thought it would seem unkind to leave any. Lady

Flemyng came to her, and detected with a mother's quick eye that she was only eating from politeness, so they were just able to escape to the nursery, before a great commotion through the house announced the arrival of the new cousin, George Arundel. The boys rushed out to meet him, but were speedily, and rather unceremoniously sent off by their father, who, declaring they were as hungry as hunters, made his way to the breakfast room, and quiet reigned for a time through the house.

Ethel was quite sure she had never spent such a happy morning. Beatrix Isabella was dressed and undressed at least a dozen times. She received company; she went out visiting; she had the scarlet fever; she sent out cards of thanks for kind inquiries; she went to a ball; she put on mourning for the Dowager Duchess of Dronington,—a name invented, to Cecile's extreme delight, by Stanhope, for the distinguished great aunt of Beatrix; and with perfectly inexhaustible energy she was robing for a stroll in Portland Bazaar, when the pitiless Hammond again came with an interruption; it was time for Miss Flemyng to dress for luncheon.

Cecile was sure they would be ready too soon,—and so they were: for when, conducted by the nurse, they entered the drawing-room, they found Lady Flemyng in earnest conversation with her nephew.

Something he had evidently heard of Ethel, for after greeting his little cousin, and assuring her she was looking very old, he turned to the visitor, and asked for Mr. St. Clare. Ethel was quite intimate with her new acquaintance when she found that he knew her grandpapa quite well; he had been a pupil of his many years ago, and should have gone down to see him to-day, if he had not heard of his absence.

She was so engaged in talking to this nice, good-tempered young man, that she did not see Lord Flemyng enter, and was for a moment dreadfully frightened when she heard his voice close to her, asking how long she meant to be so shy? Then she turned, and crimsoning up to the eyes, made him a low and courtly reverence, which he returned by as finished a bow. This made Ethel smile, and the shyness was nearly conquered.

He did not take any further notice of her; the dinner bell rang; and as their father and mother were present to take luncheon, the boys were much quieter, and Ethel liked this dinner better than the last. There was much talking among the elders, but Ethel did not listen or understand. Stanhope again sat next her, and helped her to everything he thought she wished for, and Ethel could only say "thank you" over and over, and try to eat what he was so kind as to give her.

"Come here, *mignonne*," said Lord Flemyng, as they were moving after dinner, "see here!" and he put his hand in his pocket, "I did not forget you this morning, though it was so early that I had to knock the old fellow at the shop out of his slumber. Here is a grand mirror, with a drawer full of combs and brushes for Beatrix; and here," he said, good-naturedly, "little Miss Ethel, is something for you," and he held out a paper, which contained some beautiful bonbons. Whether bought for Ethel, or only transferred, as was most probable, at the moment, mattered little, Lady Flemyng thought. She rejoiced in the fact, and in the peculiarly pretty way in which the child opened them, and thanked him, and then handed them round to every body, beginning with the lady, and ending, though with evident trepidation, with the donor himself.

It certainly was a very happy day. The little girls had a long drive in the afternoon—quite a new pleasure for Ethel—and were allowed to get out and gather flowers before they returned. Then they had tea in Lady Flemyng's dressing-room, while she prepared for a dinner-party to which she was going, and they had the additional delight of turning over her jewel-box.

Another hour of play, and some fruit and cream in the nursery, and Ethel found that her day was over. Loaded with books, toys, and sweetmeats, she went with Cecile to the schoolroom, to say good-bye to the brothers; and though it was a little disappointment to find that Stanhope could not take her home, as he was in the midst of his lessons, and she felt rather alarmed at finding George Arundel was to be her escort, yet he was so kind, and talked so like her grandpapa, that before they had reached



the Vicarage, in spite of his having fair hair and laughing blue eyes, Ethel found she liked him very much indeed, and was glad to hear that he would come again to-morrow to see Mr. St. Clare. How much had not Mrs. Willis to hear as Ethel was undressed. It was evident that the paper of bonbons had made an impression on the house-keeper, though she only remarked to Ethel that she hoped she had not forgotten to say "Thank you, my Lord," and was greatly scandalised to find her admonitions to this effect had as Ethel expressed it, "slipped out of her mind." She was partially comforted by the child's assurances that she had not forgotten to make her curtsy, "which," as Mrs. Willis mentally observed, "would show some folks that other folks knew how to behave whether or no."

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## THE BUTTERFLY AND VIOLET.

*From the German of Schmidt.*

AMONG the soft moss at the foot of an oak-tree, in the early spring time, grew a young violet. The branches of a juniper-tree stretched its sheltering leaves around her. Soft breezes that came with the larks and wild birds awoke life in the buds which were yet sleeping. When the first sunbeam fell upon the flower, she saw beneath in the grey bark of the tree a chrysalis. Also in this reigned life, and light shone already through the thin green cover. Then the chrysalis greeted the violet, and they talked together of their hopes and dreams.

"I dreamt," said the chrysalis, "that my shell had vanished, and with soft beautiful wings I floated over the top branches of the trees, over blooming meadows, and temples with golden towers."

But the violet related—"On the night on which men adorn with bright lights the fir-trees that they bring from the forests, had I also a wonderful dream. Then was my body wrapped up in the shelter of the snow, and I lay quiet and still in the cold earth. In my dream it seemed as

though I awoke and saw the blue heaven above, and around me stood a thousand sisters of the earth, who, all adorned with dazzling colours, looked radiant in the clear morning sun. And after we had lived together many happy days, our souls, that we call the scent of flowers, were wafted to heaven."

"And how was it there?" asked the chrysalis.

"Further goes not my dream," softly answered the bud; "but I hope it is beautiful there: probably far more beautiful than on earth."

"What gives thee this hope?" continued the chrysalis.

The bud was silent a moment, then replied gently, "My trust in the Good Spirit, Whom men call God."

Yet again spoke the chrysalis: "How hast thou obtained the faith that inspires thee with so beautiful a hope?"

And the bud replied, "All that I am now sensible of, inspires me with hope and confidence. The God, Who cares so wonderfully for me here, and so prepares my heart to expect yet greater peace and joy, will assuredly at some future time grant me still higher happiness. O, that I may become more worthy of it."

"O beloved violet," said the chrysalis, "the same thoughts have been also in me, and I thank thee that thou hast strengthened them by thy confession. But how is this?" he continued, "it is becoming darker and darker; the light that penetrates my shell is fast diminishing. Dost thou not perceive it?"

"I feel it also," answered the bud. "It is perhaps the close of that time which men call day. Yet let evening approach,—fear nothing. He Who allows it to become dark, is also the LORD of Light. Therefore, let not fear enter thy soul; only believe and trust that all will be for the best."

Listening to such words, soft sleep fell upon the chrysalis, and the violet also slumbered in peace. The music of the woods awoke the violet bud the next morning. The birds sang sweetly, and the leaves of the trees rustled around, as though a light and skilful hand were touching the strings of a harp. And the heart of the flower felt

peaceful and glad. She sought to raise her eyes, and lo! softly her eyelids unclosed, and opened upon the beauty of spring. Enraptured, she looked up at the tall fragrant trees, whose branches stretched protectingly over the earth. She gazed wonderingly towards heaven, as well as upon the tender moss at her feet. But of all around, a delicate flower that hung on a blade of grass close by, appeared to the violet the most beautiful. Its blue leaves glistening with the finest gold-dust were adorned with red and purple wings. But O, wonderful! the flower began to speak, and the voice was familiar to the violet, though the tones were softer and clearer than she had ever heard before.

"Dost thou not know me, O dearest violet? See! my shell is empty,—my dream and my hope are fulfilled."

Then the violet recognised the butterfly, and the crystal drops gathered upon her eyes like morning dew. The butterfly also rejoiced over the blooming violet, for he could now look into her clear blue eyes. She had the hue of heaven, and on her bosom glittered a tiny star.

"Now will we live happily in our lonely wood," said the butterfly. "I will be thy companion, and we will laugh and rejoice and relate sweet tales to one another."

The violet was silent, and hung down her head. Then the butterfly asked mournfully, "Wilt thou not have me for a friend?"

"Thou art so beautiful," gently replied the violet, "and I am only a violet. In distant gardens there are flowers decked with your brilliant colours; my home under the good juniper-tree is not fit for thee."

"O, how rejoiced am I," cried the butterfly, "that thou hast no other reasons, thou humble one! I will see no other flowers, and have no other companions but thou, my gentle violet." Then a tear dropped from the violet's eye upon the moss.

Happily now passed the days for both. The butterfly rose often above the highest branches of the green pine-trees, and sometimes even flew to a blue lake that lay a short distance from the wood; but he only went to describe his adventures to the violet. And he told her of all that he had seen in his wanderings,—of the fishes in the calm lake, of the dragon-flies in the rushes, whose

wings were like the finest net; or of the birds' nests in the trees, with the brooding mother, the spotted eggs, and the young birds. But in the evening, when the moon streamed through the branches, and the dew-drops glittered around like tiny tapers, and the glow-worm was their lamp; the violet told her friend of the queen of flowers upon the fairy island. And they talked softly together till sleep closed their eyes.

One day the butterfly flew again to the blue lake, and met there another butterfly in bright scarlet colours, an admiral, whom he greeted; and they flew somewhere together. The admiral told him of a splendid garden that lay behind the mountains, in which were fountains, gorgeously appparelled men, and a white marble castle. Above everything, he praised the bright flowers of the garden, and said, (for he knew the world,) "In the wood one does not find a single beautiful flower." Then the blue butterfly was silent, and flew back to his companion. She told the violet of his meeting with the admiral, but concealed from her his opinion of the wood-flowers. Then the violet entreated him to seek the castle garden, and to relate its beauties to her.

Accordingly the very next morning he flew towards the distant mountains, behind which lay the castle and gardens, and hastened quickly on, for a light breeze accelerated his flight. At last he arrived,—and what a scene of beauty burst upon his astonished gaze. In the midst of the garden, supported upon columns, rose a castle of white marble, whose roof was decorated with burnished gold. Many paths encircled the garden in all directions, and thousands of trees and flowers filled the air with their sweet perfume. The butterfly alighted on a jessamine-spray, and lo, there was also the admiral. The fragrance of the jasmine intoxicated him. Transported with delight, he flew joyously from flower to flower, for he was beautiful; and the flowers all spoke to him, even the tulip. And he told them of the wood,—but the proud flowers of the garden laughed scornfully at the wild blossoms, and see, he agreed with them, and said he had once a companion in the wood, a violet, but she pleased him no longer, and he would not return to her.

So he passed the day in pleasure, and truly went not

to his home in the evening; and in the same manner many days stole by. The strong scent of the jasmine which he inhaled from time to time deadened his senses; all day he fluttered wildly over leaves and shrubs, and remarked not how the colours of his wings gradually faded, and how at last all his beauty had vanished. But the proud flowers soon noticed this, and on the third day none would speak to him again. But he was most startled at seeing a thoughtless boy close to him catch the gay admiral and pierce his breast with a sharp needle. Then full of anguish he left the garden, and flew again towards the mountains. But here he saw something that was magnified by his uneasiness.

On a newly made grave, surrounded by weeping willows, sat a maiden. She had strewn flowers over the grave, and large tears rolled down her pale cheeks. Then he thought of his violet, and it seemed to him as though a voice whispered, "the sweet companion whom thou didst faithlessly desert is dead." Then he flew quickly towards the wood: ever greater was his longing for the violet, and ever more bitterly he regretted his folly and wickedness. As he arrived at the wood in the evening, the dark branches overhead rustled together and sounded to him like a mournful requiem. Full of unspeakable anguish he reached at length the well known spot. But alas! the violet had drooped,—grief for the loss of her companion had killed her.

Then he sat in bitter sorrow watching the whole night through on a branch of the juniper tree. But when the sun arose, he saw himself quite changed. The hue of night and sadness had fallen on his wings, and covered with the gloomy mantle of sorrow, he flew over mountains and valleys, and mourned unceasingly for the departed violet.

F. M.

## HEART SICKNESS.

"The heart knoweth his own bitterness."—*Prov. xiv. 10.*

"Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful; and the end of that mirth is heaviness."—*Prov. xiv. 13.*

"Who can say, I have made my heart clean, I am pure from my sin?"—*Prov. xx. 9.*

HEART sickness—mother—what meaneth it? in the old historic page—  
We read of a queen who died of this in the spring-tide of her age;  
What mystery do these words express—and is the diadem'd head—  
Alone bowed down 'neath the costly weight to rest with the regal  
dead?

We inhale the scent of flowers, child, but know not whence sweet  
scents come;

We hear the music of wailing winds all around our shelter'd home;  
But whither they pass or whence they list—thou canst not explain  
to me—

Nor I define the sickness of heart which may God avert from thee.

The blight bides not with princely race—but with nations of the earth—  
Wherever sin's deformity ensures the deadly evil birth;

How oft fair fruit hath worm i' the core—nathless the semblance  
pure—

And blossoms brightest droop and fade—His north winds they may  
not endure.

This malady betrays no sign—evinces not a certain token—

A jest—a smile—a scornful glance—may hide a strong and brave  
heart broken;

It sheds no tear—it breathes no plaint—'tis nourish'd silently alone;  
Can earthly aid remove the load—the sepulchre's unyielding stone?

Can succour not be found on earth—must souls reject all counsel  
there?

Is there not medicine for sin—hath not the Church wide portals  
fair?

The SAVIOUR waits most graciously—'tis JESUS bids thee enter in—  
His boundless light will quench the pangs—His blood will wash away  
the sin.

## VIA CRUCIS, VIA LUCIS.

THROUEN night to light!—And though to mortal eyes  
Creation's face a pall of horror wear,  
Good cheer! good cheer! the gloom of midnight flies;  
Then shall a sunrise follow mild and fair.

Through storm to calm !—And though his thunder car  
The rumbling tempest drive through earth and sky,  
Good cheer ! good cheer ! the elemental war  
Tells that a blessed healing hour is nigh.

Through frost to spring !—And though the biting blast  
Of Eurus stiffen nature's juicy veins,  
Good cheer ! good cheer ! when winter's wrath is past,  
Soft murmuring spring breathes sweetly o'er the plains.

Through strife to peace !—And though with bristling front,  
A thousand frightful deaths encompass thee,  
Good cheer ! good cheer ! brave thou the battle's brunt,  
For the peace-march and song of victory.

Through toil to sleep !—And though the sultry noon,  
With heavy, drooping wing oppress thee now,  
Good cheer ! good cheer ! the cool of evening soon  
Shall lull to sweet repose thy weary brow.

Through cross to crown !—And though thy spirit's life  
Trials untold assail with giant strength,  
Good cheer ! good cheer ! soon ends the bitter strife,  
And thou shalt reign in peace with CHRIST at length.

Through woe to joy !—And though at morn thou weep,  
And though the midnight find thee weeping still,  
Good cheer ! good cheer ! the Shepherd loves His sheep ;  
Resign thee to the watchful FATHER's Will.

Through death to life !—And through this vale of tears,  
And through this thistle-field of life, ascend  
To the great supper in that world whose years  
Of bliss unfading, cloudless, know no end.

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### The Editor's Desk.

A MISSION has been opened at Plaistow to which we most heartily on many accounts bid God speed. Nothing can be more miserable than the picture which is drawn of the moral, sanitary, and spiritual condition of the people. The movement is one in the right direction, and has not been set on foot before it was imperatively required. The Bishop of London presided during the month at a meeting, when the details of the plan were produced, and the inhabitants of the surrounding neighbourhood appealed to for support. There are to be short services in school-rooms, accompanied with sermons. This seems to be the general character of the mission movements, which

are happily now coming into use. At the same time we cannot but apprehend some danger in these unauthorized short services; they should be the work of the Church, in convocation assembled. There is we understand a special service authorized for the Exeter Hall gatherings. Upon these we looked with some suspicion at first, and our suspicions have been fully realized. The principle of parochial disorganization has there commenced, and the wealthy and well-to-do can now have their Sunday excitement as well as their week-day concerts, and go to hear a popular preacher as they would a popular singer. The poor, as a fact acknowledged by the preachers, are not the component parts of the vast congregations that are there collected, whilst the neighbouring churches (we speak what we know) are deserted, and if you ask the reason, you will be told, "Oh, sir, they are gone to Exeter Hall." No; sermons to the working classes must be preached in the midst of them, and not in a place of fashionable resort for concerts and oratorios, and a succession of May meetings.

Missions too of this character are for a specific object, to teach people the elements of the Faith, and how they ought to worship. Hence we would have the office of the Evangelist or the preacher fully developed. We would have these services really of an Evangelistic character. A simple collect should precede the sermon, which should be, we conceive, based upon texts which are of an essentially missionary bearing. We do feel that the development of one idea in such cases is absolutely essential. The offering the sacrifice of religious *worship* is incompatible with the character of a school-room, or concert hall, whilst there is nothing at all contrary to propriety in preaching even in the highways and hedges, and compelling them to come in. We will not however pursue the subject further, as we shall be dragged into a dissertation rather than an editorial note, but the whole subject is worthy the most serious attention of both houses of Convocation, and we hope will soon have it. Meanwhile, we wish success to all who are earnestly striving to reclaim the waste places of the land, and hail every such effort as an additional sign of life.

A great movement—we had nearly said revolution—has taken place at Oxford, which has been received with considerable favour. It is the admission of the several schoolmasters, &c., settled up and down the country to the title of A.A., or Associate of Arts. The measure is of course popular. It is a sign that Oxford is alive to the necessities of the times: it knows and does its duty. We shall see. If mere examinations, and not the *training of the man*, be the end and aim of Universities, then we may admit the grandeur of the scheme adopted. But if this be not the case, then the Universities are, in our opinion, speeding onwards to a certain amount of indulgence in suicidal acts.

A conference upon the question of Education opened under the Presidency of his Royal Highness Prince Albert has been just concluded, the results of which can only at present furnish a certain amount of material for speculation.

By the way, whilst on this point we may chronicle the opening of the School Chapel, Forest School, Walthamstow, on the 24th of June. This was indeed a great and a memorable day for the institution.



Friends from a distance, and near at home, came to congratulate those whose labours have brought the school to so high a position, and more especially upon the opening of the chapel. After the distribution of the prizes had taken place, the chapel—an elegant structure, which does great credit to the powers of Mr. White (whose work on Symbolism we have already favourably noticed)—was opened with due solemnities. We often feel on such occasions as this what a loss we suffer in having no authorized forms, for events which cannot be too overrated; and we are glad to be spared on this day, the bad taste which has often ere now caused us no little pain. In the absence of such formularies, we can give high praise to the one used at Walthamstow, though we confess, perhaps from liturgical studies of other days, to a great affection for brief sententious collects (of which many are ready at hand,) and a due admixture of versicle and response. Even Archbishopal forms issued from Lambeth have not tended in any way to diminish the love we bear to the formularies of other days, and to those preserved in our own branch of the Church. However, we repeat again, the Walthamstow use was very good. The 68th Psalm was chanted, and well chanted, by the choir of the school, to Henley. Dr. Jelf then delivered an address. To say that it was masterly, comprehensive, elegant, and pointed, were only to repeat what every one who knows anything of the respected Principal of King's College, London, would heartily re-echo. This was followed by a form of prayer arranged by the late Vicar of Walthamstow; Farrant's "LORD, for Thy tender mercies' sake," which was beautifully rendered, and in a few bars we thought rather too slowly, though we would not dare to argue the point with Mr. Monk, the Precentor. The blessing was then pronounced.

The service concluded, an excellent repast was partaken of by the large number of friends who had been gathered together on this joyous occasion. Writing as we are at the moment when we ought to be at press, we can only give rough details of what might otherwise be more fully treated. After luncheon, a concert was given in the schoolroom, of which the following was the programme:—

#### PART I.—THE MUSIC TO MACBETH.

##### *Introductory Symphony.*

*Recitative and Air.*—"Many more" . . . . . SECOND WITCH.

*Chorus.*—"He must spill much more blood."

*Recitative and Chorus.*—"We should rejoice."

*Air.*—"When cattle die," &c. . . . . FOURTH WITCH.

*Air.*—"Let's have a dance." . . . . FIRST WITCH.

*Chorus.*—"At the night raven's dismal voice."

*Chorus.*—"And nimbly, nimbly."

*Recitative and Air.*—"My little airy spirit." . . . . HECATE.

*Chorus.*—"Come away."

*Recitative and Air.*—"Now I go." . . . . HECATE.

*Chorus.*—"We fly by night."

##### *Symphony.*

*Recitative and Chorus.*—"Mingle, mingle."

*Chorus.*—"Around, around."

*Recitative and Chorus.*—"Put in all these."

*Final Chorus.*—"Around, around."

## PART II.—MISCELLANEOUS SELECTION.

<i>Rondo in E minor.</i> —Pianoforte . . . . .	MENDELSSOHN.
<i>Part Song.</i> —Song of the Railroads . . . . .	MACFARREN.
<i>Part Song.</i> —Awake, the starry midnight hour . . . . .	MENDELSSOHN.
<i>Glee.</i> —The Gipsies' Tent . . . . .	COOK.
<i>Duet.</i> —Pianoforte . . . . .	WEBER.
<i>Finale.</i> —God save the Queen.	

Where all was effectively rendered, it were invidious to particularize. The singing was correct, and in good time; but if we mistake not, there had been an alteration of key. However, the whole was most effective, and proved what may be done, where music has its due part allotted to it in the great work of education. And we are glad to find that there are three scholarships of £30 per annum, devoted to choristers. We must not forget to mention a new breaking-up song which does not banish all recollection of dear old *dulce Domum*, but which has been set to excellent music by the Precentor and Choir-master. Whilst such days as this bring joyous and sad reminiscences to our own mind, they give satisfaction with the present, and hope for the future. Whilst the great question of education is still perplexing many minds, it is in the good old schools of England, and in such institutions as this, not a problem to be solved, or a theory to be worked out, but a plain and palpable fact. Whilst then we echo the cry with reference to the old establishments, "Floreat Etona," breathe we a prayer that the Forest School, Walthamstow, may ever feel the full and true force of its motto—"In pectore robur." Writing as we are at the close of this happy day, with the memory of those lads' faces beaming with intelligence before us, with the thought of their future passing before the mind—with the knowledge that some will battle with life at home, others abroad, whilst others will pursue their studies in the consecrated abodes of learning, let us through our pages beg them ever to remember,

"Lives of great men all remind us,  
We can make our lives sublime;  
And departing, leave behind us  
Footprints on the sands of time.

"Footprints that perhaps another,  
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,  
A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,  
Seeing shall take heart again.

"Let us, then, be up and doing,  
With a heart for any fate;  
Still achieving, still pursuing,  
Learn to labour and to wait."

*Satan, the Sleeper*, a tale for all times, by the Rev. H. C. ADAMS, is an elegant conception admirably worked out, and worthy a place beside the finished allegories of his brother.

*The Offertory and the Church Rates*, by the Rev. H. NEWLAND, and the *Weekly Offertory* by the Rev. C. FOWLER, caused by the re-

fusal of Church rates in their respective parishes, are sermons, which, without much power, are printed, and may be of great use where a disposition prevails to oppose the Church rates. They are calculated to teach people to adhere to the scriptural plan of Church endowment rather than to depend upon mere legal enactments.

### Notices to Correspondents.

In our next number we intend to follow an excellent example set us by many of our contemporaries, and open a corner for Notes and Queries, illustrative of Church History, Antiquity, &c. We have only to ask—

1. That all questions be in hand by the 15th of every month; and
2. That no trivial one be put: but only such as may tend to instruction or edification.

F. S.—Sides-men. The word has been corrupted from *Synodsmen* (Canon 90). It was their duty, with the churchwardens, to see that all parishioners duly resort to their church on all Sundays and Holy Days, and to admonish and present all such as are negligent. They are also cited to all visitations or synods, hence their name, though their office is still in abeyance. (See Archdeacon of Taunton's Charge, 1857.)

P. S. T.—The original memoranda of the Foundations of our Parochial Charity Schools are preserved, and may be often inspected, certainly by parishioners. Those we have seen, began in the name of the "Holy Trinity."

S. L. B.—The old Vulgate Bibles are undoubtedly the best; they were published in many sizes: the smallest, we think, is eight or ten little volumes, like Diamond editions.

S. T. O.—*Sung*, in the Prayer Book, generally means singing to a time or set piece of music; and *said* means repeated on *one* note, which was the order for the whole Service in Queen Elizabeth's time. A curious instance of *said* for *sung*, occurs in S. Mark xiv. 26: "And when they had sung an hymn," is in the original, "when they had *said* an hymn:" in the old Latin it is, "*Et hymno dicto.*" It is not very likely that they *read* a hymn: but that *said* in one way meant *sung*.

B. N.—We hope to give a sketch of Dean Colet's life in a future number. There is very interesting matter showing the religious aspect of the present City Companies in their Foundation.

E. A. T.—We cannot say; if either of the works are reprinted separately, the question will no doubt be answered in their title-pages.

S. A.—There is no work now that will exactly answer the purpose for which you inquire. Devotions for those who remain without receiving the Holy Communion, may be had.

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UNA; A DOUBLE STORY.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Since first I saw your face, I resolved  
To honour and renown ye,  
If now I be disdained, I wish  
My heart had never known ye."

CHRISTMAS EVE. Lucy Bouverie made breakfast. Mildred sat at her right hand, and Mary, with her shy, gentle manner, next. Dr. Bouverie read his letters, and put in an occasional note to fill up the harmony. The day after Christmas the whole party were going to Lytehurst.

The urn hissed and sang; the breakfast was choice and delicate; the cheery fire lit up the sombre room, and Mildred, in the prospect of a delicious meeting, was serenely happy.

She was reading through her first letter from Edith, full of the grand doings at which they had almost all been present at Netherley, when a loud ring at the hall door made a general pause. Mary started; Lucy laughed.

"It is Mr. Harrison come to beg his Christmas sermon, papa, as usual: he need not be shown in here."

Without further parley, she ran out to stop the butler, but was too late, and a loud peal of laughter drew Mary away to see what was going on.

"Sad want of discipline with the children, eh! Mildred," said the doctor, looking up, amused, "but I must go myself presently. I do not quite understand what

they are acting. Here they come! Girls, we want to know the meaning—My good fellow!"—another hearty laugh, and six feet three, in the person of Henry Maxwell, strode up the great dining-room, carrying a bundle of furs, which he deposited in Mildred's lap.

"Cousin mine, I have won my welcome," he said, as she unfolded her own beautiful boy.

"Oh, Henry! oh, my little darling!" A pair of wondrous eyes gleamed up from under the little plumed hat, of which Henry presently divested him.

"I am nurse and valet,—I pray you commend my skill," he said, when the child, a pretty, wondering-looking urchin was at length developed.

"There, sir, that is your mamma, whom I have mentioned to you before; and there, my lady, this is your son, as fine a little gentleman rising three years old, as I ever introduced to your notice."

She took him on her lap, once more, and played with his white, dimpled arms, and stroked his long curls, and then remembered to carry him for a salutation to Dr. Bouverie.

"Why, Maxwell," he said, as he did proper honours to Mildred's child, "you made an early start of it this morning; three below zero."

"I did; and I had to promise by my fellowship that not a breath should blow upon him; but I expected to forestall my lady. Are you at all cold, Master Harry?"

"No, no, not a bit; feel, mamma," he whispered, shyly, laying his soft, warm hand in hers. "My mamma,—dear, own mamma!" and he threw back his head upon her arm, and gazed into her face.

"He has not a word for us, his own dear injured cousins," said Lucy, amused at the fascination his mother, a perfect stranger, was to him, "and think how we dragged him about and teased him last summer!"

"It is the force of a very superior education,—let him rest," said Henry, exultingly, "and will you give us a breakfast, or no?"

"Let Mildred entertain her own," said the Dean. "Girls, you must come and sort the dinner and clothing tickets."

"O, Uncle Bouverie! don't go away till they have breakfasted. Henry goes again at twelve."

"Then, my child, you feed them and do the honours for the present, and we will be with you again as soon as ever this business is settled."

The Dean and his daughters went away. The child ate little: he seemed perfectly happy to lie close upon his mother's bosom and realise her presence to himself.

"You none of you ever told me how strong the likeness was, Henry," for the dark blue eyes that she had closed in their death-sleep gazed upon her. "Have you been long at Lytehurst? Is grandmamma well?"

"Quite well; I came there yesterday. When did you arrive?"

"A week to-day."

"A week! you did not! Why, your stay is limited: I wish we had known it."

"Mr. Maxwell is in England; he was in the north when I left."

"Ah! he drove you away. Rely upon it, Mildred, my uncle has not come to worry you. He is on leave for business on my aunt's affairs."

"Agnes! Miss Maxwell!" she saw that Henry was in deep mourning.

"Dear aunt Agnes! It was in the summer. The news went to Rome before it reached me. I have only known it about a fortnight. You shall see her last letter, a good bit of it was to you."

"Little Harry," and Mildred sighed, "she would have been so proud and pleased to have seen you! After all, her trouble was harder than ours, Henry."

"I am sure of it: she has won her crown. Gibson and old Martha are on their voyage home; we shall learn everything from them. Come, young sir, take your eyes off your mother, and try some bread and butter."

The little rogue looked round and laughed, then sliding from his mother's lap, climbed to Henry's knee to help himself from his plate.

"We are staunch friends, observe," said Henry. "We understand each other perfectly; indeed, by and by we shall stand an examination. We have begun the rudi-

ments of a philosophical education, it came easier than the Catechism."

"You have taught him some nonsensical treason, I dare say," said Mildred, holding out her arms, coaxingly. He wanted to go to her and to stay in his present quarters at the same time. Henry settled this, by bringing his own chair near hers, while an expression gathered on his face that had puzzled her when they were young at Maveryn.

"Mildred!" he said, "suppose this very fair division of the boy's affection were a right?"

She did not comprehend him.

"I will ever be a father to your orphan; but—there is another clause—"

She understood him perfectly now. There was none of the unbidden joy, as once of yore, when she heard her Cyril speak. Her head drooped very low, as if she were looking down into her heart for true words wherewith to answer him. There, nothing was written but his name to whom she gave the love of her bright youth. Henry read her thoughts.

"Gentle cousin, I came to you on no common errand, and I brought my special pleader with me. It would not wrong him, nor his father, nor you. Twice I have given life to such a hope. We are both friendless: we belong almost by right to each other."

"Oh, Henry Maxwell! I never thought to hear this from you, and in Dr. Bouverie's house. It is so wrong—so unkind."

Anything, even the peril of a negative, he preferred to her silence, and she went on. "Besides, how can you be so foolish? Is it only play, that you talk thus to a sad, grave thing like me?"

She felt her hand transferred from her baby's fingers to his large palm; felt his eyes, brilliant with passion, upon her, reading her thoughts before she uttered them.

"Say if you still mistrust me, Una,—if I have striven uselessly to curb my impetuous temper. Ages ago you told my aunt Agnes what you admired better than my spirit, and I laid down its proud peculiarities to mould it to your will."

"Do not say any more. I ought not to be listening."

"At first I failed, from being wrong in motive. I sought goodness to win your favour, not for its own sake as a principle."

"And you must fail again. Be ever my good cousin—my Cyril's cousin. Henry, I ought not to have to plead with you, or to wish the office of a protector had never been given you."

He let her hand fall, slowly, and changed his tone. "I am not worthy: say it, Mildred,—say that you will never trust me—never crown my earthly happiness: say it—let your child be witness of your words. Listen, little Henry."

There was a long pause.

"I never thought to hear this from you," she said, her courage failing perceptibly at every word. "You belie your proffered homage, in the trust you are betraying."

"Nay, nay, sweet Una, I never wronged you, never touched again the hope that had been lighted once and died. I walked with measure before you, and my heart acquits me of all but its true love and service that I offer you this day."

Truth is all-powerful. This conviction flashed upon her, and she ventured once more to look into his face. His fate turned upon the expression in hers.

"You are suing for a drained cup and a broken bond, Henry, and you merited a very different fate."

Of business, or even of common-place matters, little was to be learnt from Henry that day. He did not stay long into the morning, but strode away at topmost speed to catch the twelve o'clock train, promising to meet them all at Lytehurst.

The child would not stay without him at first, and cried inconsolably; then, with an intuitive clinging, he lay once more in his mother's lap, and slept off his sorrows. She wrote to Edith while he lay there; but in the letter nothing told of the fair little head resting on her arm; nothing depicted the new current that had come to sway her fate: her habit of self-possession was nature.

She sat for hours while he slept peacefully, turning over in her mind what she had done; recoiling sometimes



in horror that it should be *his* friend—his own trusted companion; and then, again, thankful that it was no indifferent stranger whom she might bring to her little son. Henry Maxwell,—so grand and handsome, so highly ranked among the known and learned at Oxford,—to give preference to an insignificant dispirited thing like her! They had gone together through childhood's pranks—had together shared the common love of Agnes and her brother; had grown up to common sorrows—to a similitude, even, in the loneliness that lay before them. The seven years' discipline had moulded his into a very choice character. She could see that, too, and trace the blendings of his taste with those of one whose light had led him forward. He wrote to her on Christmas Day, and found something to add by the next morning's post, though they would meet that afternoon. There was nothing passionate—nothing superfluous. His letters were more in the style of cousinship than courtship: of this Mildred approved; it suited the line of policy she intended to follow. She meant to ask him for a promise—novel, certainly, of its kind, but on a par with all her actions.

She and the two Henrys sat in the uncertain fire-light before dinner in the splendid old drawing-room at Lytehurst: she looking in its magnificent extent rather like a flitting, dressed, for this time, in white. She took little Henry from great Henry's arm, and made them both sit still. She had something to say: there was a magic silence,—they were like children charmed at a word out of their own will into perfect coalition with hers.

"It is a promise, Henry, which I must have granted to me." He looked eager, half afraid some check was coming to retard his conquest.

"The gallants bend in token of fealty," he said, falling solemnly on one knee. "Now, Una!"

"If I gave my promise the other day, I revoke it to a condition: we must wait a year, and you shall see the world at large. The day may come, I would fain believe, which you might be sorry to have missed."

"A year! a year! Well, we are growing older every day, and is not six months long enough, if I promise to

travel through the mazes of female society? it will end where it begins."

"One year: I have known a great deal happen within a year."

He took the boy again on his knee, singing,

"This is the way that Lytehurst rides,  
On a Chancery mare, trot, trot, trot;  
A saddle of law, a bridle all faw, rot, rot, rot."

"What are you teaching him?" she expostulated.

"It is our cradle song, is it not, Harry?" and he rode him again, to the same impromptu rhyme.

"Remember, Henry," she said, hurriedly, afraid he had banished the subject too off-hand, "You are to hold yourself released if my predictions are verified."

"We are cousins for six months, I will remember."

"A year, a whole year," she persisted. But the door opened, and Henry rose to place a chair near her for her mother-in-law.

Her first evening in the luxurious home that should have been hers, was a trial. The playthings that belonged to George and Cyril, had descended to amuse her own boy, and Mrs. Maxwell had a fund of family legend wherewith to entertain her. There was a good deal of discussion to hear between Dr. Bouverie and Henry, about the protracted suit, and the next morning the Lytehurst man of business was to have an interview, so there was, even at the beginning of her visit, much to interest and engross her. The state bed-room was appropriated to her by Mrs. Maxwell: in it was a full-length portrait of the lovely Lucy Bouverie, the Dean's wife; and in an ante-room pretty likenesses of the "ladies of Inverholme," her husband and his brother, as children; and as she sat on the broad, old-fashioned hearth-rug before the blazing fire, she fancied how it would have been, she as lady of the manor, and Cyril the good squire. But the pages of the past were written and laid away, and the pledge of Christmas Eve, turn it which way she would, it sounded dissonant,—it looked and felt like sacrifice. A second time a bride! she shuddered.

"He does not know," she thought, "how woman's

love outliveth death, and what a cold and empty heart he asks for. It must be—he will not wrong your memory, Cyril,” and the warm gush of passionate remembrance overflowed.

“ Low she dropped her head, and lower, till her hair coiled  
on the floor,  
And tear after tear you heard fall distinct as any word  
That you might be listening for.”

Still, she let Henry wait upon her; let him lead her child's pony as they went together through the frosty park; let him have her arm, as in their days of cousinly gallantry, and thought no harm. Lucy and Mary saw no difference; Mrs. Maxwell and Dr. Bouverie never imagined any, and even Mildred was for once unwary, and could not see the lover's fascination in his *penchant* for her society—could not believe but that he had asked her out of charity and pity, and would by and by repent of his rash kindness. “Time trieth troth.”

Mrs. Maxwell gave a dinner on the second evening, in honour of her guests. The circle in which the Lytes had moved was somewhat extreme, and she thought it worth while that to whichever of her two young visitors the property should eventually be assigned, they should have an introduction beforehand to their nearest neighbours. Poor Mrs. Maxwell never founded the most distant fear of its coming to any but its rightful heir.

There was a prophecy among those who met at Lytehurst that night, that Mildred would come a widow to the inheritance, or that her handsome cousin would be eligible as a bachelor.

“The law may settle at its discretion,” remarked a sapient old baronet, one of Sir George's oldest friends, “but you will see, they will have the place conjointly.”

“They would make a striking pair, Sir Thomas,” replied a lady near him, under her breath.

“And there is a tragic story, though maybe it is not a true one, about her.”

“Is there? I have been thinking how much she looks like a heroine in romance. What is the story, Sir Thomas? I never remember to have heard the rights of it.”

"Neither have I, madam," answered the Baronet, rather bluntly; "the wrongs of it are palpable enough: she is a pretty little creature, good truth."

And in deference to his own opinion, Sir Thomas bent across the table and amazed Mildred by asking her to excuse his old-fashioned fancies, and do him the honour to take wine with her.

She left Lucy and Mary the undivided honours of the music, both vocal and instrumental: it would be too hard to take society at a bound, and all its concomitants. Step by step she meant to begin her return to social life for her son's sake, but meaning ever to remember her altered lot and the shadow cast around her.

The next morning, a long walk with the two gentlemen, accompanied by the Shetland pony and its rider, awaited her; after luncheon, a visit of courtesy to be paid with Mrs. Maxwell, and then a long, bright, cheerful evening—the two Henrys in such boisterous spirits as to require a check-word from her so frequently that Mrs. Maxwell declared they enjoyed the reprimand. Contrasting this with her life at Oakridge, she felt like one transported to another element. If Edith could be here also! was a very frequent and sincere mental wish. She knew how Edith would delight in seeing her so happy, and what a twofold interest the story of her life would gain, listened to in that home where by common consent she was placed paramount. Sometimes, though, she laughed at herself for the fancy. She thought there would be a little repugnance at going back to fall into the settled every-day work, after such choice holidays.

The next week, Henry had to go to London for a day or two, and brought back with him the casket waiting for her at Hanbury's.

She had already plenty of jewellery. Besides the accumulation of trinkets a petted maiden and a precious wife must needs possess, she had some valuable jewels of her mother's,—the necklace of brilliants from her mother's royal friend; and now came a gift from a foreign sovereign, whose ear her voice had touched less than the noble aim for which he heard it—a set of pearls. How dazzlingly fair they looked, upon her arm and in her

hair, where the girls playfully placed them in the evening when they were first inspected.

"God save this King!" cried Henry, approvingly; "he reckons by our Una's nature when he sends her these. Say, Maveryn Lily, Was it worth the stake?"

She dashed the tear from her face, saying, "They came too late. They speak to me of spirit land. Put them by, if you please, when you have done with them."

And yet he did not abate for an instant the fervour of his growing love,—he never dreamed of insecurity. He brought her his aunt's letter to read, not doubting but that it would give her unalloyed satisfaction; and when he returned to her some time after, and caught her playing to little Henry, his gratification was entire.

The letter was an expression of Agnes's very nature. Tender as a mother for her orphan nephew, and trustful as she might be of one in whose rearing she had had a hand, there was no dwelling pathetically on her own troubles. It was a farewell, worded as a farewell should be, to answer its proper purpose—that of fixing its writer's sentiment on the reader.

"And for Mildred," she wrote, "see that you never wrong her by justice or by law. Shield her from every storm. Yes, Henry, though I say it who have forgotten all my misfortunes at his hand,—have forgiven all that was un-Maxwell and unbrotherly in him. Save her where you can from evil at his hand or pen. Let us all pray for him, as one deluded by an erring spirit, and let us vindicate our Una's character,—this must be first. There are many ways and means; I might point them out, but time would fail me. Ever keep your own interests subservient to hers, and win for yourself the blessing of the widow and orphan."

Then came a fond conclusion. She died alone, in the distant colony, of a fever caught in doing deeds of charity.

"Our household's graves are scattered, Henry," said Mildred, mournfully, when he came in and called her from the piano. "I ought to have been with cousin Agnes."

"And been left alone to die too far off? Nay, Una. Grandmamma!" he added, "tell her we could none of us have spared her."

Mrs. Maxwell's motherly look seconded Henry's motion. "Our hearts have ached enough for you, dear Mildred; you are too young and tiny to be a wanderer over the earth."

"My son is growing fast; he will be a protector."

He was on Henry's knee, thinking of nothing but the splendid gallop Henry managed for him, to his favourite political song. The boy enjoyed it with wild laughter: he was a thorough romp.

"Again! again! do it again!" he shouted, when the great Henry lost breath and rested; and even the child peeped round to see that his mother liked his fun; "Mamma, my mamma." He liked no word in his limited vocabulary so well as that: even in his sleep, for she had him in her own room at night, he murmured it, "My mamma!"

"You are a saucy, exacting rogue; there, no more,—I am done for," said Henry, putting him down, and leaning back in well-feigned fatigue.

"One more—just one more, do,—only one," and the boy shook his knees, to rouse him from his pretended sleep.

"You little wretch! well, come," and he seized him so fiercely, that the child began to doubt if it could be play. "We will ride out of Chancery, and then, you know, the game is quite over."

Henry never tired, never grew impatient of his young playfellow. Mrs. Maxwell said it was invariably the same, come when he might to Lytchurst, the first thing and the last with him, was the baby boy. If it was a long walk the pony and its small rider were certain accompaniments; if it was a visit to old Morrison, Sir George's ancient steward, little Henry always went, coming back in high spirits to tell grandmamma of the cakes and ale, and luncheon he had had.

His nurse, Wilson, said he looked for Mr. Maxwell's arrival as regularly as the seasons, and it was to his especial tuition Mildred knew herself indebted for her child's perceptive love for her. Brave cousin, how much she owed you, and she knew she prized you highly, but there was a year before them.

The next morning Dr. Bouverie was going; leaving his daughters for the rest of Mildred's stay. Henry met them with ill-disguised annoyance in his face. Nowhere closely connected, it was rare to see how perfectly united those many branches of one house appeared; trouble to one was sure of general participation.

"Have you had some disturbing news?" was asked with one voice, as they went to breakfast.

"A disagreeable assignation, nothing more; I must be off this morning; if Dr. Bouverie will give me a seat I shall take his train."

"Anything loose at Oxford, Maxwell?"

"No, it is best over. My uncle expects me to meet him in town about proving my aunt's will."

There was a silence for a minute or so; everybody mentally pitying him his errand. Mildred most, because she had recently experienced an interview.

"He looks quite another person in the dress of his order," she said, by way of breaking the awkward pause.

"Does he wear it then as a common habit?" asked Henry.

"I don't know the full canonical costume; I saw him only in the morning, but that was striking; his hair was altered too."

"Grandmamma admired his face so much, I remember," said Henry.

"My dear, I only saw him that summer; there was no reason against my doing so at that time."

"It was a pleasant face to look upon," said Mildred; "it would be hard for me to see it often now without loving it again."

"You horrid little traitor!" ejaculated Mary Bouverie. "You must never think of him with love again."

"Love once, love ever, is Mildred's maxim," said her father.

"It ought to be a rule with sundry exceptions. Papa, should you, do you think?"

Thus appealed to, the Dean must give his opinion.

"Yes, my dear Mary; he has shown himself her enemy, and despitefully entreated her."

"Oh, and the great command," said poor Mary, blush-

ing all over, "but it is so delightful to love those who love us; I should not like being obliged to do the other thing."

Her father hushed her, as he patted her head, and kissed her and then Lucy; it was time to go.

"Good-bye, my lady," he said turning to shake hands with Mildred, "my sister's charge will be over when we meet here again."

It was Henry who detained her, when all the rest went out to the hall door.

"Is there any message for him?"

"He took away my guard ring; I wish you would ask him for it."

"Pshaw! what woman's trash," muttered Henry.

A less unruffled temper than hers would have taken fire at such a reply; her lip quivered proudly; she had not out-grown her sensitiveness.

"It is too trifling to trouble you about," she said; "only Henry, don't go to him bitterly; remember what he was to us when we were children."

He smiled; it was at her magnetic power.

"Farewell, Una, trust me! I will bring the ring."

There was an impatient summons from the Dean; Lucy ran in again to say papa thought they would be late.

"Coming, coming," answered Henry. "Is this the hand that has lost its gem?"

He raised it hurriedly and warmly to his lips, then sped away, and the instant after drove past the window.

There was little to do when the two gentlemen were gone. A cold thaw had set in, which inundated the walks, and made out-door exercise next to impracticable. Letter writing is the grand resource of many on a long winter's day; but correspondence as far as Mildred was concerned, was rather at a stand still. She had her mother and the Bouveries with her. Agnes was dead; Mrs. de Lancy on her way to meet her husband returning from India by the overland route, and in these nearly all her correspondents were summed up. Edith's letters came regularly, and Willie in his holidays, wasted time and penmanship on most illegible scrawls to her.



There was a sort of aroma in Edith's letters; all the trifling details of home had a magnified interest coming from her pen, and once or twice she hazarded a remark that fell wide of provoking a reply.

"You have given me such a pretty address for this letter, Lytehurst, and my weakness for patrician names is strong; has it many a chivalric association? it sounds so; I should like to hear something more than name; may I?"

"Probably no," was Mildred's brief perverse response.

She never talked much to Lucy and Mary about Edith and the others, any more than she had talked to them about the Bouveries. It was little Muriel, or the absent brother, and those she had least to do with, of whom she spoke; but "Mildred's pupils," and her schoolroom title of "Madame," fell into some incongruity with the lady of Lytehurst, or little Henry's own mamma, and her wisdom took the side of silence in the holidays.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

"To see her on life's holidays,  
How mirthfully looks she,  
While all along its common ways,  
Who fairs so modestly?"

THE days fled on so fast; the last night came for her to kiss the cherub face on the pillow by her bedside; the last morning to be awakened by the pretty child's voice singing gently for her "My mamma." "O baby Henry, can I go again," she thought, as the nurse appeared to carry him off to dress, and Mildred rose, lengthening out her morning prayer for her orphan son, that he might be kept from perils, ghostly and bodily, until they met again. How full her life had been of partings, beginning with her own fatherless, motherless, infancy.

Henry Maxwell had neither reappeared nor written his intentions: it rather puzzled them all. Mildred was anxious to see him before she went back to that most

distant northern region. She wanted him to allay those nervous apprehensions that ever and anon came to torture her, about the possibility of law suits never being concluded. His manful hope and straightforward judgment were worthy to keep faith with, when the whole universe went adverse—but he never came.

A thousand thanks, a thousand times told, could not express Mildred's gratitude to Mrs. Maxwell, for her most motherly care of little Henry. She only said as they parted, "Good-bye, dear grandmamma, doubly, trebly, mother to us both."

"Good-bye, dearest child, we meet under brighter auspices next time."

Her voice sounded tremulous; did she foresee the wrong Cyril's wife was meditating towards Cyril's mother.

The effort was a desperate one, yet one Mildred seemed proof to make; she stood steady and calm as one who waits expectant for a deadly shock, and put back her precious child to Mrs. Maxwell's arms. He screamed, then sobbed long and sadly, "No more mamma, no more mamma, my mamma," and when she leaned from the carriage for a last glimpse, she knew he was still crying, and wished many times during her journey, that Henry had been there to soothe her troubled little one.

She travelled on; no one to take any thought or care for her, except her own faithful maid, who had been left with little Henry in Mrs. Maxwell's service; she was sent with her to London, to see her safely started on the Great Northern Line. They reached the Paddington Terminus. Mildred sat still, as she had not the luggage to secure, to wait until some of the bustle and confusion had subsided. All her fellow travellers had decamped, when a gentleman's head obtruded itself eagerly into the carriage.

"Now, this is lucky, that I have not missed you. I had begun to despair," and Henry's animated countenance more than expressed his words.

"A what,—a fly to King's Cross? There is abundance of time; I'll look for Wilson; sit still a minute longer."

She watched him hurry along the platform, distin-

guishable above the crowd by his uncommon height, and he was back to her again before she had time to speculate on the cause of the rencontre.

"There is a vehicle ready; I have sent Wilson on with the luggage. I am going with you if you will have me; we have a good half hour's worth of news to exchange."

She certainly had not become sufficiently independent to say no to a chaperone, and he knew by her readiness and by her face, that the proposal was not altogether disagreeable.

"I came from Southampton last night; my uncle started yesterday."

"Is he really gone?" she asked.

"He is. Why I am sure you had no desire to see him again, had you?"

"No. Oh, but I think it must have hurt him a good deal. I wonder if he went to Maveryn."

"He was obliged to go there. I think there were a good many points in which, as you say, he was hurt. I retrieved your ring."

"O, thank you."

"He said he only took it, because it must be a sort of eye sore to you, as it reminded you of him. He would not speak about you; his tone even upon the one subject of the ring, convinces me that he cannot hold out."

She put the ring on her finger again, saying, "I like it better for that objection; it is the only thing he ever gave me, and acts as a reminder, an incentive to my memory." He knew she referred there to Agnes's request.

"So he is gone back," she said, "did he appear regretful?"

"Not a bit; such men sell their finer feelings, if not the best part of their sober senses; and besides, he sits among the magnates there; and after all, it is for the chief places they serve."

"I cannot quite believe it of him."

"You judge others by yourself. There is room for infidelity then I grant."

Mildred was averse to compliment, and unused to it. Cyril never bestowed it on her, and she had no heart for novelties, though Henry's were too well timed and truthful to be fulsome. They neared the railway; a great deal was gathered into her little heart to say to him, but it did not find easy vent.

At last she inquired, "Have you seen the lawyers this time?"

"I have, and the case comes on for a final hearing on the first session of the court after Easter."

She almost clapped her hands.

"Believe it," he said, damping her hopes, "as you believe the fairy tales of your childhood. They take care not to settle such matters until they have picked to the bone."

"But Henry—"

"But my Una; let it drop in ruin, it is not worth squabbling for. Maveryn is mine by my aunt's will; it is large enough for us."

"No, don't ask me; it would be even better that you should come to Lytehurst than I to Maveryn."

"I do not see it; one is mine by right; one would be mine by the injustice of the law. How I should like to throw it in their faces with all its Chancery incumbrances."

"That is generous to us who are homeless without it."

"There is a home and a true heart elsewhere; but I tell you it is enough to tear justice and charity out of a man's nature root and branch."

"You are angry this morning, Henry."

A sigh, long drawn yet impatient, was the outlet of the rest of his grievances. They stopped before a door, whose symbolic word 'departure' quieted him on the score of business.

"Is that young fellow, Malford, living with his family now?"

"No, he is with his regiment in India; he grew such a fine nice young man."

"I dare say. Now, have you wraps enough?"

He spread her furred cloak most effectually.

"Abundance, thank you. Henry, please to let Wil-

son come and say good-bye; she is looking very disconsolate."

"Ay, and wishing me at York I have not the slightest doubt; then if I were I should meet you there, so it is all the same." He signed to the maid to come forward to the carriage.

"Good-bye, Wilson," she said kindly; "be sure you tell your mistress Mr. Maxwell met me, and that I started very comfortably, and tell baby Henry too."

"I will, my lady." Servants are always lavish enough of title premature. "I was to go on with you if you wished it at all."

"I do not in the least, thank you." She shook hands with her, and allowed her to retire. Henry came up once more with provision in the shape of newspaper and book for the long journey. She laughed at sight of the green Railway Library. "You do not mean to give me anything with one of those invidious titles, I never read them."

"Never? I have been doubting between the Heir of Waste Wayland, the Doomed Inheritance, and the Lost Title Deed." He read them out maliciously as from a catalogue, but put into her hand nothing that would offend: it was only a set of prettily translated Flemish stories; and so she vouchsafed a courteous "thank you."

"How soon shall you be at Lytehurst again?" she inquired.

"Probably to-morrow; are the girls there?"

"Yes."

"I think your little varlet and I enjoy each other's unencumbered society best."

"Then it is a great pity you did not wait until all our visits were paid," she said smartly. He delighted to provoke a little irony. "When and where do we meet next?"

"I hope not to move before Easter, and then the De Lancys will expect me."

"Then and there, agreed. Now let me thank you for all you have made this Christmas to me."

"There is the promise," she said, speaking low, as if

half to herself at first. "Let me thank you for all you are and have been to my child; you cannot guess what an easy heart I carry back about him."

The second bell rang; hers were the last words; he held her hand until the train was in motion, and then hurried away with mighty strides. He walked as though streets and houses receded; as though to stand still or look backward would be to turn and fly, on the great northward track she was pursuing. He reached his lodgings in Dover Street in less than half an hour, and with your leave, we will leave him there for the present.

Mildred was tired, sleepy, and almost numb, by turns, during the latter part of her long travel, and the welcome lights on the Walden station flashed cheerfully, and the vociferations of porters and policemen had a grateful sound for her. A sensation of a different nature was presently aroused by familiar tones, "Mildred, dearest, oh, here you are," interluded by a boy's unceremonious "What humbug—see about getting out of my way—where is she?—how d'ye do, ma'am." "Are you cold and horridly tired?—Willie, Willie, don't tease so;" but his struggles were successful in overreaching his sister, and handing out Mildred with the best gallantry of a schoolboy.

"We both came, she saw, but I conquered," he said; "come along, dear Edie, you may have your share now; I shall run and rejoin Ambrose; he has been rowing beautifully about the horses standing so long."

"Somebody must look after the luggage," exclaimed Edith; "here, Willie, carry this cloak and umbrella to the carriage."

"There is not much to look after; I spy the brown portmanteau; there is nothing more."

They were soon on the well-known road, at what felt snail's pace after the express of seven long hours; and it was very nearly ten o'clock when they reached Oakridge, but there was a long intermediate chat.

Edith, half diffident from the few weeks' separation, had to get up her courage; while Willie was too delighted to have his especial favourite once more at hand, to care whether his sister spoke at all. She did speak, however,

and her first question was, "Did you come all the way alone?"

"Not exactly, I came from London alone."

"And from Lytchurst to-day?"

"Yes, I had two cousins with me there all the time, one a year older than yourself, and the other about sixteen."

"Are they nice; did they make you merry?"

"They are both nice and merry; I have spent a most delightful Christmas."

"We have been almost everywhere," said Willie; "the Stauntons' was a regular crack affair; I wish you could have stayed for it."

"I wrote madame the whole account of it," said Edith.

"We have put a saddle on Gleesome too, and I can ride as well as Frank Staunton."

"What a pity," said Mildred, "I am sure he does work enough."

"There, Willie! I told you what madame would think of it; besides he is mine, and I cannot see that other people have any right to traffic with him without leave."

Mr. Dudley had left his pretty little carriage and handsome pony as a bequest to Edith. She spoke pettishly, however, crossing her brother at every point, because he shook hands first; the education of the past year had not quite steeled her against these minor annoyances; yet love that merged into jealousy was not exactly what Mildred expected her to display, so she turned, though it was their first meeting, and left her alone entirely to talk to Willie.

"So you still like your school very much; have you decided what you mean to be?"

"That is papa's look out," he answered. "I wish to be a soldier, and nothing else, but no one can bring him to consent; I wish you would put in a word."

"I, Willie! it is not in my calling at all."

"It is though, very much, madame; it would be doing a fellow a kindness."

"If you think of the terrible upset at home when Lancy left, you will never urge it."

"That was some of Florence's humbug," he replied ;  
"you were not here then."

"No, but I came long before the effects had disappeared."

"O, jolly ! it's an ill wind that just blees naeboddy guid ;—why that very upset brought you here ; and, being here, you would prevent its happening again. I shall be eligible for a commission in about two years."

"Mildred is very tired," said Edith, mistaking the expression. "Willie, wait until to-morrow to talk to her ; you have a whole fortnight before you to say all you wish."

"They say women never are too tired to talk," observed Mildred ; "only remember, Willie, I shall not be here if you do gain your point ; you must not reckon upon my services pacific."

"You shall not be here ! Ah ! madame, that is a new chouse come of your going, I suspect. I, for one, am sorry enough to hear it."

"So are we all : Mildred, we shall never do without you, if this Christmas has given us a fair experience of what it is to be."

"There is no policy in talking of departure when we are fresh on the arrival side, is there, Edie ?"

Edith's better humour had carried the day ; she came out again in her true colours, bright and amiable, before half the journey was performed ; and the hand that ten minutes before would have been rejected, lay safely locked in Mildred's under the thick warm cloak.

"Madame, are you aware that I have not been inside this vehicle before since I was ten years old, and that it is out of bare love for you."

"I might have guessed as much," she replied, lifting his heavy boots off her lap ; for he was kneeling on the opposite seat, trying to see Ambrose and the horses through the steamy glass. "Hallo ! there are the lights ! look, they have kept the shutters open to see and hear when you come home !"

Home : it had a sound that she tried to fancy unnatural with regard to this one, though it was difficult, as



she came in kissed and welcomed by a bevy of bright faces. Mrs. Malford eyed her pityingly ; for she knew what this day's parting must have cost.

"Glad to see you, how d'ye do ; hope you left all well at home, and got back safely," put in Mr. Malford, shaking hands.

Florence undressed her ; Rose carried the light up to her room, and Willie dashed in after, throwing all the over-plus of wraps he brought over Beauty, who came en chemise, saying she had waited until a quarter to ten, and then papa sent her off to bed : she might only wish good night, and say Janet hoped she had had a prosperous journey.

There was much to hear and tell when Mildred came down to tea ; sometimes a repetition of what had been told in the carriage ; and by and by Mr. Malford inquired if she had seen anything of Margaret Dudley.

"No, I have heard of her, but she would not give herself any holiday this Christmas."

"We asked her here," said Mrs. Malford, "but she could not spare herself ; I doubt whether she will ever come to Oakridge again. She has sent a beautiful cope tomb, that was placed on Christmas Eve ; did the girls tell you about it ?"

"And she and some friend of hers are going to put up a memorial window," added Florence.

"We thought you might be that friend," said Rose insinuatingly.

She smiled. "I am not, but I dare say I could very easily guess."

"The stone is a beautiful device," said Edith. It was from the model of one Mildred had herself designed, and only seen in model for her husband's grave at S. Aidan's, but adapted to the difference of age for Mr. Dudley's.

She went to her room when the girls retired, and Edith came to her according to their old evening practice ; the pensive look had not then passed from her countenance, and Edith was afraid she could interpret it too truly.

"Mildred," she said, "it is not in the same house,

and we are not like the same people; forget it; do not dwell upon it any longer."

"Only as the beginning is a clue to the ending, and our paths are so soon to diverge."

"How soon?"

"We must begin to loosen at once; at Easter we lose the common track."

"Until"—and a bright blush lit Edith's expressive features—"until you come to live with me, and tell me the story of your life."

"Is that all you want of me? it will be quickly told." Mildred kissed her tenderly, adding, "Don't let your dreams get beyond a tissue of probability, there would be *two* to consult when that time ever came."

"Well, Mildred, do not say our paths in life shall never blend again till then."

There was among the members of the Church anciently an evening service called Compline, and it was the custom of these two girls to say it together, as a parting prayer before they went to rest: it followed the silence after Edith's last words, and then Mildred slept once more two hundred miles away from little Henry.

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## GRILLPARZER. No. I.

BISHOP GREGORY OF CHALONS.

FEW of our readers, we presume, know much of the great dramatic poet of Austria, Grillparzer. Byron said long ago, after perusing one of his early works, "Sappho," that the world must learn to pronounce his name ere long; but since then the mighty Austrian has given many master-works to that ungrateful world, and yet, whether it be the difficulty of the pronunciation, or some other secret hindrance, we doubt whether many of our readers could accurately speak his name, far less mention his chief productions. And yet Grillparzer (pro-

nounce, perhaps we may as well explain, not to keep all the knowledge to ourselves, *Grillparzer*; the German *z* being equivalent to *tz* in our own tongue,) is assuredly one of the greatest of the great, finished as an artist, noble as a teacher, mighty as a poet. But immeasurably smaller men, such as Gutzkow, Raupach, and Münch-Bellinghausen for instance, occupy a far larger place in the world's regard. Why is this? First, we fear, because Grillparzer is a Christian, or at least writes on the Christian side, and Christians are rare in the German literary world, and not too popular; secondly, because he is an Austrian, and it is the fashion with Teutonia's critics to treat Austria as their Bæotia; thirdly, and perhaps mainly, because he has the misfortune to be anti-republican, and is therefore considered "reactionnaire," an enemy to liberty and the people!

Disgusted by the democratic snarlings of the press, its hollow enthusiasm for a vague progress, and its essential unbelief, Grillparzer, now some twenty years ago, dealt a death-blow to his immediate popularity, by the publication of a tragedy, the theme of which was honourable loyalty! the title "The Faithful Vassal of his Lord." It was successful. The dramatic interest, the quaint humour, the really exquisite pathos, the singular truth to nature, carried all before them in the city of the Danube, fair Vienna, but the press stood up, well nigh as one man, in indignant moral and democratic reprobation, and Grillparzer's doom with his contemporaries was sealed. Since then, the various masterpieces he has given to the world, have been received with well-nigh total silence. Few of the critics indeed, ventured to assail openly poems such as "The Waves of Love and Ocean," "Der Liebe und des Meeres Wellen," the like of which, for unity and grandeur of conception and exquisite beauty of execution, are scarcely to be found in German literature, but they were silent, while they lauded to the skies the extravagant fireworks of a Gutzkow, or the common-place sweetness of a Münch-Bellinghausen. And were not even the Viennese proud of their one great poet? Well, they were and are proud, after a fashion; but the literary

world there also is on the side of opposition, as regards the government, and Grillparzer, being a conservative, comes in for his full share of Viennese unpopularity. We have no great sympathy ourselves with Austrian despotism, though we prefer it to republican, or rather democratic anarchy, and we know that Grillparzer is of our way of thinking. His favourite literature is the English, and it is perhaps to this circumstance, that we may assign another undeniable tendency which has contributed to make him "caviare" to his countrymen, namely, that he upholds the moral dignity of woman, in Germany sadly undervalued, and allows his heroines to have an opinion of their own. Not that he has the least leaning towards that extraordinary day dream of female emancipation, whereof the American press discourses; only he thinks, and maintains, that woman is intended to be something more than the comfortable housekeeper for man.

But we do not wish to discourse at length, of Grillparzer, his works or his opinions, but rather to interest our readers, and perhaps edify them, by the account of one of his more recent masterpieces, founded on a real historical event, and possessing also a religious interest, called "Woe to the Liar." "*Weh dem der lügt.*"

Gregory, then, was Bishop of Chalons in France in the year 536, and a very good and holy man he would seem to have been. The fact is authentic. Those days were very troublous; the Hun and Vandal devastations had ceased, but their effects remained. The mighty Roman empire was broken up, and savagery threatened to overwhelm the European world. Only Christianity endured, a watch-tower of civilisation, a hope for humanity, in the midst of intellectual darkness, and the proud barbarians, unconquerable by arms, and masters of all temporal power, could not but feel the might of loving deeds, of self-denying charity, and bowed beneath the sway of goodness. France was then in an exceedingly disturbed condition, under a young and scarcely yet established monarchy, and especially that part of it, whereof Chalons was one of the principal cities, lying adjacent to the Rhineland, was constantly exposed to the forays of its

fierce hordes, still immersed in heathen darkness. One of these incursions had been followed by a temporary truce, to obtain which the Franks had been compelled to yield certain of the sons of their leading citizens as hostages to the enemy, trusting that they might be kept in honourable captivity; but the event proved otherwise, for the Rhinelanders treated the youths as slaves, and subjected them to all the indignities of bondage. Among these was Atulas, nephew of the good Bishop Gregory, and his adopted son, an orphan, who, brought up in ease and luxury, felt bitterly the privations of captivity; for though the good Bishop himself fared hardly, expending well-nigh all his revenues on the needy and the poor, he had not considered himself justified in depriving Atalus, without his own consent, of the privileges which were his by birth-right, and seems indeed to have somewhat relaxed the reins of discipline with regard to this proud nephew. The Bishop's sorrow was only the greater now that this beloved youth, his only sister's child, lay among the savages in cruel bondage: he reproached himself hourly with not having better steeled his nephew against the arrows of adversity, and his dream by day and by night was to procure sufficient funds to set the prisoner free. This might not seem difficult, for his income as Bishop was considerable; but as he himself expresses it, in Grillparzer's elegant German, which we present in English garb:—

“That is the poor man's property, not mine;  
For what received the Bishop but to give,  
The steward of the Church's heritage,  
And not its lord?”

Still, he considered that a Bishop had the right to provide for his own essential comforts, or rather necessities, and that he might fairly regard a certain sum as appropriated to that end; and having once, not without considerable scruples, satisfied his conscience on this head, he proceeded to set aside out of this daily very moderate fund, every penny he could spare towards the accumulation of the needful sum. Accordingly, he well-nigh starves himself, submitting to every form of voluntary

self-denial, which excites the wonder and indignation of a certain Leon, a very faithful kitchen boy, lately elevated to the office of cook in the palace of the Bishop, who is the real hero of the play. This said Leon, despite his prosaic employment, is certainly a very poetical and genuine conception. We shall allow him to describe himself. He says to the steward, (whom he has just sought, to acquaint him with his determination to leave the Bishop's service):—

“ Think you, I served this master then for gold ?  
 Believe me, there are other likelier ways,  
 For such a lad as I to seek his fortune.  
 The King needs soldiers ; and, methinks, a sword  
 Were scarce too heavy for this arm of mine.  
 But when I saw him wander through your streets  
 With his white beard, white locks, his head down-bent,  
 And yet, a something there, I scarce know what,  
 Which seemed to raise him o’er all noisier mortals,  
 His eyes wide-fixed, as viewed he images  
 From some far land, too vast for frame so narrow,—  
 Then something cried within me, Serve that man,  
 Were’t as his stableboy ! And so I entered :  
 For in this house, I thought, God’s peace must dwell,  
 Were all the world at strife without.”

What a noble tribute have we here (let us remark parenthetically) to the power of goodness ! The bold, frank, generous, ardent nature, awed and attracted by the majesty of love and prayer ! To our mind, there is exquisite truth and poetry in this conception. We can easily conceive how, in a world confused and tottering, the arts withering, social life one scene of strife and conflict, the floodgates of civilisation torn asunder, a generous heart like Leon’s might be attracted by this ever calm embodiment of faith and love, going his appointed way unmoved, amidst the clash of matter and the wreck of worlds. He enters then as a mere assistant, but is soon promoted, to his own great satisfaction, to the office of head of the kitchen department ; but now his troubles commence, for he is allowed nothing to cook with, and soon discovers that he owes his promotion solely to his master’s wish to live, as far as may be, without a kitchen or a cook. This is exasperating to vanity ;

but a more serious consideration is that Leon begins to suspect his reverend master, though most unwillingly, of avarice. He is indeed hospitable and generous to the poor, almost foolishly so, Leon begins to think, as he starves himself. Is it all a bare matter of religious calculation? Is there no delight in charity apart from its reward? What shepherd can have the right to shorten his own days, when he knows not who shall feed his sheep after him? These and such like questions agitate the generous heart of Leon, and his perplexity reaches a climax, when, presenting his week's bills to the Bishop, he actually beholds him kiss a piece of money, before he drops it into a bag kept in a secret drawer. Kissing money reminds him of Judas, and he well-nigh loses his wits over it. Of course this is the hoard which the Bishop is sparing, at every sacrifice, to purchase the deliverance of Atalus: but Leon knows nothing of Atalus; he is a stranger to Chalons till within the last two or three months, and the Bishop, in his grief, has forbidden his servants to name the name of Atalus within the palace. Leon's patience will hold no longer, and he resolves to quit the Bishop's household. But first he demands an audience; for he feels that Bishop Gregory has gone no little way towards converting him into a misanthrope: he thus expresses his displeasure to the steward.

" He was the very image  
Of all that's great, of all that's pure to me.  
And that I now behold so curs'd a spot  
Upon the snow-white marble of his sanctity  
As Avarice,—do what I will, *must* see it,—  
Why, that pulls all men down at once with him,  
You, me, God's world,—I held him for the best in't—  
And I can bear't no longer,—I'll away.

*Steward.* And first would'st tell him this?

*Leon.* Just so.

*Steward.* Is't possible?

*Leon.* And more—and more—for he must clear himself,  
Must render me my trust in God again,  
And man,—and if he can't, or won't, why then,  
Shame on all avarice! o'er the hills speed I."

The steward succeeds for a moment in checking the ardour of the adventurous cook, who will not struggle

with an old man, but resolves to watch his opportunity ; and then comes Bishop Gregory, (all this passes in the palace garden) meditating his sermon for some approaching feast-day, its subject being truth. The soliloquy is so noble in itself, and characteristic of Grillparzer's real genius, and conveys so striking a lesson to all teachers and learners, that we cannot forbear quoting it in its entirety.

“ But this thy word must be—Yea, yea—nay, nay :  
 For whatsoe'er of evil mars humanity,  
 Of monstrous, fearful, or abominable,  
 The worst of all offences ranks the Lie !  
 Were men but true, they also might be faithful.  
 For how should sin exist, could it not lie ?  
 Could it not cheat, itself and then the world ;  
 And last, its God—were that but possible ?  
 The worst of villains, were he still necessitate  
 In solitude to murmur to himself,  
 Thou art a villain ! never could support  
 That weight of self-contempt, must guilt surrender.  
 But in such varying robes does Falsehood deck her,  
 As vanity travestied, pride, false shame,  
 Or even as generous force and magnanimity,  
 As inward yearning, or sublime conception,  
 Or some brave purpose sought by sorry mean,  
 That thus she veils the countenance of folly,  
 And occupies the sublunary surface  
 When man in conscience' mirror views himself.  
 But chief of all, the conscious wilful lie,  
 Were it not actual, who had wean'd it possible ?  
 Man, would'st thou murder thy Creator's world ?  
 How dar'st thou say, That is not which yet is,  
 Or this has being which ne'er won existence.  
 Is it not Being's self which Thou impugnest ?  
 The source of all thou hast, of all thou art ?  
 But once more : friendship, love, and sympathy,  
 Yea all the tenderest bonds of our humanity,  
 What binds them but the faithful word of man ?  
 True is the wide circumference of nature ;  
 True is the beast, which roars before it swallows,  
 True is the thunder, growling where it lightened,  
 True is the flame, which shoots and crackles lustily,  
 The flood, which raging leaps o'er every bar ;—  
 True are they, since they are, and being's verity.  
 What then art thou, who canst deceive thy brother,  
 Canst cheat thy friend, thy nearest canst betray ?  
 Thou art no beast, for that is true,  
 No wolf, no worm, no stone, no poisonous weed ;



A devil art thou : he's the prince of liars,  
 And thou his subject if thou liest with him.  
 O therefore be we true, beloved brethren ;  
 This be our speech, Yea, yea, Nay, nay, for ever."

So much for the projected sermon, from which the dear old man diverges to sermonise himself! What has given him more immediate occasion for his choice of subject is a recent failure of his own to speak the whole truth. The young French King had asked him but recently what he could do for him; and Bishop Gregory, scandalized by his levity and folly, had answered, that "he did not desire his goods; he had better rather endow the flatterers who ravaged his fair lands:" upon which the King, naturally indignant, had turned away. This was a breach of truth, the Bishop says, because he did desire the King's aid for his poor Atalus, and should have forced his pride to own as much. While the good prelate is meditating on that shortcoming, Leon surprises him, and a masterly interview ensues. Angry as Leon feels, he is half afraid to disturb the holy man whom he revered so lately, and the earnest brief address of the worthy prelate when he does recognise him, increases his hesitation. We must quote a little here.

"Gregory. Who art thou?

Leon. Who? I? Why, Leon—  
 Leon, the kitchen boy; or, if't so please you,  
 And kind Heaven wills, the cook.

Gregory. YEA, IF GOD PLEASES:  
 For, willed He not, thou wert a nothing then!  
 Leon. Good sir, you frightened me.

Gregory. What would'st thou?

Leon. Sir!  
 Gregory. Where is thine apron, where thy knife, O cook?  
 And whose are these, that lie on earth before me?

Leon. These, sir, are mine.

Gregory. And why then where they lie?  
 Leon. I cast them down, sir, being vexed and angered.

Gregory. And if in anger thou didst cast them down,  
 Raise them again in peace.

Leon. Yet, suffer me—  
 Gregory. If 'tis too hard a duty, friend, I'll help thee.

Leon (running up.) O, worthy sir! Alack, what do you there?  
 (Raises knife and apron hastily.)"

Leaving Leon in this state of embarrassment, we shall

break off for the present, proposing to carry our tale to a close on some future occasion. We trust that we may have already said enough to interest some of our readers in good Bishop Gregory, and the Austrian poet Grillparzer.

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## PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF BASIL MORTON.

### CHAPTER II.

EVENTS oftentimes turn out best for man by running counter to his desires, and our wishes are sometimes brought about by being thwarted. It becomes a good man to look but little to the means by which providence worketh, knowing that the end will be fortunate *to them that love God*. Never have I prayed for aught, without adding as is fitting, "If Thou wilt, and when Thou wilt, and as Thou wilt," and marvellously has my prayer returned unto mine own bosom, soothing the mind to bear delay and hindrances.

The truth of this was seen at the time I now speak of. After searching for several days for a vessel in which we might privately depart for France—for trade had abated greatly in this place, through the continuance of the execrable rebellion, and boats were with difficulty obtained—a small one, or rather a large covered lighter, it was little better, with one sail, was hired. This was managed by three men, one of whom had been for a while schoolmaster in the village, but had been outed because of his aversion to the new order of things, and was now earning his bread as a sailor.

One afternoon about dusk, going secretly to a place about a mile from the village, we went on board, namely, Master Smythe, and Walter Bucke, a distant cousin and god-child of his mother, who at her death, commended him to the friendship and protection of her son; this dying command he had duly obeyed, and after being partly at the charge of his bringing up at the university, he had the happiness of seeing him in deacon's orders,

and had intended to present him for the priesthood, but was deterred for the present by the gloomy state of affairs; also my wife and our two children, my daughter only two years of age, together with myself, and our goods. We set sail and made our way until about three hours after sunset, when we were surrounded by a thick fog, the which prevented our master from seeing how to steer, and he accordingly lay to, intending when the mist cleared away, to make for Calais. We were utterly unable to guess where we were, having tacked about after the fog came over us, until we knew not whether we were moving eastward or westward. We had been in this state somewhere about an hour, when Robert Joynes, who was of old the schoolmaster, cried out that a large ship was near to us, and in truth it was so. We could just see as it were, a large bank moving towards us, and could hear the gurgling of the water around the bows of the ship; truly we felt that we were in great danger, so that we called out lustily to those on board, and endeavoured by all means, to put our little vessel out of the reach of danger; but we had hardly begun to do so, when the ship struck our boat on one side. Happily we had removed ourselves from the direct path of the ship, though as it was we were in great danger of drowning.

No sooner, however, was the crash heard, than much care was taken to save us. Our boat was first secured to the side of the ship, and we were then taken on board, and since the danger was so great as to make it likely that our vessel would soon sink, our goods were removed for the chief part, my books I praise God wholly. We were now on board the "Heemskirk" of Amsterdam, a ship bound for the Indies, and as soon as we had recovered from our alarm, we knelt upon the deck, and returned God thanks for our wonderful deliverance in the words of the 103rd psalm.

And here I would mention it as a great mercy, that I had been taught somewhat of the Dutch tongue, by the kindness of an aged minister, who had lived for awhile in Holland, and had been chaplain to the English merchants at Rotterdam. To this I was urged, because that

many of my parishioners at Barkinge were of that nation, having settled in these parts because of the fishery, and many of them being moreover Calvinians and Non-conformitants, I had often occasion to correct their mistakes concerning the Service of the Church, and so found need and constant opportunities of using it. So that though I had not spoken it of late years, yet I now found that I had only in small part forgotten it, but could yet converse sufficiently therein.

When the captain knew of our intention, and foresaw the difficulty and danger to us if he should even be enabled to put us on shore on the English coast, he resolved to put us on board some one of the many French vessels which were to be met with in the Channel, and he comforted us with the assurance that he should be enabled to do so as soon as the fog had cleared away. However contrary to our wishes, the fog remained the whole of the next day, and though it became bright for a time in the day after, yet it soon became again thick, and when it finally cleared away, the French coast was only just visible behind us to the left hand, and neither vessel nor boat of any kind to be seen. Moreover, a strong wind from the north-east was hurrying us out of sight of land. We were in great distress at this, more especially the three men who had navigated the boat in which we had embarked from Leigh; two of them had families who would mourn over them as lost unless they were able to reach the shore. On board the Dutch ship were three passengers proceeding in the service of the States to their factories in different parts of India, together with one minister, who was both seeking a refuge from persecution, and a place in which to minister to his countrymen in those parts, or to preach the glad tidings of salvation to the heathen tribes.

Our narrow escape from death, and our calling, soon drew him especially to our friendship, and by his presence and conversation, the sameness of a long voyage was greatly enlivened. For finding it impossible to set us on shore in France, the master purposed to put us on board some English ship, but as this was dangerous, inasmuch as we feared we might experience like sufferings

to those which Dr. Stampe had endured, should we fall into the hands of the parliamentary faction, we needed but little persuasion from good Nicholas Brandt, the Dutch minister afore-mentioned, to alter our course, and since we were forbidden to preach in Britain, and were unable to escape into France, the providence of God hindering us, that we should carry the news of CHRIST crucified to some of the tribes in India. For myself, if I had wished otherwise, I was fain to submit to this, and Master Smith and Walter Bucke needed no persuasion to induce them to do so.

And now our only care was to find some vessel in the which to send home the seamen, who for the sake of their families, greatly desired to be able to return speedily. As to one of them, Robert Joynes, not having a wife, and his parents being both dead, he asked leave to accompany us, and we knowing his worth, and that in many ways he would be serviceable to us, resolved to take him. And herein was seen the kindness of the Dutch master and one of the three passengers, who was a Dane in the service of the States, for these willingly offered him such things as he needed, being unprovided with more than one change of linen, and that injured by the salt water. By this means he experienced but little want during the voyage.

In three days, after losing sight of the French coast, we perceived about daybreak an English trading vessel near to us, about the distance of four miles, and before long we had the satisfaction of putting our two seamen on board, giving to them sundry letters for our friends. Our voyage was long, and although the weather was on the whole favourable, my wife who had never before been on the sea, suffered greatly at the first. As that quiet and liberty we had so long been deprived of when on land, was now given to us, we were careful to maintain the order of the Church, by solemnizing the daily service in our cabin throughout the voyage; and herein we were joined at times by the Danish colonel before mentioned, and by the Dutch minister, who though unable to converse in our language, were yet both sufficiently skilled therein to join in our public devotions. For the rest of

the passengers, they were Calvinians, and one of them, much given to reading, was above measure taken with the infamous and seditious writings of Beza and Du Plessis, insomuch that he never joined with us, and could rarely be brought to acknowledge our salutation when we met on the deck of the ship.

Pity is it that any form of religious belief should dispose men to ill manners, and that the sweetest doctrine in the world should be pleaded as an excuse for sourness. It is come in our days to be regarded as an unfailing test of a Christian, that he should be as far as may be removed from being a gentleman, but they who are severe toward themselves, are usually the meekest toward other men, while roughness to others is met with oftenest in those who are most indulgent to their own failings. They who never forgive other men their trespasses, are always prone enough to forget and forgive their own crimes. And thus their greatest enemy, their own corruption, is let off, in order to enable them to judge and condemn their brethren. May we be less given to think ill of other men, and more ready to suspect our own weakness !

Little happened during our voyage, from the time we lost sight of the French coast, until we had neared the Cape of Good Hope, whose former name of ill omen however, we had greater cause to remember, for here we were tossed about by storms, and these produced heavy and deep swells of the sea, which made it difficult at times to walk on the deck, or even to lie at peace in our cabin. And in one sudden pitching of the vessel, we lost part of one of our masts, and had the unhappiness to see two of the seamen perish. Three indeed, were cast into the water, but after long buffeting about by the waves, one was rescued ; as to the others, notwithstanding all our efforts, they were swept away, and after a time disappeared.

I have said above, that our time during the voyage was greatly enlivened by the presence of good Master Brandt ; indeed, his meek and peaceful temper made his company at all times desirable, and the fact of his having suffered greatly from the hands of the Calvinists of Holland, as

shall be related in another place, was sufficient to ensure a fellowship of feeling between him and ourselves, who had experienced harsh usage from the same faction in England. We found him a student of the writings of the great Hugo Grotius, all of whose works he had carefully embarked with him, and so he was drawn to respect the constitution of the Church in England, at that time threatened with overthrow. Still, he was by no means unassured of his Presbyterian platform, and having been trained up without knowing aught of the control of Bishops, or of partaking of the spiritual gift conferred unto men through them, he deemed them at best indifferent to the perfection and regimen of the Church. Hence arose many friendly debates between us during the voyage; for, whilst not disposed to deny the ancient estate of the Episcopal order, and, it might be, its Apostolic authority, he yet clung to the notion that great corruption, and so an overwhelming necessity of reformation, in which the rulers could by no means be brought to concur, might for that end justify departure from their rule.

To this I replied: That if we were acquainted with all the design of the ALMIGHTY, and could trace out the whole scheme of our salvation, and knew the force and bearing of every one of its parts, we might then perchance be able to tell which could be dispensed without any, or with but little injury to the whole, but that until then, which to suppose us skilled in were unreasonable, we could not know how greatly the injury or removal of the smallest portion would endanger or mar the working of the entire system. It might then be no inconsiderable or unnecessary part, or that which ministered but little to the edifying of the Church of CHRIST that they were dispensing with when they set aside the Apostolic and Divine rule of Bishops. That like as the practice of every Christian man depended greatly upon the truth and extent of his profession, so, it seemed to me, might the safe-keeping of the doctrines of the Church hang upon the due and jealous maintenance of the whole discipline thereof. And that men pursuing their free will (and when men talk of free-will they ofttime mean self-will,) in matters of external observance, acquire thereby a habit of exercising

their fancies in affairs of inward moment. So that to my mind, the declaring that this or the other part of revelation was of less moment, could only be done by one who might be able to survey and comprehend the whole scheme of man's salvation, and that to discard or disparage any one jot or tittle, on man's part implied and claimed a right to interfere with the whole body of Divine truth. But again, we could not be blind to the fact of the bickering, and animosities, and breakings up into semi-schism and demi-semi-schism which had already disgraced the Reformed part of the Church, until not only the mystery of the unity of the body of the faithful was well-nigh forgotten, but the fruits of unity had wholly perished from the earth. And how much the disgraceful excesses and persecutions of the faction of the Reformed Faith directed against other portions, and the wild confusion which had ensued, and of which we had notable instances as elsewhere, so especially in Holland itself, had tended to hinder the correction of abuses throughout Christendom, was admitted on all hands. But for the excesses of the Protestants of Ghent, we could not doubt but that the Walloons generally would have abandoned the corruptions of the papacy. And that which had confirmed others in sin, and which naturally tended thereto could not be upheld as good and proper. God compels not man to embrace evil, even when He calls him to fly from greater evil.

But the haste with which the Lutheran and Calvinian bodies had torn themselves from the Church was, as I deemed it, unnecessary. The presence of men of earnest piety within the Church, remaining in their allotted station, and protesting by the purity of their lives against the errors into which their fellows had fallen, might have drawn down God's blessing, and have happily led to the cleansing of the whole: an instance of which we have in England, where the delay of but a few years beyond the impatient and irreverent haste of the Wittenberg doctor, had rendered wholly needless the separation from the Church, and had given to the pious and laudable desires of the true-hearted Reformers, the presence and sober wisdom of the appointed rulers of the Church. I forecast:



evil, for I confess that I look for only mischief from that which has begun in sin. Original depravity, and a wrong commencement, are not washed away by length of time, but work themselves out into various forms of mischief. GOD blesses submission to evil and a humble diffidence of our own judgment in matters of high import, but rash and presumptuous boldness, and a refusal to sit still, can only draw after them a habit of heady obstinacy, and the displeasure of the ALMIGHTY.

Such was the substance of many conversations, prolonged into the still night, and held as we paced the deck of our ship. I ventured not upon these high subjects without a secret prayer for their blessing, and humble and fervent desire to be led in the right way, and permission to speak the truth in soberness and love. And well was I content to leave the result to Him Whose servant at my ordination I had vowed to be.

These words fell upon the docile mind of good Master Nicholas as containing matter for solemn thought; and though to my perhaps too confident assertion of their self-evidency he withheld his assent, yet I trusted that the future would ripen the seed so scattered into a harvest of good. Thus we spent much of our time until we neared the coast of India,—speaking of our several plans for preaching the Gospel of CHRIST to the heathen, and in prayer for each other's guidance and edification in the faith. At length we caught sight of this wondrous land of fable, and though we perceived not that fragrant smell of sweet odours which the poets speak of, but in place thereof a damp smell of decaying herbs and vegetables, yet the marvellous form of trees, and the grandeur of the whole scene which opened to our sight, occupied us fully. In due course of time we came near to a Dutch factory, but newly settled upon the western coast of the great peninsula of India, at a place the name of which I have long forgotten.

But before I speak of this strange country, and the new views which we daily met with, I would give some account of Master Brandt's life, and the providence which had led to his voyage to these countries. The paper here added was drawn up by him after some importunity, and

given to me at our parting, as shall be related in a following chapter. You will then perceive the special reasons which drew us together, in the similarity of our misfortunes: both sufferers at the hands of the same religious party; both seeking homes in a new world; both trusting in God for shelter and protection, but knowing nothing of the future. His situation, indeed, he was wont to refer to, not complainingly, but wittily, by pointing to the old coin of his native country,—a ship without oars, sails, or rudder, buffeted by the waves, and bearing the motto, "*Incertum quo fata ferant*," "I know not where the Providence of the ALMIGHTY shall bear me."

## LEGEND OF THE WHITE ROSE.

"Awakening from his light repose,  
The Angel whispered to the rose—  
'For the kind shade thou hast given to me,  
Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee.'  
Then said the rose with breast of snow—  
'On me another grace bestow.'  
The angel paused awhile in thought—  
What grace there was the flower had not?  
'Twas but a moment—o'er the rose  
A veil of moss the angel throws."

"Let them lie—ah—let them lie!  
Plucked flowers—dead to-morrow;  
Lift the lid up quietly—  
As you'd lift the mystery  
Of a buried sorrow."

"Where angels throng the blissful banks—where is no night—no gloom—  
And the sun of Love pervadeth all—the white moss roses bloom: . . .  
The rose of Heaven conceals a charm—but whisper soft the spell—  
The firm in faith—the pure in heart—alone the secret tell."

"*White Moss Roses*," C. C. vol. xviii. p. 143.

We danced to evening music all beneath the whispering leaves—  
And beaming smiles were scattered round with tones of gentle mirth;  
The time was nigh when reapers bind the heavy golden sheaves—  
And hope and gladness seemed to float o'er all the pleasant earth.

A wreath of scented flowers decked each young unruffled brow—  
The brows so radiant—hands unchained—and hearts devoid of pain;  
Methinks I can inhale the scent of those fresh chaplets now—  
And realise awhile the dreams of youthful hours again.

But one stood there—grave—quiet-eyed—one I scarce knew nor loved—

A shadow flitting noiselessly as if memorial keeping—  
I fancied at the stranger's side an unseen angel moved—  
For his mysterious eyes seemed always some one to be seeking.

At eve he came—and in his hand he held an offering fair  
Of roses white and veiled in moss—so glorious their estate—  
That mortal gaze may seldom rest on such a cluster rare—  
“Dare you accept the gift?” he said, “beware, nor tempt your fate :—

“The maiden who accepts the rose of snow from mortal hands—  
Therewith receives a future grief—tho' angels guard the flower.”  
I never saw the donor more—we passed to other lands ;—  
The roses—ah ! I treasured them—nor failed the prophet's dower.

If angels tend the white moss rose—the angels watch o'er me—  
If mine the fatal dower—yet all is not of earthly mould ;  
I pray that in my breast may reign their heavenly purity—  
Through Him Who gave His Blood to cleanse the lost sheep of the fold.

Their beauty breathed of holiness—and it entranced my youth—  
The glad ascent 'mid snow-flowers led, to mansions of our LORD :  
Thy skies drop down the morning dew ; Thy light divine—Thy truth—  
Vouchsafe to me—enlighten me—with Thine all-quickenng Word.

## LITTLE MARY ; OR, THE CAPTAIN'S GOLD RING.

*(Continued from p. 41.)*

MARY had never had five shillings at once in her hands before ; and money seems almost beautiful in the eyes of a poor child who wants food to eat, and sees its parent working, toiling, sometimes even dying in the effort, to earn money—money to buy them all a little bread.

Mary had been talking about the Bible ; but she forgot then that the Bible condemns the love of money—she forgot that the love of money is the root of all evil—the death of all good feeling. She loved that money ; she

liked to look at it; she did not wish to part with any of it; the longer she looked at it the more she liked it. She had left the pawnbroker's with it in her hand, because she thought she must go to the grocer's and change one of the silver pieces there, to pay for her mother's tea (the widow had given up the use of sugar as a needless luxury); but now Mary began to think what a pity it was to change the half-crown, and, perhaps, have ever so many pence to carry home, instead of that pretty piece of silver. It was market-day; the streets were crowded; and, as it was Christmas time, every one was buying presents of one kind or another. Mary saw a great many nice things bought, and she wondered how people got so much money to spend, and began to wish she had so much, and to think of all she would do if she had. There was a cake shop and a toy shop next door to each other: Mary saw some ladies and children go into the first and buy a quantity of cakes, and she saw the children eating them; and then they came out and went into the toy shop.

"Dear me, what a deal of money these cakes must cost!" thought the little girl; "and now they are buying playthings;—there is a little gun, and a wooden horse, what use can there be in that? How easily they must get money! Well, I am sure these ladies would never miss a little if they gave me a shilling to buy mother's tea; and then I need not change the half-crown; it would be so nice to bring home both half-crowns. I wonder would they be angry—just a shilling to buy the tea, and sixpence to buy a loaf—I think I might ask."

Mary had stood all this time with the half-crowns in her open hand, sometimes looking at them, sometimes in at the toy shop, and regretting having to change one of the pieces of silver. The ladies beckoned to a footman, who received a quantity of curious toys, and put them into their carriage; the ladies tripped quickly from the shop; Mary dropped her money into her pocket, and was just about to summon courage to speak, when they sprang lightly into the carriage, the footman shut the door, and they were gone in a moment. Mary sighed, and thought she had been foolish not to speak at once. "But, perhaps," she thought, "perhaps, mother would have been

displeased; and then, if they had refused me, I should have felt like a beggar." Mary did not consider whether she should not have felt as a beggar also if they had given what she had asked for.

She now went on her way to the grocer's; but, as she did so, she still looked at all the buyers, or stood wondering to see money spent on things that seemed to her of no use, while she knew that her mother had no food for herself, or for her, or for the famishing birds.

Little Mary began to think these people must be wrong, and said to herself, "that if she had money, she would not spend it on gaudy ribbons, or cakes, or toys, while poor creatures had not a bit to eat: she thought of all she would do—do if she could. But, poor child, she forgot what she *could* do if she *would*. That was, to go about her business at the present moment, and not concern herself about what she could not alter.

Present duties are always the most important: what *can* be done *now*, is of more consequence than ten times as much that *may* be done at another time.

Thinking of everything more than what she was actually about, Mary finally reached the grocer's door, and almost started as its sight recalled her to the recollection of the purchase she had to make. She entered it, and asked for a quarter of a pound of tea, which was quickly given to her, ready papered up.

Mary then put her hand on the breast of her frock for the money; but remembering she had not put it there, began, for an instant, to reflect where she had put it. Oh! she had dropped it into her pocket when the ladies came out. She put her hand through the opening of her frock, and into her pocket. The pocket was empty. In fright and terror she searched—had she really put the money there? Might she, while thinking of something else, have put it up, as her mother told her? With staring eyes and crimsoning face, she raised her hand again to the breast of her frock. The paper was there, but she felt no money.

She uttered a bitter cry—"oh! my money! my money!" The people did not much mind her; it was a market-day, and many pickpockets were then about.

How deep is the guilt of a pickpocket, who basely takes perhaps from the poor and the hard-working, their all—the mite they were carrying to the sick, the needy, the anxious:—the man who artfully robs the honest clerk or porter, and leaves his victim to be suspected by his employers, to lose his situation, and bear through a blighted life, the effects of another's crime:—or he, or she—for I know not if it were man or woman, boy or girl—who, seeing little Mary so thoughtlessly drop the two half-crowns into her pocket, managed, while the child was thinking of anything but what she was about, to pilfer the money from her, and while she was wishing to have more, leave her without any.

I pass over the description of poor Mary's agony. It is well said that wishing is a bad trade, and surely coveting is almost the same thing.

Perhaps, it was well for little Mary that she so early received the lesson which her father's gold ring taught her. A bitter lesson it was. How did the joy and gladness of the day pass away from her with the loss of her five shillings? Poor child! she met no pity at the grocer's, for they were busy there, taking money as fast as they could, that short, winter's day; they thought her a careless girl, and supposed she would be well beaten when she got home, and it was that fear made her cry so bitterly. But Mary had no such fear. Her mother's love and tenderness were the cause of more pain to her than any beating could be. Oh! how she wept, when she thought of the patient, suffering face, which she had looked for to seeing smiling with joy and thankfulness on her safe return!

"It is all my own fault," she sobbed. "I was thinking of other things—I was wishing for what I had not got—that is coveting—that is a sin—and God has punished me."

Mary could not go home; faint with sorrow, she sat down on the step of a door, and hid her face, sobbing bitterly.

"What ails you, poor child?" said a kind voice after some time. Mary sobbed on, and could not speak. Her hands were then drawn away, and she saw a gentleman

who was about to enter the house, on the step of which she sat. He looked so kind and good, that the moment she saw his face, she answered him.

"Oh! I have done a bad thing. I have been thinking of things I had no business to think of. I was wishing for more money, and I have lost all I had. Oh! dear! dear! what shall I do? father's gold ring is in pledge, and mother has nothing else left; and she hasn't any food, and the money I got for the ring is gone. Oh! dear! I have done so wrong!"

"Come in here," said the gentleman, stepping into the hall. "Poor child! you are cold; and, I dare say, hungry too. Eliza, Eliza, come here!"

A young lady, with some sewing in her hand, came out of a small parlour. They brought Mary to their fire, and made her tell them the whole story, and show them the duplicate for the gold ring.

"Poor child!" said the young curate; "she cannot go home to her mother with such a story. Poor as I am, Eliza, I really must give her the five shillings so cruelly taken from her."

"My dear brother," said the young lady, looking at him as if this was scarcely prudent, "you have not enough."

"I cannot help it, dear; to-morrow will be Sunday, and I should be disturbed by thinking of her; I would rather go without my dinner."

"As you have done before now," said the sister, to herself.

Mary, who was still crying sadly, did not hear them; otherwise, she must have felt great reluctance to take the good curate's money. He had, indeed, too little for himself and his sister who lived with him. The grocer had taken back his tea when Mary had not the shilling to pay for it; the curate would rather go without his dinner, than that she should go home without anything to her mother. The difference was, that one had the love of God in his heart, and the love of God produces the love of our neighbour.

When Mary got the five shillings, she remembered her mother's directions, and explained to the young lady how

the money was to be put up. She thus benefited so far by the lesson she had had. One shilling she kept out for the tea; and having got that, and heartily thanked the curate and his sister, she set out on her road home. They both had charged her to do so without loss of time.

Just as Mary got on the common, the snow began to fall again. The sky had been lowering all day; but as the little girl went on, the blinding snow fell thicker and faster, until the path was quite covered: her feet sunk deeply: she knew not where she went; and Mary looked round in alarm, and said, "she had no longer any guide to her mother's house." She grew frightened, and no wonder, for she was in more danger than she knew of: there were many hollows on that common, and had she stepped on one, she would have sunk down, and been buried in the snow that filled it. She would have been found only when the snow was melting, when the sun was shining, the birds were singing,—but, when poor Mary was cold and dead!

"And poor mother," thought the little girl; "what would she do if anything should happen to me? She would lose the money, and the tea, after all, and she would fret after me."

She stood still, and wiped the snow from her eyes, and tried if she could see the poor cottage, or the path to it; but she could see nothing, except the top of a bush here and there that was not covered. All was dark above, and white below.

"Mother prayed that God would keep me," said Mary, aloud, and with a swelling heart; "and God will do so; for He hears prayer; and my mother is praying for me now. *I know* she is."

The thought gave Mary courage: a good child ascribes much value to a good mother's prayers. "I know my mother is praying for me while the snow falls," said Mary; "and I know God will hear her prayer, and keep her child."

Just then she heard a slight sound breaking the heavy stillness; it was a very slight sound, but it was almost startling where all was so still; it was only a chirrup-chirrup. Mary looked round again, and there, on the



top of a piece of rock, did she see a fine, stout robin-redbreast. Mary was sure it was her robin-redbreast, for no other could look so stout and so self-important.

Oh! how her sinking heart revived when she saw that bird! She hastened towards it without thinking why she did so. The bird uttered another chirrup, and flew away, and Mary, making another step, plunged up to the middle in snow. The snow flew into her eyes; her sight was nearly gone, her head was confused; she was on the point of casting herself on the ground—had she done so she would probably have risen no more. At that moment the chirp was heard again. Once more the sound revived her. She saw it on the top of a furze-bush.

"The snow cannot be so deep there," said the little girl, "or the bush would be covered."

She took courage once more, and reached the furze-bush safely.

Chirrup-chirrup, cried the robin, and the notes sounded to Mary like "cheer up, cheer up!" He flew away, and alighted on another furze-bush. The girl followed. When she reached it the bird was gone. She looked round, and oh! what joy! there was a light darting up in the gloom of the fast-coming night—the light of a blazing fire. "Oh! joy, joy! there is our house!" cried Mary; and then for the first time she wept.

Towards that light she eagerly hastened, and as she drew near to it she heard the robin plainly cry, "cheer up, cheer up," for he too was seeking a warm lodging beneath its roof.

The house door was wide open; Mary's footsteps were not heard; as she reached it she saw her mother kneeling on the floor, with clasped hands, praying. Mary cried, "Mother dear, I am here; God has kept me!" and she dropped into the widow's arms.

As soon as the little girl was somewhat revived, the first words she uttered were, "I fear the tea is wet, mother, but the money is safe. I felt for it all the way."

The widow broke out into praises and blessings on her good, careful child, but Mary stopped her.

"Don't praise me, mother. I must tell you all," she

said, sadly; and then she related truly all that had happened. The widow was grieved to think that the clergyman should have deprived himself of the five shillings.

"But we must work hard to make up the money for him," she said, "and if we cannot do so, God doubtless will: 'he that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord, and look what he layeth out, it shall be paid unto him again.'"

"But then, mother, how are we to release father's gold ring," said Mary, "if we have to repay the gentleman?"

"I know not, my child; but the first duty must be the first performed. Your fault has already taught you a good lesson; but you see, my child, that while God often brings good out of evil, and makes the consequences of our faults become blessings to us, we must still suffer for them. You and I must both suffer until this money which you lost is made up, while I trust its very loss will be the means of curing you of the faults you are prone to."

A tear stole from Mary's eye as she promised her mother never to forget the lesson she had had; and just then there came from the dresser a "cheer-up, cheer-up." Mary jumped round, and there, perched on the top-rail, was Mr. Dickey, settling himself to rest for the night.

"Oh, mother, it was robin saved me!" cried the little girl; "pray feed him; give him some nice crumbs."

"It was God saved thee, my child, but gladly will I feed thy bird."

"But God might have sent the robin?"

"True, for all things serve Him," said her mother; "perhaps poor 'Dickey' was only seeking a shelter for himself for the night; looking, probably for the home he was accustomed to come to; yet he was made the messenger of God's Providence to guide the feet of my child to her mother's door. Thus, Mary, is the kindness which we show to the helpless and suffering often repaid to us again, even in a way we do not expect."

That night was the last of the snow of that winter. In a few days the sun shone brightly, the snow melted,

the common was green, and the birds twittered gaily over it. The widow and her child, having the offer of a seat in a neighbour's cart, went to the town where the gold ring was pledged. The widow was weak, but her illness was over. She did not lose a day willingly in going to see the curate who had been so good to her child.

He was very glad to find that his benevolence and self-denial had not been thrown away. The widow said that she could work well with the needle, and had come to see if for the present she could do anything in that way towards making up the money he had lent her child, for she had heard of his circumstances, and persisted that it must be a loan, and not a gift.

The curate talked with her very kindly ; he was much interested and pleased with her and her daughter, and with the history she related of the gold ring, of the Dutch Captain, and her poor husband and his good mother's Bible and Prayer Book.

"Are you not anxious," he said, "to release your gold ring from the pawnbroker?"

"Yes, sir, after repaying you, that would be my first object, if we could only get some plain sewing to do," she replied.

Both the curate and his sister promised to speak to some of the wealthier parishioners ; and not many days afterwards they both walked over the common to see her house, which they were pleased to find just as she had described it—very poor, but kept very neat by the industry of her little daughter. To her great surprise and thankfulness, they came to tell her that one family to whom they had related her story, was not only willing to give her some needlework, but offered to take her and her child as their gatekeepers ; there was a pretty, small house, for which they wished to find a decent widow and her daughter—just what would suit—the curate said. The widow could hardly speak with joy and gratitude ; Mary was almost wild with delight.

Before a week was over the house on the common was deserted, and the widow and her child were settled in a pretty porter's lodge.

Before a much longer time the gold ring was taken out of pledge, and as the poor widow put it back, with the Books in the tin box, she shed a tear, and raised up her eyes devoutly, and said to Mary—

“‘The LORD showeth mercy unto thousands in them that love Him, and keep His commandments.’ My child, if you should one day have children of your own, show them the gold ring and the Books; and tell them how God is merciful to those who fear Him and walk in His ways.”

The widow is now dead; she is with the LORD, Whom not having seen she loved. Mary is married to the gardener, and still lives in the porter's lodge. Her good mother lived to see her married, and to hold her child in her arms. Mary's children often come round her of a summer evening, when she sits sewing in the porch, or of a winter's evening, when the snow is falling, and coaxingly say—

“Now, mother, do tell us about the time when you were young, and about grandfather's gold ring, and the robin that you were kind to; and how you were cured of coveting what you had not got; and of not thinking of what you were about.”

There is also a fine and very bold-looking robin-red-breast about the porter's lodge, which Mary's children fully believe is the very one that guided their mother over the snow on the common. There is, however, a strong family likeness among robin-redbreasts, and Mary herself is not so sure that this one is her old friend. She likes her children, nevertheless, to be kind to it, and to all the creatures over which God has given to man the dominion.

I should say something perhaps about the good curate. He is poor still in this world's goods, and still making many rich, by imparting unto them of the Heavenly treasure. He is not so poor as he was, for his sister is married, and he has not her to support, as well as himself. Mary often works for him, and is always delighted to see him enter her door; for she is still grateful to him, and her heart overflows with gratitude to God whenever she recalls the story of the Dutch Captain's gold ring.

## RUSSIA.

WE have arrived in St. Petersburg and written from St. Petersburg without even attending to that which is the common and usually the first theme of most of our travellers and summer tourists, the approach by water to this far famed capital. Which of them has not told of golden domes, flashing like balls of fire in the sunlight; of spires of gold trembling and glittering in mid air; of palaces and towers, and all that is magnificent and magical, which rise to the stranger's view as he passes up the Neva to St. Petersburg? It looks as if one must have been sulky, disagreeable, or sea-sick, not to have seen all this in the same way; nevertheless I have gone from and returned to St. Petersburg many times, and the impressions on my eyes and mind have always been the same, namely, that the glittering spires and golden domes were very beautiful and curious in effect; but that if they were taken out of the picture, it would remain a very uninteresting, cold, and dreary one. Built on a dead level, with not a single elevated building, for the citadel lies as low as the rest, there is nothing else to strike the eye or to indicate the approach to a grand city until you actually enter its justly renowned granite quays. Flat, swampy, and barren shores appear as low as the waters they bound: these have a chilling effect on the expectations of the visitor, too much excited perhaps by the reports of those who have gone before him. Then at a distance appear the flashing lights so often spoken of; but with the exception of that of the Church of the citadel, they are still at a distance, and nearer at hand, are red wooden sheds, factory buildings, and the lowlying fortress, which are on either side the most prominent objects; and the famous palaces or great white houses of St. Petersburg being still out of sight, a captious or disappointed eye receives from the golden domes and glittering spires much the same impression which might be given by the appearance of the flashy uniforms of a

few of the Circassian guards among the poor looking grey coated soldiers of the Russian line.

Without the natural beauty of Stockholm, the magical aspect of Venice, the cold bare banks and unelevated prospect around one owes its solitary charm to those gilded church domes and flashing spires which rivet the eye on themselves, and give to this approach to St. Petersburg the uncommon aspect which has rendered it so celebrated.

For my part on my first advance up the Neva a weight fell on my heart, a sense of depression on my spirits, such as scenery never before produced. We had been in the wild solitude of the Alps, on the highest points and most secluded valleys of the Pyrenees, among the Apennines, in the deep silence of the vast fir forests of Norway and Sweden, on lonely frozen lakes and desolate rocky isles—in many scenes and in many circumstances; but never did I feel so total a check to all exhilaration of spirits, to all vivacity of thought or feeling, as I experienced on passing up the Neva to St. Petersburg.

Not that we went there with any preconceived ideas of the country imbibed from the reports, often as erroneous as contradictory, of hasty travellers; on the contrary, we had gone there full of hope, and with a determination, arising from a natural tendency to take part with all that others spoke against, to find out everything we could calculate both to refute these tales, and to please ourselves. There was nothing, then, but the aspect round us to produce an effect which strange to say, was never afterwards removed so long as we remained at St. Petersburg.

Once away from that city our spirits revived; but whenever we returned to it the same dull weight came down on our hearts, the same grey shroud fell over the rose colour that elsewhere tinted our thoughts.

Why strangers should so admire the Neva approach to St. Petersburg it is hard to understand. The island of Cronstadt or Kronstadt, more known in latter days as the redoubted fortress that guards the entrance of that river than as the emporium or depôt of the capital's commerce, lies flat on the water, its houses as well as

ports are low. There all vessels of any burden stop; the much boasted Neva, unlike our Thames, does not permit the advance of large vessels; there is consequently a total want of animation on its waters, large and lake-like though they are; and, as used to be said of our own Brighton, a sea without ships and a land without trees are two things deprived of their charms.

Then this brimful and rushing river is set in a frame that is scarcely visible above its waters; a low border of marsh under a cold grey sky is, after you have passed the distant woods of Orainbaum, the Palace of Catherine II. —all that meets the eye. A steamer grounded on the sand banks that naturally impede the navigation, and a small sailing vessel foundered by striking on one of the anchors purposely thrown down to impede it for the English fleet, were passed by us. I called Harry, and said to him, "Will you tell me when the golden cupolas and flashing spires come to view, for I begin to feel chilly." It was an inward chilliness, and never did it leave me while we were in St. Petersburg, though it was dispelled at Moscow and other places.

The spire of the Admiralty is certainly most beautiful; twinkling in the air, if that air should be sunny, its effect is charming; one only regrets that the device, a golden ship under sail, is not distinctly seen. It has an advantage too, rare in Russia, it is real. Here we are in many other things reminded of the old warning, "all is not gold that glitters;" but this is overlaid with real gold, for to this purpose the great founder of St. Petersburg dedicated the golden ducats with which the states of the Netherlands presented him.

As first impressions, however they may become changed, in almost all cases, leave some lingering trace behind, it appears to me that in one instance at least the successors of Peter the Great depart from his policy, and might seem disposed to terrify strangers from seeking admission to the Imperial city, by selecting the most terrible-looking specimens of Russian humanity to wait upon them as soon as their vessels cast anchor in the harbour of Cronstadt. I mean the men who come from the guardship with the revenue officers. These men, though I

believe they appertain to the fleet, are the type of what was presented to most English imaginations during the recent war, as the Russian soldier or the Russian peasant; for we read even in our journals, that the latter, when caught, was bound hand and foot, thrown into a cart, and carried off to be transformed into the former. It is astonishing what a change the peace has wrought in many of our imaginations. But, indeed, the type of all that our people conceived to be "a real Russian" exists in these—shall I call them seamen?—of the guard-ship. Whether they are selected for the especial purpose of perpetuating this mystification of our good people I know not; but as the generality of our seamen seldom penetrate the barriers of Cronstadt, these guard-ship men might seem to them a sample of veritable Russian produce. Truly my belief was, that they were galley slaves, but yet there was nothing of the impressive, resolute, if not ferocious aspect one meets with among such convicts; all that can be expressed or understood by the word *low*, is rather descriptive of these poor little long-coated, ill-featured, and ill-countenanced men. Now, the latter is by no means a Russian attribute, and why our first sight of Russian subjects should present us apparently with picked men, obviously to afford a type for the two weeks' British tourist's description, is one of the mysteries of the land, which one must not pretend to fathom.

I met with a set-off to these my first and last impressions concerning this celebrated approach to St. Petersburg, soon after our arrival there. A Russian told us she had been in London, and was of course asked how she liked it? whether she did not think it very grand?

She hesitated—more polite than English travellers often are, and said, "After I had been some time there I did find it so; but at first—" a thrill like a shudder ran through her frame.

"At first?" we said, inquiringly.

"Oh! the approach,—the landing, you know, after our fine river, our bright city: yes, it was dreadful! so black, so dismal; I assure you I did not recover from it for many days; I thought I was going into a prison. There were also so many poor wretched-looking people to be



seen ; I said, this can never be the great London we have heard so much about. Afterwards, when we had seen other parts of the city we were more reconciled ; still it was frightful to see the poor." And in England, thought I, we pity your poor.

"Then," the lady added, "we went to see Liverpool, and the effect of landing was almost the same. The quay was so dark, so repulsive with those terrible-looking dark warehouses, and the crowds of miserable creatures."

"But how did you arrive by water at Liverpool?"

"We went from London by the steamboat, because we had heard one had no security for luggage on the railway, and besides, such shocking accidents often occur."

Well, our reflection was, the self-conceit of English tourists might be lowered if they always knew the impressions made upon strangers when they first visit us. Not one of the subjects of this lady's complaint can be complained of by the English, who land on the quay of Vassili Ostroff, at St. Petersburg. No dark, narrow streets ; no gaunt, tall, lifeless-looking warehouses ; no out-of-work men hopelessly seeking some trifling employ ; no half-clad young thieves systematically pursuing the only trade to which they are trained. No ; on landing at St. Petersburg, you feel and see, in all external things, that all here is wide, open, light, and very proper. The mysteries of London would seem to you a thousand times greater and deeper than the mysteries of St. Petersburg. As to anything secret or concealed in this city of white houses, open spaces, and airy aspect, that you never could think of. Perhaps when you come to know it better, this capital of Peter I. may appear to you a fair type of Russian civilisation, but you will never find that it bears the least affinity to your notions of Russian diplomacy or Russian government in its externals. All here is open, bright, and happy-looking. The mathematically straight lines and formal precision of the plan of building may indeed present to the eye of the imagination an idea of the military discipline and strictness of rule by which the whole of society is regulated and governed ; but no such sights of wretchedness as openly present themselves in our chief towns will be seen in the lowest quarter of the modern capital of Russia.

One is often surprised to find how much the vagaries of childish imagination, or the impressions received by a childish judgment, affect our minds, or influence even our opinions in after life. An unrestricted course of private reading, and an unfettered exercise of the right of private judgment at the precocious age of nine years, left to my mind impressions of which the memory yet exists to haunt me with imaginations of the world and its wonders, that even still are disappointed by the realities of what they depicted.

Thus St. Petersburg had been to the fancy of the child a wondrous scene, where icy palaces and gardens, and Babylonian palaces, and Babylonian gardens were brought into close approximation. The name of the Winter Palace formed the groundwork of the former, that of the Summer Gardens was amplified into the latter; and the Summer Palace was some glowing and beautiful erection, anything except an erection of brick and mortar, covered by stucco.

My notion of the first was perhaps in some degree from that fearful palace of ice which some ingenious sovereign of Russia caused to be assigned as the nuptial lodging of some unfortunates, and where to their dismay they found every article made of that sparkling material.

The Winter Gardens were never conceived of as vast hothouses, or as the general title for conservatories; while for the summer ones, the famous hanging gardens of Eastern luxury formed the glowing type. The Hermitage remained a delightful mystery, combined with an undefined notion of a cavern amid rocks. The vision had left some trace on the fancy from which the friction of years had chafed it away. The actual St. Petersburg was to obliterate that trace.

The Winter Palace—rebuilt in twelve months by an exercise of the same will as that which a hundred and fifty years ago called St. Petersburg into being—exists; but the name has no signification for the Summer Palace, whatever might have been the aptitude of its title, is gone. It stood on the Tontonka canal, and has left no trace behind. The wretched Paul destroyed it in order to build a fortified one, which he dedicated to the archangel Michael; and in which, in spite of his pre-

cautions, he was murdered. The windows of that room look out at you still as you pass. I was stupid enough to ask a lady if that was the palace in which the Emperor Paul was killed. She stared; and when more stupidly still, I repeated the question, glanced behind, and at each side, before she answered briefly, "He died there."—*Russia After the War, by Miss Bunbury.*

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## THE TWO HUTS.

A STORY TOLD TO THE CHILDREN OF S. KATHERINE'S  
ORPHANAGE, EAST GRINSTEAD.

### I.

THERE was once a King, who had built for himself a glorious city and palace, such as the whole world had never seen for beauty before. The city had twelve gates, three on each side, for it was square. Each gate was a separate pearl: and the foundations of the walls were all manner of precious stones. Besides this, the streets were of pure gold, as it were transparent glass: and through these streets flowed a river, called the River of the Water of Life. On its banks were trees that bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded their fruit every month: for in the place where this great King lived there was no autumn nor winter: it was always spring.

Well, if the city were so glorious, you may fancy what the palace was. I have read in an old book that eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive, how beautiful its buildings were. Furthermore, this King was so loving and generous, that He was not willing to live in it all by Himself. He promised to His subjects, if they would keep certain laws which He made for them, that, some day or other, where He was, there should they be also. Now it was especially remarked of this King, that He had a great love to children. Indeed I have read of Him in that

same old book that once, when He was travelling in a certain province of His that had rebelled against Him, He took some of the children up in His arms and blessed them. I am going to tell you of what He did to two, whom we will call Agatha and Aphron. To these children He one day sent a messenger, who went to the miserable cottage where they lived, and found them clothed in filthy rags, with no one to look after them, to care for them, or to love them. This messenger had himself learnt from his Master to be fond of children; and when he had spoken kindly to them, and given them clean white raiment for their rags, he told them that he would take them to the place where their King intended that they should, for the present, live. "But if," he said, "you do what I tell you,—and remember that it is not so much I, who tell you, as He, Who speaks by me,—then He will in time take you to live with Himself, in the palace of which you have heard, and where a great many of those who once dwelt here, are now dwelling with Him."

Accordingly, he took them by the hand, and, after they had walked a long way brought them to the place that he had told them of. Now, listen, while I tell you what kind of place it was. It was a very narrow valley, with tall rocks rising up on each side, and quite shutting it in. All through this valley there ran a little stream, which then looked pleasant enough, with the long grass and flowers that grew by its side, and the dragon flies playing above it, their green and gold bodies shining in the sun. On one side of the little river the rocks rose straight above it, with no room for anything between them and the water; on the other there was, here and there, a plot of ground between the stream and the cliffs. And on one of these plots there were two little heaps of timber, and straw, and tools, fit for building a hut with.

"Now," said the messenger, when he had showed them these things, "the King gives to each of you one of these heaps. You see that it contains all the materials necessary for building a hut. Here is the wood to make it of; here are the tools to make it with; and here are the spades and pickaxes to dig the foundations with. You must know that though this valley seems a pleasant

enough place now, yet in the winter it is dreadfully bleak and cold. Besides which, it is subject to violent storms; and when the snow melts upon the mountains, then this little river swells very much, and is apt to carry everything before it. Now, therefore, you must each of you build a hut for yourselves as quickly as you can: but you must take care so to build it that, when the storm comes, and the river rises, it may be a protection to you. If it is,—and it will be, if you take pains enough about it,—when I come back again I shall take you with me to the King; and He will give you a place in His own palace, and you shall no more go out.”

“But, sir,” said Agatha, “how shall we, so weak as we are, be able to build a hut, which will stand firm against a storm?”

“It is a very good question,” answered the messenger; “and I will show you how. You see that these plots of ground are not all of the same nature. This, where we are now standing,” and he struck it with a staff that he held, as he spoke,—“is all firm rock; and I defy this river or any other river to sweep away what is built here. But come this way a little. There; where we are now standing is, as you see, only sand; and if you build your hut here, very likely it will stand for a little while, but when there comes a real storm, it will certainly be thrown down, and you will perish miserably.”

“But, sir,” said Aphron, “it would be so much easier to dig a foundation here.”

“Very true,” said the messenger; “so it would: and you have your choice. It would be very little trouble to set up a hut on that sand; and it would be worth nothing when it was set up. If you build on the rock, it will cost you a great many days’ hard labour, but when you have once finished, you are quite safe.”

“Oh, sir,” said Agatha, “you have been so kind to us already, have come such a long way to look for us, have taken so much trouble in bringing us here, and in teaching us what to do;—could you not dig the foundations of our huts for us, and then we should know that they were rightly dug, and we could build them up ourselves?”

“No,” answered the messenger, “I could not do that

even if I would: for it is written in the laws of our King, that every man must build upon his own foundation. I have told you what you must do; but I cannot do any more for you. The King has given you everything that is necessary to build with; but He expects you to do the rest for yourselves. I shall come and see you from time to time; and I hope I shall find your huts getting on, and getting on in the right place."

As soon as he was gone the children began to talk together as to what they should do. "For my part," said Aphron, "I don't much believe that there are such storms as he speaks about. Why, look what a little river it is. Hardly enough to go over one's ankles. Besides, these rocks must keep off the wind; they are almost as good as a house in themselves."

"Don't talk so, please, Aphron," pleaded Agatha. "This kind messenger must know best: besides he is the King's messenger, and he only tells us what the King has told him."

"Well, at all events," replied Aphron, "there is no hurry. It is very early in the day yet. I shall amuse myself for this day, at least; and to-morrow, perhaps, I may see about the hut." So saying, he went off after a bright dragon-fly which at that moment came by, and was soon a long distance away.

The little girl looked very wistfully at the blue sky and the bright flowers, and for a moment felt disposed to think that certainly there would be no storm as yet, and that she might as well have one day's holiday too. But then she remembered what the messenger had told her about beginning her work at once; and she thought she recollected having been told that the King had once said to His messenger, Whosoever heareth you, heareth Me. So, with rather a heavy heart, she turned to look at her heap of tools and wood, and then at the place where she could begin to build her hut. And first, she made very sure that she had chosen a place which was indeed on the rock and not on the sand. For on some spots this sand had caked together, so as at first sight to seem as if it were the true rock; and it needed some care to distinguish between the two. Next she took the pickaxe

which had been provided for her, and found its weight quite as much as her little hands could manage. One more wistful look on the sky and the flowers, and then she began to dig in the rock. But how awkwardly she did it! How she jarred her hand, and oftentimes hit herself instead of the ground! And when she had worked for some time, it seemed as if she had not got on a single inch; and I do not much wonder that she sat down by her heap, and cried as if her heart would break.

In the meantime Aphron was very happy in his own way, running after dragon-flies and butterflies, gathering the flowering reeds that grew by the river side, and watching the little fish as they darted up and down the stream, or the water-rat as he plunged out of his hole into the brook. He was happy, I say, in a sort of fashion; but every now and then, although the day was so fine, he heard the wind howling among the cliffs high above him, and saw that the trees which grew upon their tops were much shaken and buffeted by it. "It never would do," he said, "to be without a hut if there should be a storm; well, I can think more about that to-morrow."

By this time Agatha, like a brave little girl as she was, had left off crying, and taken up her pickaxe to begin again. She worked away quite hard and steadily; and while she was waiting for a moment to take breath, she lifted up her eyes, and behold, the messenger was by her side.

"I have been watching you, Agatha," he said, in a well-pleased voice and with a sweet smile, "though you did not hear me; and I have seen that you have been trying to do your best. And because you have been trying, I have come to help you."

"Oh, sir," said poor Agatha, and her eyes filled with tears, "I have done nothing at all! It is such very, very hard work! And my arms ache so much, and I am so hot and tired! And I am so very awkward! I shall never, never be able to build on the rock!"

"My dear little Agatha," said the messenger very kindly, "no one ever yet tried to build one of these huts,

who did not find it difficult indeed to begin. Why, when the Prince, the Son of our good King, was in this land, He also built such a place for Himself, and laboured night and day at it, and found it no easy task either. Therefore be of good cheer. I will show you how to use your tools a little better; I will teach you how better to understand the foundations which you are digging; and then, doubt not, if you labour as others did, you will, some day, rest as they do now."

So he took up the pickaxe, and showed Agatha how to use it to the best advantage, and comforted her a little more and then left her. Well, she worked on all that day, and did not make much progress, but still she did make some. After nightfall, Aphron came back from his fly. After all, it had not given him so much pleasure as he hoped for: he had gained nothing for his trouble; he was very tired; and above all, he felt that he had not been obeying the command of the Great King.

They lay down to sleep, these two children; and which do you think was the happiest?

The night had been bitterly cold; and when Aphron awoke in the morning, he too determined that he would build his hut with all speed.

And there, my dear children, I shall leave off for this time.

You all of you know that God expects you to build such a house in this world by your love to Him, by your trust in Him, by your faith in Him, as can never be swept away. You know in whom only you can trust when you do this—the True Rock—our LORD JESUS CHRIST. Will you not, every day, be trying to do your best towards this? Will you not, trusting in Him, try to overcome all temptations, and not to yield to a sin because it seems pleasant, nor to shrink back from what is right, because it is disagreeable?

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## The Children's Corner.

### SCENES FROM LIFE.

#### CHAPTER VIII. *continued.*

GEORGE Arundel's visit was paid very early next morning; indeed he interrupted the eager and minute history Ethel was giving her grandpapa of the happy day she had spent at the Park. Mr. St. Clare was very glad to see his old pupil; he had no idea of his relationship to the Flemynge. They walked up and down the vicarage garden in grave and earnest converse, and Ethel, like a good little girl, never offered to join them. She was rewarded when after some time she heard herself called, and throwing down the tiny bit of work with which Mrs. Willis was wooing her to the hard task of learning to sew, she ran joyfully out to show her white rabbit, her doves, and her garden to her new friend, and then fetched the keys and accompanied them to church, where Mr. St. Clare had many additions and improvements to point out, which George was fully able to appreciate.

He had brought Mr. St. Clare an invitation for the following day, and pressed him much to accept it, but in vain: the old man, with all his gentle humility, felt he must, for the sake of his calling, be treated with more deference by Lord Flemyng before he became his guest, and perhaps even George Arundel's visit might have failed to effect a meeting between them, but for a circumstance, trivial in itself, which set Mr. St. Clare on a totally different footing with his unamiable parishioner.

He had spoken to his old pupil on the propriety of accompanying his uncle's family to church while he remained an inmate of the Park, and George Arundel had agreed with him, though he could not help saying what a disappointment it would be, so that it was with equal surprise and pleasure that on the following Sunday Mr. St. Clare saw Stanhope Flemyng by Ethel's side in the vicarage bench, and came out very cordially after service to

ask him to stay and lunch with them, never dreaming in the simplicity of his heart that the boy could be there without his father's consent. Stanhope declined, with some confusion, and when Mr. St. Clare kindly repeated the invitation, Ethel's beaming eyes adding to the difficulty of his refusal, said hastily,

"The truth is, sir, my father will be at home by two o'clock, and might not like me to stay."

"Then I will not ask you, my boy; no son can ever act against a father's wishes with impunity. Good-bye—we shall be so glad to see you if you can come some evening with George."

"Thank you!" said Stanhope, still hesitating, "you see, sir, I came to your church to-day without leave, and so don't want my father to know."

Mr. St. Clare stopped a moment in perplexity, then turned to walk with the boy on his homeward road.

"I am glad you have told me this," were his first words, "perhaps you can guess why?"

Stanhope looked sorely puzzled.

"You must tell the same to Lord Flemyng."

"To my father!" exclaimed he, with a start, "ah, sir, that is easier said than done."

"Hard it may be, nay, I know it is, but if you are what I take you to be, it will be done, and before sunset. Listen! it is Lord Flemyng's will—no matter right or wrong—for you all to go to the church he has chosen for you; the Fifth Commandment bids you honour and obey him: is it obedience—is it honour—when against his commands, without his knowledge, you steal away to another church, and then act a lie to prevent it coming to his ears? Stanhope Flemyng, you have not looked at your morning's work in this light; but now you see it truly you will do my bidding, will you not?"

"I say nothing of myself," pursued the old man, when he received no answer, "how I should justly sink in Lord Flemyng's estimation, could I connive at such deceit, because your own heart will soon decide on the right—the only right course, and I need bring no other arguments."

"My father is terrible when he is angry—you cannot guess how terrible."

"You are afraid of him, then?" asked Mr. St. Clare, coolly.

"Afraid!" said the boy, with glowing cheeks, "No, there never was a Flemyng a coward. But what good will it do to tell now it is done."

Mr. St. Clare sighed. "Will you trust me that good will come of it,—must come of it. I am your friend, my boy, indeed, and would not impose so heavy a burden on you if it were not necessary."

"Tell my father!" said Stanhope, as if to himself, "ah, you don't know what you ask." And yet while he spoke there came pleasant remembrance of the cordial shake of the hands with which his former confession had been rewarded. But then that was after the storm had passed away, and though he could venture almost any length when roused by a sudden impulse, yet when so daring a piece of courage was proposed to him in cold blood, the boy could not help quailing as he remembered his father's sudden bursts of passion.

There was yet another argument, but that savoured too much of a threat, and Mr. St. Clare was unwilling to try it till at least all other means had failed.

He was relieved by Stanhope's speaking. "You are generous, sir, after all, for you might threaten to tell of me yourself,—that would make it worse; but I should not have thought you would have called coming to church a sin. Will this do?" he added, impetuously, "and will you trust me so far? Give me till sunset to make up my mind. I will write you a line to say what I have determined on. Will that do?"

"With one stipulation, yes. Promise me to kneel down alone in your room and say the LORD'S Prayer once over before you make up your mind."

"Well, it's a bargain," said the boy, almost rudely; and springing from his side, was soon out of sight.

Just after sunset, Mr. St. Clare had a little scrap of paper handed him by a villager. He eagerly opened it, and read the following words:—

"Sir,—You have gained the day. I kept my promise.—S. F."

It was Tuesday morning. Ethel had just finished her

lessons, and was gone to feed her various pets, when the study door opened, and Mrs. Willis, with evident pride, announced "Lord Flemyng, sir."

The old man rose, with a little perturbation, though this was not seen in his reception of his guest, who took the offered chair, and as soon as the door closed on the housekeeper, said, abruptly, "I come to discharge a debt, sir. You made me your debtor on Sunday, as I suppose you know."

"I will not affect to misunderstand you, my lord; you refer to a conversation I had with your son."

Lord Flemyng bowed. "You behaved like a gentleman, sir; the boy told me all. He laid great stress on your abstaining to threaten him."

"I reserved the only threat which could have served my purpose, my lord, and am happy to hear it was not needed. May I hope that so much candour and courage were rewarded with full forgiveness."

"Nay, sir," said Lord Flemyng, with a heightened colour, "I permit no advice—not even from the Clergy," he added, satirically, "respecting my management of my sons. I never held that confession is atonement, although I know it's the modern dogma, and Stanhope has received what I considered a fair punishment for his disobedience. I am too old a soldier, sir, to call his fault by any lighter name."

"My lord, I am an older soldier than you, and know that disobedience, as it was the first sin in the world, will probably be the last. I call it a sin, not a fault; it is, in truth, one of the heaviest of sins."

Lord Flemyng rose. "I have discharged my errand, sir, to bring you my thanks—personal thanks—for the advice you gave my boy. I believe I may now wish you a good morning."

"And may I not crave a boon in return for your courtesy, my lord?"

"Name it, sir," was the reply.

"Forgive that noble boy of yours, fully and freely, as you hope to be forgiven."

"It shall be done, sir," And with a low and stately bow, Lord Flemyng left the room. Mr. St. Clare was

thankful for the interview, though so little seemed gained. He was still sitting musing, when Ethel burst in.

"Grandpapa! I gave him my flowers. I had just gathered such a dear nosegay for Annie Loudon, and tied it with my blue ribbon—you know Lord Flemyng was kind to me, and gave me the bonbons—so I ran after him and asked him if he would have a nosegay—was it right?"

"Quite right, love; and what did Lord Flemyng say to my fairy?"

"Oh, grandpapa!" and Ethel blushed like one of her own roses, "he gave me a kiss! I wasn't so frightened as I expected. I think he is like the Bear of Andernach—only *he* was cruel to the little Agnes: but then she was haughty. Do you think he is like that poor Beast in the garden with Eva, you know, who was really kind, only so dreadfully ugly and frightful, and turned at last into the charming Prince?"

"So he took her flowers!" mused Mr. St. Clare, when the child was gone, "ah! my little one, you must indeed be the dove with the olive branch between us; a wild, untamed nature like that is in truth a fearful sight: no marvel that poor boy's courage sank. I might have helped him more, poor fellow. Oh that this may be a blessed beginning of better things! few and dim are the stars of hope: but it is said in His book, 'At evening time there shall be light.'"

George Arundel came down in the evening and took tea with them; he looked graver than usual, Ethel thought, as she ran off to play at her grandpapa's bidding and left them alone. He had brought her two china baskets filled with chocolate from Cecile, and she wanted to gather a most lovely nosegay to send back to her little friend. Truly Ethel's *penchant* for making bouquets had greatly reduced the splendour of the garden, but the roses and jessamine were exhaustless, and Mr. St. Clare would not deprive her of one of her chief pleasures. He turned anxiously to George when she had left them, and inquired the result of the affair at the Park. There had been a great uproar. Stanhope had begun by being nonchalant, and ended with open impertinence and rebellion, but Mr.

Gresham's influence had been well used. It was not until the previous evening that Lord Flemyng had been made aware of Mr. St. Clare's part in the transaction, and then had expressed himself so gratefully, that George ventured to suggest a personal visit as the best mode of showing his opinion: but he did not know this had been actually complied with, till luncheon-time to-day, when Lord Flemyng had himself fetched Stanhope from the solitude to which he had been condemned, and told them in his usual phrase that they had "made up," thanks to the Parson. The boy, he said, was quiet and subdued, but looked very unhappy; he should not be surprised at hearing that Mr. St. Clare had had a visit from him.

Nor was this long delayed. That very evening, as Ethel was weeding her little garden, talking fast and freely to her grandpapa, as he stood watching her, they were both surprised to see Lord Flemyng, accompanied by Stanhope, coming down the road. Mr. St. Clare walked to the gate to meet them; but his lordship, politely lifting his hat, turned down the other road, and the boy, quickening his pace, was soon at the gate. There was something in this that made Mr. St. Clare think better of Lord Flemyng than he had ever done before; something of sympathy with the feelings of his son—of fatherly care for his well-doing—of anxiety to turn aside the possibility of misconstruction, and to spare him even a momentary suspicion of having acted again without his father's sanction. Stanhope's colour flew up as Mr. St. Clare shook hands heartily with him, and his eyes so nearly filled with tears, that he was glad of Ethel's presence as she came running from her flowers to help in setting him at his ease. She saw intuitively that she was not wanted now, and returned to her garden, while Mr. St. Clare walked up and down with his visitor, thinking it less embarrassing than going into the house in a more formal way.

He found the boy in a curious temper of mind; penitent and vexed he certainly was; but whether for his own share in the matter personally, or for having distressed and injured his mother, Mr. St. Clare could not clearly decide.

"It was a great bore," he repeated, over and over. "Mamma was so nervous, the least thing made her ill—but it was a great bore this should have hurt her so much—he didn't care—much, at least. Mr. Gresham, sir," he said, in a burst of confidence, "thinks exactly as you do. He says I am to apologise to you for being very rough and rude on Sunday. He said you must think we deserved to be called 'Flemish Bears,'" and the boy laughed—but not a very honest laugh. "Did you think me rude?" he asked, abruptly.

"I made allowance for you on Sunday, as you were taken quite by surprise, and I had asked a great deal of you. Still, now you inquire, I must confess I thought your conduct might have been more gentlemanly."

"Papa is a gentleman!" said the boy, warmly, "he has been very kind to me. I believe you were right, after all, sir, it wasn't so hard as I expected. He said you were a trump. He came, didn't he, to tell you so himself?"

"He came, certainly, very kindly, to express his approval of the advice I gave you," said Mr. St. Clare, smiling at the idea of such a term being applied to him, though not altogether displeased at having obtained it.

"Well, may I say you have forgiven me?" asked Stanhope, after a pause. "Mr. Gresham made me promise to ask."

"Quite!" exclaimed the old man, with warmth, "and let me thank you for keeping the promise you made me; depend upon it, my boy, that is the surest way to do right. If I might venture to ask you to make me another promise, it would be, to try and confide in your father—make him a friend—and from what I have seen of Lord Flemyng, I feel persuaded he would be your best friend very soon."

"Good-bye, sir," said Stanhope, as they reached the garden gate, "I am to meet him at the blacksmith's, and must not keep him waiting. Mamma said perhaps you would come and see her soon."

It was shyly said, and the boy was gone, lightly running towards the village with certainly, Mr. St. Clare hoped, a less heavy heart than he had brought with him.

The walk was resumed. Up and down, in deep and earnest musing, the Vicar paced, hardly sparing a word even for his darling, for more than an hour. Something was done—affairs were no longer in the state they had been two months ago, and this little transient brightness helped to cheer him forward, even more than the hopeful future, which to his sanguine and faithful spirit was certain, though undeveloped. He felt such an interest in the wayward but promising boy who had just left him, that he longed to have more opportunities of sharing Mr. Gresham's labours, and would have given a good deal to know that the young tutor was even then earnestly longing for his advice and guidance in his difficult and arduous duties.

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## EASTER FLOWERS.

"Oh joys that sweetest in decay,"

"Fall not like withered leaves away."

*Christian Year, First Sunday after Easter.*

Deck the ball-room fair and bright,  
 Choicest flowers, and floods of light,  
 Be the race exotic found,  
 And wreath the pillars round and round,  
 Perfumed also, that the air,  
 Be redolent of odours rare;  
 Let soft but stirring music play  
 And make the very gravest gay.  
 I see the bright rob'd forms advance,  
 And mingle in the mazy dance,  
 The now makes e'en their future bright,  
 I smile, and sigh, and bid good night.

Now whither would my fancy stray?  
 The scene is changed, 'tis Easter Day;  
 Banish'd now be grief and pain,  
 Easter Day is come again.  
 Bring me flowers, pure and white,  
 Inodorous, but fair to sight,  
 Brought from each clime, exotics rare,  
 But nurtured here with tender care;



Blend them with sprays of holy yew,  
 Mingle each shade, and every hue,  
 Wreath garlands round each sacred place  
 Let purest white the altar grace,  
 Then bring camellias white and red,  
 Which shew of blood and water shed,  
 And let them round the font be placed,  
 That thus baptismal power be traced.  
 Then in each deep-splayed window lay  
 Some boughs of green and flowret gay;  
 Now lift above the altar high,  
 The legend that may never die,  
 Let all who come to worship read  
 "The LORD is risen, is risen indeed."  
 And now the worshippers appear,  
 From pure young voices quick we hear  
 Such Hallelujahs loud arise,  
 We hope may reach beyond the skies:  
 The sacred service claims our mind,  
 Alternate prayer and praise we find,  
 And chants and hymns of Easter, say  
 How much is prized this joyful day.  
 Then from that wreathed pulpit flows  
 Such holy eloquence as shews  
 The guilt of man, the love of heaven,  
 A SAVIOUR raised, and man forgiven.  
 Last round the altar rail they kneel,  
 And one by one the strengthening feel.  
 I bow my head, devoutly pray,  
 And praying, seem to pass away.

I saw the ball-room in the morn,  
 Alas! it was a scene forlorn,  
 The flowers were faded, stained, and wan,  
 Their sweetness! whither was it gone?  
 Instead of freshness, close the air,  
 The scent of wasted lamps was there,  
 Mute was the music, and the floor  
 Was strewn with things whose day was o'er,  
 E'en silence was a boon denied,  
 By common sounds the nerves were tried.  
 I fled—and thus the warning ran  
 One passage—not the life of man.

'Tis Monday in the Easter week,  
 The Church's sacred shade I seek,  
 Though feeling something like a fear,  
 Signs of decay will meet me here.  
 Oh, holy calm that on me fell,  
 Words, words, ye have no power to tell,

How sweet and pure those flowerets shone,  
 They seem'd to have a glory won,  
 From being in that holy place,  
 Steep'd with some life-preserving grace !  
 And though they keep not in one stay,  
 We scarce can see when they decay.  
 'Tis true no music meets my ear,  
 But there is silence, deep and clear,  
 At times a still small voice I hear,  
 Which tends to strengthen and to cheer,  
 And says to mortals, " Here to be,  
 Often and long is good for thee."  
 But think not, youth, that I would say,  
 " From every pastime turn away,"  
 Use pleasure like the wayside well,  
 But by the living waters dwell.

*Easter, 1856.*

J. C.

### Reviews and Notices.

*A Concordance of the Prayer Book Version of the Psalms*, (Mozley,) is a work which supplies a desideratum, and to which we gladly give a hearty welcome. It appears executed with care, judgment, and precision, whilst the getting up is everything that can be desired.

From the same publishers we have *Pictures of the Heavens*, by the author of a "Present for Young Churchmen," which will be, (and richly does it deserve to be,) an especial favourite with young people. We should recommend it heartily as a prize book for elder boys at school, whilst even those who have long withdrawn the hand from the ferule, may find it a pleasant way of refreshing their memories, and whiling away an hour by studying the lessons from the heavens.

*Stories for Servants*, (Masters,) is just one of those books we want so much, a right book at a right time, and on right subjects. We can remember no better book for the class had especially in view, and also the higher classes in our parochial schools. We take it for granted, that another series will be forthcoming, in which the mysteries may be treated of. The authoress can do it—and if we mistake not the character of her mind—do it well also.

*Some Instructions on the Holy Communion*, (London : Masters,) is a very plain, practical little tract on the subject of which it treats, and is deserving of more than ordinary attention.

*The Home at Nazareth*, by the Rev. F. MENZIES, and *Primitive Church Polity*, are admirable sermons. The latter has some excellent points. The same may be said of an eloquent sermon by the Rev. F. G. LEM, entitled *The Progress of the Church*, whilst the cause of church building is advocated by the Rev. T. F. STOOKS, in a sermon entitled, *Thou sayest, behold, we know it not.*

## The Editor's Desk.

WE have to acknowledge the courtesy of Mr. Marsh, who has written us an obliging letter and sent us most satisfactory accounts of the Plaistow Mission, to which we shall return before long. We trust, however, as we feel confident from the tenour of the letter, that Mr. Marsh does not consider that our strictures upon Missions in general apply to his own case in particular. Everything that sound judgment, earnestness, activity, and zeal can do, will be done, and is being done at Plaistow, but we have in all these cases to consider general rules, and we do think that our missionary operations do require to be placed on a thorough good basis, if they are to prove of lasting benefit to the Church. We shall watch the progress of this question with much interest, and hope to pay a visit in person to Plaistow.

Convocation has met—and received the reports drawn up by the several committees. Why the reports should not have been considered at once we cannot divine. However, there is an air of business about the matter, and we must be thankful even for small instalments. The reports are of considerable interest, and we therefore reprint two here *in extenso*. The Committee of the Upper House report as follows on Church Missions.—

“The Committee of the Upper House of Convocation, appointed ‘to consider and report on the most desirable modes of making fresh exertions for sustaining and extending the missionary efforts of the Church, both at home and abroad,’ have agreed to the following report:—

“We would, in the first place, refer to the report already laid before Convocation, ‘on the services of the Church,’ as containing many valuable suggestions on our present subject; and would add, that our sense of the extreme importance of increasing the missionary operations of the Church has in no degree diminished since that report was framed.

“In respect to foreign missions, so extensive is the field of work which the Providence of God has committed to the Church of England, that it is impossible to overstate the amount of our responsibilities.

“Fully appreciating these urgent claims, we propose at this time to limit ourselves to the suggestion of such practical measures as concern the collection by a more regular machinery of large funds for the support of missions. But we defer this subject to the close of our report, because our recommendations concerning it apply to the domestic as well as to the foreign needs of the Church.

“Turning, then, to the subject of home missions, we would remark that the wisdom and piety of our ancestors devised, and to a great degree carried out, a scheme by which, through the parochial system, every inhabitant of this land might find a place in his parish church, and a pastor in his parish priest.

"We need not now advert to the various circumstances which, together with the vast increase of population, have largely interfered with this system. It is enough to state that there are now, in every part of this land, but especially in its mining and manufacturing districts, multitudes who, in spite of the theory of our parochial system, have had practically from their birth, no place in any church, and no ordained pastor to care for their souls. Now, whilst we unfeignedly rejoice whenever the message of CHRIST's salvation has reached any of these neglected masses, from the labours of those who are not of our own communion, yet we cannot find in this any excuse for indolence or indifference on our part, as to showing them what we conscientiously believe to be the more excellent way; nor must we forget that there are millions amongst us who, neither from the mouths of others nor from our own, have ever heard the blessed tidings of salvation through CHRIST.

"The continued existence of such evils cannot fail to produce the growth of a fearfully demoralised population, and to lead to the widespread diffusion of absolute and, too often, impious unbelief.

"With such a state of things we have to deal, and in looking for remedies we desire to seek them in the maintenance and extension of our parochial system, and not in any novelties which may supersede its usefulness. These remedies it is comparatively easy to suggest for those cases where large parishes can be divided into small ones; or where, as would sometimes be the better course, they can be furnished with new churches and multiplied clergymen, whilst they maintain their parochial unity.

"But these cases, though numerous, are by no means all for which we have to provide. We have to deal with the tens of thousands who have been gathered round some new centre of industry, or who fill the suburbs of our old and narrow cities; we have to provide for the gatherings of population which suddenly arise and as suddenly disappear where a rich vein of mineral wealth is discovered or exhausted, on our distant hill-sides and up our remote valleys; and all of these forms of spiritual want require separate treatment for their relief.

"We would suggest the following measures amongst those which it appears to us might, under God's blessing, be beneficially adopted:—

"1. First, that Home Missionary Associations be organised in the different dioceses under the Bishop, the Archdeacons, and such clergy and laity as may be brought to consult with them concerning the spiritual wants of the diocese, and the best mode of relieving them.

"2. That clergymen be sought out who may possess special gifts for influencing those who are now unhappily estranged from all religious ordinances; and that such clergy, under due ecclesiastical authority, should minister in temporary buildings till, under God's blessing, they have gathered a flock which may be collected in a church.

"3. That when the parish church does not afford sufficient accommodation at the ordinary services, additional services should be added, at which the whole church should be opened to the poor. For the conduct of these services the parochial clergyman may, if he

desire it, call on the assistance of the before-mentioned missionary clergyman.

"4. That the Deans and Canons of the different cathedrals should take into their consideration what facilities they possess for assembling in their cathedrals the labouring population of their respective cities, for short services, with congregational singing, psalmody, and sermons from preachers who may be peculiarly qualified to address such congregations, without limiting the choice to their own body.

"5. That the clergy be urged to substitute for their more formal addresses from the pulpit, plain expositions of God's Word, and direct addresses to the conscience, which may be easily understood by the least instructed members of their congregations.

"6. That the parochial clergy be advised to bring upon their congregations, in addition to all local claims, the duty of promoting the interests of our holy religion, both abroad and at home, in two sermons, at least, with collections, every year; one for the general wants of the Church in the diocese, and the other for its still wider operations both at home and abroad; the selection of the special instruments of the Church's work to which those funds should be appropriated being left to the choice of the clergyman and his parishioners.

"7. That in new churches generally, and in existing churches where the adoption of such a practice would not excite jealousy or opposition, weekly collections should be made for these purposes, that so the poorest members of the Church may have the opportunity of contributing.

"8. That accurate accounts be kept in every parish of all sums so raised, and of their appropriation, such accounts to be duly audited, and transmitted annually by the clergyman to the Bishop of the diocese.

"9. Further, we believe that no slight amount of increased zeal and generally diffused exertion might be spread throughout our Church by the adoption of a system of recognised resignation of their benefices by incumbents who are no longer able to give their full energies to the work of the ministry, and to whom pensions should be assigned from the benefices for their natural lives. To effect this, a careful and thorough revision of the various enactments relating to simony would be needed.

"And lastly, if the services of our Church, and the celebrations of the Holy Communion were multiplied more generally throughout the country, and if both clergy and laity would oftener meet for friendly consultation, with prayer for God's blessing on their labours, we should confidently hope for an increase in the number of the labourers, and for a larger outpouring of the grace of God upon their work.

"We feel that fresh exertions are needed in order to bring the youthful part of our population more generally under pastoral influence. We would recommend the employment of special services, with sermons adapted to children, and of public catechising, wherever practicable. More frequent confirmations, especially in the large towns and populous districts, would, we believe, be thankfully accepted by the clergy, as furnishing them with the opportunity of presenting a larger number to the Bishop, and that number more care-

fully selected and prepared, so as to ensure their immediate and habitual attendance at Holy Communion.

"While we thankfully acknowledge the liberal aid afforded by Parliament to voluntary efforts in the cause of national education, we feel that it is of the utmost importance to remember that the increase of schools and schoolmasters, however important, will by no means compensate for the want of increased spiritual agency. The early age at which the children are removed from school creates the necessity for the employment of other means, in order to retain a pastoral influence over them. Among these we would specify the retention of the young in Sunday classes—the general establishment of evening schools where practicable—classes for mutual improvement, with lectures, under the personal direction of the clergy.

"But we have reason to lament that large numbers of our population are even unbaptised, and we believe that still larger numbers are unconfirmed. For the remedy of these evils we can only trust, under the Divine Blessing, to the results of an increased spiritual agency acting directly upon the parents, and awakening them to a sense of their responsibilities.

"We cannot conclude this portion of our report without alluding to the very painful subject of the poverty of a very large number of the benefices of the Church of England. And it is worthy of remark that this evil is most apparent in the districts from whence the wealth of this country in great measure is derived; and that clergymen who have to bear the burden and heat of the day, amidst the thickly congregated masses of the people, in addition to the overwhelming demands and anxieties of their spiritual charge, are often scarcely provided with the means of subsistence. It is a matter of deep thankfulness that the men are to be found who, notwithstanding such discouragements, will labour in these districts for the love of God and the souls of men; but if a supply is to be maintained of clergymen fitted by spiritual and intellectual endowments for these trying posts of labour, there must be such a provision made as shall at least relieve them from undue anxiety about the things of this life. We thankfully acknowledge the improvement which has taken place in the exercise of patronage. But the distribution of the clergy, with reference to their several qualifications, has so direct a bearing upon the highest interests of religion, that we feel that our report would be imperfect if we failed to call the attention of patrons to this important subject; and we would add that more care is needed with reference to the signing of testimonials.

"II. *Foreign Missions.*—Upon the subject of foreign missions we feel that the prominent position which England holds among the nations—her vast resources and widely-extended commerce—her long enjoyment of temporal blessings—and, above all, her possession, through the Divine Mercy, of the Gospel in its purity, are privileges which carry with them the gravest responsibility. Possessing, as we humbly trust we do, the blessing of evangelical truth and apostolical order, and ample means for the fulfilment of the command, 'Go ye into all the world,' &c., we are solemnly accountable for the recom-

mending of that blessing throughout Christendom, and for the extending of it throughout the world.

"The emigration from this country at one time during the last few years was averaging nearly 1,000 persons a-day. It must be remembered, too, that our emigrants are for the most part in humble circumstances, and that they are, therefore, least able or willing to make an effort to supply themselves with spiritual ordinances. Our colonial possessions cover about one seventh part of the earth's surface; and they comprehend a population of more than 3,000,000 of Colonists, and nearly 200,000,000 of Heathens and Mahomedans. All these have a national claim upon us for a participation in our spiritual privileges, and to them must be added the untold millions, beyond our own limits, still lying in darkness. While we desire to express our thankfulness to Almighty God for what has already been done through the agency of various Societies, in the sending forth of devoted men into these wide fields of labour, and of late years in the rapid development of the Colonial Episcopate, and the consequent rapid increase both in number and efficiency of our missionary clergy, we feel how very far our efforts fall short of our opportunities, and how very small a number comparatively of the professing Christians of this land are taking part in the fulfilment of our LORD's command.

"We have had occasion already to allude to the value of our parochial system; and it is to this organization that we must look, under God's Blessing, as the only effectual means of bringing this acknowledged duty home to the hearts and consciences of the people. No parish in the land ought to be without its Missionary Association. It is possible that, under present circumstances, our missionary efforts are best promoted through the agency of different Societies. But we are of opinion that, while the choice of the instrumentality is left with each several parish, efforts ought to be used systematically and vigorously to bring home to each individual member of CHRIST's Church the sense of his own responsibility in this matter.

"The experience of the last few years has abundantly shown the importance of combined effort and harmonious action, under a superintending head. We, therefore, earnestly recommend the further extension of the Episcopate abroad, with a view to strengthen and increase the Foreign Missions of the English Church, and to afford increased facilities for admitting native converts to the pastoral office. Bearing in mind that the supply of missionaries is at present painfully inadequate to the daily increasing demands in foreign lands, we would suggest that this matter be commended to the serious consideration of our universities, in order to the affording of increased facilities and encouragements to those who may be willing to give themselves to this laborious and self-denying service.

"We would also suggest whether some assistance might not be given to our missionary efforts, by employing some of the funds of the various diocesan and archidiaconal and other charities for the sons and orphans of the clergy, in providing exhibitions for our missionary colleges, both at home and abroad. The families of the English clergy might thus not only derive benefit from these charities,

but they might also in their turn requite the benefit by sending out some missionaries to the colonies and amongst the heathen.

"III. *Finance*.—In touching the financial part of this inquiry, we consider that our principal dependence, under God's blessing, must be upon the free-will offerings of the faithful throughout the land. There can be no question as to the duty which is laid upon each individual Christian to devote systematically a portion of his goods to the service of God, according as the LORD has prospered him. We are of opinion that for the calling forth of these a better organisation is needed, by means of diocesan and parochial associations throughout the country. This is a work in which lay co-operation would be of the greatest value.

"We have had under our consideration the subject of the revival of the weekly offertory. While we would deprecate any hasty or inconsiderate return to this practice we would suggest the desirableness, wherever practicable, of using the offertory sentences whenever collections are made in our churches. We are further of opinion that it would be desirable that there should be at least two collections in each year under Episcopal authority in every church or chapel—one for home missions and the other for foreign missions; and that, in making these collections, the principle already laid down be observed, of keeping the object in view rather than the Society through which the object is carried out.

"We think that, in order to the greater efficiency of the Church, a larger and more detailed body of statistics is greatly needed. It is hardly necessary to dwell upon the importance of this, as bearing upon the present and future well-being of the Church of England. Such information, if fully and systematically supplied, would be of the greatest service, as pointing out both our strength and our weakness, and would enable us to employ our resources to greater advantage. We would therefore suggest, whether there might not be added to the Bishop's annual questions inquiries as to the general state of each parish; the number of baptisms; the number of persons confirmed, of the congregations, and of the communicants; the attendance at the schools; the amount of the alms and of the collections, &c.; in fact, full annual statistical returns from each parish as to all matters affecting the interests of the Church. These statistics are regularly obtained in the American Episcopal Church, and in some congregations of that Church are prepared with remarkable care and accuracy.

"We cannot conclude our report without a deep sense of the importance of the subject which has been committed to our consideration; and, feeling most anxious for the Divine Blessing upon our consultations, we would respectfully, but earnestly, implore the special prayers of all the members of this house, and of the faithful at large, for the outpouring of the HOLY SPIRIT to make effectual any measures which may be set on foot to the glory of God in the extension of His kingdom both in our own country and throughout the world.

(Signed) "EDWARD BICKERSTETH, Chairman."



The following is the elaborate report of the Committee of the Lower House :

#### MISSIONARY REPORTS.

The Ven. the Archdeacon of Buckingham then read the following report :

"The Committee of the Lower House of Convocation, appointed to consider separately the most desirable mode of making fresh exertions for sustaining and extending the missionary efforts of the Church, both at home and in foreign parts, report as follows :—We have carefully considered the subject committed to us, and we beg to present the result of our deliberations under the three following heads :—

##### I. Home Missions.

##### II. Foreign Missions.

##### III. Finance.

"I. *Home Missions*.—We consider this portion of our subject to be of most pressing importance. The rapid increase of the population of this country—its progressive accumulation in some parts, and its shifting character in others—the apathy and indifference to religion which still prevail—the great neglect of the means of grace—the spread of vice and immorality—the forgetfulness of God as shown in the lowest standard of integrity in the ordinary transactions of life—and the systematic dissemination of infidel opinions throughout the land, seem to us to call for a large extension of spiritual agency, and likewise for the employment of special agencies adapted to these circumstances.

"We would respectfully suggest that the large extent of some of our dioceses, both in population and area, precluding the possibility of sufficient personal intercourse between the Bishop and the clergy and laity of his diocese, together with the want of more concentrated action, furnishes strong reasons for some increase of the Episcopate, which we think would be best obtained without any interference with the number of seats in the House of Lords, on the principle already introduced at the erection of the see of Manchester. By this extension of the principle of rotation, each Bishop would have better opportunity than at present of making himself well acquainted with his diocese before he would be called to succeed to his legislative duties. We would suggest the expediency of a general enabling Act (similar to the 31st Henry VIII., c. 9), to which resort might be had as often as circumstances require, or opportunity offers, for the erection of new sees. We would further suggest that provision should be made in the case of any Bishop becoming, through age or infirmity or any other cause, incapacitated for the active discharge of his duties. Two modes of meeting this requirement have been proposed. It has been suggested that the difficulty may be met by some well-considered system of retiring pensions. The other mode is to be found in the recommendation of the Cathedral Commissioners with regard to Coadjutor Bishops. Such an office has existed from the earliest ages—it was strongly recommended by the authors of the *Reformatio Legum*—it still exists in many parts of Christendom, and has recently

been revived in our own Colonial Church in the case of the Bishop of Jamaica.

"We are anxious to express our high sense of the value of that parochial organisation which we have received from our forefathers, whereby it was designed that the ordinances of religion should be offered to every individual throughout the land. We believe that these ancient parochial limits are highly regarded by great numbers amongst our people, and that they should not be lightly disturbed. We therefore think that, though in certain cases beyond what has been thus far effected, it may still be necessary to subdivide some of the old parishes on account of their vast extent or overwhelming population; in others, and probably the greater number, the interests of religion would be more efficiently provided for by retaining the ancient boundaries, and multiplying the agencies within these limits, in subordination to the incumbent.

"Subject to this general principle, we consider that a large addition is needed to the numbers of priests and deacons, and we do not believe that the people will have the full benefit of pastoral superintendence until the number of the clergy, whether priests or deacons, is in the proportion of one to every thousand souls.

"With regard to deacons, it appears to us that an order of men selected for the ministry with more regard to their moral and religious character, to their intellectual qualifications, and their power of influencing others, than to scholastic advantages or requirements, might be of eminent service in the Church. We would therefore particularly suggest whether the diaconate might not be restored and extended in such a manner as to mark more distinctly the difference between that order and the priesthood; and thus to give increased efficiency to both by a better adjustment of their several duties, as defined in the Ordinal of the Book of Common Prayer. But the subject is of such grave importance that we recommend the appointment of a special committee to consider and report thereon to this house."

"In connection with this subject, we would particularly direct attention to the existing want of more specific and systematic training for the pastoral office. Our attention has been given to the means of rendering occasional help of a special kind to the parochial clergy, not only in the metropolis and other populous districts, but likewise wherever the occasion seems to require. We would recommend that in each diocese provision should be made for the appointment of a body of preachers licensed by the Bishop, an institution not unknown at the Reformation, who might, on the application of the incumbent, visit his parish for a fixed period, assist in delivering courses of sermons on appointed subjects, in house to house visitation, or in attendance upon the schools, according to their various gifts and abilities. Such labourers might, we think, render essential service, and greatly strengthen the hands of the incumbents of large parishes in awakening the indifferent and warning the profligate, in healing divisions, and in conciliating those who are estranged from the Church.

"The committee consider that our cathedral establishments might be made more available for the spiritual needs of the people, and we

would respectfully suggest that the deans and chapters might advantageously throw open the naves or choirs of their cathedrals, wherever practicable, for the purpose of suitable additional services. The agency of the preachers (already recommended), or other clergy of the diocese, might perhaps be employed for this purpose, in addition to the members of the cathedral body. We are also of opinion that special services, with courses of sermons delivered on a week-day at particular seasons, as Advent or Lent, would be attended with great benefit; and we think it desirable that this practice should be extended as widely as possible beyond the cathedral to the churches of all our most populous parishes. We cannot conclude this branch of our subject without alluding to the importance generally of a more frequent celebration of Holy Communion. Recognising the value of lay agency when it acts in harmony with the parochial system, we believe that it might be more extensively encouraged. Much of the zeal which is now lost to the Church might thus be secured to its uses; and many persons of piety and zeal who are now promoting, or are desirous to promote, the temporal and spiritual welfare of their fellow-creatures, would labour with more satisfaction to themselves, and with greater acceptance to the people if they were definitely authorised and appointed to their work. We would also suggest the wider and more definite use of the services of devoted Christian women in every rank of life as in the office of district visitors; and we would particularly recommend the employment of nurses, trained for attendance upon the sick, who might, we conceive, render important services to the cause of religion.

“Much attention has of late years been drawn to the subject of church building; and we have now numerous examples on every side of churches built at great cost of good ecclesiastical types and of substantial character. But we are of opinion that in our large centres of population, and in the remote hamlets of many of our wide-spread parishes in rural districts, there is a demand for a more simple and inexpensive kind. To meet the spiritual wants of the shifting masses of the population in some parts, and the growing settlements in other parts of our mining and manufacturing districts, temporary or mission chapels are greatly needed, which ought not to exceed in cost £1. per sitting, and which might nevertheless be distinguished by a certain ecclesiastical character. These buildings might eventually be superseded by larger edifices designed for permanence. But before the means can be provided for this great undertaking it is of the utmost importance to have ready for a population, however accumulated, whether rapidly or otherwise, a building into which it might at once be gathered; and where, under the direction of the incumbent, and through agencies selected by him, there might be offered to it the ministry of CHRIST'S word and sacraments.

# THE Churchman's Companion.

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## UNA; A DOUBLE STORY.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Now, oh now, I needs must part."

CHARLOTTE AULEY'S beautiful showy horse stands in front of Oakridge vicarage. It is Easter Monday, and she and her brother have come to call on her young friends to ask them all to a regular fête a fortnight hence, as Frederic, the heir of Chichely, comes of age then. She sits in their little schoolroom, (it is on a far less extensive scale than that at Calne) and is using all her persuasive arts to make Edith promise to be there.

Charlotte Auley was no favourite of hers, she was too forward and frivolous, and Chichely and Chichely's heir she did not admire.

"Do, Edith, do only just say yes; you may bring your crony with you for that matter, we shall be glad to see her, only do say yes."

Edith was inflexible, and would not by any coaxing or extorting say yes. It was impossible to arrange so long beforehand, and she believed there was a prior engagement.

Charlotte bit the top of her riding whip and looked dismayed, and Frederic strayed to the window and desecrated on the fine weather.

"Then are we only to reckon upon four and the elders, or six?" said Charlotte.

"Upon four, if you please, if I am here I will come, you may be certain."

"You will? well that is a darling little promise; you are very certain not to be out by any chance."

Flo and Ro started at this announcement of their sister's.

Frederic Auley's birthday had been the theme of converse and comment from their very childhood, and the grand doings and the immense company had been magnified into something almost beyond imagining—the day had all but arrived, and Edith was the first to back out of a participation in its fulfilment.

"It comes but once in a lifetime," remarked Florence.

"Never mind, I have her word for it," said Charlotte, "and between ourselves, Flo, she is likely to be the loser if she stays away."

If Edith was intended to hear this little inter-nos, she missed it, for to make reparation for her probable declension she was listening and talking to Frederic on all sorts of subjects, and asking with interest about the coming day.

"You should not tell her, Fred," cried his sister maliciously, "if she wants to know, let her come and see with her own eyes."

"Everybody is to dine out of doors for the first thing, I believe, and the rest is to be after the usual custom on such occasions," he said,—but he was painfully shy sometimes, and now turned his head away from the person he addressed. So Rose called him a "spoon" in an undertone, and wondered how he would get through his speech without turning his back upon the tenants.

"He is a spoon," said Charlotte, "you all know I am famed for possessing the bravery of the family; he may depute me to make it for him, as I shall proposals of a different nature also when the time comes."

This flippant talk sounded smart to the Malford girls, but it disgusted Edith, and made her quite courteous in her manner and conversation to the nervous brother, though she was heartily glad when Charlotte thought proper to take him and herself off.

"I do not congratulate you on your friends," she said to Flo and Ro when they returned from seeing them

mount at the hall door, "Charlotte Auley is insufferable."

"She returns the compliment: she says you are as off-hand and independent as if you had not your fortune to make, and that you are wanting in worldly wisdom."

"Lotte never forgives you for being older than she is," observed Rose.

"She is so noble-minded," said Edith sarcastically.

"It is not that," interrupted Florence, roused to a spirited vindication of her friend, "but I believe she thinks you are admired, and likes to be seen at your side."

"Do you call that magnanimous, Flo! she need not fear; I shall not spoil the market for the M.P.'s daughter."

"Well I know she is much fonder of you than you think: she would like Frederic to marry you."

Rose and Edith both laughed outright.

"You bosom friend, you betray confidence; but, Florence, you ought to know better than to repeat such stuff."

Mildred and Annie now came in together from dispensing some charity of Mr. Dudley's left at Margaret's disposal, and she had nominated Mildred to the office, and Easter Monday as the day for disbursing. They came in thoroughly tired, for their walk had extended to Burnslie, the other extremity of the parish.

"We met Miss Auley and her brother," said Mildred, "and she asked me to come with you all to some grand affair there."

"But madame told her," cried Beauty eagerly, "that she should have taken *congé* before that day and could not come."

"We knew it," said the sisters complacently.

"And I am going with her," added Edith.

"You! O lucky happy Edith!" they all exclaimed.

"She is going to take care of me to London; the De Lancys are there, they are her friends as well as ours."

The undisguised pleasure with which the three listened

was worth witnessing; her happiness was evidently thoroughly shared.

"And London too, but why have you never told us of this great treat before?"

"Because I knew it not myself until this very day: mamma and Mildred planned it between themselves. I never even saw Mrs. De Lancy's invitation."

"Oh, Edie, I am so glad, and you will enjoy it; you will see her too sometimes perhaps."

They laughed: "Why we shall be in the same house."

"O better than delightful," said Beauty.

And Rose added: "You will beat Charlotte, and come out in London before her."

"You shall go next, dears," said Mr. Malford, patting the tall pair considerably, in the course of the evening. "I am sure you are very good not to grumble at your sister's piece of fortune."

"We can wait for our turn, papa," said Florence, "we are only too glad at Edith's chance."

"And no one has vouched that we did not come out in Edinburgh last year," said Rose saucily.

Edith was the quietest of all: her conscience was not altogether at ease upon the matter of Charlotte Auley in the afternoon, and she had to recall and weigh her own speeches before she could be happy, and upon the general theme she had nothing to say, since she was pondering what coming home would be without Mildred.

Two days Mildred spent with the Leighs at Burnalie. They had friends at S. Aidan's, and kept up a sort of cognizance of that place she would never see again: besides there was a silent sympathy that they could accord better than almost any one—they had been with her in her hour of utmost trial—they, only Edith knew it not, could have depicted her endurance in glowing terms; they were thoroughly her friends; thoughtful for her when she first came, silent upon their knowledge of the past, and considerate to her in many ways that made her feel indebted to them for life.

But that two days' farewell visit was over—tenderer farewells were exchanged—the blessing of the vicar and his wife went with her, but her loss was not one that could

be absolutely counted; it would tell gradually, when her restraining influence was wanting, or her exertive energy in action.

Mildred departed, one happy companion at her side, for whose sake the tears of the sisters were controlled till by and by.

Felix Brown, Ann Barton, and the deformed twins, waylaid the carriage as it drove through Calne: they had each a little keepsake for her to accept, and wished to say good-bye, and to thank her for many little kindnesses, and then the narrowed circle of her practical care and responsibility was passed; they wended their way for a time in silence.

"You are out of the general rank of women, I should think," began Edith, when they had been a short time in the train; "shall I at your age go from place to place with benisons on my head as these follow you?"

"Try to be worthy of the grace they invoke for you."

"That is what you do: you know there is a uniformity about you that some people call mannerism, we liked it when we understood it, because it made a difference between you and others, but I have not learned it from you—always cheerful, always patient, always—"

"Do you expect me to assent to all you say, Edie?"

"If you please, I do," returned Edith, "for I am afraid you dinna weel ken your ain worth, as the old women say to me when I get my boots wet through in winter."

"Look out," said Mildred suddenly, "there are glimpses worth noting as we go."

Edith sat reproved. "Madam, I beg your pardon, I was on a forbidden subject, but if I may not praise, who may? Are we in Cumberland now?"

"No; this is the wrong line; we come to Gateshead presently, then Durham, and you, little stay-at-home, ought to make the very best use of your eyes."

"More of my eyes than another unruly member; but if you ever knew a girl as old as I am who had never been to London. We ought to keep better pace with the age."



"Edinburgh is more your metropolis; I see nothing very gothic in your case."

"Your's was not like it."

"I happened to be born in London, in that very house too where we are now going."

"At the De Lancys'!"

"It was my father's house until I was seven years old, and then he had a government appointment in America; since then it has been let, and now the De Lancys have taken it."

"Had you any brothers and sisters?"

"Not one until within the last year."

"You say so to me!" exclaimed Edith; "oh, madame, thank you."

"Yes, Edith, and only to you, and I want us both to feel that however wide apart our future, our hopes and strivings will have one common centre, and if *they* meet there truly we shall follow."

"I cannot feel that our ways are to be so severed; I shall not till I go home without you."

If they had more to say in this strain they were interrupted by the entrance of other passengers, and their conversation lapsed into an occasional remark on passing objects.

Mildred pointed out the graceful Minster as they passed York, and many other objects of interest; but it was a glance and away, for they were not able to make any delays in the journey, which they accomplished without any incident of moment. In London Colonel De Lancy met them, with his hearty welcome, and they were not long in reaching Eaton Square, where Mrs. De Lancy's reception of them was as cordial as her husband's.

Edith gazed around her in amazement at the lofty luxurious rooms and their elegant fittings: "This is Eastern opulence and luxury," she said to Mildred, when they were in their own rooms, one opening from the other, and Mildred's own maid from Lytchurst was there to attend upon her.

"Yes, Edith, be prepared for many wonders, and take care not to get bewitched."

"I shall not get bewitched," was the reply, "I shall only feel insignificant and out of place; how am I to do my hair to-night?"

"My dear child, just as usual, and make haste if you have any pity, for I am hungry *au désespoir*."

Edith hurried through her Grecian braid while the door between the two rooms was closed awhile for Mildred to make sundry inquiries, "Are all well at Lytehurst?"

"Quite well, my lady, thank you; Mr. Maxwell came down this morning just before I left."

"And how is my little Henry, Wilson?"

"Quite well, indeed: and would you believe it, my lady, when he knew I was coming to wait upon you, he cried to come."

"Make haste, I must not hear any more about him or I shall forget to dress, I can finish for myself now; go in and see if Miss Malford wants any help; you can unpack for us by and by."

Wilson lingered another instant on some pretext, recalling to her mind how many many times she had dressed her girlish mistress, and wondering how all her bloom should have departed when her husband died. Edith was ready, and they went down to the drawing-room together.

"Mildred's first home a palace like this! I should like that quizzical Charlotte to see it," thought Edith, "it might stop all her insinuations."

Colonel De Lancy was loud in his praises of Edith's progress in what he would call young ladyism. "You know, Mildred, something more than a year and a half ago, she was a solemn little unformed country maiden, a sort of Niobe too, for I was down upon a cruel errand."

"It is Mildred's fault that I am different—"

"And here we have quite a finished damsel, and the best bit of Lancy that the family ever boast."

"There, Edith, my love, I am sure that speech would palliate the hardest," observed Mrs. De Lancy, "you must treat him courteously, he has a long cheerful tale for after dinner."

"Of my Lancy! O, Colonel, tell it now."

"Ha! ha! he is a brilliant fellow, tall and personable, you do not equal him in that point."

"And does the climate really suit him?"

"Oh, famously, famously, not a doubt of it; he is like a Turk, by no means the fair pretty boy I took away from Calne."

"You will want the full-length likeness with beard and moustache," said Mildred.

"He is brave too; we had a desperate tiger hunt in the jungle once, aye, girls, you may shudder, you might if you had seen what I did, Lancy within pistol-shot of a pair of red-hot eyes that glared as though they would set the whole thicket on fire."

"Did Lance kill him?"

"The beast! not at once single-handed, there is no fool-hardiness in him, he kept the savage at bay till we came up, and then we all dropped our bullets into him right merrily. There is the skin upon one of my sofas, I'll give it you when you have a house of your own."

"And may he ever come home?"

"Ay, ay, the first thought of course; it was tough work to leave him behind: he may come at the end of the first five years. He has made unusual progress in the native language, and that has gained him some promotion—oh, he is a famous fellow."

"Does Lancy like our being at Oakridge?"

"Not at all, Edie; the loss of his best friend was a heavy blow to him, more than all you gained afterwards."

"Mamma said it would be so."

"None of us can remember S. Michael's Day, and think it would be otherwise; I never saw a link of obedient love more closely knit."

"You were able to observe the influence of all English news upon him," said Mildred.

"Yes, it is a character of great susceptibility, and thoroughly frank and spirited; I do not know his equal."

They had already lingered long, Edith could have sat all night to listen and ask questions, but it was time to withdraw, and she could only hope the Colonel would join them quickly, and start again on her untiring theme. She was doomed to disappointment. Mildred was giving

the history of Herr Mandelhold's last days when the Colonel did join them, and he entered fully into the details, and begged her to repeat what he had missed; then came tea, and very soon the clear sweet chimes of a neighbouring clock stole through the air, and told ten o'clock: it was the hour for prayers: and immediately after Mrs. De Lancy ordered the tired travellers to bed.

Never in her whole life could Edith Malford have been more grateful to lay her head upon her pillow, and feel that everything was over but her night's rest,—than on this evening after the long journey.

She was too sound asleep to miss Mildred's usual kiss, too sound asleep to be roused by it when it came with—"Good night, my darling, slumber softly; may our God keep you through all temptations."

"Call me early," she said, when she went back, to Wilson, who was in her room, "I shall want you to go with me to the eight o'clock prayers at S. —; come in very quietly, I do not wish Miss Malford to be disturbed."

"My lady, excuse me, but it would be prudent for you to rest one morning. You don't look as if you had the strength to overdo yourself like that."

"Once ill, always ill, you think, Wilson."

"No, my lady, not so; but if I might be so bold as to persuade you—?"

"Come to me a little before seven; if I am very tired I will take your advice. Good night."

"Thank you, my lady: good night."

## CHAPTER XXIX.

"Stedfastly as a star doth look  
Upon a little murmuring brook,  
She gazed—upon  
The fair brow of her little son."

THREE days passed: letters from Lytehurst came to Mildred every morning; they would have irritated a less sweet temper than hers, for it was no slight trial to be

only three hours' rail journey from her little treasure, and yet to be forbidden to go to him.

Edith in those three days had made fair acquaintance with the London lions; many of the fashionable world had not yet come up from the Easter holidays, but in her uninitiated eyes it looked quite crowded enough for convenience. She had had one drive in the Park, a visit to the British Museum, and a day's inspection of the houses of Parliament.

Three days! how they flew, with the exquisite freshness of pleasure, and with the old charm of Mildred's presence to keep her straight in her new goings. The spring was fine and tempting, and day after day the several other grand-looking houses in the Square filled rapidly; morning visitors seemed endless; the Colonel's circle was a large one, and his old friends flocked to call upon him on his return to England: then he gave a dinner-party; another evening there was a concert at a neighbouring mansion; by the middle of May the drawing-rooms were announced, the sun shone out higher and hotter, and all the *beau monde* came to town.

Mrs. De Lancy was never weary of chaperoning her visitors, and the Colonel volunteered his escort to the Tower, St. Paul's, and the Docks, for one day; and then to Edith's youthful delight cards were sent out for a large ball, at which she was to feel herself formally introduced. She wondered how Mildred would like it, and whether she would stand the spirit and bustle of such an affair; however, she said nothing on the subject, determining to watch the course of events quietly.

But the time began to grow very close, and she was obliged to ask Mildred about her dress, only white muslin, would it do for a London ball?

"What, Edie? I beg your pardon," and Mildred scarcely looked up from that daily letter that imparted such joy to her spirits.

"It is only about a dress, Mildred, I can wait."

"Your dress? O, for Thursday week: we will settle it to-day, I am going to get mine."

"Think what you will like, my dear, it is to be the Colonel's present to you," said Mrs. De Lancy.

"Is it? thank you very much; Mildred, you will have to choose it for me."

"Ah no, I had to do it long before I was your age; we will go together, and help each other."

'Your's will be simple enough,' thought Edith, 'judging by your prejudice for black silks and pale greys,' and she ran off to dress for the drive into Regent Street, and then for a walk into Kensington Gardens.

The day was lovely. She could fancy how the copses on the ridge at home were fragrant and golden with primroses and violets, which she missed so much even in that refined quarter of the great metropolis.

Birds and flowers had been like playfellows all her life, and she could not tell what was wanting, independent of her mother and sisters, to give a home-like natural feeling to her in London.

The carriage came, it was her first shopping expedition, very different from going into the old-fashioned fusty shops at Walden, or to something of more pretensions at Newcastle.

"Evening dresses, ball dresses,—thank you, ma'am; will the young ladies see them in the show-rooms? they appear to an elegant advantage at full length," &c., &c.

Edith's thoughts went off on a visit home when her material presence was in Swan and Edgar's, and she paid little attention at first to the brocades and Mechlin and Brussels 'beauties' that the shopman admired so much, and wished them to do the same.

"Well Edith," said Mildred.

"Choose, my love," said Mrs. De Lancy.

She touched Mildred's arm, replying to her, "They are all too fine, they dazzle one; that is pretty."

"This one? permit me," said the shopman, eyes and ears alert, "it is very simple."

"I should like it if you think the Colonel will," she said to Mrs. De Lancy. It was a white silk petticoat, a white tarlatan dress trimmed with blue forget-me-nots.

"I am sure he will admire your choice, my dear," said Mrs. De Lancy; and Mildred—it was the second approval that settled the matter, "I like it very much; now you shall select for me."

"Look, then, the fellow to mine would be too girlish, do you like this? look, Mrs. De Lancy, her complexion will make the scarlet beautiful."

"Or rather, *au contraire*," said Mildred.

"As you please, *ma modeste*, but do you consent?"

"Not quite, Edie, try again, it is too brilliant; *couleur de rose* outside is not satisfying."

"Then, Mildred, this is meant for you, you shall be Una or Undine: if I were as small I should covet it, do decide."

It was a soft-looking lace fabric, with trimmings and streamers of silver tissue: the two were ordered to be sent home, and they returned to the carriage and drove to the gardens. These Edith did not care about: there was a want of freshness about them, and she had a saucy pleasure in depreciating them; and the park too, with its everlasting round of carriages. She was always comparing Hyde Park, and the parks of Chichely and Netherley.

"Wait until you have been here six weeks, Edith, I am certain then of a pleading advocate for a cool drive or a shady walk in one of these very places."

"Of course, the heat will drive me here, but you would not have me disparage the country?"

Mrs. De Lancy owned that she had no desire to send back a traitor to Oakridge.

A gentleman looked at them earnestly as he passed, and moved his hat—one of Mrs. De Lancy's friends, though Mildred recognised without recollecting him. "It was Colonel Gordon, I had almost forgotten him."

"I remember him," said Mildred, "he belonged to a foreign embassy."

"You know him too; we will make Colonel Lancy find him out and re-introduce us, we knew him from his childhood."

"He was at Maveryn once," said Mildred, "but that is half a century ago." She would not enlarge upon the subject, there was a spell against all adverting to those old days, it brought a cloud upon her that Edith dreaded.

They walked home that evening, the earliest star came out above a peak of cloud, like a silver crest. Edith

spoke in childish rapture: "Look! there is the first star I have seen: I will learn to like London, if I can still sometimes see those soft eyes in heaven," she added, in a checked tone to Mildred.

And their love warmed purer and more fixed every day; there was a limit to Edith's visit, the first half had already gone. By and by the dull loneliness that was shrouded now by Mildred's perpetual presence, must overshadow Edith, and though the words read in her mind like a riddle, going home would be a trial. She could not come to harm in London; the early service in that beautiful quiet Church was a talisman against all things hurtful in her daily way, but the beauty of her well-cultured spirit began to have an outward shining also: even at home they were waking up to the tacit understanding that the expression on Edith's face distanced all the boasted prettiness of her sisters.

They woke on the morning of the ball, dressed, and went as usual to S. —. All were busy with preparations, and after breakfast Mildred and Edith were to help the Colonel in some of the decorations: the post came, the first blank morning for Mildred, but her spirits were excited, there was a tinge of colour in her cheeks that gave reality to her unusual animation.

It was full early when in the middle of a long festoon Mildred was summoned: her hasty step was almost a run down the long ball-room, but she turned back a step. "Will you like to come too, Edith? I will not keep you many minutes."

Edith left her wreath and followed, but her quick pace was slow to Mildred's, though she waited for her at the door.

"Come, my tortoise! we will go in together, it will make you happy to see me so."

No perception dawned upon Edith, Mildred wore her calm possessed manner as she introduced Henry Maxwell to her. Her own heart thrilled to his warm shake of the hand, but she looked round as if with him she expected something more.

"I left Lytehurst and grandmamma flourishing," he said, in a rather constrained tone.



"Is little Henry well?" she asked, with all a mother's impatience.

"Quite well; I knew you expected me to turn the duodecimo out of my pockets. Listen."

"Now mind, do not drop your flowers, dear," said Wilson's voice in the lobby, and the door which stood ajar was flung wide open.

"My mamma!" oh, that clear bird-like tone: there was a compound of reproach and gratitude in the eye that sought Henry's face a moment before she sat down upon the floor to give welcome to her baby darling.

"Kiss him, Edith: he is my own boy," she said, as she parted the clustering curls from his bonnie face.

"And is he yours also?" thought Edith, stooping to obey, and then gazing up to the handsome young man who had eyes for but one in the trio.

"You expected him, did you?" he said.

"I did; I suppose I had no right, but I think I was disappointed."

"So I guessed by the savage look with which you favoured me for not saying he was here."

"Mamma, bells ring, ding dong: mamma, come home."

"What, my little Hebrew! what does he mean, Henry?"

"The urchin! he promised secrecy. It's out of Chancery. They telegraphed to Morden and to us last night, and it got wind at Lytchurst very soon. The bells have been ringing the tower down ever since. You will have to show yourself pretty soon there."

"Where is your Christmas prophecy?" she asked, somewhat archly.

"Blown away with the March dust; I must see the Colonel, and tell him directly."

"Stop one minute, Henry: is it all clear and straightforward?"

"Oh, entirely so, without the least reserve; we are his guardians as before, and more than that, the plaintiffs put in a bill to have the expenses out of the estate; but it has been rescinded: and I hope it will be a fair warning to them not to be too eager to dabble in a Court of Equity again."

"Do not say that, we need not triumph; are the costs heavy?"

"A good thousand or two, probably; they should have counted that: we have been put to straits enough by them for three years nearly." True; but all the hardships faded away in the background as she still sat on the floor with her little Henry, and the security that they need never be parted again.

To Edith it was all a pantomime, and rather a cruel one: the tall stranger so frank and friendly to Mildred, and the little boy her own: it recalled a question she once asked long before, "Does any one love you now, madame?"

"Come, Edith," said Mildred, "this is acting a charade; the word is lawsuit: have you guessed it?"

"And we may be friends, Miss Malford, upon the strength of my acquaintance with your brother; we were tuturised together in Cornwall."

"Lancy's name is a safe passport, is it not, Edie?" Edith said "Yes;" but a clear idea of what was what, would not right itself to her mind all at once: she thought they would prefer a private talk, and said as a cover for her departure that she must go back and help the Colonel with the decorations.

"Do," said Mildred, "I shall bring these people to help by and by."

"So that is your friend," said Henry, when he had closed the door after her, "I thought she was a child."

"Are you disappointed that she is grown up to a presentable age?"

"Talk of presenting," said Henry, hastily, "you must be presented this season."

"I? why you would transform me into a gay giddy girl once more; no thank you."

"No, I mean it seriously, Majesty grants you the title of Dowager; and Una is bound to appear at the next drawing-room as My Lady."

"You do not want to see me beplumed and betraimed completely out of my proper character."

"Well, wait a little; grandmamma is coming up in a day or two to congratulate and make over her charge, and I know not what: she shall talk you into compliance."

"O, little Henry, all this tiresome fuss is very distasteful: but come, I must make you both useful."

"Ay, you promised that we should help Miss Malford somewhere; I should like to see the Colonel."

"*Toute à la fois*," she said, as he picked up his little godson and followed her to the ball-room.

Colonel De Lancy was on a high ladder hanging chaplets over the side lights; Edith sat on a low bench in a bower of green.

"Well, we shall be at home at this; here, little Harry, prick your fingers as often as you please for mamma to kiss; mamma, give me instructions how to proceed. Colonel, I will wait until you descend; do not let me disturb the order of the day, only congratulate us, we are clear."

By two o'clock, luncheon time, there was nothing left to be done except the chandelier vases to fill with Lytehurst flowers, brought by Henry that morning.

Colonel De Lancy fell into unusual raptures when told at length the termination of Mildred's trials; but he could not understand how without the needful proofs such a decision should have been given.

"Mildred will do my uncle justice now," said Henry.

"I! how have I ever wronged him?"

"Poor little Una; your miserable face and pitiful words when he came to threaten you in the north, turned to his own condemnation; they haunted him day and night, and nothing but the papal permission to return in secret and substantiate the needful validity of your marriage saved him from suicide, or next to it, his re-conversion."

"Did he come again to England this spring?"

"He did, and behaved most nobly. Dr. Bouverie knows more about it than I do, though none of us saw him; he made no brag about it."

"You see the desperate extremities to which such men drive themselves; why was he malignant to me and mine?"

"Live and learn, Una; he was not equal to a thorough confession."

Mildred went to prepare for her usual morning drive

with Mrs. De Lancy; Henry had business in town, but before Mrs. De Lancy left the dining-room, the Colonel said to her,

"God bless them both; the next best thing that can happen, will be for young Maxwell to ask for a share of the disputed spoils."

Mrs. De Lancy thought Mildred proof against such an act of generosity, and went out with Edith, Mildred, and Mildred's boy. Edith sat and looked at him in wonder, puzzling herself to think how she should break the news of this marvel come-to-light to her mother and sisters in her next letter. It was not till they were dressing quite late in the evening, when the boy's gambols were over, and his young mamma had kissed him to sleep, that Edith found an opportunity to have the skein unravelled.

"O, Mildred," she said, coming in with her waves of golden hair shining loose about her neck, "let me dress here; I want you to talk to me; this has been the longest most tormenting day I ever spent."

"Has it? come in then; let us put it smooth together; we must work and talk, then Wilson need only come to put the finishing touch. Is that agreeable?"

"It is exactly what I came to beg, but shall we disturb the little one?"

"No, I like him to be here; I had him to sleep in my room all last Christmas."

"It is so strange that I never knew about it in the least before; his eyes are so like Mr. Maxwell's."

Mildred smiled her own beautiful smile, one Edith had never seen upon her face before, because never from her lips had fallen the words "my husband," in Edith's hearing; and her voice was tremulous in saying, "My husband was Henry's cousin, and they were so alike as to be taken for brothers; his mother comes here to-morrow; he was like her too."

"And you a dear gentle widow all this time, we none of us understood it; it might have spared you many a vexation if we had."

"Never mind, Edie, the restraint was wholesome, it

would have been difficult then to talk about it. I like your knowing first."

"So indeed do I. So that handsome stranger is your cousin, and your little son a baronet; I shall never see this Mildred and that madame as the same person, how could you bear it?"

"As a hope that patience strengthened until it was realised and my child restored to me; but we are not making our toilets, Edie; Wilson must be summoned to the rescue or we shall never be dressed."

"As you please, my mind is set at rest, only I am very happy in your joy, dear Mildred."

A kiss was the credential of this latter sentence, and then the maid entered and put an end to their chatter.

She praised Edith's becoming dress, and the wreath of Lytchurst forget-me-not came most opportunely to lie among the sunny braids placed by Mildred's fingers. She wore her own hair unadorned; its mass of beauty would have been spoiled rather than aided by gems or flowers. "Yea, you are verily and fairly Undine; Colonel Lancy said so!" And Edith clapped her hands with an exclamation of delight, when the finishing touch was put to the snowy lady. "O, Mildred, what a radiant bride you must have been!"

She wore a diamond bracelet that had been her mother's, and the collar, the parting gift of her mother's royal friend, and they went down together to Mrs. De Lancy. Henry took Mildred to himself into a recess by the window, while they waited listening for the earliest arrival.

"Your heart is light, you must dance to-night, my Una," said Henry in a low voice.

"I am very happy and grateful; it is six or seven years since I danced in England."

"Very well, we are engaged for the first quadrille; now do you command me to ask Miss Malford for the next? will that be doing the amiable to your ladyship's approbation?"

"Not exactly, Henry; if you will reverse the arrangement, and take her out first, she knows nobody who is coming."

"And you second, sweet cousin? you have been first, have been Una all my life."

"Well, give Edith my place for once," she said coaxingly.

"By no volition of my own, but that I may please and serve you before myself."

"Hush now, not another word, or I shall tell Edith the terms on which you ask her."

She sent him off, and watched him playing the cavalier to Edith in his most gallant mood and manner, then he returned to be near her again as long as possible.

"They were saying you are Undine when I went to them; what or who was she?"

"One of Fouqué's most beautiful creations," said Edith's voice behind; "a creature neither of earth nor air, who won a soul and was invested with our troubled mortality for love's sake," and she passed on smiling to fetch something for Mrs. De Lancy.

"I would rather thou wert Una," he said; "what became of this poor spirit?"

"She was ill-served, and ill-requited by the knight, for whose sake she besought the gift of humanity."

"And then?"

"She left him to his temptation; I almost forget the story now, but I think she came to him before his death, and once more obtained her natural etherealism."

"Do they know, Una?"

She blushed, understanding him. "Henry, it was a promise for a year," she said, "perhaps they will never need to know."

Colonel De Lancy came up; nearly a hundred guests had already arrived; Mildred was required to be his partner; the band struck up the invitation, and she saw her own bright Edith in a distant set with Henry. He brought her back at the conclusion, a smile of satisfaction on each face. Edith thanked her for such an agreeable beginning, and Henry claimed her for the next dance.

"Not the next; I shall reserve myself for you; make Mrs. De Lancy introduce you to the people."

The rooms were filling fast; presently Colonel Gordon made his way to Mildred. His delight at meeting her

again was almost brotherly ; Henry watched them apart : both, quite innocent of the base insinuations that had coupled her name with his years ago, talked freely and fearlessly, and an introduction to Edith secured her a partner.

By and by, Colonel De Lancy brought Lord Mc Barron and his daughter Leonora, whom she had known in Kaerlamen, to refresh themselves in each other's memory. There must be a note of pain in every full chord we strike. Mildred felt it, as old names and familiar occurrences that had been gradually wearing out of remembrance, were brought back again. Lord Mc Barron, thoughtless and good natured, stayed by her, and pressed them upon her so long, that she accepted Henry's demand for the next dance, in self-defence to be rid of him.

Colonel Gordon lingered near her many times during the evening, but with him all were grateful reminiscences ; her childhood's days when he stole a romp with her and Leda in the lime avenue ; their mutual recognition before the beautiful picture of the Faery Queen in the Ambassador's gallery at Munich, and the many delicate services he rendered her father, made her as fascinating to him as her manner was cool and laboured to the Mc Barrons.

The evening passed off brilliantly ; it was one of happy excitement to Edith ; she had been flattered with attentions, and came exultingly when all was over to tell Mildred she had danced eleven times. "Fie, fie, you little horror, I have been indiscreet in trusting you."

"Not in good earnest, Mildred, and listen to something that will set your mind at rest ; I like your Mr. Maxwell better than everybody else."

"Take care of your opinions too, maiden, they should be whispered in a very private ear."

"In yours only of course ; now are we going to bed?"

"Poor child, you are eight times wearier than I of course."

"Now, Mildred, why should you rally her, she only did her part," said Mrs. De Lancy, whose especial pet Edith was, "I hope you really enjoyed it, my love?"

"Oh very much, thank you; I like her to tease me, Mrs. De Lancy."

Henry and the Colonel now came in from cloaking the last lady, and Henry's cab waited.

"It is a bargain that you only sleep out," said the Colonel, "you are to be at our disposal during the day."

"I will try and work myself up to acquiescence," he replied, shaking hands with each, and looking as he withdrew, as if he were writing his beautiful Una, as she stood like a snowy swan, into his memory. With him the spirit of the ball departed.

Edith sat patiently for Mildred to unbind the blue coronal and disrobe her; she was too tired to talk, too tired to return the same good offices, and while she knelt with her arms folded on Mildred's lap, she fell asleep, as soon as her prayers were said.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### CONCLUSION.

"I heard thee sob his name in sleep . . .

It was a name I knew,  
Come, little maid, be not afraid—  
But let us prove him true!

"The little maiden cometh,  
She cometh shy and slow  
I ween she seeth through her lids  
They drop adown so low."

A VERY doubtful experiment was waking up in Mildred's mind, and she waited with a nervous wish to see it put into action. Henry's lodgings were in Dover Street, though he virtually inhabited Eaton Square. Nearly every day he made a point of taking little Henry for an airing in his cab; his affection for the child had grown extravagant, and the day of Mildred's presentation, he hired a window opposite S. James's for himself and the child to see her. She went with Lady Gilvaux, whom Colonel Gordon brought to call upon her; after



this her visit and Edith's drew to a finale. Mrs. Maxwell was in town urging Mildred daily to go down to Lytehurst and take possession, but she delayed to move while Edith could be her companion; she had a foreboding that their onward journeys would be separate from this parting. They lingered on; it was the middle of June; each day their steps ran parallel; each morrow they might be divergent; the De Lancys were glad to keep them while they could stay, but Edith's eyes began to look out for home duties, and Mildred and the little heir to pine for country air. And Henry? he might have walked as one of the happy ones of the earth; his Una was reinstated in her rights, and he no longer a dark spectre between her and them; but many many miles rolled between Lytehurst and Maveryn, and last Christmas, six months ago, their respective owners were plighted to each other.

They were left alone one morning, she and Henry; the two senior ladies had driven out, the Colonel had taken Edith to a morning concert, and baby Henry was at play in the balcony. They did not talk. Mildred was at work, and Henry amusing himself by improvising on the piano. When he stopped it was by the mere force of *ennui*, and he twirled round on his stool, and leaned with his elbows on her work table, looking less listless than discomposed.

"Lucy Bouverie is to be married in the autumn," said Mildred.

"Lucy, that is the eldest; I thought she was no older than Miss Malford."

"She is a year older, but if not, my dear Henry, Edith is of a marriageable age."

Oh! Una, what a double meaning was in that simple affirmation; Henry's start, and changing colour nerved her to be bold.

"Is she!" he said.

"Of course she is; you do not ask who is Lucy's fiancé."

"I don't care to know particularly," he spoke as if a little irritated.

"I shall begin to think she has refused you if you appear so touchy about it," said Mildred lightly.

Henry was thrown off his equanimity. "I have never

asked but one; I had never loved but one; I have resigned my fellowship."

"As a preliminary," she fixed a steadfast regard upon him while she added, "Henry, to-day I am going to ask you a question; you are not happy just now. Is it at all my fault?"

"Your fault! yours, sweet Una!"

"Is it my fault?" she repeated clearly; "do I stand in your way or cause you any regret?"

"Ask me if I am a bear, a brute, that I should do this," he said, with a humbled sorrowing look that made her heart ache. He called little Henry from the balcony, where she used to play in her infancy, and putting his arm round the child knelt before her. "He heard me ask you with a mad vehement vow, and now—no, I cannot do it."

"Cousin Henry, you are forgetting yourself; there was a compact, a year's probation; you are not suing for your freedom, it was reserved to you."

A look of self-disgust was evident, but he made no answer, and Mildred went on, "I am quick to read the hearts of men and women; I need not be a Sibyl to guess your secret and your mistake."

"And do you ever think," she continued after a pause, in quite an altered tone, "Have you begun to reflect how far Maveryn and Lytehurst are apart, and how they cannot be well cared for but by a disunion of the interests of their several proprietors?"

"But where are my ten years' love and constancy that I could have sworn to not three months ago?" he said, as she made him rise, though he stood like a criminal to be questioned; "I am acting like some weak woman."

"Be a man, Henry, let me be your friend and counsellor; come, tell me from your honest heart how it goes with you, and let the past sleep in a silent 'for ever;' this little mute witness cannot betray us," she added, caressing her boy.

"I have heard of shooting the bird sitting," he said, turning away his head.

"Well, dear cousin, do not make me laugh at your melancholy smiles; fancy me bullet-proof and shoot away."

"Is it nothing to you then, Una?"

She raised her head proudly. "This is an unfair question; remember, henceforth we are to know nothing of our private sentiments with reference to each other; we are to talk upon indifferent subjects, of the weather, politics, or friends. Edith Malford is my friend, my own true warm friend; shall we talk of her?"

"You hold the master key; you can divine and interpret at will. I am at your mercy."

"Then I might command you to thank me that I have never wronged her, and for a foresight that may make you happy always."

"And that may leave you——"

"I am out of the question; here are a little master and his affairs to require all my worldly skill and attention. I shall have but one sorrow; it shall be a sacrifice to justice." He durst not ask it, but she advised him of it gently. "I must lose both my only friends."

"You are so young, so good, so much more beautiful and perfect than she; why did you bring her in my way?"

"Oh, Henry Maxwell, do not wound me, speak to me as much as you please of her, but with no other reference. Let me thank you for your unvarying kindness to my little Henry, more than this, we are bound never to remember or recall." She gave him her hand; his own was cold, his face white, his teeth set, from her heart she pitied him far more than herself. His lips trembled as they framed the words, "Do you forgive me, Mildred?"

"There is nothing to forgive; there is no error in making my own Edith happy; only, Henry, you must tell her the story of my life which I had promised her, and when you tell her Una's many sorrows withhold this last that takes her from me for ever."

He kissed her hand, asked in a constrained tone if he might have little Henry for an airing, and in a few minutes she heard his cab roll away.

She did not feel as if she had done any great deed as she went up to her own chamber to give the tears their way—to kneel and thank God that her last and lasting tie was left her, her child, and to pray that Edith's lot might be brighter in its earthly career than her own.

A piece of Edith's work lay on the table, a drawing

which she had completed that morning rested against the wall. "I have not wronged her," she thought, "I have sought to train her for her pilgrimage, that it may lead her on straight home:" but it felt hard to look forward to a long lifetime with an insuperable barrier between them. Edith, treading the sunny path of domestic felicity in the beautiful sea home she should never look on again, and she, the widowed Mildred, out of the sunshine of all that Edith enjoyed. Mildred's spirit sunk when she reflected what she had done, for she had taken none into her heart beside, none could respond with such answering vibration thought for thought as Edith—how should she meet her with the changed lot that had come upon them since the morning?

It was getting late, and she had dressed for dinner by the time her friend came in, her cheeks flushed, her eyes bright with pleasure, "Oh, Mildred, Mildred, you should have been there! such wonderful delicious singing."

"Should I? make haste, you are late."

"Oh, you should indeed, I daresay you have not been doing anything half so profitable at home, here, and you know how I grudge every half hour away from you."

"I fully understand, and agree that it is a good breaking in."

"Now don't put on that sombre face and tone, dear Mildred, do consider me just a little bit sometimes."

"I will, I do always; we must begin to realise what is coming. I have been wondering what impressions this visit will have left upon you when it is over."

"Everything delightful and satisfactory except the end—the end will have come too soon."

"I have been analyzing the cause and effect; do you ever do that also? What has made it everything delightful?"

The blush was truer than the words that accompanied it. "I have had you always."

"Something else, dear Edie; come, I will be a monitor, sit down, and I will tire ye." The business of dressing on Mildred's part was concluded; she put Edith on a stool and sat down behind her to do her hair for her. "Come, Edith, mine is the first right to confidence."

"Put it in the future tense; what can you have been dreaming?"

"I dreamed not; I heard it in your dreams; a familiar name to my ears uttered low and often." Edith started suddenly, spoiling the *coiffure* of Mildred's handiwork, and turning round, hid her face in Mildred's lap. "I want to go home," she said, and her voice was choked with tears. "I do not understand this strange new feeling—perhaps it is a wrong one—you know what I mean." Mildred knew too well; she raised Edith's head and kissed her; but it was difficult to speak candidly. "Turn round, Edie," she said, assuming a light tone, "I do not admire this sort of *contretemps*, you are as dishevelled as when I began, be sober, but not sad."

"They say such thoughts never ought to come into one's mind until they are put there," said Edith, temporising.

"They do say so; but you do not abide the saying."

"Lancy would despise me for anything fast or unwomanly, Mildred. I wish you would explain me to myself."

"Then, dearest, the great authority *they* is right; such thoughts should never be uttered until they are demanded; in this case you had no option, my knowledge being involuntary, but we can keep counsel for each other."

"Right or wrong, I must have told you," was the reply. This was Monday; on Thursday they were going to their respective homes. Mrs. Maxwell, free of her charge at Lytehurst, was to pay a visit to some of her husband's relations in North Britain, and would take charge of Edith home; Colonel and Mrs. De Lancy were going down to help Mildred to settle matters, and then to join Henry at Mavernyn.

Henry sent in a note when he brought little Henry home, to say he should not dine with them, and the next morning a second announced his departure for Oxford.

Mildred commended him for his consideration, while the others by no means understood his hasty movements.

Mildred's heart grew heavier as Tuesday and Wednesday hurried by; she was afraid to be alone with Edith, for the parting as it drew so near brought its bitter cer-

tainty. Edith construed her estrangement into coldness and contempt for the confession of that evening, but she was too ingenuous to bear it without remonstrance.

"Mildred," she said, as she came in with her service book the last evening, "I want very much to talk to you before we begin; I want to know why you are angry with me, and if not, why there is an alteration now." Strive as she would Mildred could not trust herself to speak.

"Oh, Mildred, it is those foolish things I said the other night, and you despise me and will never trust me to come and stay with you because of my stupidity about—about your cousin, I am sure I have repented them enough."

"No, Edith," she grew brave with the effect and went on. "You and Henry Maxwell would not meet at Lytehurst."

"I should come for your sake, and for none besides. Mildred, have you left off loving me altogether? since Monday night you are so altered."

"Look up, Edith, I want to see your face, to learn your features into my heart; to-morrow the paths in our life's journey break asunder. I am not changed."

Edith did look up, unprepared to meet those beautiful eyes as she had never before seen them glistening with tears.

"I have hurt you! I have done something!" she said hastily.

"No, Edith, look at me and listen, you can promise what will comfort me."

"If I can I will; you know it."

"Love me then as you do your Lancy when you cannot see me, keep me always in your memory and your prayers, and thus let our spirits help each other."

"Why? shall we not meet often as we used to plan lang syne?"

"There will be a change, I only fancy it is very probable, and one should provide for all emergencies." Poor Edith was sadly puzzled, but caught at the word "fancy," after all it might be nothing more.

"I must tell you why I seem so superstitious, death

has been less harsh than the ordinary circumstances of life in my experience. My father and mother were obliged to part with me when I was only seven—two out of the three years of my married life my husband and I dwelt apart—almost the first three years of my baby's life have been spent in separation—and Edith, does it seem unlikely, that you who hold so close a place should come into a similar lot?"

"It is not the mere possibility, Mildred, there is some nearer certainty."

"If there be," she said slowly, "we will not waste conjecture; it is long past bed-time."

"And my promised story," said Edith in a hopeless tone, as she sat down and put her arm round Mildred, on whom the phase of loneliness had so unexpectedly turned again.

"Are you in any mood for romance to-night?" asked Mildred, with transition as quick in tone as subject.

"I will tell you how and when you shall hear it. Truthful lips shall tell it pleasantly, and word for word as myself; you will listen eagerly—it shall be told so as to sound brisk and yet pathetic, and you shall sit where it began, in a southern home where you will hear the sea making its sullen roar or playing in mighty waves upon the craggy rocks in a beautiful old garden such as the harsh north could never show. In thought I picture you dwelling there the rightful lady, very bright and very good, thanking God for such a blessed earthly lot, and ever wary that it tempt you not to delay your onward upward journey."

"Do ye see it as you seem to scan the future foreground with the gentle tutoring spirit that is to keep me wary? look again, Zingara, for the picture is else imperfect."

"I see no further; surely I have given you more than enough to brood upon, besides ensuring you the promised story."

Edith's own room was deserted that night; Mildred liked to have her as a fond child nestling near her. Once or twice in a half-wakeful murmur she caught the words, "Have I troubled you, you are changed," and she longed to press her closely, and to tell her that nothing but con-

ventional decrees should make them strangers in presence to each other.

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Henry Maxwell asked her and won her; the next spring they were married in the beautiful old church where the seven-fold gift was impressed; from the vicarage where she first tasted the Bread of Immortal life. She went forth to her new home blessed from among her kindred and her people; she, who under Mildred's training had grown up a careful and obedient daughter, was not likely to fail as a treasured wife.

The next year Henry was in Parliament, one of the county members for Old Cornwall, and Edith the happy lady of Mavelyn.

By this time she may have grown into a matured wife, Lancy having visited her, and played with her children in the lime avenue, and the voice of readiest laughter is hers who should have been Mildred's godchild, their first-born, and her name is Una.

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Lytehurst has its rightful mistress and her little ward, and Cyril's mother lives in the great house with them.

Mildred is happy, grateful that her one false step was arrested, and she may look up in self-respect through all her future life, joying especially in Edith's happiness. The past is a deep mirror wherein all reads fair and true, but her consent, though unwilling and conditional, to Henry Maxwell's proposals—this is the one dark spot, proving, if needs be, that one cannot write 'an o'er true tale' that bears no stamp of human frailty.

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## PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF BASIL MORTON.

### CHAPTER III.

GOOD friend, I fear that the history you have asked for, is neither full enough of wonder to be striking, nor of lessons of wisdom to be of benefit to you. I shall yet try to put down in course the events of my past life, not fully as some might require, but in such order as may present to you the scene of Nicholas Brandt's life, as it moved from the cradle unto the present moment. I shall not attempt to sketch a portrait of myself, or dip my pen in my heart to make to you a confession of weaknesses which have marred, or errors which have deformed my past life. Were I about to draw a character of myself, needs were that I should put on record every sin, or mistake which has made me what I am. Since everything we do, especially everything we misdo, makes us what we are, and gives a stamp to the man which nothing after can ever efface. Scrub and scrape as long as we will, still like the stain of blood in the enchanted castle it will abide, but more than any blood stain the ill deeds we do, and the good deeds we neglect to do, lead on into eternity, and faults at least as much as duties, make up a true character.

Were I then now to draw for you a true and faithful picture of myself, I should have to put down not only my long-forgotten sins and errors, but also my inconsistencies, but that is not my intention. I always indeed suspect a sketch of a man's mind that is consistent. We are made up of such strange inconsistencies and contradictions, that a delineation without them is a portrait without shadow, and a shadowless man is, I fear me, not human. One lesson my past life, though simple perhaps as that of most men, teaches me, and when I look back and mark so many conflicting deeds and opinions, such strong contradictions and jarring oppositions abiding in the same mind, I grow loathe to

charge any man with hypocrisy, knowing how little, without God's grace, the saint is removed from the sinner, and how quickly without divine help, the teacher of others may rightly become the derision and scorn of the reprobate.

I mean not from these words to imply, that I have any gross sin upon my conscience. My parents' care, God's goodness, my past poverty, favouring circumstances, have kept a heart prone enough, I doubt not, to evil, from falling into open sin—but I may not be tedious to you.

The Brandts of Groningen have worn court armour for many generations, and our crest a demi-lion rampant issuing from a castle in flames, and having in his right paw a sword, marks the prowess of a former head of the family. In the peasant war our family assembled around the standard of its chief Nicholas, for we have clung to the name generation after generation, and at the moment I write of, the house was represented by the third count Nicholas. He commanded a castle on the borders of Friesland, and remaining faithful to the emperor, or as he was termed 'the landsfather,' had defended his charge even when on fire, and was afterwards rewarded for the deed by this honourable augmentation to our family banner. If the heraldic lion brought us no lands, it at least served to mark our claim to distinction, and furnished us with a title for employment from the emperor, and for several generations my forefathers held posts in his armies, and were intrusted with various charges of value and credit. One after another they had strictly abstained from trade or commerce, and except one who had made a figure and amassed wealth as an advocate, and two or three others who had risen to power as churchmen, all the Brandts had maintained their lands and gained new estates by the noble profession of arms. Soldiers all, and of no mean repute for courage, I assure you.

Our States are no believers in hereditary rights, and virtues are, I know, not always determined by blood, yet I confess that I hold the notion that far less than twelve quarterings of a shield unsullied, may suffice to give a direction to the young mind, which no after years shall

efface. And this I know full well, that the ancient faithfulness and loyalty of our house always stood before its sons as something more than a shadow to point them in their course through life. The fidelity was not without its reward, and insured the world's greatness of our family for many ages. They were indeed rarely met with in either the court of princes or the councils of their country. Their proper duties were performed on their own estates, or in defending the march lands which bordered on the territories of the German princes, and their name oftener occurs in the list of border chieftains than in any other roll. There they lived for several ages.

At length came the fearful struggle between a grievously enslaved country, and a tyrant with a doubtful title, and in the confusion which ensued, my grandfather being the youngest of a large family of sons, forsook the family calling and became a trader, and gained wealth and power until he stood foremost for influence amongst the burghers of Haarlem. Against the Spaniard he maintained a troop of horse, and in several battles the merchant soldier raised his banner with his brothers, and shared with them in the ruin which war, even when successful, commonly brings upon its partizans. In his case the disasters which fell upon the cause he struggled for, and the seizure and capture of the city in which he lived, made the wealthy trader almost a beggar. By the advice and assistance of his friend Ripperda, he retired into Friesland, and there my father, his fourth son, was born.

This part of our family, though then poor, was soon the only remaining branch of the Brandts in these parts: the long protracted and cruel civil wars which had so greatly reduced my grandfather's family, having totally destroyed my other relatives, who had no other resource than a military life. Partly by trade, partly by farming, my grandfather contrived to rear his large number of sons and daughters, until they were of an age to labour, or enabled to settle in life. My father at first engaged in trade, but this failing, he was provided with a small office in the department of commerce at Amsterdam. I was about ten years of age when my parents removed to that

city, and here all my early youth was passed. With great difficulty, and at much sacrifice, for our means were but scanty, I was sent to a small school, and learnt writing and the casting of accounts. A feverish desire for reading—for reading rather than study—had long possessed me. I now read everything within reach. Tracts of divinity, wild prophecies, romances, poetry, none were passed by, and before I was fifteen years old, I had learnt somewhat of fortification, knew a little of military tactics, could dream of enchanted castles and distressed maidens, had stored up snatches of poetry, was able to talk, to the delight of my father, of the history of every known nation: and, in short, had heaped together a mass of useless information, whilst I had been all this time forming habits of irregular thinking, and filling my mind and loading my memory with facts which hindered, but too often, the reception of true and enduring knowledge. However, this could not continue. I might not be suffered to live thus idly; and the necessities of our family required that I should be put to some labour. I was therefore sent to the office of a printer in Amsterdam, —my parents dwelling at a short distance from that city. Here, however, I only remained a few days; the troubles in that place alarming my parents for my safety: and I fell back to my old habits of reading.

I was sent soon after to serve a goldsmith, but his creed—for he was a familist—displeased my father, and I was taken from his shop after a few weeks, with the assurance that I was useless to my master, through my love of books, which interfered greatly with my application to trade; but at the same time with the flattering remark, that I was too good for mechanical work.

A short time after that I was employed in the office of an advocate, but I fancied not the dull occupation of copying deeds and enrolling titles to estates, of computing the value of ladings, and studying the rules for pleading; and as I hurried off to the courts of law, in place of my head being filled with precedents, or meditating upon the scraps of maritime law which had been forced upon my notice, I was busied with determining what were the faults and mistakes of some partizan leader who had ra-

vaged our country during the peasant wars ; and deciding in my own mind what should be my course should the banner of the clouted shoe again be set up. Neither the pandects nor institutes had any charm for me compared with the deeds of Belisarius or Don John, for my mind still ran upon a military life, and I doubt not but that I should soon have followed the course of my forefathers had circumstances favoured. The lawyer's office passed away : I was clearly not intended for an advocate ; and I left the crabbed folios of forms and precedents without regret.

I now attempted to learn Latin, and in a short while after began the study of French, for hitherto I knew no language save that of my fatherland. I now became usher in the school of a minister of one of the city parishes, who eked out his stipend as assistant at one of the large churches, by taking young boys to instruct. This was to me a pleasanter life, and I daily fed my voracious appetite for reading with new knowledge. I amazed all my friends by the extent of my information. Although I must confess that my loose way of reading tended to but little benefit, or at least prevented any more solid improvement. Here I gradually put off my military predilections, and since divinity at that time was little less warlike, it is no wonder that I acquired a taste for the prevailing study of polemics. Here I remained for three years ; but the poor pittance I gained was insufficient for my needs, and reluctantly I was forced to try the life of a merchant's clerk, to which it may be I was drawn by the records of my grandfather's early success.

I was now duly seated in the counting-house of Master Thomas Von Spratt, but here I remained only a few months, dividing my time between my own books and the books of my employer : spending as little as was necessary upon the latter. I weary you, I fear, with the dry and tedious account of my youthful pursuits, and shall appear in your sight as fickle and unprincipled in thus refusing to give my mind to that in which I was engaged ; but I found it impossible to curb my greedy love of reading, and to tie down my roving and undisciplined mind to the pursuits of trade, law, or commerce.

I had now made myself master of Latin, although I

had never received any instruction therein, nor as yet had heard one line of it read. I had also looked upon Greek, and had mastered the elements of that tongue, and saw with pride and satisfaction, yet well remembered, my library growing around me, although my salary had at no time been more than sufficient for food and clothing; yet by dint of going without my noonday meal, and submitting to a cheap and threadbare garment, I had contrived to purchase largely from the booksellers, and could point with pleasure to my store of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, English, and Spanish books. My mortification and hunger by which I had procured them were forgotten, whilst the volumes themselves remained to delight me, and to nourish desire for a book-learned occupation.

I now quitted the merchant's desk, and after remaining for some time without any fixed employment, loving my books, and yet desponding at the dreariness of the prospect before me, I was encouraged by a minister, whom I met on board of a small vessel in the harbour, to think of the ministry, and to endeavour, after a change in the country of 'New Netherlands,' in North America, where were great numbers of our countrymen but scantily supplied with the ministers of religion. For this end he gave me some little instruction in Theology: his many engagements preventing him from doing more. His scheme, however, failed; and utterly dispirited at these many disappointments, I wrote a letter mentioning my desire and my forlorn state to Doctor William Van Dam, then a celebrated minister of the Remonstrants, living at Rotterdam,—without telling any member of my family, so rash seemed this step. I sent my letter by a trusty messenger who chanced to be departing to that town, and, to my joy and great surprise, speedily received in reply an offer of assistance, and in due course a residence in his house during such time as I should pursue my studies for the ministry. As however he was unable at that moment to receive me into the apartments intended for me, he advised me to continue my reading, and recommended me to the care of a minister in Amsterdam with whom I might advance my studies.

Before, however, he did so, he promised to see me;

and one evening late I received a message that he had arrived from Rotterdam, and a desire that I should repair to the house of his mother, who resided at a short distance from our city. Well do I yet remember the morning, and the interview on which so much depended. The excitement prevented my eating anything before setting out from my home; and after a walk of some miles in the cold grey twilight, I was ushered into his presence: he received me most kindly, but when he proceeded to examine me as to my reading, the walk, my fast, and the anxiety of my mind prevented my seeing one word of the book he placed before me, and I had well nigh fainted. The kind-hearted and learned professor perceived the truth, and, telling me the arrangements he had already made for me, he pressed my hand and bade me farewell. Then and not until then I informed my parents of my success; and although Doctor William had the ill-reputation of being opposed to the Gomarists or Calvinians who now engrossed most charges and punished all defaulters from their standard with bitter reproaches, and often with substantial persecutions; my father grew reconciled to the thought of my possible perversion from the cruel and un-Christian creed of the contra-Remonstrants.

As my parents were forced at this time to depart from Amsterdam, and it was necessary for me to remain, whilst the needs of our family prevented them from giving to me much assistance, I suffered greatly until my removal near a twelvemonth after to Rotterdam.

To look back upon the past after the objects of one's desire are obtained, and mark the struggles, the wants, and the mortifications sustained, may yield satisfaction, and even pleasure. Victory over opposing circumstances is not the less pleasant when it is coupled with our own sufferings. At the time, however, I endured these things, I was well nigh driven to despair. A solitary walk, my books, a small roll of bread purchased at a baker's shop in my walk, and eaten in the streets or the fields, and oftentimes even this latter wanting in the dull uniformity of my life, were sufficiently saddening; but sadder far to be in the midst of a great city and to feel the yearnings for one sympathizing soul, and to yearn in vain. Neces-

sity also compelled me from time to time to the sale of all the books I was able to spare, and this was no small trial to part with those volumes, each of which was the memorial of an act of self-denial, and the silent record of the endurance of hunger. Almost all, however, were sold, and it was not until after my ordination that I was able again to buy, and began to collect around me a new stock of books. This time of want lasted for about a year.

At length, however, I was received into Doctor William's house, and received such instruction as I stood in need of. After abiding there nearly four years, I was ordained and appointed to assist a minister of a country parish at no great distance from Rotterdam, and now began that life to which I had for so long a time aspired, and which seemed forbidden to me by reason of my scanty means. At this place I remained not long, but removed to a more laborious charge near Haarlem, the seat of our family; for though I drew my name from Groningen, and was entitled to bear arms by virtue of the warlike occupation of my forefathers, yet I dated my present condition from the cruel siege of that city, and looked back to the burgher-soldier whom I well remembered as the founder of our present fortunes.

Here, however, though I gained greatly in experience, I lost that quiet and time for reading which I had in my former parish. All the ministers around me were of the Calvinian persuasion, and the storms of the Spanish war found their chief vent in theological wrangles. It is a mistake to suppose that the licence and sinfulness which are seen at the close of war, especially civil war, and the rise of debates and strife concerning divine truths are a re-action from former indifference to such things. These are but the fresh channels which the passions of men flowing perpetually like water, make for themselves; the new delight which minds satiate with old pursuits find for their gratification. Under pretence that I was an enemy to the liberty and independence of my country, I was twice cast into prison, and the last time after lying in a noisome dungeon for ten weeks, amongst such abandoned wretches as times of confusion give birth to, I was fain to escape, seeing no other chance of release from my suffer-



ings, increased by reason of a wound from a pike wantonly inflicted upon me at the time of my seizure, and which, for want of dressing, I feared might at length end in mortification. Though my former patron and constant friend, Doctor William, could now render to me no help, he being a fugitive, hunted by the blind fury of the contra-Remonstrants, yet he procured for me an introduction to the notice of one of the company of merchants trading to the Indies; and after a time I was by his aid furnished with money and a passage to that country, hoping that in peace, if it might be so, I should henceforth pursue the work of my calling. By his assistance it is that I am now on board this ship, and that I have good prospect of being able to minister to the dark and benighted people of Asia.

I fear me that in the length of this I have already long since wearied your patience, and that I have found too great pleasure in writing of myself. I had in former time perceived that much talking of myself was my especial snare, and have sought and I trust have curbed in some degree this propension. I pray you forgive me if my old malady has broken forth at length upon paper. Self-formed, self-instructed men are indeed said to be commonly egotists,—it needs must be so: men's minds are tinged by all around, especially by those men with whom they converse. If then some minds are and have been thrown back upon themselves, they must take their tincture from themselves: be, in short, egotistical. Another mark of this class of men I may point out in myself, a defect, perhaps, though almost inseparable from the condition of my early life. I have gained from the circumstances already related, a large, it may be an over share of self-reliance, though but little self-confidence; there is in my mind a vast difference between these two; whosoever is forced to consult much with his own heart, and advise chiefly for himself, acquires of necessity the former, experience or a native modesty and distrustfulness may prevent the growth of the latter.

However, I will not prolong this, I fear me, tedious history by moralizing more. What you have desired me to perform I have done. The record of my life is in your

hands. For the first time I have sketched my career upon paper. If God grant it, and we meet hereafter upon earth, (although this is by no means likely) the future may be as full of events, and I trust me, far more instructive. The story of Nicholas Brandt's life to this present year of grace, 1644, is ended. Farewell.

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## FRIENDSHIP.

"—a man should take abundant thoughts—ay—in his sleepless nights that he should even with tears seek his duty from God, before he dare to sever the bonds of friendship."—*S. Basil.*

"—friendship is an incredible tradition."—*Sartor Resartus.*

"They say that once in a thousand years,  
There cometh a true friend into our world;  
He came; and I had not risen from nothingness—  
He shall come; and I have lain down in sorrow."  
*Persian Poet.*

HAVE we the priceless treasure well approv'd—a faithful friend?  
Then are we passing rich in more than India's golden worth—  
For gold is perishable—while pure friendship hath no end—  
But followeth with yearning love the parting soul from earth.

This is a wondrous mystery—when soul to soul replies—  
Once in a thousand years the Eastern sages say 'tis known—  
'Tis closer knit by tribulation—nourished by supplies—  
Of Heav'nly dew beneath the Shadow of the Cross alone.

There is no friendship but in our dear Lord—and so beware  
Lest lightly thou should'st cast His gift away;—hast thou a friend?  
Such as may rise up in a thousand years? then in thy prayer  
Thank Him Who doth this choicest blessing and all others send.

Bear with infirmities of mortal flesh each in the other—  
Be tender—true—and He of Whom ye commune in your talk—  
Shineth the guiding Star of every pilgrim brother—  
And still is with His own—as on the blest Emmanus walk.

O rare blest gift—O beautiful as songs of angel choir—  
Sweet dew of friendship; may delusion not profane thy charms—  
Delusive fancy—silly bonds—nor vain romance to thee aspire—  
But firm and stable may thy rest be on the Everlasting Arms.

## THE TWO HUTS.

## II.

I LEFT off where Aphron had come back from his day's idleness by the brook's side, and Agatha had been taught by the messenger how to manage her tools better than she had done at first. He had said truly that, pleasant and sunny as that valley often looked, it was a cold bleak place when the sun did not shine. And now as soon as it had set, a chill, damp wind came sweeping up from the river, —the sky clouded over and the night was very cheerless and cold. Agatha, even though she had done her best to prepare her hut, and hoped that it would not be very long before it was finished, could not help shivering and feeling gloomy and miserable. As for Aphron, long before the night had passed over, he had made up his mind that it would not do to put off building some kind of hut any longer. If the nights were so dark and chilly in summer—for it was summer then,—what must they be in autumn and in winter? It was a very good resolution that he made that night, but the next morning, when the sun rose and the valley was again bright and shining, he began to change his mind a little, and to think of the hardship of having to work, when he would so much rather have played.

I wonder, my dear children, if any of you have ever been like him; if any of you have ever made some very good resolution in the darkness and stillness of your own little beds, and then in the morning thought that, after all, it would cost you too much trouble, and that it was best to let things take their own way?

Well: long before Aphron was up, you might have heard little Agatha's pickaxe ringing away upon the rock; and whether it were that she was more used to her work, or that the rock, the further you got into it, became the softer, or that the Lord of that valley gave her His help, which He knew very well how to do, even though she could not see Him, and He were at a dis-

tance, I know not: but so it was that she certainly made much more progress, and tired herself far less. However, at last Aphron did get up and came sauntering listlessly to the place where his sister was at work.

"If I must do it, I must," he said, in a very discontented voice; "but I can't think, Agatha, how you can go on, work, work, work, without taking any rest, just as if you liked what you were doing."

"And as I do like it in a sort of way," she replied, resting a moment to take breath. "It is not only that I remember what the messenger told us about the cold and the storm (and I am sure it was cold enough last night) but because, while I am working away at this little hut, it puts me in mind of that glorious house which we shall one day live in, if we only build this properly."

"Well, I can see no pleasure in it," returned Aphron; "but you are quite right about last night, and I will not spend another like it if I can help it." So saying, he took up the pickaxe, and worked away with it for about a quarter of an hour, taking very little pains where and how he struck, and very often hitting himself instead of the ground.

"It does not matter," he cried angrily at last: "this rock is as hard as iron; and if I work my arms off, I shall never be able to make any impression upon it. I only wonder how you can have done so much as you have."

"It was only because I did as I was told," replied Agatha. "If you will but have a little patience, you cannot think how much easier the work will get. Look, you may see for yourself that I have already done more to-day than I did all yesterday."

"Well, I don't know," replied her brother; "anyhow I can assure you that I am not going to try very much longer, unless I see a great deal more advantage than I do yet."

He began again, and presently hit himself more heavily than before.

"I won't have my hut here," he cried passionately, "even if I go without one altogether. And after all, I don't see why the sand will not do as well. It will not

give me the tenth part so much trouble, and I dare say it will last as long as I want it. Besides, I will make my foundations very good; and the river may not rise, and if it does rise, there is no reason why it should carry me away."

"O Aphron," said Agatha, "do remember what we were told! you know the messenger would not deceive us, he cannot be deceived himself. Depend upon it that this flood will come in time, and then I am sure that your hut will go. I should be afraid that even mine would not stand, had he not said so positively that nothing built on this rock can give way."

"Well," cried her brother, "at all events, there will be no harm in my just going to see whether it would be so much easier to build on the sand. If I don't like it, I can easily return."

It was in vain that Agatha urged him over and over again not to go. He only grew the more obstinate because he was convinced in his heart that she was right, and that he was wrong; and he walked off in a dogged manner, taking his pickaxe with him to some little distance. There he was quite surprised to find how easy his task was. He could get on ten times as fast in the new place which he had chosen: and at dinner time he came back and told his sister so. "And I do really think," he said, "that I shall be able to finish to-night."

"I am very, very sorry to hear you say so," answered Agatha. "Do you not know that the messenger told you how much easier you would find it to build where you have begun, but that your hut would never stand? Do be persuaded. It is not too late yet. Leave off what you have done, and begin again here. I will help you as much as ever I can."

"No," said Aphron. "I am very well satisfied where I am. I should be a fool indeed if I took all that trouble about what I can do so much more easily. You talk about your getting on—why you have not altogether got on near so far as I have done. No, no: leave me alone; you will not have to answer for me, and I am quite ready to answer for myself."

Aphron was right in one thing. He *had* finished his hut

that night. And very nice it looked : it seemed to stand as firm as possible. He smoothed and flattened down the sand all round the foundations, and no one could possibly have thought that they were weak. Just before sunset, he went to tell Agatha that he had finished, and found her working away as usual,—her foundations getting on surely, though slowly,—but such hard work, and such little progress !

“Come and see, Agatha dear,” he cried. “All my trouble is over, and I shall be so comfortable ! To-night I shall sleep under shelter, and you, poor child, will be as badly off as ever.”

“Never mind that,” said the little girl : “never mind that, if I may but make my hut safe and strong when it is finished. That will not be yet : but I must wait : however, I will come and see your’s.”

“Now, then, what do you think of it ?” asked Aphron, when the two children stood together before it.

“Just what I did before,” answered his sister. “It looks very nice, and you must have taken a great deal of pains with it : and how I should enjoy to see it, and how happy I should be both for you and for myself, if it only stood in the safe place !”

“You are always talking about the safe place,” said Aphron. “For my part, I believe that any place will be safe if one builds well, and that no place will be safe, if one builds badly.”

Aphron slept in his new hut that night, and found it a very great improvement on sleeping in the open air. He would have laughed at Agatha for all the pains she was taking, and all the inconvenience she was enduring. But somehow there was something deep down in his mind, which—whatever he said—made him feel as if she had been wiser and would be happier than he. And he thought he remembered reading in one of the King’s books, of one who had chosen the good part which would never be taken away from her, and wondered if it was said of one like Agatha.

Day after day went on, and still the faithful little girl worked bravely and cheerfully at her task—and at last, not without a great deal of perseverance and labour and

trouble, her hut was finished. I do not know that it looked quite so well as Aphron's after all: it was certainly not so neat and trim, but then its foundations were deep, deep, down in the earth: and she knew that she could believe the messenger, when he said, that no storm nor flood nor rain could sweep it away. As to Aphron's hut, every now and then something happened to remind him that the foundation was not sure. Now one side would bulge out, then the other would lean in; and all these defects he had to remedy as he best might with props and stays, which made his place awkward and inconvenient, and the more so as time went on.

At last something happened which surprised both the children not a little: they were playing one afternoon by the river side,—for Agatha, now that her work was finished, was as fond of a good game of play as anyone, though she never ceased to be sorry for Aphron, and to try to persuade him to pull down his hut, and rebuild it on a better place. “Look here, sister,” he said, “I do think the river is rising. Look! that stone was quite dry just now—and see! it is covered! There has been no rain at all—I wonder how it can be.”

“Let us watch,” said Agatha. “You know it does rise very suddenly.”

“Yes, but not without rain,” cried Aphron. “But any how, I am sure it is really rising now.”

They watched another stone,—and though there was no storm, nor wind, nor rain—yet still there could be no doubt about it. The water *was* swelling, and swelling very fast too.

“It is going to overflow the valley,” cried Aphron. “Oh, Agatha, what are we to do?”

“We must go back to our huts as soon as possible. You know we cannot be safe without them.”

“Yes, I know,” said Aphron; “but suppose we should not be safe in them either! Oh, Agatha, I wish I had taken your advice!”

“It is too late now,” said Agatha, “to alter what we have already done. We must go at once. The water is rising very fast. All the banks will be covered in a few minutes. Come, brother, you must go indeed!” And she took him by the hand, and led him away.

I told you that the snow on those mountains was often given to melt. Then the stream, although it might be a bright calm day, very soon filled, and came rioting and rushing along its banks, sweeping everything before it, and carrying haystacks, and barns, and houses, into the great sea. Aphron went back and shut himself up in his hut, and watched the rising of the water out of a little window that he had made. He saw first all the banks covered;—then the huge stones that lay on the beach of the river: then it spread over the plots of ground at the side, and filled up all the space between the cliffs. It was now all round the huts, and rising higher and higher every moment. Aphron had time to think how very shallow his foundations were, how weak was all his building—how badly his props were put together; and that now he could do nothing at all to help himself,—as he had built, so would be the consequences. And still the water rose on! and every moment he became more and more terrified.

### III.

APHRON in his hut watches with great dismay the rise of the waters. Agatha was looking on them too. She thought that now the great tempest was at hand of which the good messenger had spoken: and she was sadly, sadly afraid for her brother; that she should never see him again while she lived in the valley, and should not have him as her happy companion for ever in the bright Palace of the King. For herself also she felt a little afraid: but then she knew in Whom she had believed, and was persuaded that He was able to keep that which she had committed unto Him against that day. She remembered too having heard that it was written in His Law, "In the great water-floods they shall not come nigh him," and so, though sometimes she was afraid, she put her trust in the word of the Prince.

Well, while Aphron was expecting that his hut would go away every moment, he thought that the water, which had till then been rising very fast,—was rising no longer. He looked earnestly,—it certainly was not: he looked



again,—it was surely sinking. He waited five minutes, and there was no doubt at all about the matter. The plot of ground soon became clear: then the beach: then the little stream sank back into its mountain bed, and flowed on as it had done before. By-and-bye, both children ventured out again.

"Oh, Agatha," cried Aphron, when they met, "what an escape I have had! Do you know, I really thought that my hut was going! It shook and trembled so, and some of my props gave way, and the walls opened out into great cracks. It is quite fearful to think of."

"It is indeed," said Agatha. "And now, dear, dear Aphron, lose no more time. It is almost sunset now: but begin the first thing to-morrow, and set up your hut where it cannot be carried away."

"I will, indeed I will," he said. And so they continued their walk. But what a wreck the river-side was! how many beautiful flowers had been swept away! how many shady trees had been torn up, root and branch! It was a sight to make any one who lived in that valley very sad, and very, very fearful too. If a little flood could do so much harm, what would it be in the great tempest, and in the worst deluge?

Ah! I need not tell you what Aphron did. He rose early the next morning; he looked up his tools: they were sadly rusted and blunted, but he could not help that now: he went to the old place, and began again at the foundations he had left. The day seemed to him hotter than ever,—the tools heavier,—the rock harder; but he worked on steadily and manfully: and when Agatha lay down that night, she did it with a glad and thankful heart that at last her dear brother would be safe.

The next day Aphron was early at his post again; but in the afternoon he sadly flagged; and long before the sun set, he threw down his tools, and was going off.

"You surely are not going to leave off work so soon?" said Agatha, who had been watching him.

"Yes; why not? You can't be always working. I only wonder I have kept on as long as I have done."

"The sooner you finish, dear Aphron, the sooner you will rest," said the little girl.

"Ah! it is all very well for you to tell me to keep on; you who have nothing to do now but to make an idle life of it. It would be a very different thing if your arms ached, and your hands got blistered, and you felt quite tired out, hour after hour as I do now."

"But, indeed, I have not an idle life," said Agatha; and the tears came into her eyes as she spoke. "I have constantly to keep my hut in repair. Only just before the flood, I found a large crack in it: and I had two days' hard work in repairing that. Besides, my hut, too, had to be built once."

"Ah, well! My hut will be built some day, never fear. But I am going out now, nevertheless. One cannot work always." And he went off.

The next day Aphron never came near his new foundation: then he came for a few hours: then he let two entire days pass without doing one stroke of work: then he gave a morning to it, because the clouds happened to gather, and some heavy rain fell, which frightened him. Then it was fine again, and he did nothing for a week. And that was the way in which he went on. But now he did worse than this. He began to think within himself: "After all, my hut did stand: it shook a while, to be sure,—but it does not matter how much a thing shakes, so it does not come down: it sheltered me just as well as Agatha's did her; if it had been built on the rock never so much, it could not have done more for me than it did. I cannot conceive why I should try to build in another place, which, after all, may not suit me half so well. I have to repair my hut, I know, but then Agatha tells me she has to repair her's too; and so I don't see what great advantage she has over me, after all." These thoughts grew stronger every day: and after he had once given way to them, he laboured very little more at his real work. So at last it became quite certain that poor Aphron had gone back to his old ways; and that whatever storm might come, or whenever it might come, he would be as unprepared for it as he was before.

Autumn was now drawing on. The flowers were not so bright as they had been at first: the skies were not so clear; every now and then there fell a heavy shower of

rain: now and then there were dark and gusty days, which stripped the leaves from the trees of the valley, and chased them over the beach, or into the stream. Moreover, the days grew shorter, and the nights darker: the sun got behind the hills much earlier in the afternoon. And then owls and night-jars and other doleful birds came out, filling the air with their cries and hooting. And what was Agatha doing all this time?

Shall I tell you? Poor Agatha had grown careless. I am rather afraid that she had compared herself with Aphron; and then she became puffed up to think that she was so much better than he was. She might have remembered that it was written in an old copy of the King's laws, Who made thee to differ from another? and what hast thou that thou didst not receive? now if thou didst receive it, why dost thou glory as if thou hadst not received it? If she did not fail just as Aphron did,—she did in her own way; and thus it was. The messenger—which I ought to have told you before—had advised the children never to go very far from their huts, lest, in some sudden flood they should be swept away, before they could get back to them again. Now Agatha had always been rather careless about this. She was very fond, from the beginning, of a long stroll by the river-side; and Aphron was never better pleased than when he could get her to take one with him. Latterly, she had sometimes been out for hours together; and she was very much surprised, one autumn evening, when returning from one of these strolls,—she was by herself,—to meet the messenger coming from her hut. Before, she would have run to meet him,—but now, something on her conscience seemed to trouble her. She came on, rather slower than faster: expecting that he would speak kindly to her, as he had done in times past. But he only looked sadly upon her, and passed by: without one word of love, or one question how she was getting on. She was half frightened and half vexed; and when she came to her hut, she found a paper on her table on which was written,—“In due time we shall reap, if we faint not:” and lower down, “let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall.” Then, I am sorry to say,

instead of being ready to thank the messenger for the trouble he had taken in coming to give her that warning, she became very angry.

"Am I never to do what I like for one single moment?" she said. "If I were like Aphron, and had not built as the messenger told me, it would be all very well. Why should he not go and find fault with him? Why am I always to be teased and persecuted? As if I were not old enough to tell when there was any danger in going to a distance from home, and when not! I shall do just as I like; and not make the least difference for what the messenger has said."

Ah, foolish Agatha! And now I scarcely know which is in the greater danger, you or Aphron. There is a saying in a certain old book belonging to the King of that country: "Ye did run well, who hath hindered you?" I hope it may not apply to you.

Well; I just now said, that the autumn afternoons were beginning to draw in. On one of these it so happened that Agatha had taken a stroll longer even than her custom was; had gone up by the river till she was further from her home than she had ever been before. At last she came to a place where, as is the case in mountain rivers, the tall rocks on each side came closer and closer together till they almost seemed to touch; the stream itself looked darker and more gloomy; and the sun was very near his setting. She began to wish that she had not come so far, and was just turning round to go back, when, to her great terror she saw a monstrous wave coming down the river, and sweeping everything before it, high above her head. Before she had time to turn or even to cry out, the wave burst upon her, and carried her along almost suffocated and blinded and deafened, and without the least hope of being able to save herself. Then all in one short moment, how she wished she had listened to the advice of the messenger! How she would have given anything to have kept nearer home, and so to have been able to run into her hut at the approach of any danger! But while she was almost at the last gasp, some words came into her mind which she had read in one of the King's books: "Let not the waterflood drown me,

neither let the deep swallow me up." She had scarcely thought it in her mind, before she saw at the top of the cliff, the messenger, hastening along with her and letting down a rope to her assistance. I have heard of many wonderful deliverances which have been wrought by means of this same rope, to those who lived in that valley, and have through any carelessness fallen into the stream, and been carried away by it: and if I recollect right, the name of that rope is called penitence. Agatha grasped at it, as a drowning person would for life; but when she seized it with her hands, it was so rough and prickly that she could hardly help crying out. But she heard her friend from above calling to her, "You must take tight hold of it, or you will certainly be lost:" and so she did. And then at last she was dragged out in safety; and terrified and panting and with her hands bleeding from the roughness and sharpness of the rope, she reached her hut, and resolved most firmly that let what might happen, she never would be tempted to any distance from it again.

And now I must come to the end of my story. One afternoon, some weeks after this time, the children were standing together a little before sunset, as they often did, by the side of the river. Although they were now far on in autumn, the afternoon was excessively sultry, the air was thick and hazy; the birds had left off singing; thick black clouds were rolling up on the horizon; everything seemed to prophesy the coming on of a storm. The sun looked like a great red ball through the haze; and all the valley was so still, that the children were almost afraid to break its silence by talking or laughing much. Perhaps, too, they were taken up by their own thoughts. Perhaps Aphron was thinking how much better and happier it would have been for him at the very first, if he had done as his sister did, and how utterly without excuse he would be after his second warning, if when the storm and the flood came, he should be found unprepared. And, perhaps, Agatha was thinking how little she had deserved to be rescued as she had been, and wondering when the time would come that the Prince would send to take them from the valley

which was now becoming so gloomy, and send for them to live with Him in His own palace.

"It is a very sad looking evening," said Aphron at length. "I will tell you what, Agatha, I have said it so often before that perhaps you will laugh at me: but to-morrow I really will begin my foundations again, and get up my hut close to yours as soon as I possibly can."

"I shall not laugh, indeed, dear Aphron, to hear you say so. I shall be more happy and thankful than I can tell if you would really do it. Come, now will you promise me to begin the first thing to-morrow; and never to leave off till you have finished?"

"I will, indeed," he said, very earnestly. And then, for the sun was setting, the children bade each other good night, and went each into their huts.

About midnight, Agatha was awoke by such a roar of water as she had never heard before. It thundered and lightened; the wind roared and howled; the tall cliffs all around echoed back the bellowing of the thunder; but in the midst of all these sounds, and above them all, she could hear the rush of the stream, as it poured against her little hut. It shook and tottered and seemed every moment as if it must be swept away; but still it did not yield. The rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell not; for it was founded upon a rock. Still it was a dreadful night for poor Agatha; for she feared not only for herself, but for Aphron. If his hut, she thought, had been so sorely shaken before, when the flood was nothing to this,—how could it hope to stand out now? Once in the very dead of the night, she fancied that, amidst the roar of the waters she heard a wild shriek, as of some one crying for help: but that might have been only fancy.

At last the light came; the wind lulled; the rain ceased; the river began to sink back into its bed; and a sad grey morning came on. As soon as ever she could venture to open the door of her hut, Agatha looked out towards Aphron's. There was not one poor fragment of it to be seen: all the timbers, all the props and supports, all his tools that he had used so ill had been

swept away in the mighty flood; and Agatha's hut stood alone in the silent and desolate valley. Even while she was in the first burst of her grief for the loss of her companion, the messenger stood by her again.

"Agatha," he said, "I am come to take you home. You have been faithful over a few things;—the King is about to make you ruler over many things: enter thou into the kingdom of thy LORD."

The messenger's face was very stern, but very loving. She gave him her hand; and he led her away, up a narrow path to the cliffs, in the direction where the King's palace lay. And after that, we can see her no more.

And what of Aphron?

That I cannot tell you. I know that it has once or twice pleased the King to save some miserable creatures even out of the very midst of the flood; and perhaps He might have seen that Aphron's promise was this time really made in earnest, and He *might* have taken the will for the deed. But I am sadly, sadly afraid that, after giving Aphron such a warning, He would not interfere to save him any more. There is just one faint hope—but that is all.

And now, my dear children, you see I have only been telling you one of our LORD's parables at greater length. We will talk about the meaning of the story presently: but now I will only ask you to remember that parable, and hope that you may be like the man that built his house on the rock, and not like him that set it up on the sand. For you know that we are told of him: The rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: **AND GREAT WAS THE FALL OF IT.**

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### BISHOP BLOMFIELD.

BISHOP BLOMFIELD has been gathered to his fathers. Within twelve months after his retirement from the arduous duties of the Episcopate—a retirement rendered necessary, because of the injury done to his frame by his

unceasing labours—the papers announce his departure home. His labours are ended, and his works do follow him. It would ill become us (subject as we were for some years to his authority, and connected as our Magazine has necessarily been with the diocese over which he presided) to pass over such an event as a piece of mere ordinary news of the day. A great man and a good one has been taken away from among us.

The deceased Prelate was the son of a schoolmaster at Bury. His education commenced under his father and was continued at the Grammar School of his native town, from which he proceeded in October, 1804, to Trinity College, Cambridge. A scholarship at Trinity, a Brown Medal, and above all the Craven marked him out as a man of no ordinary powers; whilst his position as third Wrangler, and first Chancellor's Medallist, on taking his B.A., stamped him as one of the first men of the day. A Fellowship at Trinity followed naturally enough upon such honours.

After his ordination to the Priesthood in 1810, preferment was instantly bestowed upon him. Bishop Blomfield has been quoted as an instance that the highest positions both in Church and State, are open to all England, and are bestowed as the reward of talent. Now we do not dispute this statement for an instant. At the bar this is especially remarkable. But we think that in the case of the Church it is necessary that the possession of talents should be attended by the strong influence of some great name, some rich patron, or some grand political service. That Bishop Blomfield should have risen to his high rank is nothing strange. In the first year of his Priesthood he was presented to the Rectory of Quarlington, Lincoln, by the Marquis of Bristol; and in the very same year, within two months, was nominated by the Earl Spenser to the Rectory of Dunton, in the diocese of Lincoln. The Marquis of Bristol did not however rest contented, but in 1817 presented him to Great and Little Chesterford, and in a little time afterwards to the Rectory of Tuddenham, Suffolk. The Bishop of London, Dr. Howley, made him his Domestic Chaplain, and in 1820 gave him the Rectory of S. Botolph's,



Bishopsgate, adding thereto in 1822, the Archdeaconry of Colchester. In 1824 he was consecrated to the Bishopric of Chester by the late Archbishop of York.

Entering upon the see he soon gave evidence that the same practical habits for which he had been remarkable hitherto, would characterise his episcopal career. In days of laxity, he was the advocate of order: of disobedience to all rubrical directions, he did not hesitate to avow the character of the obligations that bound alike Bishop and Clergy. Long before recent movements infused new life into the Church, the Bishop of Chester was paving the way, by the inculcation of sound principle, and the enunciation of the truth, for the efforts of those who should come after. Howley, Blomfield, Hugh James Rose, and others! who does not recognise in them the maintainers of the old rules of the Church, and hear a voice exclaiming—Stand in the old paths? We say this, even though we may differ somewhat from the late Bishop Blomfield with reference to some of the events that occurred in the later years of his Episcopate. As Bishop of Chester, however, in his Primary Charge, we find him speaking thus truthfully, and dispassionately to his Clergy:—

“A strict and punctual conformity to the Liturgy and Articles of our Church is a duty to which we have bound ourselves by a solemn promise, and which, while we continue in its ministry we must scrupulously fulfil. Conformity to the Liturgy implies of course, an exact observance of the Rubrics. We are no more at liberty to vary the mode of performing any part of public worship, than we are to preach doctrines at variance with the Articles of religion. If there be any direction for the public service of the Church, with which a Clergyman *cannot conscientiously comply, he is at liberty to withdraw from her ministry*; but not to violate that solemn compact which he has made with her. It is true that you are bound to promote to the utmost of your power, the honour of God, and the growth of your SAVIOUR'S kingdom, but *in your ministerial capacity, you have engaged to do this in a certain way, and according to certain prescribed rules*. Our zeal for the interests of CHRIST'S universal Church is to be shown by the punctual discharge of our duties, as ministers of one particular branch of it. It should never be forgotten by ministers, says an able and sagacious writer (Dr. Balguy), that they are subject to higher authority: that they are to *execute law, not to make it*. They are to embrace every opportunity of doing good *within the limits prescribed to them; without those limits they*

*can do no good.* For no accidental advantage can stand in competition with the main end of all government, the support and establishment of certain rules. . . . I think I am justified by experience in remarking, that next to carelessness on the part of the Parochial Clergy hardly anything is more likely to make the people undervalue the importance of uniformity in religious offices, and to smooth the way to open secession, than unauthorised deviations from the ritual of the Church, and uncalled for incursions into the spiritual charge which has been committed by lawful authority to the keeping of others. In the sacraments, more particularly, it seems to me to be reprehensible in private Clergymen to deviate from the prescribed forms, where there is no absolute necessity for such deviation: and by a capricious, a careless, or a hasty mode of administering them to impair the opinion which their congregation ought to entertain, of the sanctity and importance of the ordinances themselves. Still more applicable are these remarks to the practice which I fear is too prevalent in large towns, not only of administering private Baptism without inquiring into the necessity which alone can justify it; but by using the service of public Baptism in private houses, an anomaly for which under no circumstances can an absolute necessity be pleaded.

“It is surely not too much for me to request that in performing all the different modes of public worship, and especially in administering the Sacraments of Baptism, and the Supper of the Lord, your practice may be exactly conformable to the Rubrics by which it ought to be guided, and to the observance of which you are bound both in law and conscience: with this provision only that the thing enforced be practicable. Our obligations to observe the Canons is of a different nature, and admits of more than one kind of dispensation which is not applicable to the Rubrics. These it must be remembered are made binding *by statute, as well as canon law*, and except where a power of *dispensation is expressly reserved to the Ordinary, are as obligatory upon him, as upon the officiating Clergyman.*”

For this passage we are indebted (as we shall be for one or two more) to Dr. Biber's “Life and Times of Bishop Blomfield.” This work has been carefully done,—as we should expect from the Doctor—and we should have commended it more heartily but for certain remarks and reflections upon his equals at least, which appear to us uncalled for. Dr. Biber might take the side of the Bishop in recent matters without this.

This declaration is pretty much the same as that which he made subsequently in 1842, and which he withdrew because of a certain agitation caused by some, who consider that obedience to constituted authority means obe-

dience when you individually think fit. On more than one occasion, when the Roman Catholic Emancipation Bill was on the tapis, it was necessary that some one should defend the clergy from the charges made against them, and this did Bishop Blomfield, alike with ready judgment and apt repartee, reminding now and then a noble lord, that he did not know what he was speaking about. The sterling common sense of the late Bishop was scarcely less remarkable than his brilliant talents. But to proceed with our narrative. In 1828 the preferment of Dr. Howley—that wise, prudent, and Churchmanlike prelate—to the Archiepiscopate, which he so well adorned, made way for Dr. Blomfield, who was translated from Chester to London. His primary charge showed how deeply he felt the additional responsibilities that devolved upon him on being called upon to be the chief ruler of a diocese of such magnitude and importance. If ever right man was in the right place, it was Charles James Blomfield, the scholar and divine, promoted to the see of London.

Never in his high position did he forget that his clergy subject to his rule, were also his brothers. Comprehensive as was his mind, his heart was equally large; and we know no Bishop,—have read the records of the life of none, who ever so thoroughly maintained the rights of what are called the inferior clergy. We can almost fancy now how Lord King frowned when the Bishop of London in his place in the House of Lords, gave him something more than a glimmering of light upon the question of Tithes, when he said,—“I speak it with all respect to the noble lord, but I do not doubt that the present Reverend Incumbent of the parish of Ockham can produce as legal proof of his rights as the noble lord himself can produce, in support of his claim to the land of that parish.”

Alluding to another question which was then one of great moment, he well said: “And if, in the expression of their sentiments to the Legislature, the clergy have, in some instances, though of rare occurrence, spoken with earnestness, or even somewhat of warmth, attribute it, my lords, to the tone and line of their inquiries, which have led them dearly to prize the truth and purity of

their own Church, and highly to estimate the duty of preserving its integrity."

But he was not merely polemical. And it is a fact which we do not remember to have seen noticed elsewhere, that a really polemical mind, is also essentially practical, and seems bound for its own credit's sake to maintain a certain amount of hard common sense. Such at all events was the case with Bishop Blomfield. His letter on the Sunday question, in which he astonished the west-end with his remarks upon the parties which were then constantly held, though it aroused the mighty 'Thunderer,' and provoked the witty sallies of the fashionable *Post*, did its work, and tended materially to the production of a healthier state of things. It was no ordinary man, that whilst avowing his own dislike to anything like puritanical hypocrisy, could yet say, with not less truth of sentiment than power of language, that "the advocates for the greater laxity of Sunday observances, were for the most part the very persons who might be thought least to require amusement; not the poor labourer, mechanic, or little tradesman; but the votaries of fashion, the wealthy, and the gay; those who had been engaged in the pursuit of pleasure during the whole of the week, and who, for that very reason, required—if they understood their own state—a total cessation from it on the LORD's Day."

In 1830, after the death of George IV., when William IV. presented himself at the altar, Bishop Blomfield, as Dean of the Chapel Royal, preached from 1 Cor. x. 16: "The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the Communion of the Blood of CHRIST? The Bread which we break, is it not the Communion of the Body of CHRIST?" It is needless to add that he dwelt upon the necessity of sacramental union with CHRIST. In his primary charge as Bishop of London he admitted that it was at a period of no ordinary difficulty, when he entered upon his duties, and that they to whom the sacred mysteries had been entrusted, would have to do battle for the faith. He thus addressed the clergy upon the views he took of their relative positions and duties:

"With respect to your own practice, it is of greater impor-

tance to you to be made acquainted with my opinion upon these points, than to understand my sentiments upon the nature and obligations of our ministerial calling in general; for in enforcing the latter I have no influence over you, but that which proceeds from respect to my office or person: whereas in requiring attention to the duties prescribed by the Church, I am not only empowered, but solemnly charged to exercise authority, where authority is necessary. And here allow me to express a hope, and I express it with a degree of confidence fully justified by past experience, that although I now mention the word authority, my future intercourse with you may be principally that of suggestion and advice. Considering the peculiar circumstances of this diocese, and that diversity of opinion upon many points of expediency and propriety which must be expected to prevail amongst men of education and experience, and independent minds, it can only be on very clear, and unquestionable points of duty, that I shall think it necessary to go beyond a plain and decided statement of my opinion, or an earnest expression of my wishes. If upon some occasions that opinion may appear to you too decided, or the expression of my wishes too earnest, you will, I trust, ascribe it to the sincerity of my own convictions, and not suspect me of being deficient in feelings of sincere respect and affection for my brethren. From any failure in this particular I am secured, not only by my long acquaintance with the Clergy of this diocese, but by my own experience of the difficulties which they have to encounter, and of the need in which they stood of every encouragement and assistance. Conscious as I am of my own infirmities, I think I can promise for myself that if you find me a plain-spoken and candid monitor, and an uncompromising assertor of what I esteem the sacred principles of clerical duty, you will also find me accessible to reason, and thankful for advice, and heartily disposed to favour and assist the labours of those who are doing the work of Evangelists."

Dr. Biber gives the following summary of the contents of this important charge :

"As regards the points on which in the administration of his diocese he meant to lay particular stress, he specified residence, which he announced his intention of enforcing in all cases, where it was practicable, and in connection with the subject adverted to the evil of pluralities; the practices of baptizing, and even of churching women in private houses, the former of which he expressed a hope would be gradually abandoned, whilst he requested the immediate discontinuance of the latter; the duty of careful attention to the registration of Baptisms by the Clergyman himself; the requirement of a licence from the Bishop before statedly officiating in the diocese, a point on which he intimated his determination to insist with great strictness, and took occasion particularly to warn the Clergy against having recourse to those irregular and disreputable sources of information and supply called Clerical agency or Register offices; the importance of paro-

chial schools for the children of the poorer classes, including infant schools in his recommendation—the no less important duty, not to be superseded by the Clergyman's superintendence of the schools, of public catechising in the Church;—and the duty of careful preparation of candidates for Confirmation, whose age as a rule he fixed at sixteen. He further expressed his opinion that the introduction of a third service in the evening might in populous town parishes, be found useful and desirable; in recommending the continuance of the weekly services on Wednesdays and Fridays, even though but thinly attended, he suggested 'whether it might not, in some cases, be worth trying the experiment of substituting for them early prayers or matins, which some classes of tradesmen, mechanics, and servants, might attend before they commence the business of the day. This practice,' the Bishop added, 'which was once general, is still retained in some of our cathedral churches, where these early services are attended by a considerable number of persons. For my own part, I should be glad to see the experiment tried not on Wednesdays and Fridays only, (upon which days the Litany might still be used at 11 o'clock) but on every day except Sunday, agreeably to the practice of the early Church, and of our own in its better ages.'

"In furtherance of the parochial work, the Bishop pointed out the great assistance to be derived in populous parishes from parochial visiting associations, but with a caution against relinquishing the superintendence and direction of these auxiliary labours, and against delegating to them their own peculiar functions and duties as the commissioned interpreters of Scripture, as the Lord's commissioners for His people, and as the appointed guides of their devotion. 'There is,' he observed, 'a special promise of blessing annexed to ministerial services and the sense of that speciality ought not to be effaced from the minds of our flocks by the permitted intrusion of laymen, however pious and zealous, into that which belongs to our own peculiar office. If this be not attended to, you must expect that tares will spring up in the wheat, and that your visiting societies will become so many nurseries of schism.' "

*(To be continued.)*

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## GRILLPARZER. No. I.

*(Continued.)*

### BISHOP GREGORY OF CHALONS.

THE colloquy which now ensues betwixt the indignant cook or kitchen-boy and the good Bishop is of a masterly order. The Bishop maintains throughout a calm supe-

riority tempered by grace, a tone of paternal benevolence and loving charity. First, as we have seen, he reprehends the ardent Leon for appearing before him in so disorderly a state, without the insignia of his office, and then he urges him to express whatever may harass his mind or disturb his conscience; but this gracious reception only increases the confusion of young Leon, who knows not how to find words to twit so good a master and so holy a man with the detested charge of avarice. At last, however, he takes heart and speaks his whole mind; and this he does, with the most admirable mixture of shame and what might be called impertinence, did it not originate in such a generous feeling, and deep regret that so good—so holy a man should be chargeable with such a melancholy weakness. When the Bishop has ascertained of what sin Leon holds him guilty, far from being angered by the youth's audacity, he feels it to be his duty to remove the injurious impression. He says—

“ Here then I see that self-defence grows duty,  
 Pastor of souls should good example yield,  
 And stumbling-block in no man's path may lay,  
 So seat thee then, and hear what I would answer :

*Leon.* Ah, sir ——

*Greg.* Said I not, seat thee ?

*Leon.* Well, then, here.

*(Seats himself on the earth before the Bishop.)*

And so the good Prelate proceeds to explain what we already know,—how love for his nephew, Atalus, had moved him to make every possible retrenchment in his personal expenses in order to save a certain sum wherewith to purchase his ransom from the barbarians, and how Leon had even seen him kiss a piece of money destined for this good use ere he dropped it in the bag. Leon is full of ardent sympathy and, no doubt, keen regret; but he does not express much of the latter feeling: that would not be in his character. Besides, he is still unable to understand why the Bishop, with his large revenues, should not free his nephew immediately at his own cost. When he discovers the reason—that Gregory considers his revenues the poor man's property—the tide of reactionary feeling well-nigh stifles him; and when he

learns that the bag of ransom contains but a small sum yet, and that it may take years to fill, he springs to his feet and offers eagerly to hasten to the Rhineland and himself achieve the deliverance of young Atalus, somehow,—how, he does not yet know himself, but by some bold roguery or other :

“ Were I but there, I'd lie him out, good faith ! ”

“ Woe to the liar ! ” responds the earnest voice of Gregory. Leon is disconcerted for the moment ; he is even ready to abandon his enterprise. These untutored savages, he thinks, will scarcely let the prisoner go for love or truth's sake ; but seeing the irrepressible grief of the good Bishop when his momentary hopes are crushed, he intreats permission to try his fortune, with his master's blessing. Every word tells in this admirable colloquy, (as it must in every real dramatic work,) and we feel that we do it grievous wrong by this brief summary. One passage we must extract :—

*Greg.* And if thou didst, by falsehood, cunning, treason,  
Creep to the foeman's hearth, and cheat him there,  
Abuse the confidence, which holds this world together,  
If his deliverance were the price of lies,  
I'd send him back, and curse thee for thy labour.

*Leon.* Then truth's the fixed condition.—But, good master,  
If not one little honest lie may serve us,  
What should serve then ?

*Greg.* My God, and thy God, Leon.

*Leon.* (*falling on one knee*) O, sir !

*Greg.* What is't ?

*Leon.* It lightened.

*Greg.* Where ?

*Leon.* I ween'd so.

*Greg.* Within thee did the Spirit of brightness lighten,  
And wrong and falsehood quail'd beneath His ray.  
What in this moment seems the right to thee,  
That do ; be faithful to thyself and Heaven :  
Woe to the Liar.”

And so brave Leon starts, but not alone ; he falls in with a pilgrim from the Rhineland returning to his native place, and takes him for a companion to Count Kattwald's dwelling, promising to reward him for the round he is thus obliged to make, and the danger he incurs by



venturing within the rough barbarian's clutches. But Leon has no money, and can only pay his guide by bidding him dispose of him as a slave, selling his services to this same awful Kattwald, in whose keeping is the youthful Atalus. Kattwald, as it appears, is just about to celebrate the marriage of his daughter, Edrita, to her kinsman, a neighbouring chieftain, Galomir, and he is particularly glad to fall in with a cook,—a first-rate Frankish cook, as Leon bids the pilgrim describe him, at such an important conjuncture.

Nothing can exceed the happy grace and liveliness of the scene in the court-yard of Count Kattwald's dwelling,—it is comedy indeed, and comedy of a broad character, almost bordering on the farcical, but so attempered by grace and truthfulness of effect, that it must take rank among the masterpieces of genuine humour, only to be matched by our own master-poet of Avon, and two or three more. The spirit and vivacity of Leon prove inexhaustible, and finally terrorise and vanquish the grim barbarian, who is exceedingly fond of good living—Frankish cooking in particular, and is threatened with salted sauces by the audacious artist if he make himself in the slightest degree unpleasant. He is, as we have said, subdued, and meekly whispers to his daughter Edrita, a naïve child of nature, charmingly conceived, that she had better watch the culinary proceedings of the new cook, if he would allow her, only taking good heed that she give him no occasion of offence, for “artists,” he says, “are peculiar people.”

And now follows a very merry scene, between Leon and Edrita. He wants to learn something about the captive Atalus; she is attracted, and not unnaturally so by this specimen of Frankish civilization who contrasts very favourably with the savages about her, and in particular with the almost idiotic Galomir, whom she is about to wed. We may not pause to give our readers an idea of the charming grace and sprightliness of these scenes in the Rhineland. Suffice it to say, that Edrita befriends Leon, and brings him in contact with his friend Atalus, who, however, proves to be no friend at

all, but rather a dead weight, most unmanageable. With consummate tact and skill Grillparzer has made this Atalus an average representative of the degenerate civilization, the worn out sensualism of his age: he is out of all patience with his uncle for not having at once purchased his liberty, and he is particularly indignant at having to owe any measure of assistance to a cook! How the preparations for the bridal go forward, how Leon employs hot spices profusely, to instigate the guests to drink, how they do drink deeply, and sleep deeply in consequence; how flight is attempted, but fails at first, and at last proves successful only by the intervention of Edrita; how her father spies the maiden in the act of covering the youthful Frank's retreat; how threatened by him with instant death, she is compelled, not too unwillingly, to follow them; how Leon, above all, acting throughout on the principle of plainly telling the truth, always manages to escape by plain speaking where it seems *a priori* certain to ensnare his ruin; all this, and much more, we must leave to the reader's imagination to supply, advising him, or her, (if a reader of German) to procure this delightful work, which can be obtained for a few shillings, and so enjoy the masterpiece in the original.

In the fifth act we find ourselves before Metz again in France or Frankland; but this town is supposed to be held by the Rhineland savages. Leon, Atalus, and Edrita, imagining themselves to have distanced all pursuers, and worn out with hunger and fatigue, are sleeping in a barn before the city-gate. Here, however, they are surprised, by Galomir, the disappointed bridegroom, and his Rhineland followers; and these, having the flyers at their mercy, summon their friends within the town (as they imagine) to grant them entrance and hospitality. What follows we must once more venture to transfer to our pages.

“*Leon.* So, is all lost? Shines no faint ray of hope?—  
 Yet One can help, One only,—Thou above there!—  
 ’Twas on Thy message I first sought yon land;  
 Thou, through my master’s lips, had’st surely spoken;  
 Yea, from the treasury of his prayers and deeds

He gave Thy succour for the task before me :—  
 O take it not away, till all be done !—  
 I know and seem to ask impossibilities ;  
 But, that Thou will'st, alone is possible,  
 And what Thou will'st not, seems it sure, can *be* not.  
 I ask not for myself,—for them within,—

*(Atalus and Edrita, still sleeping in the barn, unconscious of their danger,)*

For him, for her.—If human life be little,  
 Yet human fate is vast, Thou know'st it, Thou !  
 O therefore Thou protect against soul injury !  
 The maid with her fierce tribe, ill-pair'd, abiding,  
 Must needs become as rough and harsh as they,  
 For custom governs all ; and Atalus—  
 Ah, LORD, we know't too well—he's weak, he's weak,—  
 If to the dungeon he be cast again,  
 Despairing will he leave Thy service then,  
 And his good Uncle weeps, and dies, I doubt not.  
 But no ! that must not be ! that *may* not be !  
 No ! no !

*(He falls on his knees.)*

*Savage.* Is the boy mad ? He speaks to vacancy  
 —Well, come they not ?

*(A little bell is heard tinkling from within the city.)*

*Leon.* Hark, hark, what strange clear accents !  
 'Tis thus the bells for Christian people call

When matins summons them to cheerful praises.

*Savage.* Ha, ha ! No Christians sojourn there within, boy :  
 There Teut is honoured and the warlike Wodan.  
 At last, they come.

*Leon.* One more, one mad appeal.

I ask not help alone ; I dare demand it—

Yet no, I only pray, I only pray ;—

But, LORD, when last I spake Thy righteous servant,  
 A lightning-ray within my breast did shine,

So breath'd his lips,—it seem'd to promise miracle—

And now I ask a very miracle ;

O LORD, keep Thou Thy word ! keep Thou Thy word !—

*(He springs to his feet.)*

*(The gates open. Armed men issue, their Leader in complete armour.)*

*Savage (who has advanced to the gate, retreating.)*

These are not friends.

*Leader.* Ha ! Savage foes ? So seize them.

*Savage (still retreating.)* Is this not Metz, the bourg our peoples  
 hold ?

*Leader.* 'Twas yours, till two days since. A night-surprise  
 Hath made it ours now. Hark, glad bells are ringing,  
 Hung hastily, to call true hearts to prayer,  
 Sweet sounds to peace and hope, to rage death-ditties.

*(Atalus and Edrita have stepped from the barn.)*

Leon *(to them.)* Hear ye? O, hear ye?—

*(Chorister boys issue from the city gate.)*

Leader.

And the Church's Steward,  
Whose diocese hath limits none from charity,  
Hath hither hastened, by his LORD's commission,  
In upturned savage soil to scatter seed.  
Here comes he, lo!—To us and God surrender!"

And so comes the good Bishop. We can imagine his joy in welcoming the long lost nephew of his love, whom he admonishes tenderly at the same time, to a closer waiting on his God. Then follows:

"But tell me, cam'st thou hither then alone?"

Was not one other, sent by me, beside thee?

Atalus *(pointing to Leon.)* Yes, there he stands, to whom I owe deliverance.

Greg. Is't thou,—thou giddy boy!—Thou true, brave spirit!—  
Thy hand!—Nay, kiss not mine, but press it, press it!—  
—Well,—tricks, I fear me? tricks and trickful pleasantries?  
How is't? how was't? No *Lie*?—or silence now.

Leon. It might have chanced for worse, it might for better;  
We did the best we could; but God alone  
Is True.

Greg. Ay, He is true in all His ways."

And so the good Bishop prays that the Rhineland savages may retire unmolested: he will not use force to effect their conversion.

"Truth must at last prevail without its aid;  
It were not truth, if it required such warranty."

And now the case of Edrita comes to the light of day. The Bishop blames Leon severely for robbing her from her father; but Edrita justifies him. Flight was her own choice, and she demands to be accepted as a Christian. This demand the good Bishop thinks that he dare not reject. Now Atalus, who has all along fancied her, claims the maiden for his bride. Edrita is secretly enamoured of Leon, but as Leon does not speak, she is afraid of this being discovered, and so remains silent. Leon, vexed and mortified, asks the Bishop to be allowed to leave his service: he wishes to serve in the king's army. The Bishop presses for the reason, and it

comes out that all is for the love of Edrita. And so mutual explanations ensue, and Atalus resigns the mistress of his fancy in his deliverer's favour, his uncle pointing out to him a higher vocation in these concluding words:

“Right so, dear son; and that no doubt may irk thee  
 Of her fresh consort's rank or reputation,  
 Mark, from to-day two nephews I possess.  
 The King will something do for my sake haply;  
 So may he freely wed the Chieftain's child.  
 And thou art sad? Raise, raise those drooping eyes!—  
 Deluded in delusion's world wast thou;  
 A world remains where Truth unbares her brow;  
 Where falsehood's self, with all her loud bells' chime,  
 Proves but the gaudy heritage of Time,  
 That haply but obscured that Orb of day,  
 Which there thy soul shall face, nor turn away.  
 So follow where of old thou bor'st design;  
 And joy, in joy by thee bestowed, be thine!  
 Aid me to bear my gladness and my pain,—  
 And for this pair,—let them be friends again.”

But this meagre abstract can have given but a most insufficient notion of the real charms of this exquisite work, for exquisite we venture to proclaim it: it is great in its very simplicity, great in its nobility and purity of thought and feeling, in the total absence of effort, and of grand set passages stuck on like so many gew-gaw spangles on a merry-andrew's robe—the things that pass for fine in most of our own modern dramatists. These merits of self-consistency and purity are precisely the very qualities which the literary judges of the day are likely to be the slowest to appreciate; for the domain of criticism is administered for the more part in Germany, as among ourselves, by *literateurs* who are, to cull a phrase from last month's 'Fraser's,' the Bohemians of the world of letters. Their taste is cloyed and vitiated by constant feeding on the garbage of the hour. Our contemporary maintains that their moral habits are not of a kind which should render them prompt to appreciate the truest and the highest art. What matter? Genius like a Grillparzer's can afford to wait. And even this vain modern world which reserves its eager welcome and its rash enthusiasm for tumid inflation and exaggerated glitter must learn to

acknowledge the great poet of Austria. Meanwhile, we hail him from afar as one of the greatest of creative artists, and our voice (of so much we are confident) only anticipates the verdict of generations yet unborn.

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## The Children's Corner.

### SCENES FROM LIFE.

#### CHAPTER X.

"Thou wilt be there and not forsake,  
To turn the bitter pool  
Into a bright and breezy lake,  
The throbbing brow to cool."

*Christian Year.*

A TWELVEMONTH passed away without any important event in Ethel's placid life. She was as nearly as could be guessed, ten years old; she had long ceased to feel her lonely orphaned lot, for she possessed almost an equal share with Cecile in the boy's warm heart, and no little real sisters could love each other better than the two girls who were now rarely separated for more than a day.

Ethel had progressed rapidly in her studies; she had begun music and French, but drawing was her favourite pursuit, and Mr. St. Clare had to watch anxiously lest she spent too much time over this sedentary occupation. She was greatly petted by every one at the Park, and her arrival there, frequent as it was, still hailed with the same welcoming delight; but Stanhope and Arthur were confessedly her favourites, for there was still a charm in dark hair and eyes, and Ethel loved the name without knowing why.

Lady Flemyng and Cecile were now constantly seen on week day mornings at the village church, and more than once on a wet Sunday the little troop of boys, with their tutor had appeared, but what Mr. St. Clare hailed with

more pleasure than all the rest, was the return of Mary Arden, who had permission from her kind lady to go to the village church in the mornings, and was allowed an additional half hour to see her mother, which was not seldom expended in the vicarage.

The constant interchange of visits between the children led of course to a certain intimacy between the families, and Lady Flemyng would sit and rest now and then to Ethel's extreme delight in the porch, or wait there for a fleeting shower, and once, a well remembered event, had taken her luncheon there at Ethel's early dinner. This visit became a *Hegira* thenceforward to Mrs. Willis, and events were dated from before or after "her ladyship's dining here." A sweet and gentle lady she was, and though it sometimes seemed as if the small vantage ground they had gained with Lord Flemyng would suddenly slip away, still there were solid changes effected of a more permanent character.

The boys were greatly improved—this was universally allowed, and Mr. Gresham had the credit of it—though Lady Flemyng was sure the improvement dated from the time when in a fortunate moment her lord's consent was obtained to their all going to tea at the vicarage—and the further concession granted in a half grudging way to the young tutor, "Pray, Mr. Gresham, consider yourself at liberty to visit where you like; don't for goodness' sake, hold me up as a domestic tyrant, or a military ogre."

It was said with a certain laugh, well known to his wife, but Mr. Gresham was too well pleased to gain the permission, to criticize the manner of its bestowal, and its good effects were soon discoverable, for many of his mistakes with the boys had arisen from inexperience and over anxiety, and the privilege of counsel and discussion with one so able as the vicar to assist him was most dearly prized.

Strange perhaps it was that Ethel's memory no longer seemed to strengthen with her growth; she had now apparently lost the power of recalling the events of her earlier years, and Mr. St. Clare who had anticipated this time as a period of more fruitful recollection, was yet too tremblingly alive to the danger of losing his treasure to

regret very much the sudden oblivion in which her memory seemed plunged. Perhaps she had too many occupations now to allow her leisure for desultory thought, or her ideas naturally followed the lead of her companions, or perhaps indeed the child was merging into the girl, and baby thoughts and feelings were fading away in the distance. Whatever the cause he sought it not, but contented himself with carefully guarding her mind and heart from the taint of vanity and conceit; she was treated with so much injudicious distinction at the Park, and especially by Lord Flemyng, who looked on her as quite necessary to his fragile little daughter's well being and happiness, that Mr. St. Clare knew there must be danger to one so susceptible and affectionate. She had grown to love Lord Flemyng with a sort of fearful love most bewitching to one so imaginative, and received her daily kiss from him as a matter of course, and so many presents of toys, books, frocks, and pretty things, that the vicarage was almost as full as the park of childish but costly treasures.

Against this Mr. St. Clare had long and earnestly set his face, but without offending his neighbour there was no possibility of refusing to allow Ethel to share in Cecile's gifts, so at length he had been obliged to yield. The little one had grown tall and slight, and the anxious parents could not conceal from themselves that she was very delicate. No tinge of colour in her cheeks, and when alone no animation in her eye; her movements were languid and unchildish, and she soon wearied of reading or even of play, but with the laughing rosy Ethel, the child became another creature,—her step was light, her eye beaming, her whole being seemed to have gained an elasticity, and as her father stood fondly watching her, and noticing the gradual colour that was coming to her pale cheeks, he would often say to his wife "It was a great mistake of yours, Charlotte, not to have secured that little thing for your own; look at Cecile now; isn't she like another child?" So Ethel could never come too often to the park, and Lord Flemyng would sometimes start himself to fetch her if she were later than usual, and Cecile was impatient.

It was a sultry afternoon in August, the very birds



seemed oppressed by the heat, and the hum of insects alone broke the silence so intense that it was "as if the pulse of nature had run down and ceased to beat." Mr. St. Clare had even hesitated about letting Ethel go to the park, there was a dead sultry weight around, even though the sky was so blue and cloudless that he almost expected a thunder storm, but Stanhope had come for her with the pony. It was a holiday, all the boys were going on a fishing excursion to Grasby pool, some miles off; his mother had written a note to say she was going to make some calls at a distance, and the little girls would be very quiet till evening.

Ethel was seated on the pony, and the last kiss was given, but even then the vicar seemed to dislike her going; however, he would not for a fancy of his own, spoil the children's pleasure, and determining in his own mind to walk to the park himself after tea and fetch her, he stood at the gate till they were out of sight.

They had watched the noisy departure of the brothers, with fishing rods, baskets and provisions piled upon the pony, they had seen the carriage drive away with "Mamma," the dolls were half melted with the intense heat, and Cecile said Beatrix had never been so disagreeable before. The whole retinue were consigned to the closet, and leaving the nursery, the children went down stairs in search of amusement. "It is cooler out of doors," said Cecile wearily, as they looked into the shady lawn, "let us go out by the river."

"We must ask leave," suggested Ethel.

"Hammond will say no," Cecile decided, "here are our garden bonnets; we will put them on and go under the trees."

"I don't think we ought to without asking," repeated Ethel. "Where is your papa?"

"Ah, yes! he is in the study, for I heard him calling after the boys just now; we will go to him; he will say yes."

"You want to go out, do you?" he asked kindly when the request was made known. "Well, I don't see any harm in that, Hammond will take you, I dare say."

"Oh, but papa, darling papa," said the child coaxingly,

"we don't want Hammond, she is so particular; she says, 'Miss Flemyng, don't,' and 'Miss Flemyng, do,' and we want to go strolling about just where we like."

"By the river," added Ethel.

"The river! you will fall in and be drowned, and what will mamma say when she comes."

"We will promise not to go close; we will keep in the path, and I shall hold Cecile's hand," said Ethel earnestly.

Lord Flemyng's favourite virtue was obedience, and it was partly the gradual discovery of this quality in Ethel's somewhat heedless character, that had interested him so much in her. He saw that obedience was, so to speak, her main-spring; he had never caught her in the smallest act of disobedience, and this had insensibly increased his respect for Mr. St. Clare. It was the one point on which they agreed in their notions of education, and the knowledge of this gave him greater trust in Ethel than her years and inexperience quite warranted. He often held her up as an example to Cecile, for even with her he insisted on prompt obedience, and it was with no small chagrin he constantly saw how Ethel's obedience had become a habit, and she obeyed without a thought, when poor little Cecile would require a reason or a bribe before she could be quite persuaded.

So when Ethel promised not to go near the river, Lord Flemyng trusted her implicitly.

"Well, be off with you both," he said, "only be back again before tea time."

Away went the happy little pair; perhaps the unusual treat of a walk alone had flushed Cecile's cheek, as they pursued a grass path by the side of a stream called by the children "the river." They knew it led to a steep hill, "the mountain," according to them, where sheep grazed half wild, and which though hard to climb, was a favourite walk from the extensive and glorious view it commanded.

Ethel was nearly a head taller than her companion, she held Cecile's hand and felt like her protector. In half an hour they were at the foot of the "mountain." Ethel proposed to climb, especially as their further pro-

gress was barred by one of the little walls, piled with loose stones, which the shepherds in those districts construct to prevent their sheep from straying too far.

A little rest and they were ascending; they gathered large bunches of the forget-me-nots which grow there so abundantly, and went manfully on, till Ethel remarked how hot Cecile was, and how her cheek burned. She said she was so tired that her head ached. There was a large projecting rock just above them, and she would like to sit under it if Ethel would run down and dip her handkerchief in the stream to lay on her hot head. Down ran the child, and had reached the bank, when her promise to Lord Flemyng rushed to her mind; but Cecile's head,—she stood irresolute,—then deciding she would tell him directly she got home, she was stooping to dip the little ball of cambric into the water, she had indeed just wetted it, when a noise burst on her so loud, so dismal, that she started up, and her heart beat violently as she stood listening for a scream from Cecile. But all was still—so still that for a minute she waited longing to hear even that awful thunder clap again. And it came, close heralded by a blinding flash of lightning, and louder, deeper, more deafening than before. She stood yet a little, stunned and bewildered, then with rapid steps fled up the hill and threw herself down by Cecile under the friendly shelter just as the rock above them seemed with another peal to be crashing and rending over their heads. The vivid flash had bowed Ethel's head into her companion's lap, and she trembled violently. There was a longer pause, and then the roaring thunder growled and rolled away over the hills, and the rain came down in torrents.

Now Cecile's head was raised, and she began to comfort her former protector. They were under such complete shelter, that while the rain continued to pour so evenly, they were safe and dry, the stone was large and sloping, perhaps it was the best shelter the hill afforded. Ethel had not opened her eyes since that flash which had almost blinded her, and now when roused by Cecile's voice, she looked up, it was almost dark: thick clouds hung close to earth, and the rain still fell heavily.

"God will take care of us; the thunder is His Voice, mamma says," whispered Cecile. Then Ethel rose to her knees, and covered her face with her hands, and asked in simple words for protection and courage. "Let us not be afraid of Thy glorious Voice, oh FATHER, Which art in heaven; keep us safe, because we are Thy children, marked with Thy holy Cross." Ethel stood up calm and smiling; the lightning still played around the mountain, and still but at longer intervals the thunder growled, each time more faintly, and now the rain fell more lightly on the bowed-down flowers. Ethel's eyes, blue as the forget-me-nots she still held, were fixed on the breaking clouds, and on her sweet face peace and happiness were also breaking forth and drying her wet cheeks.

"Were you frightened?" asked Cecile.

"Yes, till you reminded me the thunder is God's Voice," answered the child reverently. "Then I knew He would not let the lightning hurt us. But your head ache, Cecile?"

"Quite gone, and now I am cool; let us go to the top of the hill, and see the storm on the other side. Mamma says that is magnificent." And the flashing dark eyes told of a high courageous soul within the fragile frame.

The rain now fell in powdery semblance in the golden sunlight which bathed the uncovered heads of the children as they stood on the brow of the hill, and looked over into the distant valley, where as Cecile truly said, the storm was grand to see as the lightning flashes opened and shut the sky with wonderful beauty. Cecile clapped her hands at each illumination, and they were so engrossed by the spectacle, that until startled by voices they never dreamt they were not alone. Within a shealing, erected by the shepherds to protect their flocks from the violent and frequent storms in these hills, stood three young men, who were on their way across the hill to a neighbouring village, and with an old peasant for their guide, had deemed themselves fortunate in finding so safe a refuge during the fearful storm.

They came out and spoke to the children. Cecile looked up with her usual self-possession, but Ethel's face

and neck glowed crimson, and she hastily put on her bonnet as the old man spoke.

"How cam' ye here, bonnie bairns?" he said, "where did ye shelter during yon storm?"

"We crept under the large rock on the hill side," Ethel answered timidly.

"And we came on here to see the storm in the valley," added Cecile, "look, look at the lightning still flashing," she said, pulling Ethel by the arm.

"And you are not afraid to come here alone?" asked one of the strangers kindly of the children.

Cecile smiled at the notion. Ethel said truthfully, "we were afraid of the thunder for a little while." Her eyes were turned from her questioner to watch one of his companions, who still stood at the entrance of the hut; he was gazing away far over the prospect, as if he would learn it by heart; he had not once looked round at the children, but he was tall and dark, that was surely the cause of Ethel's earnest fixed regard. Cecile's hand roused her as she said, "we shall be late; come, Ethel, come!"

The young stranger turned with a start as if he had been stung, but the children's faces were hidden, and it was only for a moment; the next he was gazing again at the distant view, apparently quite absorbed in the contemplation; his ears were opened however, and he distinctly heard the next question and answer.

"What are you called, my little maid?"

"Cecile Fleming," said the child with dignity; "come, Ethel, we will not stay."

"Will ye get home safely, little bairns? I marvel they that own ye let ye run thus wild; God bless and keep ye. Come, gentlemen, it's time we were on."

"He is a good old man," said Cecile quickly; "I shall give him my flowers."

The simple gift was offered and accepted. The old man said "they should bloom at home in his cottage, and remind him of the fairy of the hill."

Ethel stood irresolute, but the dark stranger was moving off, she was in a moment at his side. "Will you have them?" One glance up and she was gone, and

lifting them to his lips as he led the way, the young man hurried on, a name pressing on his heart, ringing in his ears, and sinking deeper than ever the warm hopes that had lain crushed and dormant, but still alive for four long years. That name was "Ethel," and Arthur Melville vainly tried to still his throbbing heart that yet beat so high at the thought of his long lost sister.

If such rapturous delight seemed snatched rudely from his grasp, it was yet done in wisdom. Happiness so great and sudden would have been too much for the mourner in his present state of health; even this incident had the effect of retarding his journey for some days. He had conceived the wild scheme of returning and trying to see again the sweet donor of the forget-me-nots, but on calm reflection he gave it up. Such a search would only re-open the half-closed wounds of memory, and could be productive of no result but pain and bitterness. So reasoned the young man as he lay in solitude at a village inn, and still sought to school into better order the impatient rebellious feelings which after years of discipline haunted him occasionally with all their old force.

Two days after the little party of Oxonians took their departure from the county, and Arthur Melville's spirits seemed higher and his voice more cheerful than usual.

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### The Editor's Desk.

THE state of the country and our Indian affairs is such, that we should have thought that there was sufficient matter for debate, to employ all the time of the members of Parliament, and develop all the powers of which they are possessed. Such, however, appears not to be the fact—and therefore, to fill up time, ecclesiastical questions have been brought into play. Parliament has kindly taken church affairs in hand, and furnishes us with a little insight into the nature of the treatment the clergy may expect to receive. The union of Church and State may be imperilled; and there have been those in the recent debates, who have plainly put out the view, that it matters not whatever the luxury of a conscience may be, the clergy cannot be permitted to enjoy it. No! they are to be regarded as so many moral policemen to do the

bidding of the State, or else resign what is ignorantly termed State pay. This is the plain English of the matter, and we much misjudge the great body of the English clergy, if, whatever other sentiments they may entertain, they do not claim to teach as having authority, from God Himself and the Church of this realm, to minister truth as truth without any slavish fear of consequences. Whilst for ourselves, we deeply regret anything that should produce a collision between Church and State; whilst, for the sake of our country, we would have that union to subsist; yet we tremble for the ark—and cannot but think that if the legal authoritative voice of the Church is silenced, and she is to receive her law of faith and practice from a Parliament composed of persons of such opinions as now prevail, we may well fear lest Ichabod should be resounded from one to another, and all should fearfully ask, where is the glory gone? It is—as far as our own convictions go—because we feel that no trifling danger is imminent, that we avow our opinion that the time has come for firm and united action among all classes of churchmen, since a further continuation of the present line of procedure will best lead to the accomplishment of the words of that master of debates, Mr. W. E. Gladstone, when he says—“Farewell to peace between Church and State.” The struggle of which we wrote in 1847 seems now to be still nearer. When it comes we fear the result, but not if churchmen will lay aside their petty jealousies, and with one heart and voice claim the privileges—the just and lawful privileges of the Church in this country. There is, we hear, to be a conference in London ere long, and our only hope is, that it may manifest the depth of churchmen’s charity, and the uncompromising nature of their principles at the same time.

The Bishop of S. David’s has defended himself with some warmth in answer to certain charges made against him in the consecration of a cemetery. Into this dispute we shall not enter, because if the Bishop holds no higher views of consecration than those he has propounded, the question narrows itself into the mere protection of the incumbent’s fees—a very proper one by the way—but which does not call for comment from those who would regard the matter in its higher aspect alone.

The Bishops of London, Oxford, Salisbury, Norwich, and Carlisle, have addressed a pastoral to their several clergy, enjoining them to use the prayer appointed for times of war—especial supplications for our fellow-countrymen in the East—and recommending them also to the prayers of the several families of the Church. This is as it should be. We wish however, that a form of *Litany* by way of especial supplication had been issued for family use. A great effort is also being made to establish a regular home mission. The committee is influential, and consists, we are glad to see, of men of widely different habits of thought. Bethnal Green is selected as the first field of labour, and as the matter is one of vast moment, we shall draw more especial attention to it.

The withdrawal of Mr. West’s licence by the Bishop of Rochester, is deservedly creating no little attention in the Church. We shall not detail the case, but hope it may be the means of strengthen-

ing the discussion in Convocation on the use of State services at large.

A most interesting meeting of schoolmasters has taken place in the diocese of Oxford, which we thankfully regard as an omen of good.

Another sign which cannot be overlooked is the proposal to commemorate the great merits of Bishop Blomfield, by a testimonial to be called the Bishop Blomfield Endowment Fund, to increase those livings which received aid from the deceased prelate during his lifetime.

The meeting of the Worcester Diocesan and Birmingham Architectural Society appears to have been exceedingly successful this year, and not a little enhanced by the several works of art, exhibited by Messrs. Hardman and Jones, respectively.

We learn with satisfaction that the Denison case will proceed no further. The publication of Bishop Geste's letter, a copy of which we recently printed in the *Churchman's Companion*, has contributed materially to this decision. And no wonder, for if an author does not know how to interpret his own words who does? Whatever may have been the moving cause—we rejoice at the decision for we would have the Church spared all and every scandal at this, even in the case of any with whom we might not altogether agree.

We most heartily, with all the feeling of an old public school boy, congratulate the Reptonians upon their successful celebration of their tercentenary festival. The "old boys" mustered in good force, as also did the governors with the exception of two, who were unavoidably absent. A procession was formed to the Parish Church, where prayers were said by the Rev. Dr. Pears, and the sermon preached by Dr. Vaughan of Harrow. The choral parts of the service were well rendered. Festivities of the usual character concluded the proceedings of a happy day.

We have also much pleasure in announcing the meeting of Parochial Choirs in Lichfield Cathedral, which has been fixed for Oct. 6. Such festivals as this cannot fail to do much good in the way of church music, and we look forward to their extension throughout the country, as a very great work in the right direction; and we thank Canon Hutchinson, the Precentor of Lichfield, and those who with him take charge of the arrangements. Nothing can be so worthy of our labour and love as the service and worship of Almighty God, and we shall rejoice to leaven the whole Church with a taste for good sound ecclesiastical music, that so we may get every village Church in its measure to adopt such a solid and appropriate style, in lieu of the present too frequent violoncello and rustic choir who never chant a single note of Venite, Psalms, or Te Deum, but sing an elaborate and most operatic hymn tune, with endless turns and repetitions, far more difficult to learn than a hundred chants, and which the uninitiated cannot possibly join in. The Lichfield meeting will consist of about forty-five choirs, each averaging fifteen persons, accompanied by their clergy. The following is the proposed plan of proceedings, and we trust many of our readers will enjoy the privilege of being present at what we can assure them is a most grand and affecting Service:

"The Bishop of the Diocese having appointed the Diocesan Fes-



tival of the present year to be held on Tuesday, the 6th of October next, the sermon will be preached by his Lordship, and the Holy Communion administered.

"Parochial choirs enrolled to take a share in the services of the day will, on request, be visited by the choir organising master, (Mr. Mathews, of Cotes Hall, near Stone,) appointed by the committee of management to assist in regulating previous practice.

"An evening's instruction will be given by the organising master to choirs enrolled for attendance on October 6th, at a charge of 5s. each, whether visited separately, or in joint practice, with a payment in addition of 5s. towards the expense of his journey to the place visited. Where convenient, the attendance of contiguous choirs in joint practice may be advisable.

"On account of the near approach of the Festival, it is very desirable that no further time should be lost in communicating with Mr. Mathews on his previous attendance at choir meetings, where his presence is wished.

"**MORNING.** *Tallis's Responses.*

*Venite*.... Humphreys (single.)

*Psalms*.... Morley (double.)

*Te Deum* } Rogers in D.

*Jubilate* }

*Anthem*..... 'Cry aloud'..... Croft.

*Introit*.. 17th Portion of Psalm 119, Purcell (single.)

*Kyrie*.... Tallis. First four Commandments.

Rogers in D. Six last.

*Creed*.... Rogers in D.

*Old 100th Psalm.*

*Tersanctus*..... } Tallis in D.

*Gloria in Excelsis* }

"**EVENING.** *Tallis's Responses.*

*Psalms*.. 32 (min.), 33, 34 (maj.).. Alcock (single.)

*Magnificat* } Rogers in D.

*Nunc dimittis* }

*Anthem*.. 'Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem'.. Hayes.

"The attention of choirs is requested, in the first instance, to those portions of the foregoing music, the notice of which is printed in italics, that those parts *at least* may be undertaken by *all* present.

"The whole of any choir—or, if preferred, a part only—may be enrolled for attendance at Lichfield.

"*August 12th, 1857.*

*Prices reduced for the choirs only.*

	Each Part.	Score.
Rogers' Service .. .. .	5d.	2s. 4d.
Tallis' Responses .. .. .	2d.	2d.
Psalms for day, with Venite, Introit, } and Old 100th Psalm }	2d.	2d.
Croft's 'Cry aloud' .. .. .	1½d.	8d.
Hayes' 'Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem' }	2d.	1s.
Tallis's Tersanctus and Gloria in Excelsis }	—	2d.

Copies of the above may be had by enclosing Post Office Order, or Stamps accordingly, (with addition for postage,) to Mr. Mathews, Cotes Hall, Stone.

"It is suggested that, in the several Parishes, the Choirs should, at their preparatory practisings, adopt a fixed order of entering, taking places, singing, and retiring, in accordance with that which will be observed at LICHFIELD, on October 6th, as follows:—

## CANTORIS.

Tenor. Bass. Alto.  
Trebles (in front.)

West to East.

## DECANI.

Alto. Bass. Tenor.  
Trebles (in front.)

'Can.' in Music { Let the two sides  
Copies—to be sung in each Choir be  
by this side only. balanced as nearly  
as possible in power. } 'Dec.' in Music  
Copies—to be sung  
by this side only.

'Full'—by both sides combined.

'Verse'—by the Cathedral Choir alone.

"The Organ will give out the Bass of the first strain of the Chant to the Venite; and upon this the Cathedral Choir alone will, unaccompanied, intone the words as far the first colon 'O come let us sing unto the LORD:' which done, the entire mass of voice, accompanied by the Organ, will take up the chant from the words 'Let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation,' and proceed, alternate sides, to the GLORIA PATRI, which in all cases will be sung in the major key. The same method will be followed in opening the Morning and Evening Psalms, and in the use of the Introit Psalm.

"From the necessarily extended line of singers, great care must be taken, at each repeat of the Chant, that none begin before the Organ, and it will be observed that every Rest, upon the accented part of the bar, will be struck on the Organ. The Choirs to be kept fully up to the time.

"The above regulations apply only to the Males of each Choir, but the attention of all persons to the alternate nature of the Music is requested."

## The Cabinet.

**CHARITY.**—I will tell you why charity seems to be signified by the oil. The Apostle says, "I show unto you a way above the rest. Though I speak with the tongue of men, and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." This, i.e. charity, is that way above the rest, which is with good reason signified by the oil. For oil swims above all liquids. Pour in water, and pour in oil upon it, and the oil will swim above. Pour in oil, pour in water upon it, the oil will swim above. If you keep the usual order, it will be uppermost; if you change the order it will still be uppermost; charity never faileth.—*S. Augustine.*

**STUDIES AND BOOKS.**—Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament is in discourse; and for ability is in the judgment and disposition of business, for expert men can execute and perhaps judge of business one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humour of a scholar; they perfect nature, and are perfected by experience—for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty wise men condemn studies; simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested; i.e. some books are to be read only in parts, others to be read but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly and with diligence and attention. . . . Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man; and therefore if a man write little, he had need have a great memory: if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not.—*Lord Bacon.*

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## Notices to Correspondents.

**CATHOLICUS.**—The only Church by the name you mention, was the one at Torquay, of which Mr. Gladstone was the minister when he separated from the Church.

**ANGLICAN.**—We must recommend you the excellent work by Mr. Carter, of Clewer, on the Priesthood, wherein he enters most thoroughly into the question.

**REV. G. HUNTINGTON.**—Received with thanks.

**MANCHESTER EXHIBITION.**—Too late for this Number.

THE

# Churchman's Companion.

PART CXXX. VOL. XXII.]

[OCTOBER, 1857.]

## MILTON'S BOUVERIE; OR, RETRIBUTION.

### CHAPTER I.

" Thus in the morn of life our feet  
Would distant pathways find ;  
The sun still face to face we meet—  
The shadow falls behind !"

" HURRY, Herrie, hurry, there is not a moment to lose, the carriage is at the door—come."

The gentleman's brusque and business-like tone contrasted strongly with the sweet and rather mournful voice of the next speaker.

" Is nothing forgotten, dearest ? farewell, write very soon."

These last were her mother's parting words, to which the daughter's full heart could only reply by the long fond embrace. A kiss from all the younger ones who crowded round, and then pushing blindly through the group of servants Hermione bounded from the top step of the portico into the carriage,—a feat for which in earlier days she had been so often lectured. Her father was already seated : a smile of surprise crossed his face at this concluding prank of his daughter, but he made no comment. The door was closed, and they were driven away.

Hermione did not cry, though her courage failed her, and she could not speak, while her father, only too glad to discern the slightest evidence of feeling, drew on his travelling cap, and occupied himself with his letters and the morning paper.

When they were ascending a steep hill, (the horses at a foot's pace,) she leaned out of the window for a last look at her home. There it stood: its tall graceful turrets and high white chimneys looming out above the arching trees which it had saucily outgrown. Herrie drank in that view with lingering eagerness, and, ere it was quite obscured, a young man dressed in a loose light summer suit of grey, sprang to her side. Neither of them spoke; he pressed her hand to his lips, then leaving with her a tiny packet drew back and went his way.

The seal of the last letter was broken; each column of the "Times" quickly read through, for it was summer when parliament was scattered in any and every cool recruiting corner of the continent; there were no debates, and little else is interesting enough to engross an English lawyer,

"Look, Herrie! how your bouquet is fading," he exclaimed, taking her flowers from the opposite seat where the morning sun already began to scorch cruelly. "Look, why all will have perished before you reach London even," and he untied the ribbon, and took them out of the thin lace paper wherein they were fancifully and elegantly arranged.

"Ho! ho! flaunting and fair in externals, but—but absolutely cypress for the rear guard: this is the floral illustration you intend to carry with you, I imagine."

"Don't maltreat them, papa, Essie and Maggie arranged them for me."

"But they are withering as fast as possible, child."

"They must have withered in their natural course; I would rather take them, though it might hasten the period of their fading a little."

"Very good, my young lady, and so in fact it becomes quite a case in point—"

"Papa," interrupted Hermione, in the same stoical tone as with trembling fingers she bound up her bouquet again. "Papa, we are coming so near London, and I would rather say good-bye to your home face, than to the gown and wig countenance that always bows at a 'case in point.'"

"I am fain to humour you, my daughter," replied the

barrister, settling an expression of perfect domestic affection on his small studious face. "Anticipation and experience stand in opposite scales; there, you may think differently some time, when the day dream you are cherishing shall have passed into simple reality, and you have learned by constant intercourse with them that this delightful class of men are after all, only men."

"I want to prove them for myself: and not to take their characters on trust."

"Be it so then. You are young enough, but the world is fast; every movement in these days is *accele-rando*; and my foolish little daughter ventures with the many upon the 'hurries of life' precipitately."

"I thought you were glad for me to go: you suggested it, or at least made no objection—" and the first rose was fast disappearing: it might have been Hermione's breakfast.

"I will answer your question with another," replied her father, "have you been happy at home?"

She paused a moment, then with heightened colour she looked boldly into her father's inquiring eyes, and said in a shamed though truthful tone, "I meant—I tried to be so—but I was not."

"You failed, Hermione, you disappointed us very much; for this it is better that you should go."

It was a grave ungirlish face that turned aside at the end of this sentence, but she made no reply, and they drove on rapidly towards the Paddington terminus: the din and rattle of other vehicles hurrying along before and behind, passing and repassing, would have drowned a stentor's voice; and the gentleman's newspaper was again his resource, while his companion leaned dreamily back in her seat and meditated, with her eyes shut to the present, the past and future picturing themselves to her busy mind. In the wide world lay her future, that broad track which few tread uninjured by contagion or influence—the past was in her early home from which she had become a voluntary exile at eighteen.

To be a heroine, different from, and superior to those immediately about her was her life's purpose; but

the foundations on which the superstructure was reared were laid in the sands, and the heavy waters and cold winds soon beat over the child castle, and by and by the gay fabric dissolved, and left nought but a stern desolate landmark alike a warning and a history. One solitary doubt that her present step was imprudent, that this renunciation of her home was made in all blind self-confidence, or that as its penalty would come early sorrows which a lifetime would not cancel—one such thought crossed not her mind.

The station at length was reached. The luggage was consigned to a porter's keeping, and they wandered leisurely over the broad platform till it should be time to say farewell. For some time they paced up and down in silence, for something knocked heavily at her father's heart that Hermione did not take into account : something that made him quiet and nervous as the fingers on the broad dial pointed momentarily towards the hour of departure of her who had been, nay still was more than she had guessed most precious ; and he looked into other faces, or watched the various groups of people, because to look at her or into his own heart, was more than he could just now trust himself to do.

"I suppose you may know Mr. Gray by sight, papa," said Hermione, assigning her own reason for his looking thus designedly about him.

"Yes, at least I met him at the chancellor's at dinner, some eight or ten years ago when he had his living given him."

At this moment the first bell sounded and warned the majority of the passengers to get seated.

"If Mr. Gray should not appear presently how am I to manage?" she inquired.

"Ay! how indeed, child, I could not go with you; I suppose you will trust to *your friend*?"

There was cold sarcasm in the tone, and a teasing smile upon the face, evidently well understood and disliked by Hermione; but almost as the words were said, a man gigantically tall and shadowy looking approached, and putting a card, the Rev. Aldwin Gray, into the barrister's hand, begged hurriedly to be introduced to Miss Murray.

He and Miss Murray in the course of that stiff distant bow had time respectively to read each other to a certain extent ; neither apparently, but both surely, both making their own inward comment almost in a word ; lofty and out of common reach, thought Hermione of her new guardian : he turned upon his heel to look after their luggage telling himself there was but one word written upon her curled lip, and he interpreted it "vixen." Short space was left the father and daughter to say farewell, yet in that second of time Hermione's strong will almost failed her ; the quivering lip that kissed her, the moistened eye that looked its last, ought to have whispered that it was no light plaything which she cast aside with that farewell.

"Good-bye, may you be happy and not disappointed : even now it is not too late, if you relent go back with me ; to-morrow there will be no recall for you."

Hermione's gay smile was forced, for the stranger came back and took his place in the carriage, the second bell sounded, the fretted engine answered the signal with puff and scream, and Hermione Murray was whirled away.

The division of the carriage into which they entered was entirely left to them. A deaf old gentleman with a small grandson occupied the other compartment : the said small boy was a most woful fidget, and for a long time had no better resources than his grandpapa's hat, coat tails, and umbrella ; but suddenly spying Hermione's precious bouquet he made free to dash through and obtain it : she had been somewhere in Dreamland and started up in a fit of impatient anger. "Get back, you mischievous imp," she exclaimed, and in another second the glass was up, and the curtain drawn between them.

"You do not like children," said her companion, amused at her very prompt act.

"I hate them," was her reply ; "they make mischief, and break the peace every day."

"My house is full of children," returned Mr. Gray drily, "ten times as many and as tricky as that solitary infant whom you have banished."



Hermione left the subject: she became all at once engrossed with the scenery through which they were hurrying, and after leaning from the window for some time vainly trying to make her eye glass tell, she inquired of her companion, "Is not that Windsor?"

"That is Windsor; do you know it?"

"Yes, indeed I do," and her eyes fastened on it in the distance. "I do believe," she continued in a sort of soliloquy, "I do indeed, that human nature is going downward in the scale; how we are degenerated from the bygone ages! I am tired of it all!"

"People are more given to sentiment, or rather to the affectation of it now than then. The gallant Philippa might have moralised as you do; you have no reason to assert to the contrary."

"Life had an object for her; she was not disgusted with it as I am: she never wished herself a moth or caterpillar?"

On the strength of Hermione's wish she began delicately devouring a beautiful Bourbon Queen.

Amusement and amazement both sat in Mr. Gray's countenance as she delivered her speech. "Unfortunately we have passed Hanwell, Miss Murray."

"Or you would drop me there? that is another subject for coveting, for the inhabitants of that retreat have no responsibilities of conscience."

Again Mr. Gray smiled, held his pamphlet closer to his face, and looked less at it, and more frequently over it, while Hermione pulled her roses one by one to pieces, and ate them with all the fastidiousness of an epicure or a botanist.

Conversation was not resumed till after they had changed carriages at Swindon, and then Hermione's grave ungirlish look vanished, and she talked lightly and rapidly, and at times childishly,—of her home, and early days, and even of that morning's parting.

Mr. Gray had much to unravel in the new soul added to his charge. He asked her how she would reconcile herself to their still life after the grandeur and gaiety of her first season. "You will miss your sisters very much," he said, "I have no girls for you, we do not go

much into society, and see and hear so little that is going on in the world that England might become a republic for an age before the news reached us."

"My sisters are all still in the schoolroom; they have never been my companions: I can be very happy here if you will let me."

"Happiness depends far less on others than on ourselves," returned Mr. Gray, "perhaps it has been your mistake to seek it instead of making it in your own daily actions?"

Hermione thought her companion had no right to jump at conclusions so prematurely, and expressed as much by her looks.

"I suppose people are sent into the world to contribute to each other's happiness," she said.

"Not merely that, but to prepare themselves individually for their own in another."

Hermione had no relish for a sermon at this moment, and took no pains to conceal her dislike.

At a small unpretending looking station beyond Gloucester they left the train: a great old fashioned rickety carriage awaited them; it was drawn by two stiff-legged cartish looking horses, and under the conduct of a sleepy looking servant in shabby semi-livery.

Miss Murray hesitated, wondering rather how six feet odd meant to accommodate itself in that cramped last-century equipage, and whether she should venture her own valuable person therein at all, she asked coolly if it were more than a walk from this to Milton.

"Not quite eleven miles; do you prefer to drive?" was the reply.

She stepped in with the stately air of one who knew St. James's well. Mr. Gray followed her, the clumsy door creaked, the steeds set forward with a jerk and a plunge, and now they were on their way to Milton.

The evening drive was mild and beautiful: high in the dim distance the Malvern hills reflected the rich hues of the descending sun, the far Welch hills in bold and varied ranges in front, and the old cathedral town gradually disappearing behind. For full two years France and Italy had been familiar to the young traveller, but this

was altogether new, and she drank it in with a genuine satisfaction that really rejoiced her companion.

"Oh, this will do," she said, "so wild and rugged and easy, and I shall climb with your little boys, and your peasant children, upon the sides of those dark rocks."

"Yet how soon will you get weary, and vote even these humble specimens of humanity plagues and pests?"

"I hope to stay here a year, at all events; and if you are a good guardian, and I grow dutiful and tractable, it may be longer."

"We shall see presently: meantime, Miss Murray, I must give you some counsel. Do not let appearances lead you to judge hastily; and again, if ever you have any difficulty or trouble, come to me, and I will advise and help you."

A clergyman! one of whom she had read in books, and pictured in her dreams as a race superior, but of whom by personal intercourse she knew nothing; he had offered her this long-coveted privilege: by it she thought herself blessed above all her family.

For the first two days Hermione began assiduously to seek her level in the sphere in which she was now to move; but this was not altogether easy. She was likely to see but little of Mr. Gray from the early breakfast until the late dinner: he had a thinly-populated, but very scattered parish: his three eldest boys occupied him with their studies all the morning, and the schools and the far-off hamlets made his day's work a laborious one: the evenings were the golden hours at Milton.

Mrs. Gray was an exact contrast to her husband,—small, fair, and round, the very impersonation of the still life Aldwin Gray had predicted for Hermione Murray. She talked but little, and much of that little was a murmured dissatisfaction over some circumstance or event which no one could alter. Household arrangements appeared sadly in disorder, and even Hermione, who had never in any way mixed in domestic cares, sighed for her uninteresting hostess, and listened civilly to her long round of complaint. Something had evidently soured her; and Hermione, who piqued herself on being some-

what of a physiognomist, gave herself a secret study in the discovery of this something. On her face it was written either as a hidden sorrow or a deep disgust.

She seemed to have too little warmth of heart for it to have arisen in her own family, and in her loud rough sons who kissed her cold unanswering lips at bedtime, a mother's fullest pride might centre. Months, not a few days, sufficed to divulge the secret, that Aldwin Gray had taken himself a wife out of his own proper sphere, had set her up to be the idol of his enthusiastic love, to be a star among the fair ones of a rank strange and ever uncongenial: the experiment was hazardous, and Ellen Gray was its sacrifice. She belonged to a worthy and wealthy family, but moved in a different class of life to that in which by birthright he had mixed.

Mrs. Gray was older by some four years than her husband: and by an admirer of statuary beauty might have been deemed its perfection. Her face was of the clearest whiteness, and of an oval cast: her features regular and classic, dark dreamy eyes, and a low falling forehead from which the fair wavy hair was folded closely down her face. She was a beautiful image, and the plain, rich style of dress harmonized with the faultless taste in which she might have been moulded. Such was the only female companion Hermione was likely to possess at Milton.

She had a mind wherein common sense was a natural gift, but it was seldom brought into practical application: she was clever, and would have been more so had she been less opinionated, but lacking all the refinement and accomplishment of women of Hermione's class and day, she was a perpetual riddle, and seldom rightly solved.

Never was a month of such thorough discomfort as that first month at Milton: the house, after her own great rambling mansion at Clavermere, was small and stifling: vociferous and screaming children annoyed her within doors, while without, she found herself stumbling over hobby horses, her parasol torn from her hand, or little fingers left their impress on the delicate tints of her muslin dress.

Most girls of her age would have felt these and similar

worries a great provocation, but to one who had never known such horrors, it was the acme of wretchedness.

Yet no home letter bore the veriest shadow of complaint, for Hermione's great sin was pride; and rather than acknowledge that she had tried and failed once in her efforts, she would have borne slavery and irons. Of the true meaning of those words, "Love, honour, and succour my father and mother," she had to learn hereafter; and "To do my duty in that state of life to which I am called," was made the motto of a false theory, not easily nor soon overthrown; and thus, uncertain in every point of character except self-will and candour, Hermione came to vegetate, to hide awhile the bloom of her youth in the outlandish wilds of Milton's Bouverie.

What such a distinguée looking girl had to do in her present circle was a riddle to the curious in the neighbourhood; and Mrs. Gray refused more than one unusual and most courteous dinner invitation shortly after Hermione's arrival, because she did not feel inclined to undergo any examination upon the matter.

At the end of the month, however, by her own request, her harp and books, and her own beautiful horse were sent to her at Milton, and the trusty old servant under whose escort they were forwarded, astonished his lady and the young ladies with the revelations he made on his return to Clavermere.

"I saw Miss Murray, indeed, my lady," he began, "but she was not doing just what you would expect to see of her: she had her arms full of a youngster about the size of Master Arthur, and two more a little bigger at her side, and they were driving cows to the milking." And having made his assertion, old Delmer betook himself to the servants' hall, to recount there the wonderful change effected in the young lady who had been thought a little too high for all the county.

"So, so, and we shall have a girl who can weed turnips and milk cows to support Ela's entrée the spring after next: we shall repent this rustication, I suspect," said Mr. Murray, on the evening after the servant's return from Milton.

Ela was the second daughter, and at school; and save

"The dinner is like papa's; but I think mamma has the same something with us all, and papa frowns as much as mamma 'can't afford' when we want to have Miss Harcourt back. In my mind, Essie, there is a storm gathering which I cannot foresee and made such speed as I could."

"Well, it is uncertain just now, Maggie, and I do not wonder much that she was glad to escape it; she was always the good and given up for me to understand."

"For mamma's sake and that is a thorough comfort," replied Maggie.

"But she is the papa's favourite, and dare never try what father might have done with ease. And oh! it will be a very bad and sad when she comes home, what may the mother expect that time? I quite tremble at the thought of it, and now mamma always says she is not so much changed. Do try and guess what it may be, Maggie."

"Look there, they have found it very hard to part with her, but do not believe they would be selfish enough to do it against her. By the by, Essie, Ruth is young in blood as mamma, and we are not to have another such a day more."

"That is a remarkably strong notion, though," said Julia, continuing, and coming up to her sisters with a look on her face. "that is is abominable of Horrie to think that any one can save my two long ears and make poor little Mamma to follow: I cannot pick up my own feet and then my own stockings, and I hate being taken that poor woman's measure."

"Mamma and Horrie would help us, and we ought to be in a state of mind: she did not think we ought to be a little more like her children are away."

"I am young enough," said Julia; "yet we have a knack of getting into their place without knowing: but I was not to reach an attitude of the back now in order that a strong man as mine present. I think now we would like it. Get off my back, please, you are smothering my shoulder bones."

"Julia was never more at: a remarkable change of

"Yes, because it is like papa's; but I think mamma has too much teaching with us all, and papa frowns so much and says 'can't afford' when we want to have Miss Hayward back: to my mind, Essie, there is a storm gathering, which Hermione foresaw and made such speed to avoid."

"Well, it is miserable just now, Maggie, and I do not wonder much that she was glad to escape it; she was always too grand and grown up for me to understand."

"We understand Ela, and that is a thorough comfort," returned Maggie.

"But Ela is not papa's favourite, and dare never try what Herrie might have done with ease. And oh! it will be a year and a half before Ela comes home, what may not happen before that time? I quite tremble at that hanging brow of papa's, and now mamma always wears such a sad and sombre visage. Do try and guess what it must all mean, Maggie?"

"Ruth thinks they have found it very hard to part with Hermione, but I do not believe they would be selfish enough to let it act against us. By the by, Essie, Ruth is going to Milton to Hermione, and we are not to have another maid in her place."

"That is a shamefully stingy notion, though," said Julia, overhearing, and coming up to her sisters with Arthur on her back, "and it is abominable of Herrie to steal the only four legs that can save my two long ones, and then order Ruth Maiben to follow: I cannot plait my own hair and darn my own stockings, and I hate being turned back upon nursery resources."

"Mamma said Mayse would help us, and we ought to learn to dress ourselves: she did not think we ought to have a maid now the two eldest are away."

"You preach famously, Essie," returned Julia; "your stiff corkscrews have a knack of getting into their places without trouble; but if you had to reach an altitude of five feet five to make such a shaggy mane as mine presentable, I doubt how you would like it. Get off my back, Arthur, you are cracking my shoulder bones."

Julia was twelve years old; a remarkable mélange of

oddity and humour: a tyrannising opinionated air often veiled a generous and unexpected spring of thought and action. She was somewhat headstrong, and discourteous to her elders; she had a supreme contempt for Hermione, and through her for all eldest sisters whatsoever. No festival in Julia's calendar ever received such honoured observance as the day Herrie left home: she sang, and whistled herself hoarse with every tune her sister had prohibited: burned effigies in miniature of her sister's mythological namesake, and celebrated her departure in the most notable manner, that neither Maggie nor Essie were sorry she should feel a little inconvenience as balance to all the joy and gratification.

They were all in the garden by this time, and Julia, now divested of her brother rider, had walked demurely to the end of a long straight walk with Maggie and Essie, and climbing a high green mound, she, as the tallest, peeped over the wall, and looked saucily down almost into the very faces of two young men in a boat, rowing hard and silently against the current. A lawn, sloping to a meadow thickly-planted with beech and walnut trees, terminated the river's bank. On the other side it was winding, and in places broad and picturesque. Just here it was deep and narrow, barges passed up and down once or twice a month, and occasionally small boats glided by, but it was very deep down on the other side of the wall, and the Clavermere children were not supposed to know of its existence there.

Julia sprang down again hastily and angrily: "It is that Brazilian basilisk just below: how I hate him."

"Is Tresilian really there?" said Maggie.

"You may see him with your own eyes in his boat down below, prowling about like a wolf. I hate him: he is a meally-faced Sylla;" and away she glided to romp again with the little children.

"I am sure mamma ought to be more strict with Julia," said Maggie, "she wants so much taming and watching; I have a good mind to tell mamma."

"I am afraid it would seem unkind," said Essie.

"Ela was quite right when she said mamma was clever and accomplished, but wanted system. Now Herrie



would have done us justice if she had but stayed at home just now."

There was a sigh. "Oh! Essie, if we were but like other people, if we might only do as others do."

"Never mind, don't be inconsistent, don't cry," said Essie, courageously, reviving her own spirits as her sister's drooped.

"It won't mend matters," answered Maggie, smiling through her tears, "we must put a stout heart and a brave will to everything." And added Essie, "we can stand by each other, and remember all that Ela told us. I am sure it was good, sure Ela will be the star of our house."

## CHAPTER II.

"Oh! weep for those who never knew  
The mother of our love;  
And shed thy tears for orphaned ones,  
Whom angels mourn above."

THE three Miss Murrays, now seniors at home, loitered into the breakfast-room at intervals after each other; punctuality was never a presiding deity at Clavermere. And with the morning kiss of their parents, the girls met also the uneasy expression on faces they had learned and conned by heart.

Letters and newspapers were the invariable accompaniments of the breakfast table, but it was a dull and listless meal: formerly, Hermione's fancied love of politics, and her ambition to be more conversant with the topics of the day than women in general, made her questions and comments very constant and lively; while Ela never allowed the good blithe spirit to evaporate before the day had well begun. Now it was very different, and for want of a more agreeable subject, Maggie made some allusion to the lessons they were expected to prepare for their mother.

"I cannot really get two pages of translation, mamma,

if I am to attend to Ellen's music: it takes up so much of my time.

"In any case your sister's music must be attended to," said the mamma; "and if you do not think Schiller worth an extra half-hour you must be the loser." It seemed little less than barbarous to change the merry dancing gleam of those blue eyes into such quick tears, yet flow they would, against all Essie's whispered "How inconsistent." "Essie must teach Gertrude, and Margaret Ellen, for I am going away with your papa this morning, and we may not be back again for a week."

"Glorious!" cried Julia, "and I may be my own pupil, and set myself no end of strict duties to be performed *ad libitum*."

"Silence, Julia, and listen to me if you please," said Mr. Murray. "We are going on a very troublesome business, and you are all old enough to be made acquainted with it. I am going to wage war with Longleigh; do not let me hear of one of you holding communication with any there: it is my command to you all, they are my enemies, and yours now. Ask old Ruth Maiben what a Murray means when he calls a man his enemy, and her story will make your ears tingle and your hearts throb; so would I do to one of you who turned traitor to me in this cause."

So seldom did the quiet little lawyer lay any kind of injunction on his many daughters, that they were not likely either to resist or forget this novel command. Maggie's tears flowed again and faster; Julia's flippant tongue was silenced by the inexorable decree; and Essie, who alone bore the order in her sober senses, was called to sew a button on her mother's glove, who played meanwhile with a locket miniature on her chain, sighed, looked mournful and said nothing.

The carriage came: Margaret received the keys for the first time. "Be very steady, you most especially, Julia, and take care of each other. Ruth will stay with you until we return, but you must begin to act upon your own resources."

Then followed a serious kiss; so unlike their mother's playful farewell, so unlike the sweeping stateliness with

which she usually started for a long journey, were her words and movements this morning.

Julia helped her father on with his loose over-coat, listening to his repeated admonition—"Mind now, none of you forget what I have said."

"Out of sight, out of mind," returned Julia, *sotto voce*, then aloud, as Mr. Murray went down the steps, "Your letters, papa, are they to be forwarded to Van Dieman's Land or the Scilly Isles?"

"To Lincoln's Inn, as usual. Drive on."

"Drive off," cried the chatterbox, running back from the portico to receive the expected expostulations of her sisters.

"Julia, how vulgar! and before the servants too. Did you see papa's knitted brow?"

"I should think so, without an eyeglass; but I verily believe they are gone upon some emigration scheme."

"Julia, you are rude, and stupid not to see when something serious is going on; I wish they would send you to school," said Essie, gravely.

"Get mamma over to your opinion then, and I am ready to take *congé* at once; only if they seriously mean to colonise the sixth quarter of the globe, I shall be more in request than either of you, and it will be more economical as well as agreeable to have me among you."

Margaret and Essie went to their apportioned tasks at once; and many a sigh for Ela's patient spirit, and many a murmur at the *dolce far niente* of Hermione's life, escaped audibly from both the sisters, and the mind that was in them was calculated rather to increase than to dissipate the presumed weight of their misfortune. A drudgery to which Hermione had not submitted, was to them the necessity of hearing two small sisters' lessons, and making their own way unaided in the paths of literature. Education of the mind had been a studiously neglected part of their daily advancement. One thing was lacking: the void was in the whole house, in the souls of all its members, had written itself everywhere, proclaiming loudly day and night that it was the secret source of every sorrow in the family circle.

Well might the two young sisters murmur and repine,

and long for that which others had to constitute their all of human happiness, which even in their young nurse Ruth they coveted without understanding.

There belonged to the whole family of the Murrays a sort of luxuriance of refinement: it was hereditary on both sides, fraught with a poetic temperament, such as only has its origin in southern climes. On the mother's side, at least, it had been nurtured half a lifetime in Italy: the room in which the girls sat now was a fair index of the taste of its possessor, though it was merely a morning or schoolroom. Models of all that is chaste and beautiful in Carara marble were the sculptured ornaments. The few pictures told that one having no coarse or superficial knowledge of art had selected them, each being in its proper light and character.

Books bespoke an acquaintance with the best poets of England, Italy, and Germany: all that could gratify the eye, or recall to the memory the richest masterpieces of human talent, were quietly, yet with unscrupulous taste collected in that little boudoir.

And the father and the mother? they journeyed forth in the same carriage, by the same road Hermione had gone a month before, but they did not talk of her. And as the horses slackened at the hill, they looked out,—looked back towards their home as she had done.

A few months had elapsed since George Murray had met nearly all his kindred at his father's death-bed: an old man whose long life of three-score years and ten had been characterised by strange vacillations, but who, nevertheless, had descended to his rest with a preponderance of honours and respect, rarely met with in a private station.

The law had been his calling, though for some years he had resigned practice since his son George had grown into high repute. But the law was by no means the profession of the family; turn which way you would among the portraits of their ancestors, it showed only a race of soldiers, and there was a tradition holding almost undue weight for the present day, that the house of Murray should never cease to prosper while the right hand of the eldest son in each generation bore the sword.

The camp had been the home of the Murrays since the

first of the name made himself notable, and this branch, distinct and scarcely now collateral, kept all the hereditary love and pride in the profession of arms. The eldest son in each successive generation had been a soldier : it came by inheritance ; no one doubting, that if the rule were to be broken, the house and name of Murray would be lost. Hermione's father was the second son. And he and James and Arthur, with their sisters Ellen and Margaret, stood round their father's bed to receive his last wishes, and some to invoke his departing blessing.

George was his favourite son ; to him he had entrusted the disposal of his property and the sole executorship of his will ; for his other children he cared comparatively little. James, his third son, had married an heiress, and Arthur, the literary representative of the family, was in the enjoyment of a comfortable fellowship at Cambridge ; while the sisters, the two youngest of the house, yet remained in maidenhood at home ; and two were wanting, — the eldest son and daughter.

And there the old man lay, in a nearly upright position, breathing heavily and rapidly, a smooth unwrinkled forehead, and, the real characteristic of a Murray, the full rich hazel eye ; the cheeks wore the pink flush of a waking infant, and the helpless hands grasped feebly at nothing. Oh ! it was a picture that should teach living men.

"Seven," he murmured, with an effort.

"Seventy, not seven," replied his wife.

"Children, I mean, not the days of my pilgrimage ;" and he frowned sternly, as if to make the group perfect and visible before his failing sight.

"All answer to your names," said the dying man. "Margaret," and the youngest came round between his bed and the window, and received his blessing : then Ellen, and so on to George. "Anne next," he said, with a quivering voice, but none responded : "Duncan ;" all was silent as the grave which contained his firstborn.

"Father, do you not remember he is gone before you ?" said Arthur ; "you are shortly going to him, to meet him in peace."

"There is another Duncan who yet lives to avenge his father. It is not for a Murray to forgive. He spoke

slowly at intervals, still grasping his son's hand with energy.

"But father, you die at peace and in forgiveness with all?" said Arthur, again.

"Let Duncan Murray avenge his father for the wrongs I have done him," was the answer, and his eyes sunk, while the convulsed wringing of his fingers told that the mortal combat was closing, that the last foe was near him whose dying word was vengeance.

He died: unblessed by holy words, unsoothed by spiritual comforters. So he died, though called by the world a good and righteous man.

Twice every Sunday, when in the country, he appeared in his state box in his parish Church, at the head of his family, and people looked on him with admiration and respect, as one of the county representatives, and an example to all of strict right principle.

And George Murray, M.P., did his duty in the strait and narrow limits of his own, ay, and of the general definition of the term. Soup, coals, and blankets were annually and liberally distributed among the poor tenants of his estate at Christmas, while his tongue was eloquent, and his head inventive of schemes for ameliorating the condition of the working classes, and raising the moral tone of the country.

Nor had he been forgetful of his own children: neither their education nor their worldly advancement had been neglected, but there was a spirit working malignantly through every member of the Murray family, that fierce and unchristian passion with which this man went to his account. It was the sin of revenge, a Murray never forgave. In the rude days of feud and strife the blood of brethren had been too often spilled, and the sullen fire smouldered still as though it could never be quite extinguished. Verily, the sins of the fathers were visited upon the third and fourth generation of children.

The M.P. was scarcely laid in his grave ere the engine of mischief was at work: there was no will!

High and low, in every nook and corner, in every crook and cranny of his country and his town house they sought and sought in vain. George Murray ransacked his small

study at Clavermere, and routed over his chambers at Lincoln's Inn, till his clerks began to whisper among themselves questions of the barrister's sanity, but the missing paper could not be brought to light. The bankers, lawyers, officials of every grade and stamp were interrogated, pleaded ignorance, and were dismissed. Never was much ado about anything so shorn of success as the hunting and seeking after the last will and testament of George Murray deceased.

Three months went by, during which family feuds ran high, and threatening misgivings as to such an instrument having ever existed, were mooted openly ; at the end of three months a will was produced ! Old, discoloured, dingy, and bearing date of at least twenty years prior to the testator's death. The barrister disdained to glance at it : the bare supposition of a Murray subverting the law to such an improbable production fired him with indignation ; the mere suggestion that his father might have destroyed a later will in favour of this, made him savage as a beast of prey. His brothers laughed at his threat of throwing the whole affair into Chancery, won their mother to co-operate with them, and forthwith obtained a probate of the will.

At first George Murray raved and stamped like a dragon : all natural and decent grief at his father's death was swallowed up in the impending storm, in the vengeance he meant to take for this outrage on his honour and his father's memory.

But James and Arthur talked contemptuously at him in his presence, asked each other the presumed value of a man's oath who set at nought the whole table of the Christian law, and played defiant scorn with things that teach of heaven and hereafter. There they had the vantage ground : George Murray folded his arms and strode to and fro in his father's sitting-room till his brows lowered to the likeness one of his own children had once made, of scraggy cliffs overhanging an agitated sea.

The Murray blood boiled : contentions even of childhood were remembered and brought up by these wretched men ; and their mother, who boasted neither family nor mind like her sons, countenanced the younger ones ; for

the resuscitated will was entirely in her favour, and did her best by insinuation to vilify the character of the elder one.

"And this is your resolution, then, I am to understand?" he said, in the last of their family parleys. "You go to-morrow to prove that paper as my father's will,—you know each of you that it is directly opposed to his death-bed wishes."

"Help us out of our difficulty, counsellor," said James. "You have irrefragable proofs that such is not our father's latest will; we have none: something must be done, and done at once; if you choose to stand out an obstinate stock, we shall certainly pass you over and carry the day."

"I am sure there never was a more peaceable man than your father," began the widow, in a kind of sobbing howl; "from beginning to end his life was calm and kind, and it is no Christian spirit that stirs up strife here almost before he is cold in his grave. Even Duncan's shameless end and Anne's misfortune were no sins of his."

"Silence, mother! withhold from this subject; if the ruin of our house were the sole amends for those sins, may it come to-morrow."

All her pathetic eloquence was lost upon George: his eyes were upon the pictures on either side of the fireplace; the one,—a portrait of that Lord Murray who had deserted with his father in the doubtful crisis of King James's cause, taken it was supposed when he was in England; the other, was his own grandfather: a stern, fine-faced warrior in full armour, holding the bridle rein of his war charger.

As a boy many a day George Murray had stood and conned those two pictures and listened to the tragic history associated with nearly every ancestor: brothers never had been brothers: and through all the chronicles of their ancient house nothing had so covered the many sins of this generation as the well kept peace at Longleigh in the life of the late Murray: but his departure was as a signal for the dispersion of that calm shadow, a stranger for centuries to that house, showing so plainly if men would but read rightly as they ran, that one may plant, another water; and neither is he that watereth or he that planteth anything. The



One all-standing Power had never been invoked: strong in all self-reliance and in the unquestioned influence he possessed over his sons, Murray had kept the check rein in his own hand mastering by arbitrary law the fierce impetuous spirits of nearly all his children.

"I won't hear that will," exclaimed George; "neither will I subscribe to it," he said, in no very gentle or respectful terms, "unless the right and legal document be produced, or its absence satisfactorily accounted for, I will take measures against you all."

"It is all a mere delusion," interrupted James, to pacify his alarmed mother.

"Then I am not to be deluded; I am prepared to swear to the existence of that will ten days before my father's death."

"He speaks as coolly of his poor father," said the widow, getting up another demonstration, "as coolly as though he were counsel for the crown in a case of forgery."

"And surely woman never illustrated a case more straight home in its bearings," replied her angry son.

"Eh! what, George! how do you accuse us of forgery? take care, or by our forefathers—"

"Hold! you couple of wrangling fools," broke in Arthur: "wives and families all at stake in the cause, while I a poor beggar of a bachelor with nothing but my brains and the world's due value of them to thrive upon am fully prepared to take matters as I find them."

"They are far more topside nethermost than you believe them," answered George, provoked at the absurdity of Arthur's speech.

"That I fully allow; but even my philanthropic temperament has no inclination to be guardian and trustee for the widows and children of a brace of murderous brothers."

A sudden revolt of feeling, a thought of what in another moment might have taken up a fresh link in the Cain and Abel warfare of that house rushed to George Murray's mind, but the sickening whiteness was noted by his mother and Arthur as a shrinking horror at the mere surmise of sacrifice.

"Will you be pleased to pursue a search, or allow me to investigate further, before you carry that instrument to be qualified?" he asked, biting his lips, and striding as before down the room.

The trio looked each at the other to answer: James spoke first. "The delay is futile, as I said before, my father's memory demands this step."

"Then—" and an oath half formed in his throat was choked away,—"then I do not set foot across this threshold again until I have avenged them all—until—" the short defiant laugh of contempt from James incensed him, "until I bring the pauper child to rule in Longleigh—there were other witnesses besides ourselves at my father's death bed."

He seized some papers of his which lay on the table, withdrew from the proffered hand of Arthur, saw his mother getting up her very strongest hysterics and left the room. He stamped along the echoing hall and out by a side door to the stable. "Get me my horse," he said, in a tone so stifled and surly, that old Dobbs the coachman looked up with a stare of wonder, and touching his grizzled forehead replied, "I'll bring him round, sir."

"No, I shall mount here," and he hastened on into the great court where as a boy in all seasons he had played and stormed. One high narrow barred window was opened at that moment, and his resolute step was arrested: he turned, and descending an area he posted through two or three underground passages, knocking over an alarmed laundry-maid on his way; then up a long back staircase until he reached a bare dismal gallery. The only door there opened by a spring from without, and admitted him to a strange presence, that of a tall haggard looking woman of perhaps nearly forty years of age. The table at which she sat was covered with paper, drawing-boards, and paints: she was at work at miniatures: some were exquisitely finished, some were rough sketches waiting to be worked up, and some distorted caricatures too painful for the eye to rest upon. As George Murray entered, she put down her pencils and thrust a packet into her bosom.

"Well, Anne, how d'ye do? seen much of the world lately?" he said in a would be off-hand tone.

A laugh significant of a sadly helpless mind was her greeting, and she strained his hand violently, saying,

"My hair is grey, but not with years,  
Nor grew it white in a single night."

"How d'ye do, George? I am glad to see you!"

"Poor injured soul!" said George: "I have come to say a long good-bye to you, Anne."

"You look as if you had been crying, and your hat is dressed; that is right, but they did not remember it once: even you, George, you wore no band or weepers then; it should have been, I think."

"I shall make that all right very soon, I hope," replied George, quietly, as the tall figure of his once boastfully beautiful sister drew up before him, fixing on him that deep strange look that appears to read more keenly into passing thoughts than the eye of reason and sense.

"You will make it all right: they used to say those very words years and years ago to me; but you, oh! brother, you were not given to weary me with promises for the mere pleasure of breaking them."

"Nor will I now, Anne. I am going away to-day, I shall not see you again until I can make you quite happy. I shall bring Duncan to you when I come again."

An incredulous smile lit up the faded countenance for an instant, and she drew him to her window. "It will not be here then, George;" she passed her hand over her forehead as if to sweep away from it the weight of earthly care and sorrow, "but it will be there, where the golden paths at night are laid down by the angels for those who are ready to go home. Every evening at sunset they are spread for some, and I think they are being brought nearer to me."

"Poor soul, I reverence your delusion," murmured her brother as he listened, "a faith for idiots and fools, but not for reasoning men."

"And it will be always spring-time there," she continued, bending down and whispering with the simplicity of a little child, "they call it a bright land very far off

where they neither marry nor are given in marriage; that is where I shall be quite happy, that is where we shall meet again."

"Do you never go out with Ruth to walk in the great court to take the air now? this is too bright a day for you to be a prisoner."

"I am busy," she said resignedly, looking round at her guarded window and well-closed door, "and I have found a new lesson which is very hard to learn, perhaps I shall repeat it to you the next time you come to me," she laid her hand significantly on her bosom where she had concealed the packet on his entrance; but George Murray observed nothing.

"I must go," he said, "I hear old Dobbs with my horse; good-bye."

"Good-bye, George," and the tears filled her large grey eyes, and the heavy shake of the hand was even more painful than the first. The loud spring of her prison clicked upon him as he hurried from the gallery down the rightful staircase into the hall.

His youngest brother was on the watch for him there; he followed him out to the stable-yard, saying, "George, are there no means of conciliating you, no compromise that will save this deadly break among us?"

"None: justice or revenge: you deny the one, I can command the other: good-morrow to you. When I ride hither again, I bring the heir of Longleigh to his rightful home."

"He comes of the old stock," muttered Dobbs; "there's no mistaking Mr. George's temper, and there's been a routing among them, I'll lay my life: God keep the peace now master is gone, for I don't know who else can."

The old man gave the two fat carriage horses the benefit of his opinion as he watched the barrister ride fast out of sight. "I've served them these fifty years," he went on, filling the high racks with hay, "and I have seen uncommon many ups and downs among them, but there is worse coming: the ravens never croaked in the chapel tower as they do now, without evil befalling this house."

## DARK HOURS.

"— The grasshopper shall be a burden."—*Eccles.* xii. 5.

"As long as suffering seems grievous to thee, and thou seekest to fly from it, so long will it be ill with thee, and the tribulation from which thou fliest will every where follow thee."—*Imitation of Christ.*

"As the body is cleansed by soap, so is the soul by sickness."—*Palladius.*

"My pilgrimage on earth may be perchance through devious ways,  
Where joy and sunshine scattereth but dim and transient rays;  
And wearied with the journey, in impatience or in pride,  
I often wish the pathway was a choice one and a wide;—  
And lightly clasp the Talisman, that ne'er was clasped in vain,  
To calm the heart's tumultuous throbs of anguish and of pain."

*The Talisman.*

THESE weaken'd eyes and feeble hands, LORD—I uplift to Thee—  
Owning this vain rebellious heart doth not improve Thy Way;  
But with impatient murmur craves from suffering to be free—  
Nor treasureth Thy Promise sure of strength to meet the day.

Rest weary eyes—shut out the light—O rest thee, throbbing heart—  
Rest weary foot on pilgrimage—he comforted in this—  
That in thy best and strongest hour the world hath not a part,  
In all thy love, and hope, and fear, nor yields thee woe nor bliss.

Yet look within, thou sinful heart—there is a world within—  
The soul's dominion furnished full of memories and pains—  
That yields thee hope and fear and love—a world of cherish'd sin—  
More dangerous and dominant than lighter worldly stains.

Throughout the long and lonesome hours of each succeeding day—  
The pining of the heart will come for lov'd ones to be nigh:  
But we must strive to school the heart;—more time have we to  
pray;—  
Repine we in our darkness lone—when we alone must die?

So rest pained eyes—so fold weak hands—that in the last dread hour—  
Thou may'st discern amid the gloom a Radiant Shadow bending—  
When through the sin and memory and struggles which o'erpower—  
That Form Divine may light the gloom—all other lights tran-  
scending.

## PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF BASIL MORTON.

### CHAPTER IV.

WE had now a strange and wondrous sight spread out for our pleasure, if mere sight-seeing could engage us. On a spot of land running out into the sea, and guarding the mouth of a sluggish stream, was perched the town, half Indian, half Dutch. Everything reminded us we were now in a land where the fierce glare of the sun made the air to resemble the hot blast from an oven newly opened, and yet every moment we were dragged back to the land of swamps and canals, and a cold, damp atmosphere. Though in truth the buildings were low, and the roofs jutted out farther than they would in Europe, yet otherwise the houses as near as might be were made after the patterns seen in Delf or Rotterdam: real, enduring, Dutch-built habitations. The view in the harbour, however, was wholly Asiatic. We were the only strangers there, all else were natives. On all hands were seen junks and prows, and light canoes, and vessels with every kind of novel sail, swarming with men nearly naked, and yet all wearing some one or other distinctive mark of their country, and alas! many having stamped upon their foreheads the superscription of their false God.

On one side of the harbour, and immediately opposite to the town, compact lines of huge forest trees springing out of a thick and impenetrable mass of creepers and shrubs, which in other lands would be themselves deemed trees, edged the banks of the stream, and dipped their large knotted branches in the water, even so that shell-fish, as we noted, clung to the boughs; whilst with their broad leaves they screened a Hindoo village so completely that it was only where a casual opening made by the fall of some tree or another happened, that we could catch a glimpse of a confused heap of huts cane-built, and reed-covered, and each surrounded with a patch of garden ground, that made the country appear one flower-bed,

with a hedge of giant trees; or like to a flower-piece in a cumbrous wood frame.

We admired so much the quietness of this spot, that having been for a long while on shipboard, we desired greatly to land at this village, but were deterred by the fear of the master of our vessel, who, as we perceived, after some communication had from the shore, seemed greatly to fear trouble to himself from our presence, and endeavoured to keep us from the observation of the officer of the factory who came on board. Indeed it was not long before good Nicholas Brandt opened to us the danger the master was in from our presence, and made us acquainted with a law in use in these parts, restraining the seamen from any succour or intercourse with either English or Portuguese, whom the Hollanders treated as intruders and rivals in the trade of their countries; although in truth both these nations had earlier adventured into these seas than the ships of the United Provinces.

We were told indeed of the public thanks and a reward given to the master of one of their vessels, who, when an English ship within sight was in great distress, and making signals for help, refused to permit of any being granted by his crew, and allowed the other vessel to sink without any attempt at succour.

So greatly doth the cursed lust of gain and love of money, which is the root of all evil, dry up and make barren the heart of man. We were thankful indeed that we had not lighted upon such hardhearted men, and had not been left to perish in the English Channel when our boat was damaged. But now, with all this, we were sorry to find that this charity rendered to us was a cause of dread, and might become of damage to the master of our ship. And earnestly we besought him to devise some plan by which we might depart before he arrived at the port to which he was bound. After a stay in this place of four days, during which time we took on board some fresh water and provisions, we weighed anchor; and with the land on our left hand, stood to the southward, in order to reach the Bay of Bengal, to which part our vessel was bound.

As we neared the Isle of Ceylon, a large native vessel

which had just passed through the channel lying between the island and continent of India, came alongside our ship for assistance to enable them to lift their mast, which together with the sail, had been snapt in a furious hurricane, which had been encountered when near Cape Comorin. As this prow was engaged in the trade between Angeer in Java and India, and we were assured that a vessel could easily be met with in Angeer proceeding to any part of the Indian islands we might be recommended to; we were induced to take our passage to that place; and to the satisfaction of the master, who had so kindly treated us, we were in a short time safely shipped on board this vessel. The master we found to be a Javanese, the son of a Hollander, but his mother a native of Java. Whilst the person to whom the lading of the vessel belonged, and who was taking his passage in her, was a German long resident in these parts. The crew, however, except in these instances, was wholly made up of seamen of Java, of China, and two from the island of Celebes.

We parted with great sorrow from all our friends, whom, having rescued us from death, we had come mightily to love; but especially was our sorrow deep at parting from our friend good Master Nicholas Brandt, with whom in the sight of the whole crew we knelt together with the Danish Colonel, and entreated God's abiding blessing upon each other: joining together afterwards in one solemn service; and then sorrowing that we should see each other's face no more, with many tears we departed to our new ark. In truth, although I shall be thought womanly to confess it, yet never have I in journeying met with any agreeable fellow-traveller with whom I have joined in happy conversation for a day or two perchance, and so grown to feel pleasure in his company, never have I parted from such an one without feeling dreary and sad at the thought that we should not as was likely meet again in this life. This is to my mind one of the mischiefs of much travelling, that it renders a man accustomed to form and break off acquaintance daily, until he grows to have no settled hold upon his fellow-men, and his affections are capable of ready transfer from any old object to the favourite whim or pleasure of the moment.



Such an one must needs hang loose upon the world, and have fewer ties and bonds to keep him in virtue.

In a few days we were skimming along in that strait full of countless islands which floweth between Malacca and Sumatra, sailing, however, nearer to the latter; and though at this day I am no longer taken by the newness of such views, yet I have present to my mind even now, after the lapse of many years, the wondrous grandeur and beauty of the island, to our sight like an undivided forest where man never could have penetrated, and where as it seemed a death-like silence from his voice must for ever have reigned. Then also it was that we saw for the first time those marvellous cascades often met with in these seas, which pouring over the rocky wall three or four hundred feet high, fall into the sea. At times we neared them so as almost to feel the dashing of their spray: certainly to enjoy the coolness which they shed around. All this time we passed among shoals of fishing-boats and trading prows with the giant but uncouth junks from Japan and China. Whilst here and there were to be met with canoes and vessels, half native and half European, laden with the produce of Borneo, an immense island, of which we caught one glimpse, for the supercargo of our vessel feared to allow of our passing through the strait between Banka and Sumatra, because of the fleet of the Sultan of Acheen, said to be at anchor there.

We therefore kept this first-named island on our right hand, and by so doing obtained, as I have said, a view of the coast of Borneo, far away in the distance. At length we came within sight of Angeer, and now we discovered that a like risk and danger to that encountered by our former master was run by our present. That in short, it would be, as we feared, as little permitted us to land in Angeer as in India itself. However, it turned out better than our fears. We steered directly to Angeer, and anchored almost opposite the town, of which indeed we saw but little, save a fort thrown up to defend the Dutch factory; and at times glimpses—but only glimpses—of native houses, standing here like those I have before mentioned, behind thick rows of trees, and hidden from

our view by the closeness of the forest which extends everywhere as far as the eye can reach. As it was towards evening that we approached the town and cast anchor in the roads, we were not that night visited by the officers of the Dutch Government; most of the European inhabitants indeed, retiring from the town during the night, because of the great unhealthiness of the place at such time.

As the master clearly feared for the consequences to himself should the vessel be examined before we had departed from it, we resolved to land immediately.

Our goods, by the advice of the supercargo, were all of them addressed to the care of a merchant in the town for whom we had letters from Master Brandt, with the promise that they should be unshipped at break of day. As to ourselves we put off from the prow an hour after coming to anchor, and under the guidance of a seaman, were speedily at the house of the merchant; and although we found him not at his abode,—for he spent the night at a distance from the town,—yet were we welcomed and tended by the native woman who had the care of the house and offices. Here we made our lodgings,—sleeping on dry land for the first time for many months,—and in the morning were introduced to our host. Master Philip Vander Kempt, to whose house we had thus been conducted, was a merchant from the neighbourhood of Utrecht, and of old a gossip of the father of Nicholas Brandt, but coming early to this country he had heaped together a large fortune, and was universally deemed a man of great wealth. This he employed in divers laudable ways, and had built two churches,—the one for the use of the Dutch at Acheen, and the other for such natives of Java as might be drawn to embrace Christianity. Being however of the Remonstrant party, and the only person of station that we met with in these parts holding the doctrine of Arminius, he was unable to effect much in this way, being here, as we noted, as much an object of distrust and dislike to the Calvinians because of his creed, as he was respected and submitted to by them for his wealth's sake. He was low of stature, and although the unwholesome heat of the climate had given

to him an unusually grave and melancholy appearance, yet by dint of fixing his country house hard by a stream, and nourishing some stagnant pools, and building more-over his house in the fashion of the Hollanders, he seemed to live happily and contented in this place. His wife like himself was a native of Europe, and from the province of Friesland; and when amongst their family of three daughters and one son, we seemed for awhile to be again sharing in European society.

The letters we delivered to him from Nicholas Brandt ensured us a kind reception, though as we were assured the hospitality of Master Vander Kempt was ready at all times to be yielded to the wants of his countrymen, or the needs of his fellow Christians. When we had time for private conference with him as to our object, we soon perceived that in escaping from India we had only done so to enable us to escape for a second time from Angeer, and that the fears and jealousies of the Dutch would be exerted to prevent our doing so.

This was indeed ill news to us; but as we found in our host one willing heartily to favour our views, we were desirous to trust ourselves entirely in his hands. By his advice we resolved that as early as possible, before the authorities should be ready to prevent us, we should embark on board a native vessel for one of the islands lying to the south and east of Angeer. And this early departure we deemed the more necessary, because we perceived after being here only one day that we were watched by a Dutch officer who came frequently on divers errands to the house of Philip Vander Kempt; and this we knew for a certainty that if the Governor were once assured of our wish to depart to some island on these seas, he would speedily hinder this our intention, and that lest by any means we should share in the trade of these parts.

To avoid then being forced to reside all our lives in this island, or to be sent back to Europe, it was needful that we should quit the place before news could be carried to Batavia, which is reckoned the chief city of the Dutch in these parts, and the abode of the Governor. Since we were well assured that if Anthony Van Diemen heard of our being at Angeer, no desire of ours would be listened

to; and that as he had already gained a character for sternness towards his own countrymen, so we should experience the full force of his severity, when urged by jealousy of the English and the love of his country.

Having then by the advice and assistance of our host sent forward our luggage to his country house as though we would remain for a length of time in this country, we departed to take up our abode with his family at that place for a day or two, meanwhile that he should make inquiries respecting a prow which was expected shortly to sail to Celebes,—calling at different other islands on its passage. Having met with one owned by a native of Java, but directed by an inhabitant of Borneo, with him we agreed for a passage, and settled that we should embark after the vessel had left the harbour. Before sunset the prow dropped gently out of the reach of the fort; and having been examined, as is wont, by some soldiers, chiefly to see whether there were any deserters from the garrison on board, the prow stood at first out to sea, but suddenly altering her course, again approached the land, and it being now quite dark, ascended the little stream, near to which the country house of Master Vander Kempt was situated, and cast anchor about three miles from its mouth, in the midst of a thicket of pine and cocoa nut trees which hung over the water and would have totally screened them from notice even during the daytime. We on our part, as had been agreed, leaving the family soon after sunset proceeded along a narrow canal running parallel with and hard by the banks of a shallow stream for more than a mile until it fell into the river where the prow had anchored; and here having before sent our goods two hours before midnight we arrived in safety,—bearing with us diverse seeds fit for the climate and soil of these parts, together with such information upon their proper cultivation as we could learn during our very brief sojourn. After some time spent in getting on board our property, and after thanking our host for his great kindness and pains taken in our behalf, we bade him farewell,—but not until he had placed in our hands a small packet sealed with great care,

and bound by many folds, and which he clearly regarded as of great worth.

The past kindness of Master Philip did not permit of our putting him to pain by refusing to accept this present. We therefore took the packet, and he having commended us to the merciful protection of providence, we gave to him our priestly blessing, and he hastily departed. We now with all silence and haste dropped down the river; and when we had leisure for examination, we removed the many folds of the mysterious packet which our kind friend had forced upon us, and to our surprise found beneath four tulip bulbs and one of hyacinth,—one being intended as was evident from the number for each of us. It seemed truly to all a strange gift to make at such a time, and yet knowing the care and attention displayed by Master Vander Kempt towards his garden we doubted not that what he esteemed highly he thought most fitting to bestow upon us, and indeed they were welcome gifts. We planted them afterwards in our little garden, and never did we pass by our flower-bed and witness the well known blossoms of the tulip and hyacinth, which in short space abounded, without reading in their leaves as in an outspread book the history of our past deliverance from death, by the master of the Dutch Indiaman, our happy meeting, and profitable conversation with good Nicholas Brandt, and the after kindness of Master Philip Vander Kempt. These flowers, and it must be owned that they were choice roots and bore blossoms of rare and surpassing beauty, were a living tie which connected the past with the present, which by the remembrance of bygone mercies recalled every springtime at least to our memories, cheered us in any difficulty which afterwards surrounded us, and led to many a conversation awakening in us gratitude to God, and a sense of the kindness and goodness of our fellowmen.

Dropping then, as I have said before, silently and cautiously down the stream, now running out with a somewhat rapid current; we were not alarmed by the appearance of any danger until we had fairly left the mouth of the river and were standing seaward, when we were

hailed from a large boat at some distance, and not answering, for truly the master deemed it best on this occasion to be deaf, we were fired at, but happily without damage done; and our vessel being more swift than our disturber, we were soon out of reach of her shots, and indeed before long finding her inferiority in sailing to be great, she desisted from the useless pursuit, and left us to pass on our way.

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### THE EMIGRANTS.

MANY years have now passed away since I paid the visit to the great seaport town of H——, of which I am going to speak. It was at a period of great distress in the country, when from high prices, deficient employment, and other causes, multitudes were leaving their native shore to find homes in a foreign land. Several had gone from the village where I lived, and I went with them to see the last of them, and to give them my parting blessing. On the previous Sunday I had preached on the occasion. I spoke of a common FATHER Who could see His children wheresoever scattered over this wide world. I reminded them that the same Almighty wings would watch over them on the plains of Australia, or the forests of America which had been their protection here at home. I spoke of the Holy Catholic Church, into whose bosom they had been baptized, and of the blessed Communion of Saints, and I assured them that the same GOD Who protected the fugitive Jacob in his wanderings, was their GOD, and that if they continued faithful He would surely fulfil His Word, "Behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee, until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of."<sup>1</sup>

On that memorable day we took the Holy Communion

<sup>1</sup> Gen. xxviii. 15.

together for the last time, and a sad and solemn scene it was. Never shall I forget the long lingering looks these wanderers gave to their village homes—to the Church in which they had all their lives worshipped, as they set off on their journey on the morrow. Ah, how dear does everything seem to us when we are about to lose it.

But it was at the embarking that you could discern the most obvious tokens of grief. There many hundreds were collected. You might see some of them hurrying to the ships at the last moment, as if every minute spent in old England were dear to them. Parents were taking leave of their children, and children of their parents, brothers of their sisters, and sisters of their brothers. Several Priests were there, who had come like myself to give their parting blessing, and to offer up their prayers for members of their flocks, whom on earth they might never behold more. Many a rough hand was wrung, many a bitter tear was shed, and then the bells were sounded, the anchors were weighed, and the brave ships spread their canvass to the breeze. The spray dashed from their prows, and friends who strained their eyes for a last long look, saw them grow smaller and smaller, till they faded away, and became mere specks on the vast bosom of the deep.

I was one of those who went home with a heavy heart. As I passed the empty cottages lately tenanted by neighbours and parishioners, I could not help thinking that their country had been but an unnatural mother thus to cast away her children. Where, thought I, will the Church open her sheltering arms to receive those members of CHRIST? In many cases I knew but too well that no Sabbath bells break in on the stillness, to remind them of God's holy day, and that Christian England, rich as she is in material wealth, and commercial resources, allows her scattered sons to live, and alas! to die, with no Priest to receive them into the fellowship of CHRIST's religion, or to feed their souls with the bread of life, or to join their hands in holy matrimony, or to convey their dead to their last resting place. These things were in my thoughts, and I offered up my prayers that God would in mercy look upon the family which

He has redeemed with His Blood, and fetch back the wanderers, so that there be one fold and one Shepherd.

I was so impressed with the scenes I had witnessed, that I could not dismiss them from my mind. Still I fancied that I was by the docks and the assembled crowds; still I heard the roll of the mighty waters; still I saw the white sails of the receding ships. I tried to rouse myself, but in vain; I endeavoured to read, but to no purpose, so at length laying down my book, overcome with the useless struggle and with the fatigue of my journey, I gave myself up to the impressions, and was soon in a state of unconsciousness. I imagined myself to be still by the sea-side, the waves rolled before my feet; the heavens overhead looked changeable and somewhat threatening; clouds floated above and around, save where towards the distant horizon the sky seemed streaked with golden hues like a glorious sunset. Instead however, of three ships, (the number I had beheld,) hundreds seemed to be setting sail, unlike them in form, but resembling pictures I had seen of the old Roman galleys. Each barque had a flag at its prow, marked with a red cross, and before this strange navy sailed a gallant and stately galley, adorned with a still more conspicuous cross, discernible at a vast distance, and distinctly luminous at night. This was the pilot ship, and I learned that the safety of all depended on their keeping her in sight. They were all freighted, I understood, for a far distant country, and provided with a chart, a compass, and other requisites, but their safety, as they said, depended on their keeping the pilot ship in view.

I stood, as I thought, for some time, deeply interested in the fate of the galleys, for some, I found, after sailing for a while in a straight course, missed the track of the pilot ship, and were lost in fogs and mists, or borne down in shoals and eddies, or stranded on rocks. Others however, I was glad to see continued to keep the good ship in view, and though ever and anon, tossed and apparently in jeopardy from the waves, they still kept on in their straight course. As I was attentively contemplating the scene, a being whom I knew not, approached, and giving me a glass, directed me to look through it.



As I did so, I could discern everywhere certain objects, invisible save through the glass, which interfered with the safe sailing of the ships. Thus it appeared that there were hidden rocks amidst which they had to steer their course, and clouds and mists, whereby it was difficult to discern the luminous cross; and in such dangers it was the duty of the mariners to consult the chart which I too often found they neglected to do, and when they did so, I always noticed that the cross became less vivid, and at length vanished out of sight altogether.

Sometimes, after an attentive study of the chart, the straight course would be regained, but most often after a lengthened neglect, the ship could no more be seen; either, as I have said, they were enveloped in the clouds, or they were carried away by the eddies, or stranded on the hidden rocks. In other cases, they were gradually drawn towards a whirlpool, in which they were quickly swallowed up. I observed too, for the glass revealed objects very distinctly, that there were certain islands, inhabited by beautiful forms, who seemed like syrens of ancient fable, to exercise a baneful influence on the voyagers in decoying them to stay in their course. At first I thought that the barques might be stopping for some needful purpose, but I was soon undeceived, for when once they reached the island, I never beheld them more. I noticed further, that although all the galleys were much tossed by the waves, as I could see even with the naked eye, none were wrecked which kept the signal ship in view. I remarked too, that some were blown on quicksands, over the more distant parts of which floated a dense malaria, that seemed to stupify the senses of the mariners, so as to hinder their making the necessary exertions. Moreover, I observed through the glass, a multitude of winged beings, apparently of great power. Those around the galleys following the pilot ship, were very beautiful, and evidently exercised a salutary influence on them. Others were terrible to behold. Apparently they were under the control of some great sea king, at whose command they stirred up tempests, with the object of destroying the ships, or of alluring them into the mists and fogs, or to the rocks and shoals.

To my great satisfaction however, I observed that these evil beings had no power to harm the straight-sailing barques, for although they raised ever such fierce winds and storms, it only tended to fill their sails the more, and to make their course surer and quicker. Nothing it seemed to me could really endanger the galleys which kept the pilot ship in view, and whose masters and helmsmen consulted the chart, so as to avoid the hidden dangers, and nothing could give safety to those which neglected this plan.

After I had been observing these objects for some time, I felt great pity for those galleys which had lost the course of the pilot ship, for a fearful darkness spread over the place where they had been, dense fogs and mists gathered around, and they were lost to sight.

I was filled with wonder however, and admiration at what happened to the others, for directing my glass towards the point in the heavens where I had seen the light like the golden sunset, I saw a distant and beautiful haven, illuminated by a bright and brilliant glow, and beyond it a region, oh, of such surpassing beauty. A city like none I had ever beheld; groves and fair objects, like nothing I could ever have imagined; and here in this glorious flood of golden light, the galleys were lost to my observation.

At this moment, the being who had given me the glass approached, and asked me if I understood what I had beheld. On my asking for an explanation, he replied,

The voyagers are emigrants to the *country of immortality*.

The sea they have to sail over is the *ocean of life*.

The storms are the waves which always arise when blown by the *winds of adversity*. These winds were, as you saw, only detrimental to those galleys which were out of the track of the pilot ship. Their danger arises from their stranding the voyagers in the *quicksands of discontent*. The most dangerous part where you noticed the malaria arise, is called the *depths of despair*. If any one is once plunged there, there is no hope for him. The clouds and mists which you observed, were those of *doubt*.

The islands were the *islands of temptation*. The beings inhabiting them were the *passions and lusts*.

The beings assisting and impeding the voyagers were the *angels of light and darkness*.

The pilot ship was the good barque *Truth*.

The chart and compasses were the *Bible and the Church*.

The destruction and darkness in which the erring ships were involved, was the wreck of *eternal damnation*.

The part of the heavens which you saw illuminated, was the haven of *everlasting peace*. The city was the city which hath foundation, whose builder and maker is God.

No sooner had the angel, for such I was assured he was, explained these things, and I was about to thank him, when the whole scene faded from my sight. I found myself in my own study; the candle was burning low in its socket. I had evidently dozed off; before me was my book. The thoughts which had occupied my mind, and the scenes I had witnessed, were doubtless the cause of my dream.

G. H.

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### THE ITALIAN SCHOOL OF PAINTING.—III.

#### RAPHAEL SANZIO D'URBINO.

OF all celebrated painters, Raphael Sanzio deserves a place among the first painters of modern times. The birthplace of this great man was at Urbino, in the States of the Church. His family name was originally De Sancti or Santi, but afterwards it was changed by the Italians into Sanzio. The Sanzios had been anciently of Urbino—they had produced several painters, and Raphael was the fifth who had taken up the art of painting; he inherited it from his father, who was a tolerable painter. We are informed that the first playthings of Raphael's infancy were instruments used for painting.

His father, who perceived that his son was too clever to remain his pupil, placed him at an early age with Perugino, a celebrated artist of that time. Struck with the

wonderful talents which he perceived in his pupil, Perugino said that he would soon become his master. Raphael, indeed, imitated him with such precision, that it became in time impossible to distinguish the works of the pupil from those of the master.

Several years were passed by Raphael in the studio of Perugino, when by chance something happened which set him free, and made him leave his master. Certain affairs calling Perugino to Florence, gave our young painter the opportunity of making some excursions in the neighbourhood of Perouse. It was at the Citta di Castello that he executed some admirable pictures, in which it is impossible to help recognising the artist's hand. Lanzi relates that Raphael at the age of seventeen, painted the picture of San Nicolo da Tolentino agli Eremitani, and that but for the name of the author on it, it might be taken for a work of Perugino. In the same town he painted a picture for the church of S. Dominic, where our SAVIOUR is represented on the Cross, accompanied by the Virgin, S. John, and the Magdalen, and by angels, who receive the blood which flows from His hands. All these figures with the exception of the Virgin, might be considered worthy of Perugino.

On one occasion, he had written his name on the back of a Holy Family belonging to a nobleman at Fermo, where the Virgin is represented as raising with her hands a veil which is suspended over the cradle of the Child, Who is sleeping, and S. John, who is present is holding a stick, on which is the following inscription: "R. S. V. A. A. XVII. P."—Raphael Sanctius, Urbanus, anno ætatis 17 pinxit. The picture of the Sposalizio, or the Marriage of the Virgin, is remarkable for a step which Raphael made in his art, and which is visible in the countenances and attitudes of the figures. There is also an admirable circular temple, inclosed round about with columns, introduced into the picture. The whole may be considered as a rare perfection of execution,—the date of this picture is 1504. Raphael next painted jointly with Pinturiccio, a pupil of Perugino, a picture illustrating the memorable actions of the pontificate of Æneas Silvius Piccolomini, for his nephew, Cardinal Piccolomini.

In 1503, he visited Florence, where he passed a year, dividing his time between that town and Perouse; and when here, occupied himself with several small works. Towards the close of the year 1504, he returned to his native town, where the Duchess of Urbino gave him a letter of recommendation to the Gonfalonier Soderini.

It was about the conclusion of this year that Raphael, at the age of twenty-one, repaired again to Florence. The greatest painter in Italy at that time was Leonardo da Vinci; and it appears that if Raphael had taken any of the works of his contemporaries for his model, he would have drawn his lessons from those of Leonardo. But on the contrary, it was not his custom to copy any one master in particular, but rather to acquaint himself with the merits of all the celebrated artists of his time. During his stay at Florence, his time was chiefly taken up in the execution of small works.

The death of the father and mother of Raphael, both of whom he happened to lose at the same time, obliged him to return immediately to Urbino; and whilst there, he painted several small pictures for the Duke of Urbino, amongst which were the S. George on horseback, and the S. Michael, in the Royal Museum of Paris.

In 1505, Raphael quitted Urbino; and about this time we may remark a change in his style, and in the tone of his colours and management of his pencil, which he owed, according to some authors, to Fra Bartolomeo, one of his contemporaries. The principal works of Raphael at this period of his life are, the Holy Family of Rimini, which was finished some years after; the Entombment of Our SAVIOUR, which is to be seen at Rome; the beautiful Virgin of the Royal Museum of Paris, called *The Jardinière*; the Assumption, for the monastery of Monte Lucci, which his pupils finished after his death, and several others,—works which procured for him his great reputation as a painter.

His fame being so well known at Rome, he was commissioned to paint the halls of the Vatican for Pope Julius II., and he executed four great paintings, entitled the Dispute of the Holy Sacrament, the School of Athens, the Parnasse, and the Jurisprudence, for the hall della

**Signatura.** It would be impossible to give a description of either of these great works of art, as they would each in themselves furnish matter for a separate history.

It was evident that the works of Raphael showed the same attempt at imitation of the style of Michael Angelo before, as well as after his arrival at Rome. Vasari attributes the aggrandisement of his style to the influence of Michael Angelo; and we are told that during the two or three months that Raphael was engaged in completing the hall della Signatura, Michael Angelo was always at his side, shut up in the Sistine Chapel, of which he had the keys, and into which he allowed nobody to enter. But Raphael, whilst he tried to imitate Michael Angelo, endeavoured to supply whatever he found deficient in him, as regards the character of his pictures, and the beauty of the countenances. While Michael Angelo concentrated all his studies in the art of designing, Raphael formed his talent from many other sources. If the one was considered the greatest designer, the other may be deemed the first of painters.

It was there that Raphael accomplished his grand picture of the Virgin and the Infant Jesus carried in the clouds. He undertook next the execution of the paintings for the halls of the Vatican, where he introduced into them portraits of the different Popes under whose commands these works were effected. He was also charged with the architectural part of the palace.

The celebrated picture of S. Cecilia was painted at that time, and it is believed that Giulio Romano co-operated with him in the work; but Raphael alone, without doubt painted the heads of all the figures, with that same force and beauty of expression which so especially belong to him. His Virgins are divided into three different kinds, i.e. 1st, those of Madonnas, where the Virgin is represented alone, with the infant SAVIOUR, and sometimes accompanied by S. John. 2. The Holy Families: these are indeed pictures of a family, embracing from six to seven figures. The most famous painting of all, is that which Raphael did for Francis I., and which constitutes one of the principal ornaments of the Royal Museum of Paris. 3. His best class consists of the Virgin, with her Divine

Infant, who are carried on the clouds, and, seated on the throne, are receiving the homage of the saints.

One branch of his art in which Raphael cannot be said to be surpassed, is that of portrait painting, in which he found no rival, having from his earliest years been directed to it by the general tastes of the schools of the fifteenth century for portrait painting. We have nearly thirty portraits of this artist, painted throughout entirely by him. Amongst these, the most renowned are, the portraits of Julius II., Leo X., of the Cardinals Rossi, Medicis, Castiglione, Brudo, and Altovite, and Jane of Arragon.

Raphael spent nine years in finishing the pictures for the Vatican, the last of which was Zorre Borgia, and the one that he seems to have himself worked most at. The picture of S. John is a remarkable specimen of portrait painting. Indeed, it might be almost taken for real life, and the brilliant tone of the flesh, and the strength and breadth of the shadows, give it singular relief.

The Gallery of the Doges abounds in the productions of his pencil; the most celebrated of which is the history of the Old Testament, in fifteen subjects, and that which is surnamed the Bible of Raphael, being a sort of illustration of the history of the Bible chapter by chapter, from the Creation of the world, to the birth of Our SAVIOUR. Four subjects of the New Testament terminate this long series,—the Nativity, the Adoration of the Shepherds, the Baptism of CHRIST, and the LORD'S Supper.

Francis I. had learnt in Italy to unite with the glory of arms a love for the fine arts. The reputation of Raphael was then at its height. It is to this king and to his reign that France owes almost all the pictures of Raphael which are now the principal ornaments of the Royal Museum; as the portraits of Jane of Arragon, of Castiglione, &c. Raphael then painted for Francis I. as an acknowledgment of his gratitude for the favour bestowed on him by this monarch, the celebrated Holy Family of the Royal Museum, which might pass for the *chef-d'œuvre* of all his Holy Families, which together with his Transfiguration, are remarkable proofs of the high degree to which he attained in oil painting.

But in enumerating the works of this great painter,

we should be doing him injustice were we to forget to mention amongst his Virgins, the Virgin called the *Jardinière* of 1507, the Virgin au Poisson, painted in 1514, and the Virgin of the Royal Museum, which bears the date of 1518, all of which show the development of his talent.

Tapestry at this time had attained to a great perfection in Flanders, where they were able to produce with great exactness what the pencil of the painter could effect. Leo X. added to its fame by presenting it with some of Raphael's inventions, which were some grand compositions, known under the name of Raphael's cartoons, seven of which may be now seen at Hampton Court. Four of his cartoons are half a size smaller than the others, as the *Massacre of the Innocents*, the *Disciples at Emmaus*, *Jesus appearing to Mary Magdalen*. The other nine comprising figures larger than life are,—the *Adoration of the Magi*, the *Descent of the Holy Ghost*, the *Miraculous Draught of Fishes*, our SAVIOUR giving the Keys to S. Peter, S. Paul striking Elymas the Sorcerer Blind, S. Peter and S. John healing the Man at the Gate of the Temple, Ananias struck down Dead by S. Paul, S. Barnabas at Lystra, and S. Paul preaching at Athens. The last seven subjects are those of the cartoons in Hampton Court.

Raphael when he executed these cartoons, which he did during the two last years of his life, was in the full vigour of life and of his talent. Being ordered by Leo X. to finish the decoration of the halls of the Vatican, he painted four subjects relating to history which occupy the four courts,—namely, the *Celestial Vision of the Emperor Constantine*, the *Celebrated Battle* where he defeated Maxence, the *Baptism of this Emperor*, and the *Donation that he made of Rome to the Pope*. Raphael had not only stopped the designs of the general decoration of these halls, but he had commenced painting in oil, the two beautiful allegorical figures of *Justice and Sweetness*.

Of the four great subjects already named, only two have been executed from his designs, after his death, by Giulio Romano, i.e. the *Celestial Vision* and the *Battle of Constantine*.



Raphael was then at the height of his talent, reputation, and credit. Never has there been an artist who was carried by his genius alone to such a degree. Leo X. who owed him considerable sums, had the intention of bestowing on him a cardinal's hat. He had contributed much to make Raphael an important personage. He occupied a distinguished place at the pontifical court, and his existence seemed to be that of a prince. Having one day over-fatigued himself by his unwearied exertions, he was seized on entering his house with a violent fever of which he concealed the cause. His physicians were of opinion that it was caused by his over-heating himself, and ordered him to be bled. This remedy however proved fatal.

Raphael made his will, and he left Francis Panni and his uncle at Urbino his executors, who were directed to take his goods, and found in the church of S. Mary of Rotonde, a chapel to the Virgin, which was the place of his sepulchre. And thus died at the early age of twenty-seven, on the seventh of April, 1520, one of the greatest painters that ever lived, and whose immortal name will remain for ever engraved in the annals of modern art.

## A GLIMPSE OF THE UNSEEN.

“ Un ange au radieux visage  
 Penché sur le bord d'un berceau  
 Semblait contempler son image  
 Comme dans l'onde d'un ruisseau :  
 ‘ Charmant enfant qui me ressemble,’  
 Disait-il, ‘ oh ! viens avec moi,  
 Viens, nous serons heureux ensemble,  
 La terre est indigne de toi.’ ”

*Reboul.*

In the days of old; when God vouchsafed at times His Presence by visible tokens to the mortal sense,—we ever find that these gracious manifestations were made in quiet places of the earth, far apart from the strife of men, where with gentle revelation they dawned upon some

lowly soul, that deemed itself least worthy such a mark of heavenly favour. And as it was then, so is it now.

These are times of sore disquietude; many hearts are full of anxiety concerning spiritual things, for the waves of this troublesome world are riding high around the ark of CHRIST's Church; on all sides are voices loud in contention, the one affirming that which the other denies; and the battle of opinion is with such confused noise, that the weary soul, like Noah's dove, finds no rest for the sole of her foot on earth. Yet all the while in quiet unknown spots God is appearing oftentimes unto His hidden saints, in all that unveiled Truth and Power for which men seek so vainly amid their bitter warfare.

But lately a scene took place in one of the retired homes of England, which seems a signal illustration of the holy words that tell us He hath hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and hath revealed them unto babes,—and so restful was that scene to those who witnessed it,—so full of unearthly peace and deep reality of spiritual truth, that it seems well to send out record of it, to be perhaps a thought of rest, to some of the troubled hearts among our Church's faithful members.

It was one of the loveliest nights of the wonderfully lovely summer now passing from us, and the soft clear starlight was streaming through the open windows of a quiet room, where two watchers sat by a bed of death; yet if death were there it had surely come with an angel presence, for there was no sign of terror or of pain,—scarcely even of sorrow in those who felt they were about to witness the passing of a soul unto the very bosom of the Crucified.

A young child lay upon the bed like a pale lily for whom the morning sun had glared too strongly, or ever he reached the heat and burden of the day; his sweet face was white as the pillow which supported him, but it bore no trace of suffering, nor was there any mist or dimness in the large dark eyes that looked out with a tender seriousness on all around him; but for the waxen transparency of the small thin hand, and the extreme emaciation of the powerless form, it had been hard to believe that the deep waters of the mystic Jordan were already rising to his lips.

Yet for many days he had been dying, and that same evening his mother had believed him gone, as she bent over him and felt no breath upon her darling's lips; but suddenly a strain of joyful music sounded in the distant street, and he awoke as from the sleep of death, and looked into her face with his own sweet smile. Since then he had rallied as he had not done for weeks; his eye was bright, his voice was clear and strong; he asked for the lengthened devotions which had for some time been too much for his enfeebled frame, and to all appearance he had regained the strength and vigour which had seemed for ever gone. But those who watched him were not deceived. They saw that the flame of life was but shooting up with momentary brilliancy ere it sunk down to be extinguished altogether, and even now there was an icy chill upon the white lips they so often stooped to kiss.

It was no ordinary child who lay there awaiting his last struggle. To an occasional observer it might have seemed that there was nothing remarkable in him, for he was singularly quiet and reserved, and shrunk painfully from any display of feeling; but to those who knew him in the daily experience of his short life, there was an unconscious holiness in all his words and ways, which is rare indeed in this sad world. He had no special talent or precocity of intellect, but we believe that a more glorious gift than all the powers of mind was given to him; for in so far as we dare judge of the mysterious inner life even in the case of a little child, God had bestowed on him that highest grace, which consists in the *preservation* of baptismal innocence.

There was ever around him a very sunshine of quiet joy, which they can never know who in any way have lost their first pure stainlessness, how much soever they may have striven to wash their garments white again with tears of bitter penitence. To these the state of baptismal purity, on which they look back longing from the hot and dusty paths of life, seems like some lake serene and bright, where their souls once bathed and were refreshed in waters proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb; and well do they know that never even in the blessedness of pardon can they enter its

fearless calm again; but this little one bore on each action of his blameless life the impress of an *unresisted* grace.

So tender and sensitive was his conscience, that the least approach in himself to waywardness filled him with anguish and alarm, and he had no rest till kneeling and in tears he had won the re-assurance of his Heavenly FATHER's love. Gentle and loving to all, he was especially noted for his singular unselfishness; and in all his long and trying illness his one care seemed to be to avoid giving trouble to any, and especially to his mother, whom he loved with an absorbing and thoughtful affection far beyond his years.

To that mother, indeed, he, though but eight years old, had been all that the most anxious friend could have proved in maturer age; caring for her and seeking as it were to protect her in her many trials with a tender foresight and a delicate appreciation of her feelings, which was a daily source of wonder to her.

But the strongest evidence of the holy influence within him, was his deep reverence and ardent longing for the means of grace existing in the Church. His one sorrow during his illness was the passing of a day at times without his receiving the Priest's blessing, for which he looked with earnest desire ere he could take his rest in peace; but above all other feelings, his soul was kindled with a solemn love for the Holy Eucharist. Being himself too young to inherit this highest blessing, he used to pine with a strange longing that the one dearest to him on earth—his mother—should have frequent opportunities of receiving It. No pain or suffering of his was ever allowed to keep her from it, though for any other purpose he would have besought her not to leave him; and often he would awake her long before the dawn, to remind her that it was the appointed day; and ever as she bent over him to give him a farewell kiss before she went, he would slide his little hand into her's and whisper, "Pray for me." But as he drew near to the dark valley, he began to long for the actual sweetness of that Sacramental communion with his LORD which alone can satisfy the soul.

When the parish priest was told of this earnest desire

he resolved at once to gratify it, knowing that in so doing, young as the child was, he should be only following the custom of the earlier Church; and feeling indeed well assured that none more fitting than that spotless little one could haply be found to meet his LORD.

And so it came to pass, that the day before that night of which we speak, the Highest Mystery of the Faith had been celebrated in that quiet room, and the High and Lofty One that inhabiteth Eternity, Whose Name is Holy, came down to dwell with the humble spirit of this little child.

He lay for a little time very still after the service was over, and all had left the room except his mother, and then drawing her gently to him he whispered to her his earnest hope, that if it should even yet please GOD to raise him up again, he might now always be allowed to go to the early service without waiting till he were confirmed.

He was not, however, deceived as to his dying condition, which had never been concealed from him: only at times it seemed difficult for him to realize that his end was so near, his mind was so very clear and unclouded in spite of the extreme prostration of his bodily strength. And now it seemed as if life had only been prolonged that the desire of his heart might be accomplished in the reception of the Blessed Eucharist, for the hours which had elapsed since then had wrought a fatal change;—yet while his physical powers decayed, the soul seemed to brighten more and more as it neared the dawn of its eternal day. Never had his eyes sparkled with a clearer intelligence or his words responded more promptly to his thoughts than during these last hours on earth: slowly they passed away in their quiet beauty, and beautiful truly is the remembrance of that night, both in the holy brightness of that scene of death, and in the soft glory of the summer world without, where the heavens were dropping light from myriads of stars, and the tall trees opposite the windows waving their luxuriant foliage in the light warm breeze.

He used to love to watch the little birds upon their branches, and to follow them with his thoughtful eyes as they soared up and up to the deep blue sky; and now

these were the first to warn the watchers that the day was approaching, whose fading on earth he would never see,—the faint twitter of “half-awakened birds,” of which the poet speaks—

“ — when unto dying eyes  
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square.”

was the first sound that broke the stillness ; and soon the crimson light glowed over the brightening east, recalling the well known words :

“ Seest thou the eastern dawn,  
Hearest thou in the red morn  
The angel’s song ?”

And surely he did hear it, the angelic song, and yet more, saw the angel faces of those who came to bear him to his home. Now was come the hour for that manifestation of the Invisible Glory of which we spoke in the commencement ; and if any who read these words are disposed to think that too much is assumed from what was seen to occur, we can but assure them that had they been actually present there, they had as surely felt that something not of earth was near them, as if they had seen with their own mortal eyes a watcher and a holy one come down from heaven, like those of whom the prophet speaks.

To many however there will be nothing new in the theory that strange and glorious sights are sometimes visible to dying eyes which others cannot see, and that oftentimes the mysteries of the future state dawn upon the departing soul, before the silver cord be loosed which binds it to this mortal flesh.

The child had been slumbering quietly for more than an hour, when suddenly as if he had heard through his dreams an urgent call, he started from his sleep and woke. He woke, but not to look as was his wont upon his mother or the familiar objects round, not to say with his habitual thankfulness that he had had a sweet refreshing rest, or ask for water to cool his fevered lips. He woke, to take no heed of earthly things, but to gaze with an expression of wonder, admiration, and awe, such as hu-

man words can never paint,—on *something* which was visible to him in the vacant space between the foot of his bed and the door just opposite to it. His look of rapture and amazement those who saw it never can forget—his eyes literally gleamed with radiant light as they moved *seemingly from one object to another along that space where nothing mortal stood*. The lips were parted as if in breathless ecstasy, half-smiling with delight; the powerless frame with new-found strength was raised up from the pillows that nothing might impede the gaze: and the conviction was so intensely strong upon the minds of those present that beings of supernatural forms were visible to him then and there that they involuntarily strained their eyes in the vain effort to look on that which he beheld so clearly.

The spontaneous impression produced on the mind from the movement of his eyes was that he saw *several* objects placed as it were in a semi-circle round one centre, and not for one instant was there any doubt that it was an actual reality which had appeared to him;—his mother indeed who held his hand clasped in her's involuntarily addressed him in that belief. "My darling sees the blessed angels come to fetch him, does he not?" she asked, and instantly he answered with an earnest pressure of her hand; but he spoke not, for it has ever been noted in similar cases that from the moment when the dying are permitted to look on the unseen, they utter henceforward no word to mortal ears,—or at least but rarely. To his mother however this child's sweet countenance had ever been the mirror of his thoughts, and when she saw that now the sound of her voice had brought a passing shade of sadness over the wonderful brightness and ecstasy of his face, she well understood what was passing in his mind. His one sorrow in the prospect of the early death so long present to his imagination, had been the thought that he must go from this world alone without his mother, who had never left him night or day, and who would, he knew, feel very sorrowful, deserted by him on this mortal shore.

And now she spoke, even while the wondrous vision was before his eyes reflecting its glory on his face, and

he knew that the hour was come when he must leave her and go forth alone. The purest influence of this sad earth, a mother's love, had still the power to sadden him a moment even in that rapturous hour—but it was only for a moment. She saw and read it all, and stooping over him, she whispered, "my darling is not afraid to go with the blessed angels surely, mother soon will come!" and instantly the shadow passed, the ecstatic smile returned to the opening lips, and the whole face brightened again with the adoring rapture that had shone on it before: his eyes had never lost their look of unspeakable brilliancy, nor ceased even while she spoke, to pass along the mysterious line which seemed as if it were drawing forth his very soul.

After that he made no answer by look or touch when any spoke, but continued to gaze intently on the unseen presence, till the gentle hand of death was laid upon those shining eyes, and the white lids fell over them to rise no more: then quietly the head sunk back upon the pillow, and the faint breath fluttered on the lips with the almost imperceptible motion of the ebbing tide upon a waveless sea.

A messenger was sent to tell the parish priest that the child he loved so well was in extremity. He was engaged elsewhere, and another took his place by the sick bed. No words were spoken as he came in, for the influence of unseen mysteries was strong upon all present, and instantly he knelt down, and they knelt with him, and the solemn intercession went up to God for the soul He was calling to Himself.

Outside, the brilliant summer day was pouring down its flood of sunshine on the waving trees, the joyous birds were filling the whole air with music, and all things spoke of life and gladness: but within, the shadows stole each moment more and more darkly over the fair sweet face, and no sound was heard save the low voice of the priest saying the deep Litany for the departing.

"GOD the FATHER, Who hath created thee;

"GOD the SON, Who hath redeemed thee;

"GOD the HOLY GHOST, Who hath infused His grace into thee, be now and evermore thy defence, assist thee



in this thy last trial, and bring thee into the way of everlasting life. Amen.

"CHRIST, that redeemed thee with His agony and bloody death, have mercy upon thee, and strengthen thee in the agony of death. Amen.

"CHRIST, that rose the third day from the dead, raise up thy body again in the resurrection of the just. Amen.

"CHRIST, that ascended into heaven and now sitteth at the Right Hand of God, bring thee unto the place of eternal happiness and joy. Amen.

"Go to thy rest, O Christian soul, for the LORD hath upholden thee; from death to life; from sorrow to joy; from a vale of misery, to a paradise of mercy."

Then was said the last most solemn prayer of commendation, the dearest perhaps of all in which our English mother pleads for her feeble children, because it is the one which brings them in their last and darkest hour the only comfort they can know. When the tempter is making his final effort to pluck the still struggling soul out of the angel hands that would bear it upward to the Feet of God, when human love is dragging it back in strong regret, when remembered sin lies on it with a weight that seems about to drive it down to hell, and when the anguish and horror of approaching death demand from it the penalty of Adam's sin: then sweeter far than ever in infant days the earthly mother's voice came lovingly unto the trembling babe, the pleading words of holy Church fall on the dying ear, praying for her child in last extremity, that the soul she commends into the hands of her Faithful Creator might be washed in the Blood of the Immaculate LAMB, purged of all defilement contracted in the midst of this miserable and naughty world, and so presented pure and without spot before Him in the realms of everlasting day.

And while still these blessed words ascended the gentle soul of this dear child went forth, upborne as it were by them into the Bosom of his LORD. Scarce could the moment of departure be detected, so calmly did he pass away; but soon the deep stillness and the peculiar shadow on the face, well known to all who have often looked on death, told that for him the bitterness of life was past.

They rose from their knees, and his young brothers and sisters wept to think that their darling was taken from them ; but those who had lived longer in the world from which he had been released wept not, for they knew that God had respited him from years of weary struggling with indwelling sin and weakness, from sorrow and fear, from betrayal and misconception, from all the many stern and needful pangs wherewith the longer lived are taught to ask no joy, and seek no rest, save in that Home where he was gone, to wait the resurrection of the just and the consummation of his bliss.

Soon there fell upon his face the indescribable beauty which is sometimes seen to steal over the countenance a short time after death, as if the spirit which had gone forth in peace, had stamped upon the mortal clay as it departed, the impress of its wondrous calm.

The hands that had tended him in sickness now laid him lovingly in his last sleep, with his arms meekly folded as in mute submission.

A few days he lay there as a sacred presence in the house, and morning and evening his mother and her children came to kiss him as of old, and to place some fresh flowers of the purest white upon his bed.

Then came another glorious summer morning, and he was borne quietly from his familiar home to the calm resting-place which awaited him beneath the shadow of the church where he was wont to pray. A more beautiful place of burial could nowhere have been found, or one more suited to his joyous nature than this fair garden of the dead ; it is truly fit to be " God's acre," for well nigh every grave is marked with the symbol of the Christian's Hope, and surrounded with bright flowers, reminding us of those which fade not in the holy shades of Paradise,—while tall branching trees hang over it, and its grass of the softest green melts as it were into meadows that extend far away by wood and stream, even to the distant hills whose dim purple line is faintly seen against the eastern sky.

It was a Christian funeral—no black hearse and hired bearers, but a few friends carrying him tenderly with a white pall laid on his little coffin, and a cross marked

upon it glowing brightly in the sun. The Holy Communion was celebrated with due reverence and devotion.

"Them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him," these words may surely be taken in a twofold sense, for while we know that He will indeed bring His own with Him in the glorious and awful day when He shall come to judge the quick and dead, yet no less certainly are they *who are in Him*, brought with Him when He comes in the Blessed Sacrament to join Himself unto the loving souls that wait to receive Him there. Therefore is there a peculiar fitness in the celebration of this Divine mystery, when the mortal tenement of some departed soul is present whom faithful hearts believe they may thus commune with again. And such a consolation was given to his friends that day. In presence of the sleeping child the Holy Eucharist was offered, and with quiet tread they passed him one by one, as they went to kneel at the Feet of His LORD and theirs.

Then, not a little comforted they bore him out through the dazzling sunshine, and laid him down under the Fair East window, whose sacred pictures he so loved to see, there to lie sheltered from the blasts of this rude world, till the voice of the Beloved should pierce the sod, and bid him rise to the eternal summer of His own undefiled Home. And still the song of joyous birds mingled with the last deep words of prayer, and the sounds of nature's gladness hymned him to his rest; and as the last Amen went thrilling through the quiet air, they lifted up their eyes to the peaceful sky and prayed that they might ever live so as to desire indeed in heart and soul, that He would shortly accomplish the number of His elect, and hasten the coming of His Blessed Kingdom.

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## MY CONFIRMATION PROMISE AND PRO- FESSION.

- Personal act in Confirmation.**      **I DO,—**  
 From out my inmost heart,—my early vows,  
 Here in God's Presence, and in this His House,  
 Before God's Church renew.
- "One Baptism for the Remission of Sins."**      **I DO**  
 Meekly adore His Grace (receiv'd, not seen)  
 In washing me from Adam's birth-taint clean  
 In Sacramental Dew.
- Endurance to the end.**      **I DO**  
 Desire, thro' Life's temptations,—crosses,—pain,—  
 CHRIST's faithful soldier ever to remain  
 And His strait path pursue.
- Repentance.**      **I DO**  
 Bewail each sinful habit, word, and thought  
 That hath my soul to ill condition brought  
 Though my Lord's Will I knew.
- Faith.**      **I DO**  
 My Baptism's act confirm and ratify;  
 And all it pledg'd me to believe, hereby  
 Humbly assent unto.
- Obedience.**      **I DO,**  
 In glad obedience to His Word, to spend  
 My life in JESU's Holy Church intend  
 With purpose strong and true.
- The renewed Gift of the HOLY SPIRIT in the Rite of Confirmation.**      **I DO**  
 In mute submission, bow this soul of mine,  
 That GOD the HOLY GHOST, with pow'r Divine,  
 May my whole man renew.
- The "Measure of the Stature of the Fullness of CHRIST."**      **I DO,**  
 With trembling hope and reverent awe, intreat  
 Leave to draw near, and at the Mercy-Seat  
 With hallow'd fervour, in Communion meet  
 God's faithful chosen few.

## I DO

"He is faithful  
that promised."

Pray and believe God's Love shall with me bide,  
His Angels guard me, and His SPIRIT guide  
To all things pure and true.

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"In the World ye  
shall have tribula-  
tion."

—Then,—should dark tempests brew,  
And creedless worldlings strive my faith to mar,  
And lure my course from Wisdom's precepts far,  
Who say—"they cannot these high truths receive,"  
—O! let me but this simple answer give,—  
"I DO!"

"The End of the  
Whole Matter."

And—when Earth fades from view,  
Shall not rejoicing Seraphs hymn the day  
When the Good Spirit mov'd my lips to say  
I DO!

E. A. E.

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## BISHOP ARMSTRONG.

THE good and genial Bishop Armstrong, early taken to his rest, has left a name which will ever be dear to the true members of the English Church. His practical character, his loving disposition, his unwearied energies, the constant application of the powers of his mind to some of the most present needs of the Church, will not be soon forgotten whilst the "Parochial Tracts," the "Sermons for the Christian Seasons," and other kindred works issued under his editorship, will continue to scatter the blessings of sound religious teachings through hundreds of our parishes, both at home and abroad. That some notice would be taken of such a man it was natural to suppose, and we are happy to find that he has met with such a biographer as the Rev. T. T. Carter, whose Life of him should find a place in every parochial library. It is a good biography of a good man, the value of which is enhanced, if possible, by the warm-hearted prefatory remarks of the Bishop of Oxford. We can give

it unqualified praise, as it is free from the blemishes which detract from Dr. Biber's *Life of the late Bishop Blomfield*.<sup>1</sup> Some brief sketch of the late Bishop Armstrong, condensed from the materials furnished by Mr. Carter, will, we are confident, prove highly interesting and edifying to our readers.

John Armstrong, the son of Dr. Armstrong, a physician of note, was born at Bishop Wearmouth, Aug. 22, 1813. When in his 14th year, he was sent to the Charterhouse, but as his constitution was somewhat weak, and the London air did not tend to strengthen it, he does not appear to have entered the ranks for scholastic distinction, though even thus early he is spoken of as being noticeable for those gentle, loving traits of character which were so fully developed in after life. In 1832 he became a private pupil of the Rev. J. Tweed, of Harlow, Essex, with a view to becoming a candidate for Lord Crewe's Exhibition at Lincoln College, Oxford, the death of his father having left him at the age of 16 mainly dependent upon his own exertions. Being successful, he entered upon his residence at Oxford, and continued a quiet course of study until 1836, when he took a Third Class Degree in Classics in the Michaelmas term.

On entering Holy Orders he commenced his Diaconate as Curate of Alford, Somersetshire, which he relinquished for Wotton Fitzpaine, Dorsetshire, and thence removed to Clifton. Here his popular qualities made him deservedly esteemed; for he was considered the charm of the social circle, whilst it was here that he commenced the observance of certain rules of ministerial life.

In 1841 he was appointed a Priest-Vicar of Exeter Cathedral,—a position for which he was admirably qualified both by his knowledge of music, and the beautiful quality of his voice. Those who have noticed the chaste and exquisite taste, yet fervent devotion, with which he was wont to chant the services of our Church, will not easily forget the impression made upon them. On becoming the Rector of S. Paul's, Exeter, he threw himself with all his heart and soul into the Parochial work. As a parish Priest he was eminently successful. "He

<sup>1</sup> We shall return to this in our next.

always threw himself so completely into each particular case of sickness or trouble, which appeared to be the secret of his winning, as much as he did, the affections of the people. Though reserved on many points himself, others never seemed to feel reserved with him, and in a very special manner he carried out that great law of love, of weeping with them that weep, and rejoicing with them that rejoice." "He quite carried by storm, and singularly retained (writes another) the affections of my parishioners, high and low, by the way in which he entered into our distress on an occasion of great trial to us." So it is. The sympathy of the parish Priest—true, genuine, hearty, loving sympathy, alike in joy and sorrow—will remove mountains of obstacles and difficulties.

No exception was Dr. Armstrong. The love his people bore him rendered it a matter comparatively easy for him, even in Exeter, notorious for its religious disquietude, to return to the observance of the laws of the Church, which every clergyman is bound to obey, but which had been sadly neglected before his days. Engaged in the morning at the Cathedral, he nevertheless instituted daily prayer in the evening at seven o'clock, consulting herein not his own ease and comfort, but the convenience of the working men of S. Paul's. He restored the use of the prayer for the Church Militant, and the administration of Holy Baptism in its proper place, during service, after the Second Lesson.

But practical parochial work went hand in hand (as it ever should do) with a stricter obedience to the rules of the Church. Before entering upon the Rectory of S. Paul's, he had commenced writing for the press, by a review of Dr. Markland's *Treatise on Monuments*, an article published in the *British Critic*, and which contains much of pleasant and instructive reading. In 1845 he published a volume of Sermons on the "Festivals of the Church," which were remarkable for soundness of opinion, precision of language, and firmness of principle. Whilst at Exeter, those sad disturbances known as the surplice riots took place; but the congregation of S. Paul's caused no anxiety to their faithful pastor, but on the contrary his hands were supported by their affection and love.

Work of another kind also increased upon him. That most useful "Exeter Architectural Society" was then being formed. He was on its Committees, and one of its Lecturers. He was, moreover, the chief originator of a Church Institution (with a library) for the middle classes, and an original promoter of the Exeter School of Church Music. Midst all these cares and labours, however, he found time for the composition of a most interesting article on the Englishwomen in the 17th and 19th centuries, which appeared in the *English Review*.

In 1845 Mr. Armstrong removed to Tidenham, having effected an exchange with Mr. Burr, the then Vicar of that parish. The parish was in a somewhat disturbed state, and Mr. Armstrong was just the kind of man for such an emergency. His labours were attended with marked success. Dissatisfaction died away, and his considerate explanations succeeded in a great measure in allaying the irritation. This, we may say, in passing remark, strikes us as the main reason why obedience to the Church's order is not attended with greater success. We never knew in a somewhat extended experience, Churchmen create a disturbance, when treated as reasonable men, and when the theory of the Church's services, and the safety that obedience secures to the laity, were fully explained. Englishmen may be led and taught, but they will not resign long cherished ideas without being told calmly and dispassionately, the "reason why." This, Mr. Armstrong did; and strong in faith, won, as he deserved, success.

Whilst at Tidenham he instituted school-room services for the labouring classes.

These (says his biographer) "were intended to carry out a view strongly impressed on his mind, of the necessity of providing for those who are hindered from going to regular Church services, not merely by distance from the parish church, but also by their not liking to appear there in their common working dress. He sought, by meeting them thus half-way, to draw them on to the regular observance of the Church's ordinances, when they had once been led to feel the blessing of devotion and religious teaching in a simpler way, and with less effort to themselves. Of the success of this plan the Curate already quoted thus writes:—"Our Sunday services did not in any degree draw people away from the



parish church, but served to prepare them for the fuller worship there, and so draw them to it. And I had much pleasure in hearing, afterwards, how many of the congregation were confirmed and became communicants. It was a picturesque sight, our little school-room on a fine Sunday afternoon. It stood on a fine commanding situation, with an extensive view, the home scenery wild enough for anything. The simple Latin cross on the gable alone distinguished it from any wholly secular building; and under its shelter used to be gathered together a goodly flock of some of England's least polished sons, filling the little room to overflowing, some sitting on the low platform on which the simple letter-n stood, which was prayer-desk, and pulpit, and all; and those who could not find a place within, standing with much seeming reverence without, only disturbed in their devotions by the noise of the geese of the old woman who lived in the adjoining cottage, and which sometimes used, sadly to their mistress's disquiet, to dispute with us the occupation of the ground.'

"The simple Latin cross on the gable of this rude schoolroom seems to have had its intended effect, of marking a building otherwise without a single outward characteristic to distinguish it from an ordinary cottage. One day, during the height of the Papal Aggression mania, a worthy gentleman of the neighbourhood, at the time out hunting, and passing by, was surprised to see, in so unfrequented and wild a spot, this Christian emblem surmounting so poor a building. He concluded it must be some new erection of the Roman Catholics, and with this idea in his mind stopped to make some inquiries of an old man who lived in the adjoining cottage, and was in some measure *custos* of the schoolroom. The old man was no theologian, and was somewhat puzzled by the inquiries; but, thrown back on what he had unconsciously, perhaps, imbibed from the plain, simple teaching of the English Prayer Book, answered, 'Sir, I don't know much about these matters about Roman Catholics, or any others of that sort of people, but somehow I always have thought that that cross on the gable yonder was the very same mark that was put on all our foreheads—on mine, sir, and, I dare say, on yours,—when we were baptized, as little children.'"—Pp. 145—147.

At Tidenham he found time for the prosecution of his literary labours on a more extended scale. His "Pastor in his Closet" was published in 1847, in which his own course of life was to a certain extent set forth; and in 1848 he became the editor of that important and valuable collection of works—the "Tracts for the Christian Seasons." A second series was commenced in 1849, each consisting of four volumes. In 1852 the "Sermons for the Christian Seasons" were commenced, the "Tracts for Parochial Use" being edited by him at the same period. Besides this he did not neglect his contributions

to the various Reviews, his subjects being generally of some great social importance,—such, for instance, as “Price’s Candle Factory,” and above all the establishment of the Church Penitentiaries. The success with which he laboured in support of the latter is too well-known to need chronicling here, as we are anxious to follow him to his distant see.

These accumulated labours, however, told upon his manly frame. In 1853 he went to Clifton for rest, where he met his friend the Bishop of Lincoln. “They were sitting at tea, when the Bishop inquired whether he had heard from the Bishop of Capetown. On Mr. Armstrong replying that he had not heard, the Bishop said that it had been decided to offer him the Bishopric of Grahamstown. The tidings came as a shock to his weakened nerves, and the fortnight’s suspense that followed was in his exhausted state trying to him.” In September, the Bishop of Capetown wrote to offer him the Bishopric. He felt that it was a special call; but instead of acting on his own impulses, or convictions, consulted six friends upon whose advice he could depend. The advice of all was that it was his duty to accept the appointment. There was, however, another point which required to be settled. The state of his health was a cause of anxiety, the more so as his father had died of consumption. Dr. Symonds, of Bristol, was consulted, and declared that there was a slight affection of the lungs. It was, therefore, determined to refer the final settlement of the question to Dr. Watson, who advised him to go, as he thought the climate would be good for him, though he at the same time advised him to abstain as much as possible from preaching for a year. The interval that elapsed between the time of his appointment and sailing, was spent in labours connected with the welfare of his future Diocese. Various offerings were made him, and various sums raised in different places. He embarked at Gravesend July 22, 1854, and landed at Capetown on the Festival of S. Michael. The opening prospects of his mission he thus describes to the Secretary for the Society for Propagating the Gospel:

*" Bishop's Court, Capetown,  
" Oct. 7, 1854.*

" MY DEAR MR. HAWKINS,

" I am thankful to say that we are all safe, so far, after a long voyage, and sail to-morrow for Algoa Bay. We found the Bishop and Mrs. Gray quite strong and well ; and with true episcopal hospitality they have entertained our whole party of sixteen in their house for the last week, as we could not get on. The Church in this district is evidently getting on. There are signs of increasing strength and vitality on all sides : in my own district more has yet to be done. Thank God, however, the first Church of England Mission among the Kafirs was commenced by Mr. Clayton and Mr. Garde last week at temporary quarters, near King William's Town, in Umhalla's country. They both preceded me, but were not able to get any place to shelter them earlier. Archdeacon Merriman thinks they are admirably qualified for their work, and have already showed great earnestness, though not directly employed till now. I think, too, the Missionaries who sailed with me will do very well. They got on capitally with their Kafir during the voyage, and worked very hard. There is an immense field open to us, especially in the rougher districts, where, alas ! we are the very last to take the field. I think, we ought to take these rougher parts. We shall want a great increase of help from the Society if we are to do anything at all. The great expense of travelling in this country is swallowing up the means at my disposal. By the time all our party are placed out, I shall have spent the £300, and more, that was the grant for this year ; and then I have to begin to support them. We ought with our staff to have three, or at least two stations at once ; and others are waiting for us. Unless we take a good stand at once, and enter vigorously upon Missionary work, we shall be a bye-word in this country, and shall only be exposing our spiritual feebleness. I cannot, however, but hope that the movement which began at the Mansion-house will have done, and be doing, great things, so that we may look for a great increase of support. Pray remember me to Mr. Vernon and Mr. Bullock, and to any of my friends whom you may see.

" Believe me,

" Very sincerely yours,

" JOHN GRAHAMSTOWN.

" I am much better in health.

" The Rev. E. Hawkins."

Soon after Christmas Day the Bishop left Grahams-town for Kafirland. From his account of Christmas Day, and his subsequent journey, we must make some extracts.

" Christmas-day was, outwardly at least, most un-Christmas-like, and it is difficult to resist the power of outward things. With an overpowering sun, with a hot, scorching walk to church, with slower looking languid from the heat, with no evergreens in church, with the

flowers and green boughs that we hung about our rooms dead upon the walls even by midday, it was difficult to believe that it was indeed Christmas-day. Flowers, sunshine, birds, all looked out of tune; and one longed for the clear frost, the frosted trees and grass, the hard, crisp road, the church bright with the glossy leaves and berries of the holly. However, thank God, it *was* Christmas-day, though stripped of its accustomed outward associations. To the colonist it has not of late brought happy thoughts and memories; for Kafir wars have been wont to break out about this time, and many English graves have been dug for those whose unconscious kindred were hanging up the holly happily at home. At this very time there were no slight fears of another outbreak. A general dread of another Kafir war began to arise, and to cloud every man's spirit; the dark rumours ran rapidly through the whole country, and deepened as they ran; the alarm was soon so great that many farmers 'tracked' at once, as it is called,—that is, got their flocks and herds together, packed up their goods, and left their homes on the border for safer territory. The Fingos, on whom Sir G. Cathcart had relied, and whom he had placed as a kind of living wall of enmity along the Kafir border, were said to be leagueing with the Kafir. There was good reason to believe that some such combination against the white man was going on; and it certainly seemed but rash to build hopes of peace on the idea of a prolonged and necessary enmity between different portions of the same tribe, even though the feebler portion had once been ill-treated and enslaved by the stronger.

"However, when these rumours began somewhat to subside, and no outbreak actually occurred, I resolved to visit our mission-station, to take several towns in the way, and to make my first excursion into Kafir-land. General Jackson was again prompt in obliging us; and as Mrs. Armstrong was much weakened by domestic trouble that had fallen upon us, I resolved to take her with me, and to introduce her into these new scenes, especially as the General put a good mule-waggon at our disposal, and also gave us an escort through such parts of the country as we desired. Packing ourselves and three children into the said mule-waggon, and attended by two mounted police, we started on January 2nd. After nine miles of uninteresting country, we came to the grand Ecra Pass, a good military road, as roads go here—a kind of narrow ledge that the soldiers have sliced out of the side of a steep mountainous ridge. The views were fine in the extreme; though when one looked down the precipitous crags, shaggy with bush, one's head was inclined to swim round, or one thought of the mule-waggon toppling over. The Euphorbia, that grew thickly in the bush, gave an Eastern look to it; while geraniums fringed the road-side, and beautiful creepers were rambling gracefully over the rocks.

"When it began to wax towards evening, we drew near to the river Koonap; and as we had fully reckoned on reaching the inn on the opposite side, and had made no provision for a night in the bush, we were by no means gratified to find that the river had risen, and that our muleteers dared not cross. There was no help for it; so

the remains of our luncheon made up our scanty meal. . . . Nor is a mule-waggon a very spacious bed-room for five. However, we crumpled ourselves up as well as we could; and after an uneasy night we gladly saw the sun rise, and looked anxiously towards the river. It had gone down a little, but the muleteers did not seem quite comfortable; and as it was a dangerous 'drift' in bad weather, we did not much fancy the crossing. However, as some ox-waggons, which are larger and higher, happened to have been detained also during the night, and were now about to cross, the owners kindly lifted us on the top of their goods and took us over, while the mules had to swim for it. We breakfasted at the inn, and our regrets at the loss of our tea were not so great when we found so thick an atmosphere of flies in the house. We seemed to eat them, drink them, breathe them; and right joyfully we got into our waggon, and again jolted along the craggy road, with flowers and shrubs beautiful as ever. When the rocky pass was over, we saw some fine extended views stretched out before us. On the calm, quiet day, as we were travelling along so peacefully, the rumours of war could not but come back to us, as our drivers pointed out the spots where many a bitter struggle for life had taken place, and especially where a body of poor Sappers had been surprised and slaughtered by the Kafirs in the late war.

"We outspanned at mid-day at Liew Fontein, the Lion's Fountain—a significant name, that has now happily ceased to be alarming, as the lions have moved far northwards. At night we reached Fort Beaufort, a town prettily situated, with fine hills around it, in the midst of a rich sheep-farming district, with a good river running near; but as no efforts have been made to cool the ground with irrigation, it is hot and dusty in the extreme. The expenditure of a little capital on machinery for raising the water would alter the place. We were most hospitably received by the Rev. J. Henchman, the active clergyman of the place. On Friday, the 5th, I held confirmation; twenty were confirmed, and all seemed serious. On Sunday, the 7th, I preached, and took part in administering the Holy Communion, while seventeen out of the twenty who were confirmed became communicants. On the Monday I received the heads of families, and we had much interesting conversation on parish matters and on the general state of the Church. In the evening we were invited by the clergy and parishioners to tea in the Government schoolroom. The room was hung with flowers, and the evening passed pleasantly away; it gave me an opportunity of making personal acquaintance with the parishioners. I was sorry that I had not time to visit Heald Town, one of the largest and most successful of the Wesleyan stations. The exertions of the Wesleyan body, both among the English and the natives, have been very great. The only pity is, that a body which did not separate from us upon any doctrinal point, and which did not design at first to exist as a separate body, should not be reunited. It seems now a division without a cause, and both the Church and the Wesleyan body are necessarily weakened by divided action.

"On Tuesday we left our hospitable friends, with an escort of two Cape mounted riflemen, and, accompanied by Mr. Henchman and the churchwardens, proceeded towards Alice and Fort Hare. About the middle of the day we stopped at Mr. Bury's house of accommodation, and found what, to African travellers, would be called a sumptuous luncheon prepared for us, and no charge made for it. The house itself showed both the present fear of war, and also the ordinary state of the country; it was flanked by two projecting buildings with loopholes, and all the front windows were strongly barricaded. In the afternoon we reached the neat little town of Alice, where as yet the Church has done nothing; and, splashing through the river, reached Fort Hare, a considerable fort which lies just outside the town. Immediately I arrived I held a confirmation within the fort, and then I proceeded to Alice, with Mr. Henchman, to hold consultation with the members of the Church. At this meeting it was resolved to raise a building which should be licensed for Divine service on Sundays, and used as a schoolroom in the week, till we were strong enough to have a church. This building has since been raised, a school has been opened, many scholars received, good congregations on Sundays, and thus another instance given us of that wondrous reviving power contained in the Church, even after long past neglects."—Pp. 284—289.

And again :

"While we were conferring with Umhalla, my wife, surrounded by Kafir women and children, went into the chapel; and bidding them sit down quietly, she played solemn tunes on the harmonium we had brought with us, they sitting like things entranced, with earnest faces and motionless limbs, evidently showing that sacred music might become a powerful instrument in influencing and softening them. I heard afterwards that one Kafir said, that 'where there was music, there could be no war;' and another, listening one Sunday outside the chapel, thought that 'heaven must be there;' and another, a very bad fellow, said that he 'could have almost cried.'

"After this, we were still in the midst of the multitude, who seemed bent on having 'a day of it.' Our children then set to work to entertain the youthful part of the company, and hit upon the strange idea of keeping a play-school, though neither party understood one word of the other's language. However, with great quickness and great delight, the native children entered into the game, submitted to be placed into classes, and to be ordered to say their lessons, repeating, with excellent imitative powers, 'd-o-g, dog, c-a-t, cat,' after my children. This game lasted a long time, and created a great deal of laughter on both sides. Other amusements followed; and it was really somewhat both of a touching and of an amusing sight, to see the sudden friendship between the white children and the black. I was also struck with the extreme good-temper of the young Kafirs. Through the whole of that long day, I did not see a push or a blow, nor hear one angry word. My wife entertained the women with the

marvellous operations of the needle on their bags, and korasses, and blankets, while Mr. Fleming gave us beads to distribute, which the chief himself was not above soliciting.

"In the afternoon we had Divine service for ourselves in the chapel. As the chapel walls were mere mud, some of our party had previously gone into the neighbouring bush and brought in green boughs and branches of flowering shrubs, with which they beautified the mud walls, and turned the whole into a quiet comely place. My wife played the harmonium, and for the first time the Psalms were chanted, and the hymns of praise went up, amid these wild hills. The solitary deacon and the catechist, strengthened by their brethren's presence, offered thankfully Christian worship, and took heart, while the heathen stood outside, listening to the music with the deepest delight."—Pp. 301, 302.

Other extracts not less interesting could be furnished from this admirable biography. But we must draw to a close. In 1856 the noble-hearted Bishop was laid low on a bed of sickness, and on Whitsun Day was so ill, that notice of a forthcoming ordination was not given. On Monday a consultation was held, and on the Saturday he fell asleep. His last hours were calm, and so he fell on sleep—"a man endowed with great gifts, large and true of heart, pure and high in purpose, fervent and single-minded in devotedness to God: in labours abundant;" "one who in a short time had fulfilled a long course, unceasingly spending a life fed by the Spirit of God, for the good of others, rising with ever-renewed energy and love to its fulfilment." Commending Mr. Carter's memoir unreservedly to the attention of all our readers, we must conclude with the following letter by Mr. Hardie.

*"King William's Town,  
Nov. 28, 1856.*

"MY DEAR —,

"I will gladly attempt to fulfil your request that I would give my impressions of our late dear Bishop's public character and teaching in that later and more eminent period of his life and ministry which was passed in South Africa. On looking back to the commencement of my intercourse with the Bishop, the first thing which strikes me is his singular power of *attraction*. The venerable aspect, the kindly words, spoken in such earnest tones, and the courteous yet natural manner, instantly won me, and made me feel that it would be a delight to serve under him. I shall never lose the impression made by his summons, when, after I had placed myself in his hands as an invalid, who had little else than a willing heart to offer, he 'called me

to the work of missions.' If an angel had spoken, it could hardly have thrilled me more. I believe that the clergy, with scarcely an exception, would bear similar testimony to the facility with which he thus, as it were, took their hearts at once in his hand, and secured their allegiance rather as dutiful sons to their spiritual FATHER, than as inferior ministers to their ruler. Nor was this a mere transitory feeling of regard, excited by a happy outward address, but one which was fed by an inner spring of grace, and which grew day by day insensibly, so that only when the source dried up suddenly, did we become aware how deep and full it had been.

"The laity of his diocese were hardly less attached to him than his clergy. So easy of access was he to all who needed help or counsel, that there were few who had not held *some* personal intercourse with their Bishop. Still, with the majority of his lay brethren, the Bishop's influence of course depended mainly on his *public* ministrations. This leads me to say a few words on the style and character of his sermons. I shall ever regret that I had not the opportunity of hearing more of them. Many of those which I did hear were preached amidst the distractions and fatigues attendant on the visitation of a colonial diocese. They were all of them spoken extempore, and, I believe, without more than a few minutes' premeditation. Yet so plain was the enunciation of the subject, so clear the course of thought, so direct the appeal to the conscience, and so lively and copious the language, that I marvelled when I heard, from undoubted authority, that the Bishop had hardly ever delivered any unwritten sermons before he came to this colony. Certain it is that he had all the facility which most men only attain to by long exercise in public speaking. His discourses were, in the best sense of the word, *popular*. The '*people heard him* (as they heard his Divine Master) *gladly*.' Not that he handled God's Word deceitfully, or prophesied smooth things only, or spared rebuke when needful, but that he preached to them the glad tidings of the kingdom of God with a simple earnestness which made them feel that their souls were at stake, and that he really loved their souls, and would not that any of them should perish. His diction, too, although chaste enough to satisfy the most fastidious critic, was cast in the solid *Saxon* mould, so that the weight and force of each word told on the most unlettered of his hearers. The sermons were usually short,—who that listened did not think them *too* short?—and limited to the setting forth and enforcement of some *one* evangelical truth, so as to stamp it in clear characters upon the mind and heart of the hearer. These spontaneous outpourings without doubt reflected faithfully the ordinary tenor of the good Bishop's thoughts upon divine things; and, from this point of view, they argued a habit of elevated contemplation. Yet, on the whole they seemed to me hardly equal to his published sermons. It was not to be expected, however, that the effusion of the hour, amidst the weariness and painfulness of his frequent apostolic journeys,—and such were most of the sermons I heard,—would attain to the height which a spirit like his could reach in the unbroken calm of meditation *at home*. I am very far from implying that the Bishop was ever feeble.



No! his discourse was always effective, seasoned with salt, and full of grace, fitted to win, and, I believe, actually winning many souls, else lost to CHRIST and His Church.

"But, after all, the wonderful sway which he held over us was owing to the *heartiness* with which he threw himself into his work of all kinds. Whatever his hand found to do, was done with his might. The very obstacles which crossed his path served but to draw forth sparks from his zeal, not to quench it. And then how wide was the range of duty which he assigned to his office! Nothing short of leavening the whole mass of society, in all its relations, could satisfy his aspirations. The edification and good government of the Church committed to him was of course his chief and direct object, but he left no subsidiary means untried which might possibly conduce to this end. Recognising a power in secular knowledge, and perceiving that it must necessarily spread here as elsewhere, he strove to make it minister to the highest uses, by placing himself in the van of the movement, and guiding it into the right channels. If there was truth in it, he would hallow it as truth. It is easy to dream of a faultless past, and to bemoan the defects of the present time, without lifting a finger to repair them. What is this but the idle worship of a golden image set up by our own fancy? The past has its foul side as well as its fair; the age in which we live brings forth good grapes as well as wild grapes. No one could have a deeper reverence for primitive truth and purity than the Bishop, but he had little sympathy with mere antiquarian optimists. The world of to-day was not to him the waste howling wilderness which they would represent it to be. He could detect buds of promise even in the desert; nor was he without hope that they might be brought to blossom, and fill the earth again. To drop metaphor: he saw good (not indeed good unmixed, for *that* had been a vision of heaven,—but still much good) in his time and among his people, and in the spirit of active Christian love, he made the best of it, by cherishing and striving to sanctify it. Again, he regarded literature and the natural sciences as common ground, on which Churchmen, without resigning one jot of Catholic truth, might meet Dissenters as brethren, and hold kindly intercourse with them. Might not a spirit of candour be cultivated at these friendly meetings, and prejudices vanish, and a way be opened for the passage of higher truths? Might not affection be found a more potent instrument of persuasion than controversy?—Here, too, he practically took the lead by founding an Institute, and delivering lectures, in which solid truth was charmingly *set* in the liveliest humour.

"His very last public effort was in furtherance of this plan. It was an essay on the life of the poet Goldsmith, with *one* side of whose character the Bishop's own genial and tender nature was so thoroughly in accord. After this exertion, the tide of life ebbed fast away, and only those who had marked, with anxiety, the languor which stole over him during the last few months of his life, could tell how severe the struggle had been for his enfeebled frame to bear up thus far against the current of what, in moments of depression only, he would call 'this weary world.'

“ I must not forget to make mention of a work of mercy which had for some time engaged his thoughts. Conceived by his ardent love of souls, it was rapidly growing and taking shape, and would doubtless have soon come forth into action, had not its author been called to rest from his earthly labours. He earnestly desired to find some remedy for the besetting sin of the colony,—drunkenness,—with its attendant brood of hideous vices. To check this habit, everywhere fraught with evil, but *here* really frightful in its effects, he would have formed a brotherhood of penitents, who should meet together on stated days in church, and then and there renew their resolutions of amendment, and pray for the help of GOD'S HOLY SPIRIT. A special service would have been provided, and the clergy would have been charged to watch over the brethren, and to exhort and encourage them to persevere. It is almost needless to add, that no vows or pledges would have been taken. A touching proof of the influence which he might have exerted on the class most exposed to the temptation of strong drink, is to be found in the fact that, at the very time of his falling sick of his last illness, the artisans of the city were spontaneously preparing an address expressive of their gratitude to him for the lively interest he had taken in their well-being.

“ Had this simple homage from hard-working men ever reached him, his large heart had overflowed, and all the impediments which interest or petty jealousy had thrown in the way of his benevolence had been forgotten,—blotted from his memory in tears of joy.

“ I should leave a great blank in this hasty review of the good Bishop's ministry in South Africa, if I said nothing about his zeal for the conversion of the heathen within and beyond his diocese, and the share which he personally took in that arduous task. Twice, in his brief episcopate, did he visit our stations; and how bright was the light which, on each occasion, he shed upon our work! How did we long that his playful threat, ‘ that he would leave the colonists to themselves, return all letters as unopened, and come and live in a hut in Kafirland,’ could have been executed! Even the hard, stoical nature of the Kafir instinctively drew towards him, and recognised not merely the *inkosi*, (chieftain,) but the *umfundis inkulu nomhlobo*, (great teacher and friend,) in that gentle and gracious presence. We felt how great would have been his personal weight and influence, could we have kept him among us, and we grieved at the necessity of his departure. Keener still had been our regret, could we have foreseen that his approving smile would cheer us no more! But his influence on the course of our mission-work was not merely personal. A consistent scheme of *policy* was formed, and steadily, yet not tenaciously, adhered to. Every reasonable allowance was made for the feelings, habits, prejudices even, of the agents and of those to be acted on. There were no capricious orders given; yet the hand of the ruler was felt to be there, and he must have been dull indeed who did not yield to that touch, at once so gentle and so firm.

“ It was not my lot to know the good Bishop in England. The gift of his friendship here was unmerited, and is now treasured among the precious things of his memory, to be revived, I humbly hope,

hereafter. A mutual friend—one who laboured side by side with him in earlier years, and who watched his after-life with deep interest—has summed up his course so truly in a few words, that I cannot do better than quote them, in conclusion :—“ The death of good Bishop Armstrong is an additional reason for writing to you. I fear you must feel this very much. *He appears thoroughly to have risen to all the parts that he has had to fill.* He will be a sad loss to the Church in Africa,—indeed, to the Church at large.”

“ I remain, ever, my dear ———,

“ Sincerely yours,

“ JOHN HARDIE.”

## INDIA.

‘NEATH India’s sultry skies  
Our scatter’d thousands march with solemn cheer,  
And though a world in arms against them rise  
Own not a touch of fear.

Hail, O ye dauntless few !  
Hail, gallant hearts that shrine the far-off goal !  
Calm as the heav’ns’ immeasurable blue  
’Neath which the tempests roll.

Ye ask no poet’s words ;  
But all our hearts are with you, and our prayers ;  
Nor will ye flinch, though twice ten thousand hordes  
Storm’d round ye unawares !

O generous Willoughby,  
Thine the fresh glory of the first great deed !  
How many a brother’s soul would share with thee  
The danger, and the need !

Britain, the Mother views  
Your great probation, smiling through her tears ;  
These are my sons, she says, nor dares refuse  
To triumph ‘midst her fears.

Not for the end of strife,  
But for those single loved ones o’er the seas !  
Conquer we must, we shall, with Christian life,  
With English energies.

O victims, young and pure,  
Daughters of Britain, matrons, worshipped wives—  
But who to trace the mysteries dares endure  
Of all those rifled lives ?

Ye died, to God still true :  
We live, to wield the sword His Word assigned,  
The sword to murderous devastation due,  
Nor tears our eyes shall blind.

No rancorous lustful hate,  
But justice, like our God's, serene and high,  
To blast the assassins by an equal fate  
Beneath an equal sky.

This rests our trust from God ;  
Honour our guard, and doubt a word unknown ;  
And though our heart's blood bathes the Asian sod,  
Our own abides our own !

Sept, 1857.

ARCHER GURNEY.

## TO THE MEMORY OF ARTHUR MARCUS HILL CLARK.

"The Catechist's life was saved. He turned to bless the boy whose faith had strengthened his faltering spirit. But the young martyr had passed beyond all reach of human cruelty. He had entered into rest."

WELL, hast thou fought, brave Christian soldier ! thou  
Thy course hast finished, as thy youth begun,  
The Faith confess'd ! now for thy martyr'd brow  
Safe is laid up—the Crown—thou'st nobly won.

Faith steel'd thy heart to brave the murd'rous sword,  
Hope pointed to thy heritage on high,  
But love for others' souls, and for thy LORD  
Robed thee in bright immortal Charity.

Oh ! who could mourn thee, bravest, noblest, best,  
Who in thy youth, such fruits of love didst give ;  
Rather rejoice we in thy glorious rest,  
And pray like thee to die—with thee to live.

E. E.

## A TOUR TO THE GREAT LAKE OF CHINA.

(From the *Morning Star*.)

SHANGHAI, June 17, 1857.

WE entered the Fai Hie at eight o'clock in the morning, and directed our course across the lakes to the northward corner, where is an island called Manjoo San (San means mountain). Here we anchored in a small bay in the vicinity of a village. We went into the village, which is beautifully situated at the foot of a woody glen. Having secured the friendship of the natives, who seemed to be simple unsophisticated rustics, by showing them our good will, giving some of them cigars and books, we next proceeded to ascend the mountain. The first part of the way of ascent was nicely shaded with wood, but after a short distance there was nothing to protect us from the sun. We found the mountains not very high (scarcely 1000 feet) but that was a good height for us. From the top of the mountain we commanded a view of the island, and saw that it was pretty populous. There are about twelve rich valleys amidst the hills, with towns in each of them; the fields were most carefully cultivated. We returned over the ridge of the mountains by a circuitous course. We were astonished by startling a deer in our descent. . . .

We passed through several villages, where, having given away some books, we were followed by people asking for more. In the afternoon, the wind having abated, we set sail for Si Tung Ting San, and reached it in about an hour. We got safely moored in a small creek, and then took an evening walk on the island. But how shall I describe the beauties of Si Tung Ting San? It was a lovely evening, and the valley which we entered was magnificent. It is watered by several streams from the mountains, and full of orchards, mulberry and tea plantations, with garden paths winding through them. We felt as if we were walking through a gentleman's pleasure grounds. The smell of the beans and peach blossoms was strong and grateful. A little further up the hills, firs and pines abounded. After an early breakfast next day, we started on our journey for the top of the mountains. This promised to be a much more serious undertaking than any we had yet accomplished, for, not only did the principal mountain appear higher than any we had yet climbed, but there seemed to be a good many mountains to surmount before we reached the highest peak. After passing the garden and terraced region, we climbed up steep and rocky ridges, exposed to the glare of the sun. The wind, however, was cool, and we did not feel any bad effects from the heat. After two hours' walking, sometimes ascending, sometimes descending, and passing through several elevated valleys, we reached the summit from which we commanded a view of the whole island. The height I would guess to be about 1500 feet, perhaps more. We saw several pretty large towns, but none so large as those in the Tung Tung Ting San towards the foot of the mountains. We came, in our descent,

upon an extensive monastery. We looked through the establishment, and found that the fraternity were in very comfortable quarters. They had sheep, goats, and pigs, as well as a large orchard containing peaches and teas. They seemed to prepare the tea themselves, for they showed us the place for firing it. We next visited a large temple and a cave on the base of a hill. We entered the cave, but did not go beyond the first chamber on account of the ground being very wet; this chamber was rather extensive, and in some places about seven feet high. The remainder of the day was spent in commencing our homeward route, but as the vessel had got itself fastened in the mud of the creek, it was necessary to obtain the assistance of some people from the neighbouring town . . . They jumped into the water and commenced operations. But as there was no order among them, they made little progress. Some wished to do one thing and some another. The Babel was terrific, and after pushing and pulling for about a quarter of an hour without effect, one man came to the boy and returned his 10 cash and retired from the struggle, an example of honesty which we would have rewarded if we had had an opportunity; still the others persevered, and in another quarter of an hour the boat was afloat, and we started on our voyage to Shanghai . . .

We reached Shanghai after an absence of several days; and I am bound to say that this second visit to the interior of China has added still more to my admiration of the greatness and resources of the empire. I am half disposed to pardon the vanity of the celestials in calling their country the Middle Kingdom.

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## COUNTRY WORK-SONG.

(From the *New York Observer*.)

Up and away !  
The sun shines bright ;  
Work in the day,  
Sleep in the night.

While sluggards sleep  
The rank weeds grow ;  
Harvests they reap  
Who plough and sow.

Drones increase sorrow :  
Lazily they  
Leave till to-morrow  
Work of to-day.

Wretched the shirkers !  
Joyous are we,—  
Happy the workers,  
Healthy and free.

Farmers go singing  
Forth to their farms,  
Glad they come bringing  
Sheaves in their arms.

Hoping the sower  
Soweth the seed ;  
Joyful the mower  
Moweth the mead.

Smoothly the plough  
Turns the sod over,  
Row after row,  
Covering the clover.

Soon the corn springs,  
(Law is not fickle,)  
Soon the heart sings  
Plying the sickle.

Borne on the gales,  
Sound, clear and sweet,  
Threshers' loud flails  
Thrashing the wheat.

Threshers keep time  
Steady and strong,  
Flailing the rhyme  
Of a rustic song.

Laughing the grain  
Leaps from the sheaves,  
Falls as the rain  
Falls on the leaves.

Hark ! how the mill,  
Sunshine or rain,  
Works with a will,  
Grinding the grain !

Round goes the wheel  
Covered with foam,  
Out comes the meal  
On its way home.

Smiles the old miller  
In the mill doer,  
Fills up the tiller,  
Thinks of the poor.

Labour has song,  
Labour has health,  
Labour is strong,  
Labour is wealth.

Sloth addeth sorrow  
Under the sun,  
Sluggards still borrow  
Wees which they shun.

Work addeth pleasures,  
Bringeth forth mirth,  
Scattereth treasures  
Over the earth.

Up, then, away !  
The sun shines bright :  
Work in the day !  
Sleep in the night !

REV. EDWARD HOPPER.

## Reviews and Notices.

Mr. ROCKSTRO's *Abbey Lands* is a tale well conceived and wrought out, reminding us forcibly of more than one case recorded in Spelman. There are some well-drawn scenes, such as we naturally expect to find in the case of the author of the *Tales illustrative of the Second Table*.

Mr. T. G. WHITE's Sermons entitled *The True Nature of the Church* are admirably calculated for extensive circulation. They are plain, practical, and telling, and will no doubt be useful in removing much misinterpretation.

*Is Killing Murder ?* is a good work on adulteration of food, which will be read with advantage.

## The Editor's Desk.

MR. PURCHAS, who is editing a *Directorium for the Celebration of the Holy Communion*, has, it appears, submitted some Tent Wine for analysis; which is decided to be a compound of treacle, spirits of wine, water, and a small quantity of a genuine, but a very sour wine.

Harvest Homes are being held this year with increased success. The one in the parish of Buckerell, Devon, was the twentieth celebration of the like nature; and the parishioners of East Brent have spent a happy day together under the leadership of Archdeacon Denison, and with the aid of the celebrated Eastern traveller, Dr. Wolff.

The National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, will hold a series of meetings at Birmingham during the ensuing month. The objects proposed by the Society are, the amendments of the law,—the extension of education,—the prevention, &c., of crime,—the establishment of good sanitary regulations, and the consideration of similar questions. Lord John Russell, Sir J. Pakington, the Bishop of London, Lords Stanley and Lyttleton will act as presidents of the different sections. The proceedings will be as follows:

“Monday, October 12.—Opening meeting in the Town-hall at half-past seven in the evening. Lord Brougham will deliver an inaugural address.

“Tuesday, October 13.—The several departments will meet in the Queen's College at eleven o'clock, a.m., for papers and discussions. In the evening a conversational meeting (dress) at the Town-hall, under the presidency of the mayor of Birmingham.

“Wednesday, October 14.—Departments at Queen's College, at eleven a.m. A dinner in the evening at Dee's Hotel, to Lord Brougham and other members of the association, by the mayor of Birmingham.

“Thursday, October 15.—Departments at Queen's College, at eleven a.m. In the evening a public meeting in support of the Reformatory and Industrial Schools movement, at the Town-hall.

“Friday, October 16.—Concluding meeting, to receive a report from the general committee, at twelve.

“A reception-room will be open during the days of the meeting, where letters may be addressed, tickets purchased, lists of lodgings obtained, and every information given.

“Tickets to admit to all the meetings, ten shillings each. Members of the association (subscription one guinea annually) admitted free.

“By the permission of the Hon. and Rev. Grantham Yorke, a special service for the occasion will take place at S. Philip's Church, on the afternoon of Monday, the 12th of October.”

The decorations at the east end of the Church in Margaret Street—to be called All Saints—are nearly completed; and the general work was proceeding satisfactorily, when we last made a visit to this Church.



The Bishop of Exeter, who is in residence at Durham, as Canon of the Cathedral, has been preaching this year as usual. We are glad to learn that the Bishop was able to deliver his discourse, which was based upon S. Luke xvii. 17, with his wonted power and vigour. His Lordship is a great favourite in those parts, and the Cathedral was so full that the vergers were compelled to extemporize a number of sittings.

*Laying the Foundation Stone of the Church of S. Finian, at Kinlochmoidart.*—On Tuesday, May 12, was performed the important and interesting ceremony of laying the corner-stone of a new Church in this wild and remote district, the furthest north of any on the Western coast of Scotland. The family of Kinlochmoidart being present, together with the workmen and labourers on the estate, the ceremony commenced. The Rev. Edwin L. Blenkinsopp, Chaplain to the Bishop of Argyll, read the Service. At the appointed time, a few coins being placed under the stone, it was lowered into its place. Mrs. Robertson, whose sisters had been chiefly instrumental in raising funds to build the church, after applying the square and plummet, then struck the stone three times with a mallet, saying, "In the faith of JESUS CHRIST we place this foundation-stone of this Church, dedicated to S. Finian, in the Name of GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON, and GOD the HOLY GHOST. Amen." The service used was that printed by our Publisher. The labourers and workmen present, (though men of various religions, Roman Catholics, Established Kirk, Free Kirk,) all reverently joined in the service, and seemed much impressed by it.

The church stands at the foot of a high rocky mountain, covered with natural wood, near to a loch which lies at its base. It will be the first object that strikes the eye on entering the glen, the site being chosen both for beauty and convenience. It is to be built in the Early English style, and to consist of nave, 40 by 24 ft.; chancel, 17½ by 18; and south porch; roof open, of Norway pine, oiled and varnished. According to the fashion of the country, there will be no buttresses; the seats are to be all free.

The ancient parish church of this district is that on a small but beautiful island in Loch Sheil, called Eilen Finian, still the burying-place of the people. There are the remains of the church, on the altar-stone of which stands an old oblong-mouthed bell of very sweet tone, now never used; a small cross with our SAVIOUR on it, and some old tomb-stones remain there still. The last Incumbent, the Rev. Alexander Macdonald, father of the famous bard Alexander Macdonald, was dispossessed in 1688, since which time there has been no public service according to the form of the Scottish Church. The new building is therefore a revival both of the ancient chapel (only removed to a more convenient place), and a restoration of the worship which has been disused for one hundred and seventy years. May it be the means of bringing back the population of the district to the Church of their fathers! It is now the most northern of all our churches on the west coast of the mainland of Scotland; an advanced

post which, we hope, may become a centre for future operations northward—a hope which the increased energy of the Church in these days warrants us to indulge.

It is only those who have actually visited the western shores of Scotland that can really form any conception of the grandeur of the rocky mountains, and the soft beauty of the ever-recurring lochs fringed with natural wood. Every glen, and mountain, and loch has attached to it its own tradition and historical association. Kinlochmoidart, anciently belonging to the Macdonalds, the place where Prince Charles Edward spent six weeks previously to his raising his standard at the head of Loch Sheil, has its avenue of sycamore still called “the Prince’s Walk.” The present possessor, Mr. Robertson, grandson by his mother’s side of the Macdonald Kinlochmoidart who suffered at Carlisle after the disastrous day of Culloden, and by his father’s side of the celebrated Principal Robertson the Historian, gives the site and several acres, together with the stone for the building, a portion of the wood, and other things which the estate supplies, besides a large amount of labour. He intends also to erect a Parsonage for the Clergyman. We congratulate the Bishop of Argyll on this fresh sign of vitality in his diocese.

\* \* Donations are received by the Right Reverend Alexander Ewing, Bishop of Argyll, Lochgelphead; and by Messrs. Masters & Co., 33, Aldersgate Street, and 78, New Bond Street, London.

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## The Cabinet.

**LOST AND FOUND.**—If man by losing himself is lost, by denying himself he is found.—*S. Augustine.*

**CHARITY.**—There is the oil, the precious oil; this oil is the gift of GOD. Men can put oil into their vessels, but they cannot create the olive.—*S. Augustine.*

**MANY MOUTHS, BUT ONE LESSON.**—The divine lessons are all so connected with one another, as if they were but one lesson: since they all proceed from one mouth. The mouths of those who bear the ministry of the Word are many; but the mouth of Him Who filleth the ministers is one.—*S. Augustine.*

**LOVE.**—It is one thing to fear punishment; it is another to love righteousness. There ought to be within thee a pure love, whereby to desire to see not heaven and earth, not the liquid plains of the sea, not trifling scenes, not the blaze and glitter of gems; but desire to see thy GOD, love thy GOD; because it is said,—Dearly beloved, we are the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him, as He is.—*1b.*

## CHANGES.—

The lopped tree in time may grow again,  
 Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower ;  
 The sorriest wight may find release of pain,  
 The driest soil suck in some moistening shower ;  
 Time goes by turns, and chances change by course  
 From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of fortune doth not ever flow ;  
 She draws her favours to the lowest ebb ;  
 Her tides have equal times to come and go ;  
 Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web.  
 No joy so great but runneth to an end  
 No hap so hard but may in time amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring,  
 Not endless night, yet not eternal day :  
 The saddest birds a season find to sing,  
 The roughest calm may soon a storm allay.  
 Thus with succeeding turns God tempereth all  
 That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost :  
 The net that holds no great, takes little fish ;  
 In some things all, in all things none are cross'd  
 Few all they need, but none have all they wish.  
 Unmingled joys here to no man befall,  
 Who least hath some, who most hath never all.

*Southwell.*

**Notice to Correspondents.**

The author of the article on Gregory of Chalons has favoured us with this letter :

"DEAR SIR,—The name of Grillparzer's Play—the one commented on by me—is, 'Weh dem der lügt,' (Anglicè—Woe to the Liar) ; the price about a Thaler, or rather one Florin, twelve or forty Kreutzer, —three shillings, I imagine. Any foreign publisher,—for instance, Nutt, in the Strand, or else Rolandi, in Berners Street,—could procure it, if not in stock. I can recommend particularly this Play, and another, perhaps still more charming, called, 'Der Traum ein Leben,' (The Dream a Life) : not, of course, Calderon's 'La Vida es sueño,' (Life is a Dream) but 'Der Traum ein Leben,' von Franz Grillparzer, Publisher, Wallishauser, Wien (Vienna). Grillparzer's Minor Poems, though many of them very lovely, have never yet been published in one volume. This is, I think, all the information your correspondent can require. I should be glad to see so very great and noble a poet as Grillparzer, whom as a dramatist I must rank above either Goethe or Schiller, and indeed only place below Shakspeare, were better known in England."

# THE Churchman's Companion.

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## MILTON'S BOUVERIE; OR, RETRIBUTION.

### CHAPTER II. *Continued.*

"WELL, well, it is best I wait and see, and whether it be Mr. George or Mr. James, or the mistress herself is to be ruler here, please God they keep the peace."

Alas Dobbs! that keeping the peace was the only thing most hopeless of accomplishment. George Murray rode away from his birthplace, resolved never to enter it again until, in the strictest term of the law, justice entered with him. James Murray chuckled inwardly at this apparent triumph, and consoled his mother by assuring her that his plans would be successful; while Arthur and his sisters took alternate sides of the question, discussed through a long evening, and ended by Arthur throwing up the whole matter, determining for the sake of his position at Cambridge, and probably also from a secret fear of embroiling himself in a family quarrel, to remain neutral, and have nothing to do with the matter. He also rode away from Longleigh the next morning, not binding himself as George had done never to return except under certain emergencies, neither allowing his family to think of him as estranged: he deserted without going over to the enemy, leaving the field undisputed for James and his mother.

"Now mind, Jemmy Murray,  
Don't fight in a hurry,"

were his farewell words, as the scene closed upon his

weeping mother, two sisters entreating him to change his mind and stay to help them, and his brother, whose face was less a Murray than any of the others, looking anything but angelic in his expression. He set his wise head to work very skilfully, and great must have been his self-conceit to believe he could outwit or overdo the cleverest lawyer at the English bar. James Murray and his mother started on the morrow for London to prove the dingy, discoloured, suspicious looking parchment. There was a doubt, or rather an ambiguous expression, scarcely definite enough to be construed into a doubt, uttered by one of the legal authorities as to such an unbusiness wind up of affairs being at all consonant with the concise method of life pursued by the testator; but the widow's heavy veil fell over her face, and she trembled with such dignity upon her son's arm, that all such dangerous questionings were instantly silenced. James Murray triumphed: the town-house and all the needless establishment were kept up. Arthur worked amid headaches and loneliness at Cambridge, Anne sat in her solitary chamber at Longleigh, and the others, the widow and daughters gave themselves up with becoming propriety for a season to seclusion, and then emerged into all the gaieties of the next spring.

### CHAPTER III.

“Blest child, who when the world had power  
To win thy tranquil heart,  
In that thy young and tender hour  
Didst choose the better part.  
We are as thou wert then—be thou  
Our bright and blest example now.”

GEORGE MURRAY rode home from Longleigh. Nearly twenty miles of open bleak country, on a November day, in the teeth of the wind, was no solvent to his sharpened temper. He had a habit of tramping heavily when things went against the grain, and the decided heavy step with which he trod the passage to his wife's morning-room at Clavermere betokened an approaching storm.

"Here comes papa," shouted two or three voices as he entered the schoolroom and kissed its inmates. He was proud as well as ardently fond of his bright growing family: the sight of them after dinner often drove away all trace of a baffled pleading or an unsuccessful cause, but the ruffled waves were not so easily calmed to-day.

"Luna and the Pleiades, or Saturn satellited," he said, hurrying to greet his wife, "come, Ela, I cannot allow you to overdo it: I have a consultation in town at five o'clock this evening, and pressing business to talk over with you before that; send the girls away."

"Papa is in just about a bait, I suspect," muttered Julia, rearing her eyes above an octavo Italian dictionary which stood screen-fashion on the table before her. A very modest pinch from Essie warned her to be cautious, but it was not in Julia's code, so she went on aloud,—"Shall I fetch up your letters, papa? there is a general post-office waiting for you." The nod of assent was scarcely given ere the nimble-footed messenger was gone, and returned bending under the presumed weight of the well-filled post-bag. "Mamma had a letter this morning," she said daringly; "it was about Herrie: we think she is going to take the veil; will you make mamma tell?"

"I am busy, I want you gone," was the answer in so unmistakeable a tone, that Julia retreated behind the dictionary and prepared to depart. There was a quiet putting up of books and maps, principally performed by Ela, the eldest of the party, who, as she was leaving the room with the rest, was called back by her mother.

"The letter I received this morning concerns you, my dear," said Lady Ela, "and you had better hear about it. My great aunt is dead, your godmother."

"Aunt Abigail Graham, mamma?"

"The same: you and Hermione as her goddaughters and great great nieces are made her heiresses."

"Are we, mamma? I wish we had known her better; why did we never see her for so many years?"

A melancholy shadow flitted over the beautiful coun-

tenance of the elder Ela ; but her husband answered the girl's question.

"She was queer and crotchety on a great many points: she thought her being sponsor gave her a right to overlook your whole future lives ; and this I would not allow : but, however, she has come out well at last."

"Did it make any difference, papa, whether we had godmothers and christenings or not ?"

"None whatever, Ela, and I am glad now that I did not sacrifice my own principles to what people would have called sordid gain."

"Aunt Abby has left you all her jewels, and Hermione a great deal of money," said her mamma.

"I am very much obliged to her," murmured Ela.

"And not without reason, my dear ; there are heirlooms and princely ornaments that have adorned the persons of royalty."

"Of the Stuarts, mamma ?"

The hereditary fire of loyalty kindled in the lady's eyes.

"Would a Graham ever receive a gift from any other sovereign, think you ?"

"Oh, mamma, when will they come ? I shall be dreaming of them night and day."

The girlish impatience of this question contrasted singularly with the quiet bearing of the maiden.

"Papa will, I think, bring them when he goes to Aboyne at Christmas," said Lady Ela.

"In all probability," said Mr. Murray ; "but now, Ela, you are not to go and hold forth to your sisters upon the excellencies and advantages of godmothers ; I shall make up to them whatever you gain by this ; let me think, Herrie must not hear of this until she comes home, it would fill her head with speculative prospects : when do you change with her ?"

"Next March or April, papa."

"True, true, you are such a diminutive being, Aunt Abby's diamonds will altogether extinguish you—but go to the rest now, and don't introduce the green-eyed monster with your good news. I wish to speak with your mother."

Ela left them: "the shadow of brightness" was her household title where she went there followed light and gladness. Her own calm mirth was like the reflection of some pure beam which in the darkest and heaviest troubles never forsook her: upheld she was by some blessed influence with which the "stranger intermeddled not" in the wearisomeness and longing that pervaded her father's house she rose above it buoyant as a winged spirit fluttering on the earth, or as a bird resting awhile on a vessel's prow in the waste of waters ere it journeyed to a better country.

"We have brought matters to a crisis," said George Murray when his daughter had gone.

"How? I am impatient to hear all."

"The all is briefly told: there is a faction, my mother and the men, the girls of course—I stand alone and aloof. If they have not made foul work of my father's will it will come right in the face of day: if they have, I must hunt up young Duncan and prove that he died intestate."

"It is not certain that Duncan is living; does it come to you next if not?"

"Nay, I do not wish it; but I have no doubt of the boy's existence."

"George, set about this matter cautiously," said the Lady Ela; "think of old days, think of poor Anne."

"For poor Anne's sake is reason enough, I saw her this morning before I left, and promised her what I mean to perform."

"But there will be cost and risk to yourself."

"Possibly, but a Murray cannot retract, and I have sworn to see my father's death-bed wishes carried out: this windfall of old Abby's comes at a lucky moment: I told Arthur in James' hearing that I would bring the pauper child to be heir of Longleigh. I have an idea that they will not digest that in haste."

From that day the work of strife and litigation began and waxed hot and harmful when all should have been peace and amity.

Christmas came, and her father's visit to Aboyne was fraught with a peculiar event in little Ela's life. It was,



as she afterwards expressed it, like the touch of a true master's hand on the faint tracings on a beginner's easel. All the Grahams met at Aboyne to wind up the affairs of the maiden Aunt, good old Abigail; nieces and grand-nieces, sent their husbands and sons as their representatives. Mr. Murray went on behalf of his wife and daughters, to whom with the exception of some legacies, the old lady had left her worldly wealth. Among the connections of the family who met at Aboyne was one second cousin of Ela's, a Graham Dorrington, of whom Mr. Murray wrote to his wife: "This Dorrington is a quiet gentlemanly fellow, and would like to renew an acquaintance with our girls begun in their cradle days at Aboyne: I shall bring him home with me for a few days when I return. By the way, tell little Ela her godmother's treasures are quite safe; we have not peeped into the casket for fear they should turn out very pixies and take flight. I find an Aldwin Gray of Milton is left guardian of Herrie's property until she is twenty-five. I am sorry for this as the only unsatisfactory portion of the whole business."

Poor little Ela! her small head might well have been turned: only sixteen, and the possessor of such splendid trinkets. There were pearls of rare and regal size and beauty which Julia twined in ecstasy round Ela's black hair on the evening they examined them—there was a gold cross in a somewhat clumsy setting of black oak which tradition said had been given by William Wallace to Sir John de Grahame, and that he wore it as a talisman—there was a ring fayre and jauntily set of diamond and emerald, which Prince Charlie himself had placed on old Aunt Abby's finger.

"There, small madam," said Mr. Murray, "we are to hold these in our keeping until you are ready to be begemmed for a court ball."

His eyebrows elevated themselves in a manner which told of extreme complaisance.

"What are they worth all together, papa?" teased Julia, "do tell us."

"Yes," added Margaret, "it seems as if Ela were going

to be the princess of a fairy story ; if she takes them to school the girls will strangle her with envy."

"A likely thing," laughed Ela merrily ; "no, they will be taken care of at home."

"Let Mungo have them," suggested little Ellen, "no one ever found out the raven's hoard."

"But papa, please, what is the value of these things?" Julia inquired again.

"They are estimated at £2000, but to us they are priceless as family heirlooms. I might as well set a mark of worth on any one of you, as Ela on any of these."

"No, no, Ela will treasure them as her life," whispered the little possessor, shutting the box, and laying both her fair round arms upon it, as if to challenge any to dispute her right.

Graham Dorrington's reacquaintance with Ela made quick progress. He was a fine fellow, with his eyes wide open, though he read and interpreted what came before him after his own peculiar fashion, and he came to the conclusion that Clavermere had an unwholesome atmosphere, uncongenial to a mind like Ela's. The morning he was leaving he gave Ela a letter which had been intrusted to him by his aunt, and that short letter broke the spell over all her inward life, and opened out for her the path of a heroine, nay, of a young true modern martyr.

It began :

"MY DEAR GOD-DAUGHTER,

"The old woman who offered you up to receive a right to the heavenly inheritance may be allowed to speak to you though it seem as from her grave. The bequest I make to you is to be used and not abused, as too much it may have been, by many who have now done with this world and its vanities : look on it as yours only so long as God willeth, for even bright shining jewels may become the instruments of His glory. As such I intrust them to you.

"My Ela, I have prayed for you that you may become a light unto that dark spot, and that your daily life may

shine before men to prove that a portion of God's blessed Spirit still rests within your father's house.

"Your affectionate Godmother,

"ABIGAIL GRAHAM."

Ela read and re-read her godmother's letter, and then with burning cheeks and kindling light in her eyes, she went down meeting Graham on the staircase with books and a Bradshaw in his hand going to make preparation for his departure.

"I am off at twelve," he said, as the hall-clock struck ten ; "Ela, don't forget the grey hawk, and the cuttings for my mother."

"I will go and get them at once," she said.

"Ay, do, and I will be down with you in a few minutes."

Up stairs rushed Graham, and down stairs glided Ela, and by the time she had mounted her hat and garden-gloves, and summoned Franks the gardener, he was by her side again.

"Slips of the rarest, and sprigs of the fairest ! I mean to rob wholesale here, gardener : I should like some seeds of this fine burthwort, and look, I wonder if this Indian creeper would flourish with us ?"

"It depends a good deal on the soil, sir," said Franks, obeying orders : "what might your's be, sir, gravel or clay, or what principally ?"

Graham shook his head, and professed ignorance.

"I am afraid I am not equal even to a simple definition ; it is stiff and geological enough."

"Oh, Graham," laughed Ela, "I suppose your ground is as artificial as your ignorance ; you had better leave it to the gardener's judgment."

"And come with you to the eyrie ? Very well, then, Mr. Franks, be good enough to put me up the rare and fair of your garden and greenhouse, and I shall make them believe at home that I have brought specimens from the Botanical Gardens."

They turned away, leaving Franks delighted with the compliment, and declaring that Mr. Dorrington was the nicest young gentleman he had seen in these parts for many a long day.

"I'll tell you what, Ela," began Graham, as they walked, "Clavermere beats Dorrington hollow."

"I should think yours was a very happy home though, such as one reads of in a story."

"Why, Ela?"

"Because it is light there, cousin; it is bright here, not light."

"Not even to you? Why, at all events, there's sunshine on your face."

"Sunshine caught as through a chink in the dense wall, and it only makes the inner darkness greater. Graham, did you know Aunt Abby?"

"I knew her well; have you read her letter?"

"Yes. Did she—I mean do you think?" And Ela really burst into tears.

"I know, Ela, what you cannot explain to me; and Aunt Abby said it would be very hard as you grew older to fulfil your duty peaceably, but you might have advice. I suppose there is a clergyman?"

"He lives at the other end of Woodbrook; I have never spoken to him; he comes here to dine about once a year."

Graham tried hard not to catch the contagion of her despairing tone.

"But your eldest sister, perhaps, will help when she comes home."

Ela looked her doubts.

"Hermione is very enthusiastic, but it will be years before we are at home together."

"Never mind, put the best face and the bravest heart upon it; I pity you so much, Ela."

"It is not for myself, it is the others, all the children; I do not quite understand what privilege mine is beyond theirs: no one is ever allowed to speak to us about it."

"I suppose you know the Catechism?"

"What, that in the Prayer-Book? Yes, I have read it."

"But it is needful for you to learn it—learn every word of it, Ela. Read over the service for the Public Baptism of Infants, and you will then learn how you are at present different from the others. I see the Church is very near you, wherever the clergyman may be."

"That is not Woodbrook," replied Ela, her eyes resting a moment on the tall spire that stood out clear against the wintry sky; "that is the De Lisle's Church, we go there generally, if we go any where. Can you not stay over to-morrow, Graham?"

"No. Do you think I should be less unhappy if I stayed to gather for myself the reality of your Sundays?"

"Oh, it was not for that," and Ela blushed. "You could show me where to find it. Mamma gave Herrie a Bible and Prayer-Book when she went to school."

"And have you none?" A wrathful exclamation rose to Graham's lips, but he restrained himself for her sake, saying, "How *do* you manage?"

"When we go to Church there are plenty of books."

"But you starve all through the other six days! See if I will not read your father a lecture as we travel to-day."

"He will be angry and annoyed; I would rather you left it alone at present."

"Are you afraid he should tighten the curb rein?"

"Oh, he is very kind in every other matter," said Ela, drooping her head and lowering her voice. "Ruth says," she added, brightening suddenly again, "Ruth says Tresilian is very fond of Herrie, and would go through fire and water to make papa a good Christian again, and sometimes I think even to die would be too little if it might win him back."

"Men have laid down their lives for less noble purposes, but Ela, who is this Tresilian of whom you thus speak?"

"Tresilian Lisle, his grandfather, is rector of that church you see; his mother is a widow, and there is one sister; they all live with the old rector."

"Tresilian de Lisle! Why the name itself is fine enough to knock a fellow down; who in the world conjured up such an appellation?"

"His whimsical old grandfather, Herrie says, and that he ought to be dark and grand as a Moorish knight, but he has turned out a little thin fair youth; he is a little older than you are."

"Do you visit them?"

"We visit no one; mamma and papa sometimes call

there, but people never let their children visit us. We often used to wonder why."

"And have you solved the puzzle now?"

"I am afraid we have."

"Don't look too solemn upon the subject, sweet cousin, when Herrie returns she may become heroine, and aided by her knight of the isle, break the spell, and bring Clavermere back to its orbit."

"It will be difficult to find, but with all that money I am sure she will do something wondrous. There, Graham, there is the bird; Franks shut it up for you."

"It is a canny birdie, indeed," said Graham, whistling up the young grey hawk from its perch, and talking as he loved to do with the slight Scotch accent gathered from his visits to the land of the Grahams. "We shall take muckle care o'the bonny hawk at Dorrington; and Ela, you must come and stay with us when I am of age, and teach my sisters propriety in adversity; they would be wilder than wee kelpies with such a hoard of gold and trinkets."

"Midas's gold did not save him from dying of thirst," said Ela, drily.

"Ungrateful, Minima! I'll not come to Clavermere again till you have learned due respect for my good aunt's gifts. Perhaps you may find a use for them which might not shame the great Dundee himself."

"I am not so chivalrous about our ancestors as you and mamma are," returned Ela, trying to keep pace with the striding steps of her cousin.

Graham's visit had charmed the whole family, though it had lasted but for a few days.

"He is a credit to his name at any rate," said Lady Ela, whose inherent admiration of the heroic line equalled his own—and Mr. Murray affirmed, "that if half the landowners were as clear-headed and clever as Dorrington, there need have been no Poor Law."

On the whole, the impressions he left were favourable. Ela was made richer by the possession of a small Daily Service, and she guessed Graham's idea of her pressing need, when on the blank leaf she read, "Graham Dorrington, from his mother on his confirmation day."

The two little boys had learned striking incidents in the history of Scotland from him, of which, when they grow older they may find even Master Hugh Littlejohn himself is ignorant, and all the girls, even Julia, (whom by way of antithesis he called Meg Murray) all were fain to like him exceedingly, and not forget him as a mere ordinary or transient visitor.

Christmas passed: the still deep mourning of the Murrays excused their non-appearance in the county parties and social meetings which the children every year, as they grew older, longed to join.

"Not this year," was their mother's invariable answer, and now she added, "after Herrie is introduced I hope we shall do as others do."

The break with Longleigh made their seclusion more insufferable, for intercourse between the two houses was all over for the time, if not for ever.

Ela through the winter had to make diligent preparation for her finishing abroad: she was to go in the spring when Hermione returned from Florence. She would have shrunk from the long separation, but Lady Ela was not one whose will any were prepared to question, far less her own children and household.

"Mamma said so," or "my lady ordered it," were equivalent at Clavermere to an act of parliament, or a decree of the national assembly to a nation. This wonderful amount of authority was inherited by her little daughter in no small degree. Her discipline in the schoolroom, her untiring method of communicating her own knowledge to the others so near herself in years, and the thorough right-mindedness which she displayed in all her actions were less appreciated then than when she was gone from among them.

She was firm almost to a fault, and maintained her ground on high points when her strict sense of filial duty almost whispered that it was overstraining obedience. Her word was law with the most boisterous: Julia's wildest pranks were checked by a glance from Ela, while Maggie and Alice, or Essie as she was generally called, desired no brighter model of sisterly affection. Many and salutary were the rules she wrote down for her

sisters lest they should want for guidance in the common things of every-day life, the "little things" of which so few have patience to take account. But Ela never planned with them in day-dreams, nor built air castles as Herrie had done, of what should be accomplished at her return; all her reliance was on their good conduct in her absence.

Set forms of prayer for morning and evening she arranged in all youthful simplicity out of the liturgy for their daily use, intrusting it only to the two elder at present, though Julia was to be initiated gradually and cautiously.

And in the spring Ela Murray went forth from her home tearful, and with tearful eyes looking after her, the foreshadowings of blessings that another day would be showered down on her young head. She went: Hermione returned. Hermione not quite eighteen. She was her father's favourite daughter, and very like him: like him in the beautiful rich hazel eye and broad high forehead, like him in the curled lip that portendeth self-will, but like him most of all in high moral courage and supreme contempt of all the world and its opinion.

"Ye are fostering a serpent, and it will bite you in the spirit of that child," predicted Aunt Abby, even in her god-daughter's infancy.

But Mr. Murray would not brook the slightest interference in the management of his children.

"Have nothing to do, Ela," he used to say, "with those walking well-meant hints to mothers, which would impede my present education scheme; if I can only carry it out I do not think any of our children will turn out every-day characters."

In two of them at least, though very oppositely, there was a literal fulfilment of his prediction.

In May Miss Murray was presented, went through the usual round of a first season, was admired and flattered, but still felt in her secret heart a void which neither the vanities of the world, nor her newly acquired wealth could fill.

Early in August she returned with her father and mother to Clavermere, betraying a kind of disgust at the



ordeal from which she was emancipated that elicited great approbation from her father. "You are sick, are you, my brave girl, of all the conventional fooleries and mummeries which an Englishwoman, in your mother's opinion, is called upon to endure."

And Herrie's conscience answered to herself, "I have drunk at a broken cistern, and am thirsting even yet." The De Lises were to her what Graham Dorrington had been to Ela. Mary Lisle had been her schoolfellow in Florence, so that there was a plea for renewing a friendship there, and Herrie boldly assumed her right to go to church there—and the interviews and walks after service were bright and pleasant, and might have been beneficial. There was Tresilian's mother—the gentle widow in her plain black silk dress and quiet bonnet: if Herrie could obey any one, it was Mrs. De Lisle. She had lived in Florence while Mary was at school, and had seen more of Hermione in those few months than in a whole lifetime at Clavermere. So to her Herrie had poured out every grievance, every trouble real or ideal; she had been too fluent in family detail; but Mrs. De Lisle while she soothed, advised and pitied, made no mischief out of the confidence of her young friend.

"Herrie's friends, the De Lises," was their usual designation at Clavermere, and for some weeks the intimacy went on uninterruptedly,—Hermione spending hours with them, but they never entered her father's house.

## CHAPTER IV.

"Five loving souls, each one as mine,  
And each for evermore to be!  
Each deed of each to thrill  
For good or ill  
Along thine awful line,  
Eternity!"

FIVE younger sisters, and no one on whom to depend for their education! and if Hermione were asked to help occasionally, she muttered ungraciously that it was a

bore, and if they could not have a governess, they must get on as they could.

For herself she rode, and read, and dreamed through the day, and charmed her father with her brilliancy in the evening; but it was an idler, more empty life than that in London, and the *ennui* increased tenfold, till the misguided or unguided spirit chafed in its dull prison.

One morning Hermione was summoned to her mother in that pretty morning room where she had been so often in early years caressed in joy, and petted in sickness, and forgiven after wrong.

Lady Ela was at work upon some little garment for one of the children, and Mr. Murray too was there: but his wife as usual was spokesman.

"Herrie, dear, we have now been at home and settled for nearly three weeks, and we think it is time to begin to talk over our plans: you know there has been some grand mistake in the affairs at Longleigh, and it is necessary for your father to institute proceedings against all the family."

"What, get up a regular quarrel like those of the olden times!"

"It is likely to reach almost to that: at all events there is some risk to be incurred, and for a few years we must live very quietly, perhaps economically."

Hermione mused awhile, her eyes fixed with all a daughter's pride on the small studious face and head before her.

"It has come to this, Herrie;" and her father spoke now; "I must work the harder, and look to you all to agree as your mother does in my plans. In fact, Herrie;" he spoke as though he rather feared to rouse the lion,— "we are going to ask your part of you this morning: will you undertake the education of your sisters?"

"Oh no, not if you paid me for it."

"But, Hermione, think a moment," said Lady Ela, "papa is really in earnest."

"I could not, I would not if you paid me for it."

Any but a Murray would have shrunk under the fixed angry eye her father turned upon her, but she coolly went on excusing herself from the undertaking.

"It would be a toiling, thankless life, and they would mind me no more than Mungo's croaking."

"Herrie," said her mother, trying to make concession, "consider it not in the light of a hardship, we have done everything for your pleasure and comfort since you came home."

"At a high premium indeed, mamma, if you expect this to be the return."

The colour fled fast from Hermione's cheeks, the flood-gates of passion were unloosed, while Mr. Murray strode up and down and round the small apartment, and at last thundered out: "What on earth can be your reason for refusing? do you know who must do it if you will not?"

"No; neither do I care."

"Herrie, Herrie, you will be sorry for those words when you come to your proper senses." Lady Ela spoke with unmoved calmness in her tone.

"People said his own children would turn against him, but I did not mean to be the first."

"Oh! ho! that is the De Lisle doctrine, there is the root of all the evil: but I will have obedience, and it shall be this very morning, this instant: you and the De Lisles part company to-day."

"They are worth a thousand—" Hermione rushed from the room, and the door banged after her with a noise that luckily drowned the invidious sentence. Her lip quivering, her face by this time ghastly, she flew down the passage, down the staircase, and out at the hall-door. One pause for after thought she did not give herself, but on—on she went—down the long walk, round, over the old bridge at the point, through the strip of plantation—the boundary of her father's grounds, then a short way along the open road; on—on faster, unbonneted, and with a broiling August sun beating down unfelt upon her head. Had the grand pasha himself met her she must have run over him: on—on—until she sank down breathless and exhausted at Mrs. De Lisle's feet. "My child! Miss Murray!" but it was too late, she had fainted. Mary Lisle, who sat working with her mother, was less alarmed.

"It is an angry fit, she has worked herself up beyond control; let her lie where she is, mamma."

"How dreadful! poor thing! but go, Mary, get some eau de Cologne and *sal volatile*: she would not like it to be known."

She was tardy in recovering, and looked embarrassed and unable to recall the event of her being there, and so carefully tended.

"Come now, you naughty madcap," said Mary, playfully, "you have a pretty history to unfold."

"Not to you, Mary, I must tell your mother only."

Mary left the room piqued by the cold command, and Hermione leaned wearily against Mrs. De Lisle, without speaking or looking up. The kind motherly lady herself at length had to begin by the inquiry:

"Miss Murray, tell me what has brought you so to compromise your woman's dignity?"

Still Herrie's head was bowed—her face hidden.

"There is nothing that could have happened to make a lady forget herself as you have done to-day."

"They want me to be a governess!" and then she poured out fast but truthfully every word of the conversation that had provoked her to such an act of rebellion.

"And is this all?" asked Mrs. De Lisle, in a tone that told how deeply she felt; "it is well you sent Mary away, I do not think either she or Tresilian would sympathise in any way with you."

"Was it really wrong to refuse?"

"Judge for yourself, Hermione: all that you do has its influence on the young ones at home: you are no child now, neither are you ignorant of those principles and duties which tend to keep us from going astray. We have done harm, rather than good, your father might well say, if this is the first practical specimen of our teaching."

"O, Mrs. De Lisle! you kill me with such cruel words."

"Your mother has a heart more tender still; you have perhaps inflicted a wound that will never heal. Hermione, you must go home at once, and try if by penitence and obedience you can undo this day's great sin."

"I have not yet come to look at it in that light; let me stay until you can convince me, for after this we are not to meet again."

"Time passes swiftly;" and Mrs. De Lisle said these words tenderly. "I speak to you as to a daughter, and if ever you have cared for our friendship it is put on its trial now: make the best of the little help we have been to you, and your father may some day allow us to be friends again: meantime, the way is plain,—your young sisters are put under your care; but of this be sure, God never lays too heavy a burthen on His children. Your first step is to learn, rather than teach, obedience. 'Honour thy father and thy mother,' and thou shalt be blessed, and God give you a meek and quiet spirit, for all else His grace is sufficient."

"For my own good, you urge it, but then it will be like gratifying papa—"

"Hush! I cannot hear it: go home now, and you may live to look back on this day of conquered pride as the beginning of a great victory."

Hermione still looked doubtful, but at last said, "If I am to go you must lend me a bonnet."

"Acknowledge that you wore the cap of Folly, here," said Tresilian, coming in at that moment and just hearing her request, "own to the cap, for I heard the bells jingling as you ran, they almost frightened the horses at plough in the glebe. Eh! Miss Murray, what has gone wrong at Clavermere?"

Hermione's embarrassment was really painful, and she said, "What will you think of me!"

"Never mind it now, Tresilian," said his mother; "Miss Murray is going home."

"And never coming here again," added Herrie.

"How! never: have we perverted you?"

"Go, Tresilian, I would rather she were not delayed;" and when he had made a hasty retreat, Mrs. De Lisle added, "It will be a trial at first for you and Mary to meet as strangers."

"I shall not stay here. My guardian lives in some western county: I shall go there for a while."

"You have no natural guardians except at Clavermere, Hermione; be careful how you rebel against them. Take my advice, and go at once to your appointed task. Ella would have done it."

"Ela would have been a little fool then, begging her pardon, and she has not three hundred a year to save her from dependence on her father's caprice."

Had not Mrs. De Lisle pitied Hermione, and well understood how imperfect her home education had been, she would scarcely have listened with patience to this wind-up of her advice; but she stood still, sorely troubled for the future fate of the proud, desperate girl, and longing earnestly to be able to make the right way plain to her. Mrs. De Lisle brought a bonnet of Mary's for her, and came also dressed to walk with her.

"There is one thing more, my child, before we part: the Confirmation,—have you asked?"

"Yes, and he laughed, and said if it pleased me to do as others did, he cared not."

"Which was an open consent: oh, Herrie! if you had really felt how great a privilege this admits you to, you would have submitted for its sake to his will in matters of such comparatively small account: besides, consider how useful you may thus become to your sisters."

"He will forbid my coming to the weekly examinations," she said, sullenly.

"There is time before October to hope all will be smooth; you know your father's character for justice is proverbial all the county through; it would be a grievous fault if he were to forfeit it first in your case; but see, we have reached the boundary, good-bye;" and both cheeks were kissed tenderly as by a mother.

Ten minutes later and Hermione was in the school-room with the three girls whose education she was required to conduct. They had heard nothing of the storm in which she had fled from the house an hour ago, they only saw an unusual flush on her cheek, and noticed that she seemed tired and quiet.

Margaret and Essie were just at an age to value all they learned, and though their eldest sister wanted the sweetness that tempered Ela's firmness, and the patience of one who has been taught to teach, yet she knew a good deal, and was so freshly up in all their studies, that they welcomed her with unmingled delight. She and Julia were too much alike in temperament to agree long

together, but this day passed over smoothly even with her.

At the end of the day when her father came from town and her mother from a long drive, Hermione was surprised at the note on her dressing table when she went to prepare for dinner—in her mother's writing.

"You will drink tea in the school-room with your sisters : we do not wish to see you in the drawing-room to-night.—E. M."

Hermione bit her lip passionately to repress the returning torrent ; those few cold words, the first that she had heard since her grown-up life began : it was like emptying out the remnants of the now cooled anger of the morning. She spoke proudly to Ruth, who had come to dress her.

"I do not want you to-night : call me when the children's tea is ready."

Ruth lingered to fold up and put by the evening dress. "Could I do anything for you, Miss Murray, or carry a note to my lady ? she seems very unhappy."

"I do not want you any longer," was the young lady's answer ; and Ruth, disheartened, left the room.

A Bible and Prayer Book lay on their shelf, unused either of them from Sunday to Sunday, and she took them down and in her bitter spite made the Holy Words subservient to her rebellious interpretation. "Children, obey your parents in the LORD, for this is right:" she marked the text with a deep pencil line. "Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath:" there was a double score under the whole of this verse.

Of argument or controversy, of schism or scepticism, Hermione had never known even the meaning. She had idolised her father, and loved to talk of him at school as one whose name stood highest for probity as well as talent in a calling where the former is not necessarily found. She was proud of him as genius is of genius, for of the black spot on the broad dazzling disc she had then no knowledge ; she turned a resolutely deaf ear to every whisper that maligned him, until she made the discovery for herself.

A very tender father, most gentle and indulgent to his children, looked up to by all his dependents as a man of unimpeachable moral character, yet carrying in his heart and through the courses of his daily life, a hideous sin.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hermione had not drunk tea in the school-room since before she left home, and there used then to be a governess and everything prim, stiff, and proper. Now she came in to find Essie in the window-seat learning her French grammar for to-morrow, Maggie making tea, and Julia,—Lanky J., as they called her,—lying at length on the piano-forte, while the two smallest girls were under the table quarrelling over a torn envelope.

"Sphinx!" cried Julia, "are you going to be jolly enough to come and rule here out of hours?" and Julia crawled off the piano, eliciting a hearty laugh from Ellen and Gerty.

"Get up and come to your places," said Hermione, authoritatively; "what do these little ones want here?"

"Their tea, it is presumed," answered Julia.

Maggie looked distressed, and coming to her eldest sister's side, she said, "Herrie, we always manage very well; we are much obliged to you for coming: but do go to dinner now."

"Governesses do not have dinner, thank you, Maggie."

There was a cold, mind-your-own-business tone that repulsed every one of her sisters in Herrie's answer: they drew round the table, and tea commenced.

"Ellen and Gerty, you must go back to the nursery; stay, not to-night, but after this, tell Mayse I cannot have so many."

"We can't get any jam in the nursery," observed little Gerty, sadly.

"You will not get many sweets here, if you stay, for the future, I dare say," replied Julia, loudly.

Gerty sat by Essie with her arm very often round her neck, and a real bond of love appeared to exist amongst them, notwithstanding the disorderly state of outward affairs that she had entangled more by her unexpected appearance.



She sighed and ate little, and her presence put a cold restraint upon the others. She was thinking of the De Lisles, of Mrs. De Lisle's advice, of Tresilian and Mary's possible contempt for her when they should have learned the history of the morning; and the others were thinking and talking of Ela, and in their secret hearts hoping Hermione would grow more like her in her bearing towards them.

Such was the first day's experience: she went to bed without seeing either father or mother, without either the opportunity or inclination to offer a word of contrition for the past, or hopeful intention for the future.

So ended the first day's experience.

A natural idea of order and discipline did not belong to Hermione, and her attempt to put things straight ended in her leaving them worse than she found them. True, there were some dampers to her exertions: Julia was often insufferably rude; a chilling frown was on her father's face whenever they met; and a word of encouragement, or a suggestion even, her mother never volunteered. But on the other hand, neither father nor mother had forgiven her: her sudden obedience, placid almost to sullenness, surprised them: it was so contrary to her usual spirit. They knew she was cold and proud, but so were they; they believed she saw in some degree the magnitude of her fault, but it took a curious turn in their eyes, and so remained; Hermione could not bring herself to acknowledge, and it was not their part to explain.

In such a divided state, things could not long be borne: the school-room, so quiet and orderly in Miss Hayward's time, so pleasant and easy under their mamma's jurisdiction, so delightful whenever Ela had temporary rule, was now a house of bondage to all the girls. A cold, unrelieved matter-of-fact task from day to day was a great trial: Herrie's very presence had the effect on their spirits that an unexpected autumn frost has on summer flowers, nay, divesting the sister from the office she performed, they hated her as their governess.

She could not get on: she wanted the De Lisles; the well-known sound of Tresilian's and Mary's horses, as

they rode by in the distance made her feverish: why was she forbidden the only friends who could put her right? Hermione called it cruel and unjust, forgetting Mrs. De Lisle's earnest advice, and ignorant that day by day they never forgot her in their prayers for all who have erred and are deceived.

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## ECHOES FROM THE TEUTON FORESTS.

RENDERED BY THE REV. ARCHER GURNEY.

### I.—UHLAND.

MARVELLOUSLY strange are literary judgments, unequal and uncertain, especially where works of high art are concerned. It is not so with prose narratives of any order: these, whether romantic, sentimental, humorous or real, are almost sure to make their market, and find a ready acceptance at the world's hands. Neither "Tom Jones" nor "Waverley" could well fail to win the suffrage of the multitude. Far otherwise fares it both with the drama and with lyric poesy: whether these gain a favourable hearing depends on the manner of their appearance, and a thousand accidental circumstances.

We treated the other day of one of the greatest dramatists and poets of all time, whose fame is yet ignored by the mass of "literateurs," who has given a series of glorious masterpieces to his countrymen with almost less and less of critical appreciation; we mean the mighty Austrian, Grillparzer. To-day we purpose to treat briefly of one to whom, it may be, too much of justice has been accorded, whose lyric effusions at least have received the utmost measure of appreciation, and who really has many claims on the esteem and regard of Germany, though his genius is undoubtedly inferior to that of the far less loudly lauded Grillparzer. This is Uhland, the ro-

mantic ballad-writer of Suabia, mild and peaceful Suabia, which may be regarded as the very heart and core of old Teutonia, German of the Germans, "dieber und fest."

Uhland is a pleasant easy writer, genial, fanciful, kindly, with something of a religious vein at times, which we shall seek to illustrate; not very profound for the more part; devoid of passion; when he writes in his own person, sometimes not a little prosaic, and what German students call "Philisterhaft:" but he knows the limits of his powers. What he attempts he almost invariably performs; his inventions are happy; there is sometimes a wild freshness in his strains like that of the wood violet. In fine, he is no unworthy representative of those lyrists of Germany who take far higher rank, in our estimation, than either her philosophers or her neologians, and for the enjoyment of whose stores of poesy the study of the German language is perhaps chiefly to be commended to young English folk. The list of lyrical poets, "Lyriker," comprises Goethe, Schiller, Kerner, Rückert, Lenau, Chamisso, Simrock, Freiligrath, Geibel, and many another honoured name; and here we have enumerated "moderns" only. The old poet of Suabia, good Uhland, claims a post of eminence among these. He has not the fire, the passion, the versatility, or the sustained power of many, but he possesses in no small degree, the gift to interest and to charm, and perhaps there are few volumes of German poetry likely to be greater favourites with English readers.

First, as we have said, his strains have a religious bearing, or sentiment,—perhaps it is nothing much more definite,—which naturally commends them to our liking. Here is a not uncharacteristic specimen; of course we can illustrate by translating only.

*"The Serenade."*

"What soft and loving melodies  
My last sad slumber break!  
Look forth, dear mother!—who are these  
That midnight's echoes wake?"

“ ‘ I nothing hear, I nothing see ;  
 O sleep, O sleep, my own dear maid !  
 Alas ! no mortal youth for thee  
 Shall chant his serenade.’ ”

“ ‘ Mother, this is no earthly strain  
 Which yields such pure delight ;  
 The Angels call me !—hark !—again !  
 My mother dear, good night.’ ”

The terseness and brevity of this little strain, which recalls, not over advantageously to itself perhaps, an exquisite passage in Tennyson's "May Queen," written, however, long subsequently, are perhaps its chief recommendations. Yet the master is shown by the directness and simple condensation. An ordinary rhymester would have given us a dozen stanzas at the least. A happier and a more original specimen of Uhland's more religious moods will be discerned perhaps in

*“ The Shepherd's Sabbath-Song. ”*

“ This is the Sabbath-day ;  
 I am alone on heath and fell ;  
 Afar I hear one matin bell ;  
 Else silence holds her sway.

“ I kneel, no man to see !  
 O wondrous awe, O sacred fear,  
 As many knelt around me here  
 And prayed to CHRIST with me !

“ The skies so clear and grey,  
 Still brighter, ever brighter, gleam  
 As they would ope ! Is this a dream ?  
 It is the Sabbath-day.”

This is very beautiful as a poetic embodiment of the Communion of Saints. Here again the admiration of the appreciating reader will be excited by the comprehensive brevity of the treatment : one simple but grand idea is in the poet's mind ; he is content with tracing this, without the aid of meretricious ornament, and impresses by that very simplicity which is akin to the highest art. But Uhland can at times write less mildly, less innocently, can even satirise critics. Take a playful specimen of his satiric vein, in which we have substituted English for

German localities, and even used the name of a highly respectable English dramatic work, Philip von Artevelde, instead of Kleist's *Frühling*, the work named in the original as the critic's companion, a production more strictly corresponding with Thomson's "Seasons;" but the latter being entirely out of fashion with our modern critics, it of course would not have done to name it.

*"The Critic's Mayday-Song."*

"This is Spring!—Not so unpleasant!  
Nay, I own, I rather like it;  
One may take a walk to Highgate,  
Nor catch cold, I think, at present.

The critical caution of the praise will of course be appreciated; but we must not interlard.

"Swallows too are hither jogging:  
Take your time, friends! all in order!  
Leaves are growing broad and broader:  
Hail, young birches, born for flogging!

"Yes, I really like this weather;  
Here's that lark is tuneful, very.  
What can make the thing so merry?  
I'm contented—altogether!

"Some remarks I here shall docket  
For an Athenæum column;  
So I walk, both pleased and solemn;  
Taylor's 'Philip' in my pocket!"

But this is good-humoured trifling after all, only intended to excite an honest grin, and critics, whether English or German, will easily survive such strictures. How the critics dealt with Uhland we know not; badly enough, we dare say, in the first place; for he is far too unpretending for most of these gentlemen; but if so, the applause of the public, of the nation, has amply revenged him. The Germans really read poetry, lyric poetry in particular, and judge for themselves. They could not be talked or written into admiring such rhapsodical effusions as the rhyme run mad of Mr. Sydney Dobell and his "confrères." How strange it is that a nation which

prides itself upon its common-sense, like ourselves, should tolerate these barbarous excesses in art! but perhaps this is the very reason. We have lost, too many of us at least, the standard of poetic beauty. But we would not inflict critical lucubrations on our readers: we would woo them, rather to admire and enjoy than to condemn. Longfellow has rendered some of Uhland's ballads happily, such as the "Castle by the Sea," and the "Luck of Eden Hall." An anonymous writer in the *Quarterly* has yet more exquisitely rendered, some years back, one of his happier lyrics,

"Take, O boatman, thrice thy fee," &c.,

an illustration this, by the by, of the fatuity of the critical canon, that a translation can *never* worthily represent an original, an opinion endorsed and enforced at much length in Mr. Lewes's clever but rather superficial "Life of Goethe." The truth is, that where languages are so closely related as the English and German, translations may often happily reproduce originals, sometimes equal, and sometimes, as in this instance, surpass them. Coleridge's "Wallenstein" is a case in point. Mr. Lewes, not being a poet, is indeed no very competent judge in the matter. His own efforts at translation are, to speak the truth, failures; even the sense of his original is missed in many cases. Meantime, his biography remains an exceedingly clever book, and supplies a want which has been long felt.

To return to Uhland. The poet is a denizen of Wurtemberg, and writes sometimes to our thinking, not a little tediously of the political destinies of his native state. The politics of Wurtemberg are far too local to admit of poetical treatment; and indeed nothing is more difficult than to treat any question of home politics poetically, though the feat has been accomplished now and then. We thought of giving some one of the minstrel's tales of chivalry, but perhaps these are rather out of date; and, at all events, we do not think any of them equal poetically to the very beautiful poem, in our judgment, which we now propose to render, and which may be said to express the singer's yearnings after truly Catholic

"beauty of holiness." Rightly understood there is a profound meaning in this poem, which will be found to echo the cravings of thousands of earnest hearts. It is emphatically German too, and no bard but Uhland would be likely to have sung it. With it we shall close our illustrations of this simple earnest poet's genius.

*"The Lost Church."*

- " Oft in the distant forest dell  
A spectral peal, 'tis said, resoundeth ;  
Its source can no man plainly tell,  
And e'en tradition scarce expoundeth.  
' The long-lost Church,' thus whisper some,  
' Still wafts from far her summons holy ;'  
But all, as pilgrims wont to come,  
And worship there, now slumber lowly.
- " It chanced, that in the densest wood  
My footsteps strayed, all footpaths leaving,  
As though to fly corruption's flood,  
Which o'er our prostrate age is heaving.  
My spirit sighed to GOD : I prayed :  
When of a sudden—thought of wonder—  
That peal resounded through the glade,—  
My spirit's clouds were rent asunder.
- " So strangely lost in love was I,  
My soul so rapt in that sweet ringing,  
That how I climbed, so far, so high,  
I nothing ken, for heav'n seem'd singing.  
Whole ages of delight were press'd  
In that strange hour of revelation ;  
When lo ! above me, in the west,  
I marked the Token of Salvation.
- " Heav'n was so blue, so clear, so deep,  
The golden sunshine gleam'd in glory,  
And minster broad and turret steep  
In magic light tow'rd there before me.  
Meseem'd, the cloudlets like to wings  
Upbore it, o'er this earth defiling ;  
And over all these glorious things  
Methought, the heav'n of heav'ns lay smiling.
- " Still from the turret far above  
That wondrous rapturous peal resounded ;  
No human hand the cords could move ;  
His Power was there who all things founded.

It seem'd, that peal, despite my sin,  
Within my breast re-echoed, calling ;  
I reached the gate, I entered in,  
In ecstasy of joys appalling.

“ What in those mighty aisles I saw,  
In words this tongue may ne'er discover ;  
The symbols of celestial awe,  
The sacred beams that round them hover :  
Upon the casements pictured shone  
The Church's Saints in rays of beauty ;  
My inmost soul that vision won,  
Of faith's wide world of love and duty.

“ Unto the altar had I come ;  
I knelt in awe and rapture tender ;  
Above me in the lofty dome  
A painted vision gleam'd of splendour :  
But when again I upward gazed,  
The mighty cupola had parted ;  
The veil of heav'n itself was raised  
On me, the sad, the sinful-hearted.

“ What glories, then, those eyes beheld  
With silent awestruck adoration,  
What melodies of rapture well'd  
As from the harpstrings of Creation,  
No words can speak, no signs display ;  
But those, whose hearts to taste are bounding,—  
O mark they on their forest way,  
The Mystic Peal afar resounding.”

They must be blind indeed who fail to recognise the genius of the author of this strain. We English have well nigh lost the faculty of appreciation just at present, for such simple lyrics as Uhland's. We expect something more highly-spiced and passionate, of the nature of “Maud,” or “Aurora Leigh,” and are apt to count true feeling tame, and slow. This is a temporary aberration from which we must ere long recover. The study of the true genial poets of Germany may accelerate the reform. We seriously doubt whether even Wordsworth, or Scott as a poet, or Burns, or any other natural minstrel would meet with instant recognition at the present hour. We say not this to detract from the merits of the really brilliant and delightful Tennyson, who has traversed well nigh every world of thought or fancy, and



adorned all he touches ; nor do we question the dramatic power and genius of Mrs. Browning, or her yet more highly gifted husband, whose "Paracelsus" is a work for all time, the merits of which are not fully understood ; but there is a craving for the powerful and the singular abroad amongst us, which has led to no little eccentricity and alienated poetry from the hearts of the people. We are convinced that the age of poetry is *not* past. That is an idle cry. The beautiful dies not, and poetry can express it with a concentration and a charm to which the most poetical prose may never more attain. But it is true that, for the moment nature and unexaggerated art are at a discount amongst us in the sphere of poesy. But the other day we saw Longfellow sneered at in one of our most influential organs as a poetaster, on the score that anyone could understand him without much difficulty ! This was held to be sufficient of itself for the minstrel's condemnation ; and one of the sweetest of modern singers—not but that he has written trash enough in his time too—witness "the *Brazen Legend*"—is handed over to reprobation, because he is not—nearly unintelligible ! The metaphysical Germans may teach us purer wisdom than this ; that simplicity and strength are ever close akin ; that beauty *or power* is inconsistent with *apparent effort*, which marks nine-tenths of the productions of our modern bards, and seems essential to win critical laudations ; and that the natural only can be the sublime.

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## AUTUMN AND SPRING ; OR, ALL SAINTS' DAY AND EASTER.

### PART I.

It was one evening at that season when all things in nature—the falling leaves, the deep becks, the little resigned birds—seem to sing a gentle sorrowful funeral song, for the bright summer days that have been so

pleasant, but will come no more till another year, when the few flowers that remain,—the china roses and purple stocks, and a red carnation here and there,—make one think of all the sweet scents and gay colours that have passed away; just as a sorrowing mother, at the sight of her healthy happy children, only the more remembers the little faces that are to be seen in the nursery no longer. And the sorrow that seems abroad, is tender and submissive as her's; no bursting sobs, or loud lament, but only a few tears that drop so quietly from the soft clouds, that the robin does not stop his low sweet song.

One evening, as I said, at this time of year, (it was the last evening in October,) at the turn of a road,—which I dare say you all know—a little girl stood leaning on the garden-gate, listening and watching, as if she expected some one.

"Now, Miss Ellen," said an old woman, coming towards her, "don't be stopping here catching cold, you'll see your papa soon enough when he comes into the house; the coach won't be here this half-hour; why, I declare if it doesn't rain! I'm sure master won't be pleased to see you waiting out here. Indeed your mamma said you must come in directly."

"Oh, did she, nurse!" said Ellen, taking a last look up the steep shady road, and moving from the gate, "but I did so wish to see the coach stop, and papa get out."

"I dare say he'll walk from the station, and that'll make him still later; the coach is sure to be full on market-day, and so damp as it is too, I never was out on a worse night, and I've lost my clogs; come, Miss Ellen, be quick, I'm getting my death."

"Papa was going to bring me a present, and some other things from Durham,—not that that makes me want to see him—most—"

"So much the better, child, I should say, for he's not likely to think of such trifles, with all he must have on his mind. Don't you know he has been in the great poisoning case, that everybody has been talking about!"

"Is that the quarrel papa has been settling?" asked little Ellen.

But though a "poisoning case" seemed something very shocking and mysterious, she did not give up the idea of her present for all that; having often before found that her papa could remember small things, as well as great; though indeed as she perhaps guessed, nothing was likely to seem very small to him that concerned his little daughter.

But, as I was about to say, the garden path in which this conversation was held, is probably quite familiar to any little travellers that have been at "the Lakes:" and who in these days has not been, and does not know the low grey house, Ellen's home for the time being, with its pretty windows, a little beyond the thriving village of Alderbeck, nestling in the trees by the road side, with its grassy slope and flower-beds, not a stone's-throw from the church?

All Lake travellers must have a kindly recollection of the little church. It is perhaps one of the first objects to attract notice on their arrival in that pleasant country, the last to which they say good-bye after the happy wandering. There it stands patiently, like "the holy hills" themselves; with a silent greeting, bidding the traveller not forget to seek "the better country," even in this fair scene; and his holiday pleasure over, the little belfry spire, still pointing upward, might seem to say, "*A Dieu*, remember the land, where there will be no more toil, and no more departing."

To little Ellen this church had grown to be like a dear familiar friend. It stood, as I have said, very near the house, the garden joining the churchyard, with only a low hedge of roses between. The church was open all day long, and there Ellen was often to be found, there she would sing the Psalms she knew, or learn her Bible lessons, or oftener still kneel to say a prayer; and perhaps there was nothing she was so sorry to leave as the church, when the day of departure came as it did every year.

For as I was going to tell you, Ellen did not live here always, but went away in the autumn with her parents to London where their real home was. You will have guessed rightly, her father was a barrister, he led a

very busy life, and was often obliged to leave home, even in the summer time; and then Ellen tried to be her mother's companion; she was their only child, and very dear to both her parents.

On the evening I speak of Mr. Howard was expected to return after one of these absences. When Ellen went into the house, she found her mamma, stirring up the bright wood fire, and putting on the kettle. The tea-table was spread, and looked very inviting—with a nosegay of fresh roses in the centre. There was a new cake, and opposite Mr. Howard's chair, room was left for a dish of trout to be brought in hot, when he arrived. Ellen noticed how happy her mamma looked, and also that she had on her favourite cap with blue ribbons.

"Come, dear child," said she, "run up stairs and make haste, or you will hardly be ready when papa comes."

And very soon after Ellen re-appeared with smoothed hair, and clean pinafore, (for she was only seven years old, and still wore pinafores,) Mr. Howard arrived, and came into the bright little room, saying with a very kind smile, "Well, how are my two Ellens?"

"What was the veridiot?" asked his wife eagerly.

"Not guilty," said Mr. Howard, but there was little cheerfulness in his tone; and to his wife's response, "I thought so, I had the paper this morning, I am so very glad;" he only said, "What, did I make you too believe him innocent?" and with a harassed expression, sat down wearily in the arm chair.

Mrs. Howard looked distressed, and Ellen said, "are you quite tired with settling quarrels, papa? Will you stay by the fire, and let me bring you some tea?"

"What," said Mr. Howard, putting his hand into his pocket, and drawing out several parcels, "before I show my purchases?"

"Oh, yes, papa, let them wait till after tea, you do look so tired, and perhaps mamma will let me sit up a little later to-night."

So it was settled; and before he had finished tea Mr. Howard looked quite rested and happy, and listened to all

that Ellen and her mamma had been doing, and told them about Durham and the cathedral.

Ellen had almost forgotten the parcels, when he said, "Well, now I wish to know, if I am fit to be trusted to shop for a little lady."

Then the packets were brought to the table, and the strings untied, and very pleased were Ellen's exclamations, as each article was unfolded. I suppose they were meant to be given away, for several things did not seem likely to be of use to Ellen herself.

"Oh, papa, gold spectacles! and such a pretty case! but how much did they cost? and what a very nice Prayer Book! red, too! that is just what I wanted; and here are the bodkins and knitting needles, and nurse's goloshes, too; that is a good thing! Oh, papa, you have remembered everything, even the pink ribbon! Did my money pay for all?"

"Yes," said her papa, "and more; you gave me three half-crowns, and here is a fourpenny-piece out; I am glad you think I have laid out your savings well, and I hope you will approve my own purchase, it is for you, but I am a little doubtful."

"Oh! thank you, papa; but how strange!" said Ellen, as she opened another parcel, containing two or three brown paper bags; on the outside of each were some written words, which Ellen was able to read herself,—'snowdrops, crocuses, hyacinths, narcissus,'—"what! flowers in these little bags! I am afraid they will be dead, oh, papa, indeed they are, quite dead, and I think they are not flowers after all," and little Ellen looked quite disappointed.

"Well, Ellen, they are not flowers," said Mr. Howard, "but flower-roots, and I hope they are not dead either. The florist in Durham told me they were of beautiful kinds, and as you said, there were no spring flowers in this garden, and that you liked them best of all, I thought you could plant these bulbs before we go. Can you look forward to see the flowers in six months, if we live, or is that too long?"

"Well, I must try," said Ellen, gathering the parcel together, for her mamma had whispered that it was quite

bed-time, "good-night, dear papa, it was very kind of you to remember what I said, and to get all my things, when you had so much to think of; nurse said you had."

Ellen spoke of this again upstairs to her mamma, who replied, "I was thinking, Ellen, of what you asked me last night; 'how it is that God can remember the prayers of so many people;' now cannot you answer the question better yourself to-night?"

"I think," said Ellen, "you mean that if papa, who is only a man, could recollect my present, and all those different things, when he was so busy; God Who is so much wiser and kinder than even papa, would not be likely to forget anything we ask Him for."

"Yes, dear child, that is just what I meant; and He is always able as well as willing to keep His promises: will you remember this always when you pray, Ellen?"

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WHEN Ellen awoke the next morning her first thought was about the flower-roots, she hoped that by daylight they would look more alive, and jumped up even before her nurse called her, to open the little paper bags in which they were folded, and examine them again. But there were the little brown dry bulbs, with not a single green sprout; and Ellen felt more sure than ever, that they were quite dead, and that there would be no use in planting them.

On her table lay also the other things which her papa had brought her, and the sight of them cheered her a little, as she thought of the pleasure they would give to several persons, old and young, for whom she intended them as parting gifts. Then she recollected that this was one of her "pleasant days" as she called them; she knew that she should go to church with her papa and mamma, and take a long walk with them, and drawing the curtain, she looked out to see if there was promise of a bright day.

But as yet every tree was shrouded in the white mist, which hid even the church from view. She would have

liked to watch it clear away, but there was only just time to dress quickly, and run down stairs, or she would have been late for prayers, which indeed sometimes happened to Ellen, whose fault it was to linger thinking of something past or future, rather than do briskly the work of the present moment. On this morning however she was in time to receive her papa's kind kiss, before the little household assembled.

The chapter that day, from the last book in the Bible, the Revelation, was about the holy and happy company in heaven, clothed in white raiment.

It was the first of November, "All Saints' Day," the day reminding us, not of any one apostle or martyr in particular, but of all God's servants, departed this life in His faith and fear; whose example we pray to follow, and whom we hope to know in heaven.

This was what Ellen's mamma said to her, when they read and talked together after breakfast. She said too, that when our friends die, and are laid in the churchyard, we should try not to forget them, but to remember that their souls are as much alive as our own, and that one day we shall meet again face to face.

In church Ellen heard the same things and tried to listen and understand; and when the service was over she looked at the green mounds round the churchyard, with more interest than ever before. The sun shone upon them now, the mist had cleared away, and I cannot tell you how soft and still and peaceful everything looked. Perhaps it seemed all the more so to Ellen, because this was her last day at the Lakes; but without waiting to think about that just then, she took her little basket, and went forth to say good-bye to several poor friends in the neighbourhood, and to give them her little farewell presents, that she might be ready for her walk in the afternoon, with her papa and mamma.

The day was even calmer and more beautiful than before, when they set out together to walk once more to the lake side.

Mr. Howard wished to put away their boat, (the "Ellen" it was called) safely into the boathouse, for the winter. This was easily done on this quiet afternoon; so quiet

that the splash of the oars and the creaking of the chain, seemed sounds too loud and rough—such “a calm awaiting” there seemed to be; no ripple on the water, to disturb the reflection of the deep blue hills, and many coloured foliage: not the brilliant orange and scarlet of last month, for the wild cherry and weeping birch had lost most of their leaves in the October winds; but more subdued shades of yellow, brown, and purple which still remained. These lingering leaves however, hung languidly on the boughs, or floated silently to the ground with a patient weary fall, as if they too would fain be blown about no more, but sink to their rest.

Even little Ellen thought of the lines in the Christian Year, which her mamma had read to her that morning, and she remembered that one day her own life would come to an end like that of these dying leaves—will she fill her place as well, and be as ready to leave it when the work is done? She stood silently by her father and mother for some time. Perhaps the same thoughts were in their minds, for as they turned to go away, Mrs. Howard said, “How beautiful death can be!”

“Yes,” rejoined her husband, “nature does not teach us the putting on of black, and making of mournful lamentation; it would seem that trees and birds and flowers are less hard of belief than we.”

Ellen wondered in her little mind what was meant, but thought she would ask some other time.

When they had climbed the hill and reached their own little garden again, the bright sunset light shone upon the church windows, and lay in streaks in the grass and trees, and the robin was again singing his hopeful evening song. It was almost time to go in.

“Ellen,” said her papa, “we have forgotten the bulbs, would you like to set them now?”

“I had not forgotten them, papa,” answered Ellen, “but indeed they are dead, and I thought there would be no use planting them.”

And fearing her papa would think her ungrateful, the tears started to her eyes; but he only smiled, and said, “Have you no faith, my little daughter? suppose you trust me this once, and see what will come of it.”



So Ellen ran to fetch the paper bags, and opening them once more, took out the dry shrivelled roots, and watched her papa turn up the rich mould under the south wall, and drop each one into its little grave.

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## MOURNER—WEEP NO MORE.

“Eheu! quam infortunii miserrimum est fuisse felicem.”

“Man celebrates a more beautiful festival for the dead when he dries the tears of others, than when he sheds his own; and the most beautiful flower and cypress garland which we can hang upon loved monuments, is a fruit garland of good works.”—*Richter*.

“As the sunken sun often throws the loveliest light upon the earth which it has left—so does a beloved but departed human being cast a light of holy remembrance on the remaining solitary friend.”

“A vast ruin is better and far more beautiful—than a small and empty happiness.”

“Many the heart that has before you Cross—  
Laid down the burden of its heavy cares—  
And felt a joy that is not of this world.”

MOURNER—rise—and weep no more; thy belov'd hath found a rest—

Far more blissful than the refuge of thy kind, devoted breast;  
He hath passed away ere time dimmed the lustre of those eyes—  
Whose pure depths revealed to thee more than passion's words or sighs;

Ere his voice of music merged in a harsh or careless tone—  
Ere he ceased to deem that life, without thee, was drear and lone.

How couldst thou have borne a change often wrought as years progress—

When illusions, cherished early, vanish never more to bless?  
Happy dreams soon scared away, if the flood of human tears—  
Scattereth the tender bloom which with the storm burst disappears.  
Therefore rise, and weep no more; unscathed memories are thine—  
Bow thine head in resignation meekly to the Power Divine.

The faithful love of one true heart is precious to have known—  
Though 'tis the shadow of a dream—the echo of a tone;  
The faithful love of one true heart—than all is better worth—  
Than worship of the selfish crowd—or riches of the earth.  
A vision pierces mantling mists that circle round the tomb—  
Is it a crown or funeral wreath that shines amid the gloom?  
O gaze upon the radiant form—the vision is from Heaven—  
By faith we view the golden crown to victor pilgrims given.

PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF BASIL  
MORTON.

## CHAPTER V.

It was about midnight or a little after, that we set sail from the mouth of the river, and could discern in the distance the light of Angeer ; and now we had time to notice the men with whom we had embarked. Though good Philip Vander Kempt had tried to drive away our fears by telling us that none save the followers of the false prophet Mahommed were pirates and men-stealers in these seas, yet in truth we were for awhile greatly terrified. The master of our little vessel as I have before said was a native of Borneo, that immense island which we had passed to our left on our voyage from India. The crew, some we dreaded being cannibals, were of various islands lying to the east of Java, only two being natives of this last named place ; their speech however seemed to be much the same. They all clearly understood each other, though some had never met together before this time, and their tongue pleased us by its almost musical sweetness. We had been placed in the middle of the prow, and were divided off from the crew by narrow planks of split bamboo, but every sound came to us through the thin partition, and some words often repeated had been already interpreted by us, before we arrived at our journey's end.

We had hardly set sail an hour when we were deluged by rain poured from heavy black clouds which rose rapidly, and after sending down their torrent as quickly melted away. But when the sun rose and we caught a clear view of the land and water around, for the heavens were indeed clearer than we had ever before witnessed ; and we marked the sea spread out without ripple of any kind, smooth as a glass mirror, and giving a faithful image of the countless little islands which dotted its bosom : when I say we saw this then indeed we deemed that we were nearing some enchanted country, or were sailing upon some celestial lake whose bright waters,

half air, enabled us to skim along, but yet sufficed not to cover from our sight the lands beneath its surface. We have lived indeed now long enough amongst these isles to know that this is by no means the only aspect of the sea in these parts, that it is roughened like other seas by storms, and at times at least ploughed up by mighty tempests; but more commonly it is placid as an inland lake which is sheltered from winds by high surrounding hills.

As we sailed lazily along, the tiny islands with their black jungle of low brushwood, here and there broken by the high peaked roofs of native huts, but for the most part still and uninhabited by man, rose one by one to our sight, and added the charm of variety to the view, whilst they gave the eye somewhat to rest upon amid this waste of water. In a while we forgot our fears and spent much of our time in noticing the feature of this wondrous view. Here and there hoar cliffs arose in the midst of the small islands, bleached like the skeletons of former mountains, whilst their bases were hidden in close masses of forest trees of rare beauty and novel foliage. At times we passed islands that burst upon us as well-remembered scenes; and one in particular struck us as so like to an European view, that for awhile we deemed that a fragment of the Switzerland had been transplanted into the Indian seas, save that this was more lovely, more fertile, the green of a darker hue, and the whole landscape more bewitching. The peaks of the mountains moreover were not crowned with snow, but across them played oftentimes as it were a beautiful rainbow, whose centre of intense blue circled round them as a type of heaven's fairest crown of glory.

It was our first sight of the islands and ocean which lie to the south of India, and I remember that much of what is now passed by with unconcern for its sameness then pleased us from its newness. At length however we grew tired of watching all the strange variety: then it was we noticed amongst the crew—it was Robert Johnes, I think, that first pointed him out—a strange uncouth youth of it might be seventeen or eighteen years, whom we soon perceived to be an innocent, or at

least to be greatly wanting in sense. He was the son of the master of our vessel, his only child as we learnt, and received from the father a most tender attention, and from the crew withal a wonder and admiration as though he had been something more than human. He seemed to be greatly pleased with bright showy ornaments, and was mightily taken with a little brooch in the hands of my daughter, so that I bade her give it to him,—which, not without tears indeed, she did. From that time, throughout the voyage we were continually interrupted by his visits to our little cabin, but though sufficiently troublesome we could not find it in our heart to take from him what was clearly a pleasure, and as he sat quite still when we made signs for him to do so, we did not allow his presence to hinder us from our stated prayers or the reading of God's Holy Word. Before our voyage was finished he was rarely absent from us, and as he was safer from danger whilst with us, his father appeared happy in his being in our company. Indeed when we reached land he could hardly be restrained from staying with us, and it was clearly a struggle in his mind to whom to attach himself, to his father or his new friends. All this we might have forgotten had we not been reminded of it by what took place afterwards when our kind words to this poor innocent were largely repaid to us. Truly God Who has in a wondrous manner bound together all mankind, and for wise purposes has made us all to depend upon each other, has assigned a reward in this life to deeds of charity and love. However the doers of good may forget their own actions, they are reckoned up and kept in the account of the ALMIGHTY. He indeed gathers up the fragments of our good works to one another, so that nothing of them is lost. Like *bread cast upon the waters* kindness shown to our fellows is found *after many days*. But this I am sure, we thought not of at that time, though minded of it afterwards by the merciful providence of God.

The island in which we had been advised to settle was now at hand, and as we were enabled to have a sight of it for a whole day before we reached it—so clear is the sky in these parts—we spent that time mostly in

guessing at its nature, or in viewing the various points of its coast. Like most of the other islands it seemed at a distance to be covered with a thick forest. As we approached however, we discerned gentle slopes of rich meadow land, and lawns that would have been admired at Windsor, or have been no unmeet rival with that of Sion. Gradually we were able to make out the character of its trees, and saw with admiration the groves of palms, and plantains, and cocoa-nut trees, rising above the low bushes and thicket which covered so large a portion of the island. Far away in the middle of the island two peaked hills from two to three thousand feet high arose and were hidden by one mass of vegetation, except where here and there a water-course had washed away the thin soil from the rocks, and left to sight bare streaks of barren stones. As yet we could see no marks of human dwellings; and when we dropped anchor in the evening in a noble bay on the south coast of the island, we deemed the place still unpeopled. The bay in which we now were was fenced on two sides by a low range of craggy hillocks which stretched out into the sea, and bending inwards at the end gave a half-moon shape to the whole. These points, even where nothing but sand could be found, were covered with groves of a kind of pine tree, which appeared indeed to be starting from the sea, and were at times, as was evident, washed by the salt water. So fruitful are all these parts in vegetation, that in but few places except where man has cut out for himself an abode, and has cleared a patch of ground for the growth of food, can anything be found save dense forest, or a thick tangled undergrowth.

However at our first approach we were unable to perceive any sign of mankind, when morning dawned, we were certified assuredly of the island's being peopled. The news of the coming of the prow seems to have been spread far and wide, and the beach was thronged by well nigh a thousand people, men, women, and children; indeed as it seemed afterwards the larger part of the whole people of the island had congregated on the shore. The time we had been in this quarter of the world had made us somewhat accustomed to strange dresses and speech

and manners, so that we saw but little to surprise us in the islanders we were so soon to dwell among. Their dress indeed was of the scantiest, like most of the habitants of these warm regions; and they seemed to our thinking more slender limbed than any of the people we had before met with. There were also many other little matters which then engaged our notice, but which after a time wore away and were forgotten as novelties. Soon we were visited by three natives who swam towards our little vessel, but who started back with astonishment at seeing us: however in a short time they grew accustomed to the sight of us, and were satisfied when told that we were not Hollanders, who are hated by the natives with whom they have had trade, and feared as greatly by those who have not yet mingled with them.

After then having examined us and satisfied themselves that we were not only men like themselves, but that we also had come among them as friends, they seemed reconciled to the strangeness of our appearance. Strange indeed we doubtless were to them, inasmuch as we found that these people being averse from the sea had hitherto rarely, or perhaps never, beheld a native of Europe. However, having been told by the master of the prow of our wish to live amongst them, and our desire to teach them the knowledge of husbandry and such like arts of civilised life,—for we had thought it good only to inform him thus much as to our wishes,—we were welcomed amongst them. The youngest of our visitors now swam to the shore, and as we judged made known our desires to the whole of the people there collected. For awhile they seemed to confer together on the strange proposal, and after much talking—all of which we heard plainly, though we could not well be less than half a mile from the shore,—we were invited to land. I confess that at times when I looked upon my children together with their mother I could not help running back my mind to the time when I had taken her from her father's home; and as I looked on the strange and uncouth beings before me, and remembered their wild and savage nature, I trembled lest I should be placing them in danger, whom God had given to my care. The fear was however only for a

moment, and I am sure was never felt by my wife. From the time that we had fairly left England behind us, her earnest desire was to share the perils and labours of our brotherhood, and right nobly did a missionary's wife bear herself in the work of a missionary.

As our prow was too deeply laden to come close to the shore which shelved off very gradually with reefs of coral at sundry places; some of the friendly natives approached in canoes by means of which we were brought within a stone's cast of the beach, and the remainder of the distance my children were borne in their arms to land. Here we found the whole company assembled—the men as it would seem being still in council on some points connected with our wish. When we were taken into their presence the elder of our visitors, in a short speech of which we understood only two or three words, by chance picked up since our departure from India, informed them of what he had learned as to our desires, and displayed at the same time divers presents of Indian cotton and cloth, together with a small hand-mirror, which we had bestowed upon him. The last appeared to please them mightily, and when I presented a like one to the chief person in the assembly, their approval was unbounded, and two or three whom we judged to be men of most weight advanced to welcome us. At that time we hardly knew the meaning of their salutations, but we soon perceived that they were pleased with our intentions. And by our long dwelling with them since, and now perfect knowledge of their ways and speech, we know that this their welcome was of the most friendly kind. After a brief space the person whom we had regarded as a chief, and who was in fact the ruler of the island, urged us by signs to remove our goods from the prow; and having done so by the help of sundry natives to whom we gave, as we had been instructed by Master Vander Kempt, to each a large blue bead, they were conveyed to the hut of our protector, which was distant from the beach about three miles. Here having knelt we put up a solemn thanksgiving service to God for His undeserved mercies to us thus far, and our prayers that He would direct us in all our future doings. All which time the chief stood silently observing us, without mov-

ing, and indeed hardly breathing until we had risen from our knees. Whether he understood our actions we could not determine. However no sooner had we arisen than he set about preparing a habitation for us nigh to his own dwelling, and though it was but a mere pentise jutting out from a commodious piece of rock, yet as it was little less spacious than his own we were well content. He also took upon himself the charge of our living, and sent us daily, yams and plantains together with fish and fowls from his own store. Indeed there was no lack of food so long as we lived near to him. But our wish was now to obtain a more settled abode, and power to fit up and prepare a house for the convenience of our large party. We remained notwithstanding upwards of a month in the hut, and visited daily our friendly chief, who on his part often called upon us, and was greatly delighted with the novel sights he saw. By this means we had come to understand the meaning of several words, and had learnt the names of sundry articles of food.

During our voyage we had often consulted earnestly upon the means best fitted for advancing the object of our lives, the conversion of the people amongst whom we might be called to labour. And since in the first place it were needful for us to learn their speech, and moreover we knew not how to act until we had been informed more of their habits and ways than we could gather from such books as spake of pagan nations, or we had been enabled to learn from the merchants and seamen who traded in these parts; we resolved, first to gain, if it might be, their confidence and love by instructing them in the arts of life, until such time as we should have opportunities of preparing them for the truths of Christianity. That we were beings of a superior order they already seemed to consider, and for this reason we judged they would be in time disposed to receive our instruction in the things of God, as articles of faith. Thus we reasoned when on ship-board, and still more when we had been but a few days on the island, and all that we met with afterwards during our long abode in this place has shown us that in this we were guided from above to a wise determination.



## THE PARISH AND THE PRIEST.

## COLLOQUY THE FIRST.

“ So may my eyes from all things Truth convey ;  
 My ears in all Thy lessons read aright ;  
 My dull heart understand, and I obey,  
 Following where'er the Church hath marked the ancient way.”  
*Lyra Apostolica.*

PARSON.—Welcome to Fisherford ! Oft-promised, and as often disappointed, I have you here at last, and having you, I mean to keep you. “Fetters and warder” are the least you can expect!—the parish constable, that is, and the stocks. Give me your hand, lad, and let me have you in custody at once.

ERNEST.—I surrender myself, and thank you too : for if you have no better stocks than those which I noticed halfway between this house and the station, I should judge that you have found some pleasanter means of detaining your prisoners. The stocks are in ruins, beside a parish-pound that has no gate to it. You must have few truant donkeys, or restive vagabonds at Fisherford. I should like to see your parish-constable. I shouldn't be surprised if he were the old fellow with one leg who made me a military salute as I was entering your gate. He was damaged by a cannon-shot at Corunna I should say.

PARSON.—And I should say that Master Ernest is as saucy a lad as ever, in spite of four years of University teaching. Doctors and Proctors, Deans and Dons, they have failed to tame you. And you leave Oxford . . .

ERNEST.—Improved, I hope and pray, in all respects by her noble system, my dear old friend. But for all that, there are lessons which she cannot teach, or at least does not, and which I would fain learn of you.

PARSON.—Say you so, Master Ernest ? Much do I marvel what they may be. I have hardly looked into a classic these twenty years, and methinks were I to show

myself in the Schools, I should run no small risk of being plucked.

ERNEST.—It is in *your* school that I want to be a learner. You said just now that you meant to keep me as your prisoner. That is precisely the privilege which I am seeking. When I proposed my visit, I was afraid to ask all I wished for, and so am come to make the petition by word of mouth which I dared not venture upon by letter.

PARSON.—Out with it, lad! what is it?

ERNEST.—Even that you would let me make a long stay with you, and study with you your way of working out the Church's plans for the welfare of her children. You know what the profession is into which I am seeking admittance; I trust that I feel its responsibilities. It is because I do so that I desire to be a learner at Fisherford.

PARSON.—You could hardly come to a worse place. A little retired country village without a dissenter among us; no controversies and party-strifes; no squabbles about gown or surplice; no Church-rate contests; no fat farmer making himself a lay pope; no church in ruins; no schools into which the parson is forbidden to enter,—nothing in short of that anomalous state of things, which, while it makes the misery of so many parishes, is nevertheless calculated to form the judgments, discipline the characters, rouse the energies, and stimulate the perseverance of the clergy, is to be found here. I trust, indeed, that we are not altogether stagnating; but if you want to learn the work of a parish, and to fit yourself for the emergencies of modern times, you should rather place yourself under some friend whose sphere of work lies in the midst of some murky town, in the thick of an overwhelming population, and in which every street has its meeting-house and its gin-palace.

ERNEST.—Believe me, my dear old friend, such an obvious suggestion has not escaped me. But I cannot look on the matter as you do. If I am to be a parish priest of the Church of England, I would rather see and know what that system is which she would desire to have me carry out. I want to acquaint myself with her capa-

bilities, and to learn by actual experience what, when all the advantages are on her side, she can do for the people, and those advantages you have at Fisherford. I could never see this in a large town, or indeed in any place where her hands are tied, and her movements are crippled, and where it is next to impossible, even for a man of the soundest judgment, and the most resolute determination, to do what she, nevertheless, plainly enjoins. What with parish politics, sectarian bitterness, the newspaper press, the jealousies and controversies within the Church, and the weak cowardice, or the strong partizanship of the Church's rulers, it is all but impracticable to exhibit the fair working of the Church-system in a large town. And in those towns in which, to their honour be it spoken! the clergy do obey their Prayer Book, their lives are, for the most part, made so bitter to them, they live in such alternations of opposition and exhaustion, that the contemplation of such a state of things must needs be unwholesome. If Providence should call me to live in the midst of such heavy trials, I trust I should not shrink from encountering them. But I should not like to form my notion of my duties in the midst of such a scene. As a raw recruit I would rather learn my sword exercise or my gun practice in a quiet barrack at home than within sight of the harbour of Sebastopol, or of the towers of Delhi. I should know my work better, and so do it better in the one case than in the other. No: let me come and stay awhile with you: let me, as the Church's year goes on, see what you do, in the Church and out of it. Let me understand why you do it. Let us discuss together the rules and methods of your public and private ministrations. Let me study the system in full operation, so as to have my mind thoroughly imbued with it. And then I feel that I could go forth into rougher and less hopeful scenes, with a distinct picture before me of something to be aimed at, and with the satisfactory conviction that I am not aiming at unrealities, at things which no one could do, and which would be of questionable expediency if he could, but at carrying out a system whose beneficial working I have seen with my own eyes, of whose thorough reality I have had experience.

PARSON.—I suspect, my dear friend, that your personal regard for me inclines you to exaggerate the state of Church matters at Fisherford. Your judgment about us can only be superficial. If you had had opportunities of looking below the surface, you would be cognisant of a vast amount of evil, and of an infinite number of things ill done, or left undone by the Parson. Considering the many local advantages which we have, I can see little else than cause for shame and humiliation. With all our machinery of Church and schools in working order; a devout and generous Churchman for our great landholder; a flourishing and well-conditioned tenantry; an intelligent labouring class; much kind and neighbourly feeling among ourselves, and a position which shuts us out from great thoroughfares; a village within a stone's-throw of the church; and a population small, and wholly agricultural, it would be a great shame, an infinite disgrace, if we could not accomplish very much more than can be effected in less favoured parishes. But alas! there are more of shortcomings than of anything else to be seen among us; and for one success that you can point out, I can show you a score of disappointments and failures; and the greater part of them arising from some error of my own. Fisherford is no "pattern-parish."

ERNEST.—Defend me from such a monster! If you had laid claim to any such exception to the universal rule, I would never have asked you, dear Parson, to let me sit at your feet. If any parish be held up as "a pattern-parish," it can only be through the ignorance or the self-conceit of those who so designate it. While the world lasts, the devil will keep his place in it: and wherever there is a parish, there will be the young to be corrupted, and the old to be hardened in sin. Yet since God never fails to bless persevering efforts to promote His glory (even though those efforts be mingled, as they must, with manifold infirmities), it will always be that some parishes are in a more hopeful condition than others. There will be plenty of tares, but the good seed sown will out-top them: the promise of the harvest will be full of encouragement.

PARSON.—Would that it were so here! God of His

goodness grant it to be more and more so! And so, since you think well of us at Fisherford through looking at us from a distance, and since closer inspection of us may give you truer, because soberer views, by all means set up your tent among us, or rather occupy a spare room in this parsonage as long as you will: learn wisdom from our failures and deficiencies, and for any good you find in us, may God enable you to increase it a hundred fold in the scene of your own future ministrations.—You must have left Oxford betimes, and I suppose made your way from our village-station, through this dense November fog, not without difficulty.

ERNEST.—Not without difficulty; but it was a difficulty of a different kind from a Scotch-mist.

PARSON.—Why what was it?

ERNEST.—A crowd of dancing, capering, laughing, merry-hearted boys! little dogs! I believe I won their hearts by learning their rhyme. All shouting at once, it was no easy matter to make out what they were saying: but I got it at last,—a genuine bit of sixteenth century English. I wonder what the antiquaries would give me for it. Twenty years hence the world will be too wise to tolerate such nonsense: I wonder whether the wise ones will make rhymes of their own which will live in the minds of boyhood for centuries to come!

“ A Clement’s, a Clement’s, a year!  
 A roasted apple, a bowl of beer!  
 One for Peter, and two for Paul,  
 And three for Him that made us all!  
 Up with your kettles, and down with your pan,  
 Give me the apples, and I’ll be gone.”

PARSON.—Ay, ay, all our juvenile population are “Clementsing,” as they call it. Nobody seems to grudge a score or two of apples to the petitioners on S. Clement’s Day,<sup>1</sup> and wonderful is the consumption of that fruit in consequence. I once saw fifty boys, each with a rosy apple in his hand, but forbidden to eat it till a signal was given. And when the signal was given, the sound of so many teeth craunching fruit was one of the strangest I ever heard.

<sup>1</sup> November 23rd.

ERNEST.—Don't they make themselves ill? I asked one little fellow whose pockets and cap were full of apples, how many he had already eaten. He couldn't justly say, but he reckoned it might be a matter of thirty, or thereabouts.

PARSON.—Well, I seldom hear any complaints. I remember a lad telling me that he had never tasted anything but apples,—breakfast, dinner, and supper, for a whole fortnight. We have all heard of the grape-cure, in which the patients are allowed no other food than grapes: perhaps an apple-diet may be equally innocuous.

ERNEST.—Have you any notion as to the origin of the custom, or why there should be a connection between S. Clement and apples? I think the parish of S. Clement Danes, in London, adopts an anchor as its badge, in commemoration of the manner of their patron's martyrdom, who was bound to an anchor, and cast into the sea; and I remember his wild legend, how year after year, till love grew cold, and the light of faith waxed dim, the sea withdrew itself on his anniversary, from the place where he suffered, though three miles from shore, and discovered in its depths a gorgeous shrine of marble, (coral would have been a more picturesque material) in which the saint's remains were reposing: but all this has nothing to do with apples.

PARSON.—No: and I suspect you must look away altogether from the saint, for the petition for apples. S. Clement has no more connection with apples, than S. Michael has with the roast goose, which the Norwegians with some show of reason attach to S. Martin; but there used to be a very close connection between the mulled ale, and the apple stuck with spices which bobbed up and down on its surface. And I fear that S. Clement's-day was, in old times, a great day for drinking; at least I know that on the Clog-Almanacks of Staffordshire the 23rd of November is marked with a pot, in allusion to the custom of going about that night to beg drink to make merry withal. We retain the apples, and have allowed the beer-drinking to become obsolete. It is not often that the evil in a custom is laid aside, and the innocent retained: but the good folks at Fisherford have

a high respect for apples. Not a cottager here will gather a codlin till after the 15th of July: but when rain from heaven has blessed the tree, and "S. Swithin has christened the crop," then whoever has the means at his disposal, may have his codlins and cream.

ERNEST.—What strange old-world fancies still linger from generation to generation in quiet country-places like this! And deep down below the surface of each how invariably is there some lesson of religion inculcated! The peasant who waited till S. Swithin had christened his apples for him, would not be one who would forget to thank God for his daily food. I don't suppose that there are many now-a-days that have much care whether S. Swithin's rain has fallen upon their orchard: but are there many cottages in which grace is said before and after meals? You never interfere with these old customs, Parson?

PARSON.—I? marry no! why should I? So long as they have no evil tendency about them, why should I wage war with them? They will die out of themselves in due time, when they have done their work. And meanwhile, they serve to keep up in a rough sort of way, feelings of faith and reverence, which somehow or other the schoolmaster of the nineteenth century is not able to inculcate. Granted that these notions are superstitions. What is superstition?

ERNEST.—"Religion without reason."

PARSON.—So the Dictionary makers tell us: and I accept the definition for the nonce: but if so, at least we have *religion*. And that is something. At any rate, religion without reason is a temper much more easily managed than reason without religion. I have more hope of a man that is willing to be led, than of one who is full of self-conceit;—of one who believes too much, than of one who believes too little. And the tendency of our age is as obviously towards unbelief, as towards misbelief.

ERNEST.—To what do you attribute such a miserable condition of things?

PARSON.—The people's heart is waxed gross, and their ears are dull of hearing, and their eyes have they closed.

Covetousness has eaten into our very core. From highest to lowest there seems but one care,—to get all that can be had, and to keep all that can be gotten,—or at least, only to spend upon self. How can such a spirit bear to think on the world unseen? How can it tolerate the remembrance that after life comes death, and after death the judgment? Luxury and worldliness will never fail to stifle godliness where they get the upper hand: they scoff at self-denial; they extinguish faith; for their sole care is for the present hour, and that to-morrow shall be as to-day, and much more abundant. Upon a nation in such a condition, the negligence and the carelessness of the last generation with respect to all the externals of religion could not but tell most mischievously. There was nothing in the ministration of holy things, which appealing first to the eye or outward sense, suggested deeper and spiritual meanings. The neglected, dilapidated church, from which all the beauty of holiness had passed away, gave no help to its congregation to remember His Presence therein Who had promised to meet His people face to face. When churchmen ceased to give the Lord the honour due unto His Name, it followed inevitably that they would soon cease to worship Him with holy worship. And so, from causes such as these combined, and acting and re-acting on each other, it has come to pass that the spirit of reverence and holy fear is almost dead among us.

ERNEST.—I know that this is the case in our town populations; but I had hoped it was otherwise in such retired nooks as this.

PARSON.—Alas! no: the contagion of evil never takes long to spread. Priests and people caught the infection, and surrendered themselves insensibly, and without thought, to the worldly influence which pervaded everything, and taught men to ignore all that was invisible. I have seen a clergyman, before now, sitting on the altar-rails, with his back to the altar, joking with a class of Sunday scholars. He meant no harm, was quite unconscious that he was doing any, and would not have acted with irreverence, had he had any suspicion of the true character of what he was doing; but I own I was



hardly surprised when some short time afterwards, I saw the clerk of the same parish standing upon a hassock which he had placed *on the altar*, in order that he might, in the course of his weekly cleaning, dust away the cobwebs more readily from the east window.

ERNEST.—To my mind there is nothing more distressing than the irreverence which is commonly shown by the bystanders at a funeral. I often wonder that sympathy for the mourners does not check it.

PARSON.—Where there is irreverence towards God, we can hardly expect much tenderness towards man. When I was a boy, no person would have met a funeral procession without removing his hat, and remaining stationary till it had passed him; now we can hardly get those who are actually in the churchyard to make any outward demonstration of reverential feeling. A funeral in a town churchyard which is open to the street, is about the most distressing sight at which a Christian can be present.

ERNEST.—You have no annoyance of that kind here?

PARSON.—Not often; indeed rarely or never, so far as our own people are concerned, for we have done a good deal to teach them reverence towards the Christian dead, by conducting the last rites with care, and bestowing pains to make our churchyard look like “quiet resting-places,” and as if we felt the bodies of the dead in CHRIST to be holy. You know that we have no docks or nettles or coarse, rank herbage there. We keep our turf closely shorn, and, where we can, we have introduced such shrubs and flowers as seem in harmony with a sacred precinct. Our people appreciate what has been done in this way, and without any suggestion on my part, I often find a rose-bush, or a mezereon, or some such pleasant memorial planted at the head of a new grave; and at Easter and such like times I can count a score or more of wreaths or nosegays laid upon that portion of the grassy mounds which might be supposed to be over the bosoms of the slumberers below. All this is well enough in its way, and I love to see it. It says, like Ophelia’s rosemary, “That’s for remembrance,” and it gives some evidence, at least, which the neglected churchyard did not afford, of

a looking for the resurrection of the dead, and the life of the world to come.

ERNEST.—It was a great point gained: but I suppose must have been slow of accomplishment.

PARSON.—O yes; nothing which is to be lasting can be done in a hurry. I know a case where a good man planted, on the sudden, a row of cypresses down his church-walk, and found them uprooted by his parishioners the next morning: "they weren't a going to have the roots of the parson's trees creeping into their friends' coffins." Now it took us three or four years before we could so fork up the nettles as to extirpate them; and all that time the Fisherford folks had leisure to settle the knotty question whether or no a tidy or an untidy burying-ground looked best. John Bull is very slow, but apt to come right at last. So the nettles were got rid of without any one being stung. Then I got rid of a greater nuisance than the nettles,—the poor school-children. We mostly bury in the afternoon, just about the time when our scholars are set free for the day; and their exuberant spirits, chattering, laughing, chasing each other, as they followed the funeral procession into the churchyard were the utter destruction of all solemnity. Happily, I caught a rude, bad boy, jumping upon a new made grave. It is a great thing to get hold of a strong case. It settled the matter: and I carried public opinion with me, when I forbade any school-child from that time forward to set foot in the churchyard while the funeral-service was being performed. One or two good ladies were shocked, and assured me that I was making a great mistake in not allowing death and the grave to give their solemn warnings to childhood. It was a plausible objection, but one which would not bear sifting: and so I was resolute. And I think the result has proved that I was not in error. I see many a little face looking over the yew-hedge now, with expressions of awe and reverence on the countenance, for which I should have looked in vain, under the old system. I was also fortunate enough to adopt another plan, which, while it has effectually put a stop to irreverence, has carried the feelings of the people in its favour. Very commonly the begin-

ning to fill in a grave was the signal for the greatest indecencies. Half a dozen lads would be struggling for the sexton's spade, thinking it good sport to shovel in the soil, or to send down a heap of large stones to rattle on the coffin-lid. Some bystanders would pick up a scull or a thigh-bone which had been disinterred in digging the grave, and make their jeering, scoffing remarks upon them; while invariably a knot of old women would station themselves at the foot of the grave, and after reading the inscription on the coffin-plate, would begin a merciless commentary on the character of the deceased, dragging his "frailties from their dread abode," and leaving nothing unsaid or unhinted which could be uttered to his detriment. Well, I managed to put a stop to all this by a very simple process. I took occasion to say that the churchyard was my freehold, and that from the moment a corpse was laid therein, I considered it to be my duty to the living and the dead, never to lose sight of the coffin till the grave was filled in. Accordingly, there I stand: and because I stand there every body else, except the sexton, departs. If I see friends or old acquaintance hovering near to have a last look, I take care that they are not disappointed of it. I beckon them to the grave, and they approach it reverently, and leave it satisfied. And at the cost of remaining on the spot some five or ten minutes till the ground is made secure, I prevent positive evil, and accomplish so much relative good as comes in the form of thankfulness continually expressed by mourners that I had effected the burial of their dead out of their sight in the manner in which they most wished it to be done.

ERNEST.—You have, I dare say, done a good deal towards bringing back a feeling of reverence by your arrangements within the church?

PARSON.—"Quod potui feci." I trust I have done according to the light I have had, and the opportunities within my reach: others, younger men, brought up in a better school, and with fewer of the unsuspected habits of an irreverent age clinging to them, have, no doubt, done far better: but some things speak for themselves, how little soever they were listened to thirty years ago. For

instance, there can be little reverence for God where His House is allowed to remain the worst, and the worst tended in the parish. I should not think of inviting my guest, if I could help it, into a slovenly, dilapidated drawing-room, or of receiving him in foul linen. Why then should I be seen in a dirty, ragged surplice, or officiate in a dusty, neglected, unventilated church? If I cannot have all that I wish, if I cannot make my church what I feel it ought to be, through lack of worldly means, let me at least do all that I can. Scrupulous neatness, and attention to details are attainable by all. I will not have cobwebs, nor an unswept floor, nor moth-eaten hangings, nor ragged hassocks: for these things speak of neglect; and I can give personal trouble to show my zeal for God's service, if I can give no more. And some things I can do to suggest thoughts of reverence to others. I can speak in God's house in a voice low and gentle, and I can forego these sort of words or actions which belong to domestic intercourse, when I am there before or after Divine Service, or when I am showing the building to strangers. I can keep the gates of the chancel-screen locked. I can make it a rule that none but myself should stand on the upper steps (we have no altar-rails) within the chancel. These and such like things, although trifles by themselves, yet in the aggregate help to produce outward reverence. But my main hope of bringing back a better spirit rests upon what I can do with our children. We may not be able to effect much with our own generation, but we may train that which will succeed it to a more reverential temper. There is very much to sadden us, and humble us, in the rude thoughtless bearing of the people with respect to holy things. But for one thing, and that the highest and most important of all, there is, blessed be God, very deep reverence,—the Holy Communion. Amid all our lethargy, and in all our deficiencies of due respect in the worship of God, profaneness has never entered the people's hearts with respect to that Sacrament. If they revered nothing else, they revered *that*, and thereby bear witness to the Catholic doctrine. If only we can preserve them uncontaminated by those horrible newspaper discussions, and the rabid

controversies of the day with respect to this Great Mystery, there is hope for us yet that the spirit of reverence and godly fear may take stronger root in churchmen's hearts, and the presence of the Unseen be thoroughly realised among us.

ERNEST.—But surely you are not without encouragement? Things are better than they were even half a dozen years ago, are they not?

PARSON.—The restoration of the daily service in so many places has been a great help to us. The bell which once more calls the people to Matins and Evensong is a sign of life. The very irritation which its sound creates in some minds (what strangely-constituted minds they must be!) is a positive good: it is a wincing under the surgeon's probe. Even where it is nothing more, it is a witness against carelessness and forgetfulness of God. And to many, (and there seems fair ground for believing that the number is surely, though slowly, on the increase) it is "daily bread," that which gives strength and comfort through the day, so that without it there is a feeling of privation, and of a hungering that has been unsatisfied.

ERNEST.—And of course this appreciation of the privilege will intensify as time goes on, and the habit is more and more bound up with the tenour of the daily life?

PARSON.—Undoubtedly, as a general rule. But daily prayer is no specific. There are constitutions which it will not touch. As in the case of our Blessed Lord there were some who (impossible as such a thing seems!) after following His teaching for awhile, "went back, and walked no more with Him," so there will be persons who will attend the daily service for awhile, and then weary of it. They betook themselves to it, perhaps, as a novelty, or as a means of excitement; and as soon as it ceased to be a stimulant, it ceased to find favour in their eyes. The cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, and the lusts of other things must, in such cases, have prevented it from producing any real effects on their hearts and lives. We cannot hinder people from being unreal, and abusing their privileges: all we can do is to put privileges within their reach, and teach them how they ought to use them.

ERNEST.—How long have the people at Fisherford had the privilege of daily prayer in their Church?

PARSON.—For about a dozen years.

ERNEST.—And what has been the general result?

PARSON.—Very much, I believe, what it has been in other places. We are a population of about 450. Our daily congregation will vary from a dozen to a couple of dozen or thirty, (exclusive of school-children) according to the weather and time of year. That is to say, on the great bulk of our people it is an opportunity thrown away. They care nothing about it: but the few who do prize it, prize it thoroughly.

ERNEST.—Do you compel the school-children to attend?

PARSON.—No. We encourage it, and comment on slackness of attendance, but do no more; for there are many very sufficient reasons to prevent the regular attendance of all our scholars. Generally speaking, however, (except in harvest-time, and in such like seasons,) there is a fair proportion of both sexes. It seems to be far better that the act should be voluntary than done on compulsion. If there were compulsion, they would cease to attend daily prayers when they had left school.

ERNEST.—You did not revive the daily service upon your institution to the living?

PARSON.—Not for ten years. One service on a Sunday; one on Good Friday, and one on Christmas Day, was all that my flock had been used to, when I came among them. I should have been guilty of the inexpediency of pouring new wine into old bottles, if I had suddenly offered seven hundred and thirty services, to a people who had so little appreciation for fifty-four, that when I first proposed to say prayers on the Sunday afternoon, the churchwarden of the day, (and a very worthy man too!) laughed aloud at the proposal, and declared that there never would be a congregation. He was mistaken: but it has only been by slow degrees, and as I found the people able to bear them, that I have increased the services. We are still in an imperfect and transitional state. It is only at certain seasons of the year that we have prayers in the afternoon.

ERNEST.—Have you any opinion as to the best hours for week-day services?

PARSON.—I know of no hours which will suit everybody: and therefore I try to find those which will be convenient to the greatest number; but I am by no means sure that I have succeeded. Looking at the published list of the churches in which prayer is said daily, one cannot but be struck with the great variety of hours there specified. No one parish can be a rule for another. The habits of the people, varying with their occupations, can be the only rule. The case is not one for Procrustes. Here, our matin service falls within the labourers' hour for breakfast: and our evensong, when we have it, ends about the time when the women would proceed to tea. In the Holy Week, (and indeed at other times) we have services at seven in the evening; and many attend them, but I should doubt our securing a large *daily* attendance at that hour, and the expense of lighting a church thoroughly (and a church ill-lit at night is, on moral grounds, most objectionable) is too heavy for a small parish to grapple with if continued for six months in the year. Most likely there are other places which manage these matters far better than we do: I am only giving you the benefit of my very limited and hum-drum experience. I have no hope that I shall ever be more than a pioneer. The existing generation is only preparing the way for yours. I see many things which show me that our work is almost done: we must give place to abler and better men.

ERNEST.—You have borne the heat and burden of the day, and made our task easy.

PARSON.—Say rather that many of us have built walls to run our own heads against (I have for one!) and that most of us will leave you a legacy of mistakes and infirmities, the consequences of which you would have been spared, if we had attained to sounder judgments, and more devotion of life. However, as respects yourself and me, my dear Ernest, let us take counsel together, and walk in the house of God as friends, and then each may help the other. You may learn wisdom from my errors and energy from my shortcomings, and I may gather

from your single-heartedness lessons which may rouse the growing sloth of age. We are about to enter on another year of the Church's history. Advent is again in sight, and under the influences of that fresh call to watchfulness and prayer, we will pursue, I hope to our mutual edification, our present discussions as to the most efficient means of carrying out the Church system, and introducing it into the hearts and homes of Englishmen.

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## A SECOND "DAY AT LICHFIELD."

Of all the manifold changes indicative of new life which have taken place within the last twenty years, we know of few in which the renewed health and vigour of the English Church have been discerned with happier results, than in the revival of a sounder style of Church music. The same movement towards better things,—the same reaching after what is real, true and allied to the simple yearnings of our hearts, which has disclaimed against wood painted to appear stone, or cement smoothed down and veined to imitate marble in the interior of our churches, and against stuccoed fronts and plastered pinnacles for their exterior,—the same good impulse, which has been calling with so powerful an effect, "give God of the truest and the best" in the material of our places of public worship, has also asserted its influence in all parts and services of that worship itself, and most remarkably and effectively so in Church music. Of our Church *singing* previous to the recent revival an eminent preacher well observed :—"Singing, like music in general, has been too much given up by the Church to the world; it has not been sufficiently considered and cultivated, as designed for religious ends, and helpful to religious feelings. And hence for the most part our psalmody is discreditable to our congregations: it is either given over to a few hired singers—as though we were to praise God by deputy—or is left with the children of the National Schools—as though in growing older, we had less cause



for thankfulness."<sup>1</sup> This censure, which was perfectly just twenty years back, is but partially applicable now; true Church music and congregational singing are asserting their place, not only in our cathedrals, but also in numerous parish churches, and the effects on public worship are discernible on every hand. The heterogeneous tunes and the unorthodox hymns, which in so many places taught a spirit and a doctrine very opposite to our liturgy, are passing out of our sacred places; Rousseau's *Dream* and countless secular adaptations are no longer admitted as strains worthy to exclude the severer but holier compositions of Tallis, Farrant, Blow, or Purcell; and not only has *taste* given its protest against what is false or over-refined, but piety has claimed its right, that what is true and devotional shall be the composition in which it may breathe its praises up to heaven.

These remarks have been suggested by a very laudable effort which has been made in the diocese of Lichfield to improve the style of parochial singing, by an annual festival of the parish choirs in the cathedral of the diocese. The success which attended the festival of the present year, on October 6th, not only far exceeded the most sanguine expectation of the promoters, but has also served to manifest the growing interest taken in country as well as in town parishes for the restoration of a style of music in consonance with the lovely praises which it is designed to accompany.

On the morning of the 6th of October we set out for our "Second day at Lichfield." The day was as auspicious as our former "Lichfield day." The mellowed light of the October morning sun, the buoyant breath of the autumnal morning breeze, the peculiar, pensive character which invests nature at this season,—all combined to lend the occasion not the low and secular character of a modern *wake-day*, but the sacred and joyous aspect of an ancient festival. It was a day in which heart and soul were to keep glad holiday with God, in His own hallowed courts, and in praises to His Name. Beautifully did the sombreness of the season harmonize with

<sup>1</sup> Rev. H. Melvill, "Sermons on the less prominent Facts and References of Sacred Story."

the fine old pile of Lichfield towering in the morning sky, and spreading out its long outline of

—"roof with spiry turrets crowned."

We went early into the cathedral, before the crowds assembled. How still it was! How solemn! Surely good angels still hovered there, as when they thronged the place with charmed sympathy when it was last filled with worshippers. The heated sunlight and the noontide glare had not as yet entered into this home of sanctity, but a grateful coolness pervaded it, which

"Seemed to strike

The heart, in concert with that temperate awe  
And natural reverence which the place inspired."

We paced silently along its aisles, and connected the present with the past. What a succession of generations had trod that holy pavement! what events, what deeds of siege and sacrilege, did those arches chronicle! what a history of human life, what a homily of mortal change can be read from those storied walls and from that memorial floor, as we look down and behold

"Sepulchral stones appear with emblems graven,  
And foot-worn epitaphs, and some with small  
And shining effigies of brass inlaid."

All this was of the past; now as dim and silent as that sanctuary's most retired recesses; but the present—the living present—of that what could furnish a more striking emblem,—than the pressing, active, eager thousands which in an hour would throng those courts.

About ten o'clock the parish choirs began to assemble in the cathedral, and as choir after choir streamed in, amounting in all to forty-seven, and numbering above seven hundred singers, it became evident that, with all the arrangements which had been made, space within the choir would still be wanting for them. At eleven o'clock the clergy met the Bishop at the western door, and proceeded up the nave through a dense congregation which long previously had filled the cathedral, not only the nave but also the transepts and aisles. We have heard that a former inhabitant of Lichfield, accustomed occasionally

to see the few persons who are dotted here and there in the choir at the ordinary daily Services, and who entered the cathedral on the day of the festival when the congregation occupied every part of it, could not fail to revert to the period when these vast sacred edifices, monuments of the piety, liberality, and taste of our forefathers, were crowded on the occasion of great religious festivals, with multitudes of worshippers flocking from every part of the surrounding country to the cathedral church of their diocese. Would he not also see in it an illustration of the awakened zeal which, within the last twenty years, has so universally spread through the clergy and the laity of our Church?

The choir of the cathedral is undergoing restoration. The screen which formerly inclosed it and separated it from the nave has been taken down, and the eye of one entering at the west door can now take in the full and extraordinary length of the cathedral. This effect is the more striking as the screen, which in all probability formerly marked off the Lady chapel, has for some time past been removed. The organ is placed temporarily in the choir, and the arches and columns separating the choir from the chancel aisles are being restored in stone, and the present screens and stalls which are of plaster, are to be replaced in oak.

On the festival, the arrangements in the cathedral were so designed as to allow the parish choristers to appear in long rows on the north and south of the choir; and very striking was the effect of the surpliced lines of some hundred singers. The nave and the transepts, as well as the aisles of the choir, were arranged for the congregation. During the services, from the west end to the extreme east, there was not a vacant seat to be found, and numbers were standing at the great doors of the west entrance. It was computed that there were nearly five thousand persons present during the Morning Service. That the readers and the preacher on the occasion might be heard in all parts of the cathedral, a lectern was placed at the entrance of the choir for the more audible reading of the lessons, and an old pulpit, said to have been found in some recess of the great spire, against the

north-western pillar at the conjunction of the nave and north transept.

The Rev. T. Helmore, M.A., who conducted the service, occupied a desk in the centre of the choir, from which he was visible to all the singers. The bass, tenor, and alto voices were equally divided on the *decani* and *cantoris* sides. Tallis's responses were given with considerable effect. The "Venite" was Humphreys', commencing in the major key until the invitation, "O come, let us worship and fall down," when it passed plaintively into the minor; at the ascription of "Glory be to the FATHER," the major was again taken up. The exultant tones of the "Glory" were very striking, after the soft and expressive passages in the minor key. The Psalms for the day were chanted in Morley's double chant; the "Te Deum" and "Jubilate" were from Rogers.

The Morning Anthem was Croft's, from Isaiah xii. 6, "Cry aloud, and spare not," to which full effect was given both by the organist and singers: the passage, "for great is the Holy One of Israel," taken up by the several voices in succession, was most impressive, and rolled as one triumphant stream of sound through the whole choir. The Introit before the Communion was from Purcell; the Response to the first four Commandments was by Tallis, and to the last six by Rogers in D. The old 100th Psalm was sung before the sermon. It was grand and effective.

The sermon on the occasion was preached by the Lord Bishop of the diocese from the text, "Walk in love." The right reverend preacher was earnest and fervent, and the sermon breathed throughout that deep and simple piety, as well as that feeling of extensive Christian charity so truly characteristic of the Bishop of Lichfield. His lordship's voice was distinctly heard in all parts of the cathedral. The collection, which was in aid of a fund for the employment of diocesan choir organizing masters, and for promoting choir associations, amounted to £70.

Before the rehearsal of the Evening Service we were again in the cathedral. How hushed and still it was when contrasted with the swell of the thousands of voices, which were heard there but two or three hours before!

and its magnitude seemed no useless waste of room when we considered the numerous worshippers which had been that day assembled there. We cannot build too vast a temple to God. The very stupendousness of such sacred fabrics lays a charmed power upon us; their vastness excludes all little thoughts and trifling cares from our souls, and our whole being dilates to take in and to embrace the spirit of hallowed grandeur which pervades them. Their extent, as much as their solemnity, breathes of immortality, and we feel we are in no mere habitation of men, as we stand beneath

—"the branching roof

Self-pois'd and scoop'd into ten thousand cells  
Where light and shade repose; where music dwells  
Lingering, and wandering on as loath to die,  
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof  
That they were born for immortality."

But we must return to our subject. The choirs have crowded in for rehearsal. The twilight shades are spreading quickly throughout the sacred enclosures. The deep-toned bell has announced the hour of prayer.

At the Evensong, Tallis's responses were again used. The "Magnificat" and "Nunc dimittis" were Rogers' in D. The Anthem was taken from Psalm cxlvii. 12, 13, 14, 20. Contra, tenor, treble, and bass.—"Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem: praise thy God, O Zion. For He hath made fast the bars of thy gates: and hath blessed thy children within thee." *Verse*: "He maketh peace in thy borders: and filleth thee with the flour of wheat." *Chorus*: "He hath not dealt so with any nation: neither have the heathen knowledge of His laws." The verse, "He maketh peace," was sung by the cathedral choir alone, with great expression of taste and feeling, the rest of the anthem by the whole of the choir.

We cannot conclude this account of the Parochial Choirs' Festival at Lichfield without subjoining one or two remarks on cathedrals and cathedral services:—1. God forbid that in these utilitarian times we should have occasion to hear again the question—"Of what use are your cathedrals?" In some respects this inquiry might have been urged with reason a few years since. Let the

Abbey of Westminster on a Sunday afternoon, and the cathedral at Lichfield with its choirs' festival, and Exeter at the annual service for the venerable "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel" now give the reply. Our old cathedrals, built to God of the costliest and the best, are types of reality, types of truth, the embodiment of what is eternal. They are eloquent with piety and religion, and these to the heart which lives in them are identified as a reality, not a bare profession. They are types of eternity, for they breathe of immortality. They are types of truth, because with their deep-toned and hallowing voices they speak of God, and God is truth. These sacred edifices speak to us of the piety of the past, they breathe to us hopes of the future. Throw them open to more general use,—let them be associated in the minds of every churchman as the centre mother churches of each diocese,—let each one in the diocese be taught he can worship in his cathedral church, and that these venerable buildings are not designed merely for a few church dignitaries,—and every cathedral in our land will soon see thousands of worshippers within its walls, as the cathedral at Lichfield has just witnessed.

2. To encourage the growing taste for chanting the Psalms and other portions of the Service, how aptly do the words of the pious Dean Comber come to our aid:—"The music which these sacred songs were first set to is still continued in the Church (as it was among the Jews and first Christians) which ought to mind us of the music of the celestial choir, and will calm our souls and gently raise our affections, putting us into a fit posture to glorify our FATHER which is in heaven, and sweetening those pious lessons that will take deeper root when the heart is first mollified and prepared to receive them. For, O ye prudent and pious Christians, who bring no prejudices against these things, ye know how oft your souls have been rapt up with ecstasies of devotion, and your minds filled with ideas of the celestial glory, and your hearts inflamed with strong affections by these sweet strains. Wherefore do you endeavour with fervency and holy ardour to bless the name of God, and be sure you never omit to bear a part in heart, or voice, or both; for

so the Church requires, and so the people of GOD in all ages have sung their hymns by turns and responses; supposing by this means they might best stir up each other's affections and come nearest to the heavenly pattern, where the Seraphim cry one to another, 'Holy, holy, holy, LORD GOD of Hosts.'"

3. Let us not be told that the revival of the taste for church music, and for our cathedral services, is a matter of light moment. That can be no light matter which fills the soul with the holiest emotions. The hearing and joining the singing of GOD's praises have been and still are the purest and the holiest *delight* to many of the most heavenly-minded of the servants of CHRIST. There have been, there are still, men to whom religion's ways have been so eminently "ways of pleasantness, and all her paths of peace," that their lives, their language, their hearts, their souls, were devoted to praises. Praise was the atmosphere they breathed; the sanctuary of GOD was their home; it was a part of their daily life and of their nightly retirement to pour out their devotions in song; to be entranced and elevated with the sweetness of sacred music: nay, at times they were so enraptured with it,—that whether they were "in the body or out of the body they could not tell."<sup>1</sup> Thus it was with the saintly Nicholas Ferrar, whose only luxury was one which ministered to GOD's praise, viz., the midnight Psalmody of the choristers which he retained to praise GOD nightly in the oratory of Little Gidding. Thus it was with the sweet-voiced Herbert, who, when he returned from the cathedral of Salisbury, used to say, "that the time spent in prayer and cathedral music elevated his soul and was his heaven upon earth." Thus it was with the father of the illustrious Clarendon who went to reside in a cathedral city for no other object but that he might enjoy the privilege of attending daily cathedral service. Thus it was with Bishop Horne, the Commentator on the Psalms, who considered it the peculiar happiness of his life, that from the age of twenty he was constantly gratified by the service of a choir, at the hearing of which it is said, "his

<sup>1</sup> The expression of Sir John Dolben, a man of great piety and devotion, who was present at a grand performance of church music, was—"I thought I should have gone out of the body."

countenance was illuminated, as if a heavenly vision had been superadded to earthly devotion." Thus it was, and thus it is, with a host of pious, saintly, and heavenly minds,—they hear in the songs of earth preludes of the strains in heaven; their souls rise in devout ecstasy as if to join in the praises of angels,—music is the spiritual language of their spirits aspiring after God.

Before many years have passed, we devoutly hope that in other cathedrals the example so earnestly set, and so successfully carried through at Lichfield, may be imitated. The effects of such meetings on the church at large cannot be few or insignificant. I. They will have great effect on the parochial clergy. These will consider it, more than many do at present, their duty to take the oversight and control of the singing. The clergyman foregoes one of his most important offices as a parish priest, if he leave the conduct of the music of his church to others. He should order the whole of the public worship of his parish; he should consider nothing beyond his province which is connected with the decency and the order of the Church's Services; he cannot, therefore, if he consider it, omit to pay heed to that very important part of those services which concerns the praises of God. Let the clergyman set the example, and appeal to the better taste of his parishioners, and the tunes and psalms will no longer be left to the village clarionet-player, or to the performer on the bass-viol, or to the inharmonious and spasmodic efforts of the parish clerk.

II. The effects will be considerable, too, on parish choirs. Let those choirs be disciplined to know what is true Church music, and in our parish churches will be heard not *noise* but *harmony*,—not displays of rustic taste and uncouth provincialisms,—not the baldest common-place *travesties* of Sternhold and Hopkins,—but chaste and sacred chants of David's Psalms, and the devotional strains of a true Church Hymnal, set forth by authority, and suited to the dignity of Church worship and the Sacred Seasons.

III. True and correct Church music will be more extensively known and diffused, and that which is false and meretricious must give way. "It is with music as with



any other severe science. The taste may be either uninformed or vitiated to any conceivable extent; but as the truth breaks in it is impossible to go back. The mind that has once perceived a demonstrated truth can never unlearn that truth. And just as impossible is it to recede from the perception of a musical or architectural truth. Once admitted, it is there for ever and for ever. It may be developed, newly-applied, refined, improved, indefinitely; but it can never more be lost, except, indeed, by the gradual operation, through a long period of time, of the acknowledged causes of the decline of all arts, namely,—*over-refining* to the neglect of first principles; and, a debased moral taste."

But let us break from our remarks and close our "Second Lichfield Day" with a parting reflection of peace. Evensong at Lichfield has closed. The multitudes who joined in it are scattered. The choristers are unsurplicing in its dim chapter rooms and chantries. The lights are extinguished one by one. The shadows in the long aisles are lengthening. The stillness of repose, deep as that which hovers round the recumbent figures of "The Sleeping Children," and arm-crossed warriors, and mitred Bishops, is stealing through the sacred enclosures. Column, and arch, and transept, and choir, look larger as we turn and gaze on each through the solemnizing darkness. In this sombre twilight, in this sacred silence, let us for a moment linger, and for a moment meditate, for

" — in such an hour  
Some pensive passage in our Book of Life,  
Restored to its original characters  
Gleams on our eye."

We look within: we breathe our evening valediction and our prayer; and as we step out of the sacred door-way, and feel the Autumn breath of evening freshening, we connect the living breath without with pious thoughts of the sleeping dead within, and find ourselves repeating lines in consonance with our thoughts—

"The winds breathe low; the withering leaf  
Scarce whispers from the tree;  
So gently flows the parting breath  
When good men cease to be!"

The following is a list of the enrolled choirs:—

Aldridge.	Handsworth.	Sandon.
Alton.	Ditto, S. Michael's.	Sheen.
Ashbourn.	Hanford.	Smethwick, S. Matthew's.
Bilston, S. Leonard's.	Harborne, North.	Stafford, S. Mary's.
Blurton.	Ilam.	Stafford, Forebridge.
Checkley.	Ilkeston.	Stoke-upon-Trent.
Cheddleton.	King's Bromley.	Tean.
Chesterton.	Leigh.	Tong.
Clifton Campville.	Lichfield, S. Mary's.	Trentham.
Colwich.	Norbury.	Tunstall.
Derby, S. Peter's.	Normacot.	Uttoxeter.
Draycott.	Norton-in-the Moors.	Wednesbury, S. James.
Elford.	Oakamoor.	Westbromwich, All Saints.
Freehay.	Okeover.	Wolverhampton, S. Peter's.
Hallam, Kirk.	Rugeley.	Ditto, S. Mary's.
Hallam, West.	Salt.	

## The Children's Corner.

### SCENES FROM LIFE.

#### CHAPTER XL.

"We watched her breathing through the night :  
Her breathing soft and low ;  
As in her breast the wave of Life  
Kept ebbing to and fro."

Hood.

THAT first thunder-peal scarcely brought more terror to the children on the hill than to Lord Flemyng in his study. He started up and rang the bell violently, but ere the sound had died away the door opened, and Hammond's terrified face appeared.

"The children, my lord ! where is Miss Flemyng ? I thought they were with you."

"Send all the men here," was his reply, as he flung on his cloak, and hastily rang again and again till the hall was filled with frightened domestics.

Another thunder-clap worse than before ! The women crowded together, awed by his presence into silence, and the next moment he spoke quickly and decidedly.

"Two of you go to the stream, and keep up the bank ; another to the upper farm ; John, go you to the game-keeper's lodge on the hill, and desire him to join you,

and get down through the wood to the hill; Robert, go towards the village; I myself will try down the stream. The children are gone out, they cannot be very far from home. You, Hammond, must remain,—nay, I insist,—and prepare warm beds and clothes: we shall bring them back wet through, most probably.” He spoke confidently and with cheerfulness, and in a few moments the women stood alone watching the men as they dispersed in the various directions their master had indicated, while his tall form with a bundle of shawls under his cloak was longest in sight, as he took the same path as the children had so lately done, and reaching the stream, stood for a moment considering, and finally deciding on the downward path, was suddenly out of their ken. Mary Arden was busied for some minutes in making a fire in the nursery, and hanging a perfect wardrobe of little garments round it. While the upper nurse prepared tea and various condiments of her own invention, supposed to be efficacious in preventing cold after a wetting. Her anxiety, however, soon drove her back to the hall, and leaving Mary Arden to complete the preparations, she slipped on a cloak, and as the rain had now ceased to fall so violently, she went a little way towards the flower-garden.

As so often happens in similar occasions, none of the searchers were successful. Lord Flemyng's anxiety took him much further than the children could have gone, and in an opposite direction, so that between sheltering a little during the heaviest rain, and going out of his way to inquire at sundry cottages, he lost so much time that the objects of his solicitude were safe by the nursery fire long before he had again reached his own grounds. They had avoided the river on their return, and chosen a private and seldom-trodden path through a coppice of birch; Hammond met them quite suddenly as she turned a corner, coming along hand-in-hand as composed as they had started, and Cecile's smile and slight colour as she reached her nurse brought great comfort to poor Hammond, who had most bitterly reproached herself for letting them out of the nursery. She hurried them up stairs, too engrossed with the one to notice the unusual manner and high colour of the other, and it was not till Mary Arden, who was undressing Ethel, called her attention to her,

that she observed how burning were the child's hands, and how excited was her manner. She talked incessantly, refused the tea, which she said made her too hot; and when wrapped in shawls and dressing-gown, she was seated by the nursery fire in one of Cecile's little chairs, while her small majesty herself was summarily popped into her white bed, and covered up almost to suffocation, Hammond began to have leisure to attend to her, she grew frightened at the unconnected and constant talk. Cecile joined at first, but was soon overpowered by heat and weariness, and dropped asleep in her nest of pillows, and then Hammond came and sat down by Ethel, and tried to compose her by brushing her hair.

It was a great relief to the nurse when she heard that Lady Flemyng was returned, and scarcely time had elapsed for her getting out of the carriage when she was in the nursery, bending over her little girl with the greatest solicitude, and when assured that she was perfectly well and safe, she came with scarcely less anxiety to Ethel, whose sparkling eyes and burning cheeks, even more than her rapid pulse, excited her apprehension. She asked directly for Lord Flemyng, whether she might see him before she went home; and after sending Mary Arden to see if he were returned, Lady Flemyng sat down by the child, determined not to leave her again until at all events some change had taken place in her; she had heard a confused account of the storm, of her lord's impetuous start in pursuit of the children, and she would have willingly learnt more, but Ethel's usual manner had changed to one so eager and anxious that she was afraid of exciting her by questions. She began almost directly to talk, and the tale was so wild, so confused, that the lady vainly tried to calm her. She told of the forget-me-nots, of the stranger with dark hair like Stanhope, only his name was Arthur: she had given him her flowers, because she also gave a nosegay to Lord Flemyng. Now, if she could see him, "do you think he will come?" she asked, with brightening eyes.

"Yes, my love, the moment he returns: he went to look for you and Cecile. I dare say he was frightened at the little girls being out in a storm."

"But you know God was sure to take care of us," she

said, with more of her usual look. "Perhaps grandpapa will come, because I can't go home till I have seen Lord Flemyng; and you will let him come, will you not?"

"Yes, love, directly he returns. Now suppose you drink a little of this tea, it will do you good."

Ethel's habitual obedience made her drink, though evidently against her will, and it quieted her a little, but she soon began to talk again, and more wildly than before; she stood up, saying she would go to the study and find him herself, and then sat down and put her hand to her head. Lady Flemyng grew more anxious, she rang for Hammond, and with many soft and soothing words, and promises that she should see Lord Flemyng as soon as she was better, they undressed her and laid her in bed in the next room. Then a note was despatched to Mr. St. Clare, another to the doctor, and after a peep at her still sleeping little daughter, Lady Flemyng returned to Ethel, determined not to leave her again till her grandpapa should arrive. Holding her kind hand, listening to her soft voice as she repeated some of the hymns the children had learnt together, Ethel gradually fell into an unquiet slumber, from which she was roused by the arrival of Lord Flemyng. She started up, exclaiming, "Oh! is he come? will he forgive? I wanted to see you," she said, as he bent over and kindly laid her back on the pillow, "but now I can't recollect. Grandpapa will come and help me. It was about Cecile; did you hear the thunder? She had the headache, and I gathered some forget-me-nots, but grandpapa will know." And to their unspeakable alarm she lapsed into unconsciousness.

The boys were not returned, but little thought was spared for them. The parents stood side by side at Cecile's bed, and thankfully saw the healthy rosy cheek that lay on the snowy pillow, and turned to look once at Ethel, the tears rising to Lady Flemyng's soft eyes, as she sat listening for the arrival of the doctor. He came before Mr. St. Clare, who had been away at the extreme end of the parish when the storm came on, and detained there by the thoughtful care of one of the farmers' wives, who had made tea for him, and insisted on his waiting till the storm was passed. It was late ere

he returned to the vicarage, little dreaming what news awaited him. Without a moment's rest he set off for the park, hardly daring to think by the way of his strange morning forebodings. Almost before his ring could be answered, Lady Flemyng came gliding down the great stairs, and hastened to relieve him from suspense. The doctor said it was measles; but she had been out in the storm, and though under shelter, had unfortunately returned with damp clothes. She led him into the drawing-room for a moment, for she wished to prepare him for the state in which he would find his treasure: who had been roused again by the doctor's visit to her former excitement and restlessness. While standing by the door, for she could not induce him to sit down, so eager was he to go at once to Ethel, Lord Flemyng came in; he too had been changing his clothes, for he had weathered the worst of the rain, and Mr. St. Clare could not but be sensible of a great change of manner in his imperious neighbour.

He came, he said, to confess at once, knowing that was the safest way to Mr. St. Clare's favour, that he was the unlucky cause of the whole affair, having thoughtlessly given the little girls permission to go out alone; he added, as the old man could not speak, that the proof of his forgiveness would be to leave Ethel with them to cure her if measles it were, for that most probably Cecile would take the infection, and Lady Flemyng was a capital nurse.

Mr. St. Clare offered him his hand, and tried to say something about exonerating him from all blame; and then, while following the lady up stairs, he thanked her for the kind offer, and said that if Ethel was too ill to be carried home, he was afraid it would not do for him to try and leave her.

The child was awake, and raised herself in the bed as he came near; but her first words were a shock to him. "Now, grandpapa, you will help me; I cannot remember, but Lord Flemyng will forgive me, I hope; for her head was very bad."

"Yes, my child, afterwards: I have had a long walk and am tired; you will let me rest first, darling, and then we will talk by and by."

Ethel lay back apparently contented, and Lady Flemyng,

seeing a few tears stealing down the old man's face, left the room and went to Cecile, who was just awake; she wanted to persuade her to give her nurseries up to Ethel, and come away to mamma's dressing-room, where she should sleep in a bed with silk curtains, and have tea in the dressing-room, and mamma's jewel box to turn over. All these combined luxuries overcame the child's dislike of leaving her own room; and wrapped in warm shawls she was carried to the other side of the house, safe as her mother fondly deemed, from all danger of infection.

Mr. St. Clare soon saw that Ethel was too ill to be moved. He sat almost motionless by her side the rest of that day, and insisted on sitting up all night; but as it passed quietly, he was persuaded next morning to return home for a few hours, and Lady Flemyng took his place. It was doubtful all day whether the child had the measles or not; there was no rash visible, but the doctor when he came confirmed his previous opinion, and begged she might be kept as quiet as possible. Towards evening she began again to talk incessantly, and again entreated to see Lord Flemyng, but she could only tell him how sorry she was, and that Cecile's head was so bad, and without the smallest clue to her troubles, they had no means of soothing them; and as she turned away her head and asked for grandpapa, her tears burst forth, and she sobbed herself to sleep. At night, when he again insisted on sitting up with her, he was painfully conscious of a change for the worse; she talked fast and strangely though she seemed quite to know him, and replied very coherently when asked questions; she wanted him to tell her a story, but was not satisfied when he began one of her favourites: she said it must be about forgiveness of sins, and she listened very attentively while he told of the woman who was a sinner, who washed our LORD's feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hair of her head. Then she asked about obedience, and recurred to the story she had told him of the boy and the baby, and many of her early remembrances and childish doings came fitfully to her lips, and he listened eagerly for some clue to her early history.

She was in a cathedral, she pointed out the coloured

shadows, but they were mixed with flowers, moss roses, and jessamine; then it changed to forest trees, the sound of the organ and the roar of a waterfall, and now gipsies thronged into her waking dream, the tall dark stranger and forget-me-nots, then lightning flashes and pealing thunder mingled with her fancies, for the clenched hands, contracted brow, and face turned fearfully and hurriedly to the pillow, besides a long terrified scream, a call for 'Arthur!' 'Papa!' 'Cecile!' were followed by a dead faint from which it was difficult to rouse her; and until morning dawned she was in a succession of similar faints; but when the sun came streaming in, she lay back exhausted, and slept: and after darkening the room, and admitting all the air they could, Mr. St. Clare was almost forcibly driven away by Mrs. Willis, who had arrived the previous day, and had shared his watch during the terrible night.

Spite of all precautions, Cecile began to sicken, and on the third day there was no longer any doubt that she too had the measles; but in so mild a form, that many days before Ethel was considered out of danger, the little one was nearly convalescent. The house was steeped in gloom, —a dead silence reigned within and without. The great heat made the stillness oppressive, and the hum of insects was the only sound to be heard; the boys stole about like ghosts, several of them were not allowed to come up stairs at all, but Stanhope and Hugh had had the measles, and they paid many a furtive visit to the sick-rooms.

After the terrible night of fainting, Ethel lay quiet and exhausted, but fever always came on towards evening, and the restless weary nights exhausted her so much that Mr. St. Clare began to despair of her recovery. He would sit hour after hour trying to school his heart to acquiescence in whatever might be in store for him; trying to feel that she had been a precious gift lent to him for a time, and that He Who gave had a right also to take away. Mrs. Willis would stand watching her master as he sat or knelt by the bed, and Lady Flemyng often stole to the door, and seeing his bent-down head and clasped hands, would make a sign to the housekeeper and softly go away again. Lord Flemyng too came constantly, and Ethel was always pleased to see him, though



she would put her hand to her head and flush till her cheeks were crimson, and sometimes burst into tears. It was thought at last better that he should discontinue his visits, and though she often asked for him, and inquired if he had forgiven her, she seldom wanted a reply, but would turn away and speak of something else.

So wore away ten weary days, the rash had never appeared, and Ethel was so reduced from restless nights and constant fainting fits that her life seemed to hang on a thread. She had been unusually ill all night, and her constant turning from side to side, and restless uneasy movements had made Mr. St. Clare's heart ache. The morning as usual brought slumber, but that exhausted troubled sleep they could not much depend on. The doctor paid his morning visit and looked more anxious and stayed longer than usual, he listened to her breathing and felt her pulse, and made minute inquiries; and Mr. St. Clare filled with sad forebodings refrained from asking him his usual nervous question, and scarcely looked up as he passed from the room with Lady Flemmyng. She guessed that this might be a critical sleep, and he said she was right: the longer it lasted the more hopeful it would be, but while very cautious to avoid disturbing her, they must be sure to have some food ready at the instant she should wake, as much would depend on her being supported after what he hoped would prove a long fast. He begged to have a note sent as soon as any change took place, for he could not return till very late, and in common with all who approached Ethel, he had become strangely interested in his sweet little patient. Lady Flemmyng watched him depart, and then her hopeful nature all in the ascendant stole with noiseless step back to the nursery, to communicate to the less buoyant watcher some of her own fair hopes and expectations; but when she saw his head bowed low in sorrow, his clasped hands on which his face rested, and heard the suppressed sob, that even as she stood there could not be repressed, the tears started to her own eyes, and she left him for the present to his sad musings and prayers, more in resignation than hope they were offered; for now indeed he began to despair of her recovery.

Hot noon came glowing in, and still Ethel slept, and Lady Flemmyng stood with clasped hands hardly daring to breathe at her side, watching the starts and uneasy motions of the sweet invalid: but when the sun sank low and the perfume of the honeysuckle came stealing in through the open windows, Ethel lay calm and peacefully, and more regularly came the breath between the red parted lips, the little fingers unclosed and no longer grasped at vacancy or repelled imaginary horrors. Hugh knelt silently by the bed, the fresh flowers he had brought were strewn around so as not to touch the sleeper's hands, and his head lying on his crossed arms, he watched her narrowly. Mr. St. Clare was not there, but his chair was not empty. Curled up in it, her head pillowed on a scarlet cushion, Cecile languidly reposed. She had begged so constantly to see Ethel that at last under promise of strict silence she had been carried in and set there to nurse her as she said. The house was so still, and the ticking of the hall-clock had ceased for many days, and only now and then from a distance came the wail of an *Æolian* harp, or a solitary bee would hum into the room and lose his way among the panes of glass; no sound but Ethel's breathing broke the silence. Cecile's large eyes bent at first on the sleeper gradually closed, the dark curls pushed aside hung on the cushion, the half-shut fingers, the heaving bosom, the abandonment of graceful childish posture told that the little convalescent was no longer a watcher.

Seven o'clock came, and still Ethel slept; no change, save that Cecile was gone, that Stanhope knelt in Hugh's place, and Mr. St. Clare sat in the arm chair nervously. Mrs. Willis in the background, with a basin of something in her hand, stood anxiously watching the little face which had been lately turned towards her, and certainly the breathing was fainter, perhaps softer and more natural.

There was a little stir; an arm thrown suddenly up, opened eyes, and a smile, Ethel's own sweet smile dancing on the lips.

"Oh, Stanhope, is it you? what lovely flowers!"

"You are better, darling?"

"Oh yes, and so hungry."

Stanhope softly left the room as Mr. St. Clare sunk on his knees, and Ethel's folded hands showed that she too joined his prayer—praise rather, of fervent thankful joy; his child was indeed restored to him.

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### The Editor's Desk.

THE Indian affairs have occupied the attention alike of Churchmen and politicians. The Fast Day was universally observed, and with great and becoming solemnity, with the exception of the Crystal Palace, the managers of which contrived to make capital out of apparent Christianity, and found a performer ready at hand in the shape of a popular preacher.

The Anniversary Meeting of the Chester Diocesan Society for the Propagation Society furnished the opportunity, at three meetings, for speeches on India by the Bishop of Oxford and Mr. Gladstone: the whole subject was handled in a manner which must have told wonderfully upon the different audiences. The society would do well, we should think, to re-publish the proceedings in a cheap form for general circulation.

The May Meetings stand, we fancy, in much danger of being shorn of some of their importance, when we have such gatherings as that at Chester, and the meetings on social questions at Birmingham. The latter appear to have been of a very high character, and interesting in the extreme. Results more than mere talk may be fairly looked for from this movement.

The Charge of the new Bishop of Cork, so well known in connection with the "Cautions for the Times," to which he was principal contributor, promises well, even as reported in the newspapers. We need not say that it is an excessively elegant and telling composition,—but what charms us more than all, is, the way in which the Bishop seems to be girding himself for practical work. India is of course alluded to. But the main part is occupied with directions as to the importance of the careful administration of Holy Services, and the necessity for guarding against slovenliness, real or apparent. Glad are we to find him contending that the poor have as much claims as the rich upon the clergyman's care and consideration.

There is also a healthy and practical tone about the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol's Primary Charge,—though some parts were liable to be mistaken—from being—if we may be pardoned saying so—somewhat bunglingly worded. This should be avoided in all allusions to the Holy Eucharist.

The meeting of the Choirs, to which we alluded in our last, as about to be held in the Cathedral at Lichfield, has passed off in a highly satisfactory manner, as our readers will learn from a full account in another part.

The Church of S. Philip and S. James, Ilfracombe, has been completed—by the liberality of a London merchant.

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[DECEMBER, 1887.]

**MILTON'S BOUVERIE; OR, RETRIBUTION.**

CHAPTER IV. *Continued.*

HERMIONE went on in her own strength and yielded, as all mortal strength must do, sooner or later. She could not manage the children. For six weeks she had fagged with them, but to no purpose; she thought they had been encouraged to defy her, and she begged formally, but it was of her own mother, in the presence of her father, to give up the task: it was beyond her capability.

"Have your friends, the De Lisles, advised you to this step?" inquired her mother.

"The De Lisles! you desired me not to see them; I have not spoken to one of them since that day."

The words grated harshly on her lips as the command upon her heart.

"Why have you not made complaints to me of your sisters? I hoped you were beginning to settle down steadily together."

"I did not choose to complain, mamma, and I cannot settle down unless I am happy: the children could not work well under my authority when they saw you both so cool and set against me."

"You will do well not to magnify the offence," said her mother gravely; "Hermione, remember these are not accusations which a daughter should make."

"Pardon, I know it; but papa, mamma, you would look kindly on this fault if you knew how thoroughly wretched I have been. Mrs. De Lisle used to help me a good deal, and now I am left to such helpless blindness."

"The blindness of a stubborn mule,"—and these were the first words from her father since the quarrel: "I will not keep you here, though you would make an admirable special pleader if I retained you; but I will not keep you to excite rebellion in the others. There are the Grays. Aldwin Gray of Milton has written to ask you to stay there; you may go, I should think the sooner the better."

"O, papa, I should so much like it, and he is a clergyman, and I may stay in his house!"

"You are a little idiot, and may get out of mine."

"But, papa, at least say you have altogether forgiven the past," for on his face was the half comic, half playful smile that betokened safety.

"Ask that grim Graham on the wall there to step forth and shake hands with me, as well as ask a Murray to forgive. You offended me and your mother grievously, and if you tried to make reparation, by your own acknowledgment you tried and have failed. Now we have come to the conclusion that it is best you should leave us, I am endeavouring to retrench in many ways lest ruin overtake me in my cause, and your presence will be a burden entailing society otherwise needless; and, though I think your expensive tastes and finished education will be thrown away upon Milton, you may go, and the sooner the better."

Hermione remembered Ela's request to her in the two short days they spent together in Florence, when Ela begged her to be kind and careful, and without running counter to the authorities, to try and better things around her. She remembered Mrs. De Lisle's injunctions—it was thus she had fulfilled them.

"There is a mark set upon this house," she thought to herself, "it is in vain to labour against fate; I am not chosen for this work, I have failed, I have tried, but it was not meant for me."

A cold acquiescence from her mother to see the De Lises again, made her hurry there that very evening, but to her disappointment, the old rector met her in the garden with the tidings that Mary and her mother were absent for some weeks.

"Stay, my dear, you shall write to them, only I cannot remember their address ; I will send it to you."

"No, I will walk here again to-morrow ; do not trouble yourself, Mr. De Lisle."

"We have not seen you for a long while ; we have missed you from church, my dear ; have you been away from home again ?"

"Oh, no !" and she hung her head.

"Have you been ill, my dear ?"

"No, thank you, I am well ; I could not come before."

"You and the children here had a tiff, perhaps ; never mind, I must not pry into your secrets."

Herrie was obliged to laugh, especially when one of the children made his appearance at that moment riding merrily up the sweep ; but the poor old rector was defective in vision and hearing, and so Tresilian rode towards the stables unnoticed, and Hermione took her leave in thorough disappointment at having missed her best friend and counsellor.

"I must ask mamma to let me write to her," she thought, "or I may find a friend where I am going : how strange another home will feel ; I wonder if Mr. Gray is old or young, and if his wife is nice, and if they have any worrying children there." Children made her think of the child Tresilian, as the old rector was pleased to designate a young man of twenty, and if their thoughts had changed owners for the nonce no marvel. Herrie walked in sober thought with her silent attendant Ruth, and her big guardian Bluff, when, just before she reached the gate of the private walk, Tresilian overtook her.

"My grandfather tells me you have just called," he said, shaking hands, "I am so glad to find the breeze has blown over ; and you want Mary's address, I followed you to give it you."

"Mr. De Lisle suggested that I should write, but I do not know that I may. O, Tresilian ! it is such a relief to get this cruel mandate countermanded ; I wish they had been at home."

Ruth Maiben passed on : Miss Murray was within her father's grounds, and therefore safe without attendance.

Tresilian looked half-puzzled, and on his delicate face an almost girlish blush displayed itself.

"It has been a great deprivation," he said, "half the 'Long' was over before you came home, and now nearly the other half is gone."

She looked surprised in her turn; she had not thought of it as making any difference to him personally whether she had free intercourse at Lisle or not.

"You ought rather to be glad that you have had Mary all to yourself. I have seen you look surly when I took her from you often."

Tresilian was angry at her obtuseness, and swept off the heads of one or two handsome dahlias that grew in the plantation border, with his riding-whip. She laid her hand intuitively on his destructive one.

"If papa comes this way, there will be blame, see what you have done!"

"I am very sorry; I was thinking how slow of comprehension they were."

"Well, you wounded them, and they lie at your feet: pleased to be amply satisfied. Tresilian, papa might not like you to be here."

"You do not." He blushed again. "Good-night, Hermione:" and he gathered up the broken flowers, and walked slowly from her presence.

She was on the point of recalling him, but her habitual pride kept her silent; and turning towards the house she met her father. As the barrier to their intercourse was somewhat removed, Hermione hailed him as in other days with her usual wild freedom—but he had not forgiven her, and only intended to endure her presence until her departure.

"Who went from the private walk just now?"

"Tresilian, papa; he came to bring Mrs. De Lisle's address; she is away. May I write to her?"

"Tresilian! upon my word, Miss Murray, this will not do: everything in your character and actions used to be open as the day. I must caution them at Milton if you intend to act thus."

They were returning towards the gate by which Tresilian had retired, and the despoiled dahlias came in view.

Herrie however forgot them in her annoyance at her father's unfounded insinuations—but his garden was his hobby, and he lost sight of her supposed offence, when his eye fell on this piece of mischief.

"Now may Franks be utterly ruined!" he exclaimed, "look, Herrie, some of those wanton village rascals must have got in; ah! it is the private gate unlocked as usual."

"Papa, Tresilian did it just this moment."

"The fool."

"He was very vexed; he did it unwittingly."

"If I met him this moment I would knock him down upon the same hypothesis. I do not mind this orange one much, but that beautiful magnum niger, and the helena. Why is the gate open? I do not wish you and the Lisles to fraternise; you are going away, and the best thing you can do is to forget them: if young Lisle is going into Orders the sooner your intimacy there ceases the better."

Hermione took the key of the gate from her pocket, and locked it slowly.

"Here, Herrie, I am afraid to trust you any longer; give me that key. When he wishes to come here, I will have no sneaking; there is the coach road open to him."

"Papa," said Herrie, in her sharp but not angry tone, "Papa, it is unkind and unfair to put thoughts into my head that I have never entertained: Tresilian could have said every word before you."

"For the future he must. I will have no such assignments—all must be matter of fact open dealing where my children are concerned. And now get into the house, the mist is falling, and there is no good to be gained by wandering in the owl light."

"O, papa, to think that you mistrust me."

"Our deeds assume a different colouring as we grow older, and it is difficult to convince one against appearances."

Hermione went in as she was bidden, but her reflections took a dangerous turn: she began to read her father in a cold unloving and suspicious light, and resolved to tell Tresilian he was not worth the schemes and prayers she knew he was preparing.



Tresilian Lisle had pledged himself by a vow that through the daughter's love Murray's salvation must be achieved.

He never breathed his plan to any ; but Herrie discovered from some remarks of his own, as well as the insinuations of her father that Tresilian held her in another light than that of Mary's friend.

Three days after, Herrie was returning from her ride, and coming slowly towards the house, she saw the Lisle pony carriage drawn up under the trees, and Tresilian himself in charge.

"Congratulate me that I have made this advance," he said, springing out and coming gaily forward.

"My grandfather is calling to ask that you may be confirmed with Mary in October."

"I am going away," she said, without any token of pleasure in turn ; "I am going into banishment for a year—in fact I go next week."

"Hermione!" and he looked woful in turn ; "my mother said there were great things to be achieved at Clavermere ; I thought you would have been a braver soldier than to desert your post in the hottest of the battle."

"You have taken too high a view of my character," she replied coldly, "I disappoint you as I have disappointed many others—as I have myself, most of all," she added somewhat warily.

"But wherefore give up in despair ? is there not sorer need for energy ? the warfare is begun, not accomplished."

"Don't talk to me like a priest, Tresilian. I am in no mood for sermons ; my lot is given to me, and I must abide it ; don't work me up to look upon you as one leagued against my happiness."

She drew the bridle rein, which he held, abruptly from his hand as though she would ride on, and he stepped back a pace or two towards his own little vehicle apparently inclined to let her proceed without further argument. But such was not Herrie's intention ; her manner had in it a natural magnetism, and Tresilian proof against all coquetry could not let her go in her wilful blindness.

She half offered her hand, and he drew near again.

"Hermione, you are angry with me for telling you the truth; but this I must do, even if it made you hate me; I think you act wrongly in going away at this time."

"What matters it to you, Tresilian?"

"Everything, I had hoped, speaking selfishly," he said, with his hand upon the rein, and his eyes fixed on her face, "and moreover in another point of view, it seems such a plain act of duty."

She looked down defiantly, and her round rosy lips pursed up, she pointed to the house: two figures were standing in the portico.

"Should you be sorry if my grandfather had won permission for you to stay?" he asked.

"Dreadfully: I go of my own free will: I did not suppose any one would care what became of me."

"You are indifferent now you have discovered it?"

"Perhaps so, I am tired of being preached to."

"Your conscience will preach when human voices are silent; Hermione, if you must go, farewell, God bless you."

He turned towards the pony carriage with a face so full of pride and despair that Herrie could not but gaze after him, frightened at the set lip and brow, and gradually blanching cheek of one whom she had never before seen discomposed. She returned with her father, dismounted, and without comment went to her room.

"I vexed him, I would not understand him," she said to herself. "O this bitter bitter pride, O Tresilian!" And his low fervent 'God bless you, if you must go, farewell!' rang madly on her ear—"farewell, that means good-bye for ever."

"For heaven's sake, make haste! it's overturned, one of them is killed, tell master."

A rush of gardeners and other servants beneath her window, and Franks so loud in his exclamations roused Herrie from her reverie.

The men were hurrying through the grounds to the outer gate, and the idea flashed upon her that Tresilian or his grandfather had been killed or seriously injured.

Her father ran with all speed at the summons and she longed to follow, but durst not. Presently, the servant

who had been out with her rode forth again, and she called to him, "Delmer, what has happened?"

"Mr. Lisle, Miss; I am going for the doctor,—" he had no time to say more, and she, so unlike the quick courageous Herrie, sat down and nearly fainted.

As she gazed on something like a funeral procession winding slowly up the hill towards Lisle, she said to herself, "it is Tresilian, I let him go in anger, and there is neither Mary nor her mother to nurse him; I wish they had brought him here; papa, papa, what happened?" she called as he came slowly back towards the house. He entered her room.

"He is not quite killed, Herrie, but Lester thinks badly of him; will you write for Mrs. Lisle, they have no one there: I would not have had it happen for the world, in my grounds; come, my girl, wake up and write."

"It would have been nearer to bring him here, we could have nursed him, papa."

"I proposed it, but the young man disapproved: he seemed reluctant to return here again; I should have said by your manner, Herrie, that he had been proposing to you this afternoon."

She breathed freely now. Tresilian was not killed.

"How did it happen?" she inquired.

"Why, possibly the melancholy Tresilian was in a dream, and made vain attempts to carry the gate-post away with him, the pony shied, the crazy little basket was soon overturned, and the poor old man is the sufferer. Come, Herrie, write at once, it is nearly post time; Tresilian sent the request to you, do it *con amore*."

"What shall I say? it will frighten them to death."

"Say the carriage was overturned at our gate, and Mr. Lisle very severely hurt, and that her son begs her to return instantly; I thought you religious people took all these things at the hand of Providence, and never murmured or allowed yourselves to be shaken by such a dispensation."

Once upon that topic Herrie fell into silence and reserve: she found her writing materials, and wrote her letter, hoping he would not require to see it; but in this

she was disappointed, and her expressions were unmercifully quizzed and cut up.

Hermione locked the door as her father retired, and kneeling down, poured out a heartfelt and spontaneous prayer to Almighty God in behalf of the sufferer.

She shuddered morning after morning when the answer to the conventional inquiries came from Lisle, for the old man was dangerously hurt, and none knew if he could rally.

She did not see Tresilian (his mother and sister were with him, and that comforted her) until the eve of her departure, when his pale face, white with long anxious watchings, rose up before her as she came in from her last walk. "Are you going, Hermione?" he inquired, without any greeting.

"I am going to-morrow early: how is Mr. De Lisle?"

"Worse rather, to-night. Hermione, did you misunderstand me, or did I misinterpret you, the other day?"

"A little on both sides," she answered bashfully; "Tresilian, I am so thankful you were not killed."

He grasped her hand in both his, tenderly. "Thank you, it was one kind little word like that I longed to hear from you: I had not meant to let it out till I was older, but I was afraid when you were going; you will not stay a year away?"

"I shall indeed: I have so much to learn, and it will be a good school for me."

"Then, Hermione, you shall go free; I will not fetter you. My grandfather and my mother consent to this engagement, but it shall be open, though conditional. I will lay the bright dream away in my heart until you come home again; if you return as you go, you shall learn the high hopes that I have cherished."

"And if I come back altered, or do not return at all?"

"Then I shall rejoice that I left you free, so you are but happy: but Herrie, I feel assured you will not be happy while you run away from your duty: my mother sends you this little keepsake, and with it her best love to you, and her wishes for your welfare; but she thinks you are sinning by this movement." He gave her

a little ruby ring, and as she put it on her finger he coloured slightly and said,

"It is my choosing, Herrie; if you had looked less coldly on me the other day, it might have been a gift from me; but as it is not wise in me to indulge myself, it is my mother's gift."

"Thanks to the giver and the bearer," she replied, "both will be in my memory while I wear it. Tresilian, you almost make me tremble at my step to-morrow, you preach so very vehemently."

"And what must true love be feeling for you at this moment? Hermione, if you do not love me, say it, and stay here; I will go away and never trouble you with a vision of my self again; if you go to escape me it is your own fault, I will bear myself innocent."

"The daughter of an infidel," she answered tremblingly, "must not wed. Tresilian, never ask me again, I have been like him many years, even in my secret heart I think I am so still: it is burning up my life; I would sooner wear out and die than sully your good name by letting you love me. I am so wayward and so wicked, I never shall alter or grow better here, it is a poisoned atmosphere to me."

"The poisoned atmosphere shall be purer, please God, when you come again;" and he left her, hurrying home almost as though he danced on air, for the truth had been confessed, and her cold uncertain manner all explained away, while he was free to speculate, and to practise all his schemes for winning her, and waking up a lost soul from its misery.

On the morrow she departed. She who had been the once favourite of the household. Bluff, the fierce gray mastiff, loved her to tease and romp with him: horses and pigeons fed from her hand, village children ran races with her for sugar-plums she never meant to win; and Mayse, the old nurse, used to put the finishing touch to her shining curls, or smooth the last fold of her evening frock, and say, "There dear, if you had beauty with it, there is pride enough to make a princess of you."

When she went to school she was the romping darling of all who knew her; when she came from school her

place at home had been filled by the others, her mind had opened to an uncertain sense of immortal truths, and she had become proud, and cold, and changed.

Bright fascinating manners that seemed before to belong to her very nature were seldom assumed now, though she did unbend sometimes, and then so sweet and courteous were her words and actions, that none forgot to whom they belonged.

The De Lisles were the only people who really loved her, and they understood her but imperfectly.

Aldwin Gray, the Incumbent of Milton's Bouverie, was the person to whose care she was for a time consigned. Of Scotch extraction, and a distant connection of the Grahams, old Abigail had known him from his cradle, and thought him worthy of the responsible office of guardian of her grand-niece's property until she should be twenty-five years of age.

How far her seldom erring judgment displayed itself in this matter will be seen hereafter.

## CHAPTER V.

"The gipsy's life is a joyous life,  
So roving, gay, and free;  
They feel no care and they dread no strife;  
O the gipsy's life for me!"

"Miss Murray says, mamma,—mamma, dear, do listen—Miss Murray says we may call her—" but the mamma so addressed was too much occupied to heed the boy before her.

"What may you call her? how much?" inquired a youth who sauntered in by the window, overturning the lady's work-basket at the time. The words "Tom, Tom, you awkward fellow!" did not spoil the numeration, so the younger one tried again.

"Mamma, she says we may call her—"

"Up at all hours of the night, like any apothecary," interrupted the brother.

"Now Tom, I'm telling mamma, she says we may—"

"Call her Miss Menelaus: there, I have hit the right mark now—you and Miss Menelaus have become mighty strong friends already."

"Tom, you are not polite, she says we may call her Hermione."

"That's it, the daughter of Menelaus."

"Well but it is her Christian name."

"Nay, but it is a heathen name, and, sir, as you seem disposed to dispute the question, go up to my room for the Dictionary of Antiquities,—both volumes,—quick,—best foot foremost, I'm in a hurry."

"Do you like her?" inquired Mrs. Gray, as the little brother slunk out of the room, and was heard tramping up the double staircase.

"Do I? Oh, I don't know; she is a very jolly girl. I hardly know her well enough yet."

"Tom, I dislike such slang, and it is quite inappropriate; you will disgust her with it."

"I should think not, mother, she likes it, and begins to understand it, though I never heard her use it. Young Dalton asked me who she was at Church the other day; and Lady Maunders gave me her usual fly-away bow this morning, and inquired, 'Oh, Mr. Tom, is that a sister of your papa or mamma? I must leave a card for her to-morrow,' and I made solemn answer that papa was guardian to a great aunt of hers, which my lady took for truth, and galloped on. What an Amazon that woman is!"

Miss Murray entered at this moment with the two quarto volumes, and by her side Tom's little messenger, looking safe and independent under her protection.

"You lazy little coward!" cried Tom, almost angrily, taking the books from Hermione, "what a fellow you are to make a lady fag for you!"

"It was a voluntary act on the lady's part," said Hermione, stooping to re-arrange the scattered contents of the overturned work-basket, and closing the window through which the wind was driving strongly enough to blow away a more substantial personage than Mrs. Gray. "Now really," exclaimed Tom, seeing Hermione a second time rebuking him by an act, "'tis no business of yours. There I will make you a clear deck, *mater mea*," he added

winding the balls of wool, and replacing the other paraphernalia.

"And we may be off now," exclaimed little Edmond, as Miss Murray satisfied with the proceedings turned to the door.

"Where are you two going?" asked Mrs. Gray.

"To Broughton Heights for gentianella," answered Herrie, "and Edmond is to be my knight."

Scarcely outside the hall door a very baby voice sang out through the guarded nursery windows above, "Mi Murrie, Mi Murrie, may Allie come, may me?"

She looked up and shook her head, and a most disconsolate roar followed, but neither Herrie nor her little companion waited longer. Behind the lawn was an open winding path round a steep bare hill, from the crown of which one was presumed to see to an immeasurable distance. Two cathedrals were often distinctly visible, and churches and landmarks enough to gratify even Herrie's expansive longing. Broughton Heights had been a Roman encampment: immense barrows surrounded the topmost point, where Edmond said he always thought the enemy's elephants were buried. Another hill nearly as steep as this stood about a mile apart; and within the hollow or ravine in a beautiful valley, lay one extremity of Mr. Gray's parish, called Bouverie Vale. Lane Bouverie, corrupted from Long Bouverie, was a forlorn-looking row of houses on an open unsheltered turnpike road, stretching about half a mile without a single curve; and this was another of Master Edmond's similes: he likened it to a huge mouth, with but one row of teeth. Milton, or Milton's Bouverie, was the secluded spot in which the parsonage stood, and the church; and Steep Ness made up the quadruple cure.

"I suppose you have a good many brothers in your own home?" observed Edmond, when they had gained part of the ascent, as Herrie paused for views, and he for breath: Herrie started as if an adder in the grass had stung her, for she was beginning to find this home pleasant, and to put Clavermere as far as possible from her thoughts.

"I have only two baby brothers. Why?"



"Because you manage Tom so famously, and keep him in order, and he is such a great unruly fellow."

"I manage Tom! why, I cannot even manage myself."

"He would have thrashed me pretty hard about his books if you had not been by, and mamma could not have made him pick up her work-things if she had begged all day long."

"I neither did the one, nor prevented the other," she said, laughing, "I had not the power."

"O yes, you have; your face speaks your wishes."

"Does it? then it asks you to dig up this plant for me."

While little Edmond rooted up the flower, Herrie walked round the hill to make her observations; for her rambles had not hitherto extended so far. It was wild and beautiful, and after her tame inland home, nay even in contrast with the garden of Europe, because this was England, it never tired her.

On the very summit of the hill, under a ring of trees, was a gipsy's camp. Half-naked children and bronzed women, in their short red petticoats, lounged within the tent, and tall, fierce-looking men, basking in the September sun, made a startling picture; but while she stood to admire at a respectful distance, Edmond shouted loudly, "Miss Murray, Miss Murray, come back! Mamma says it is not safe! Don't go any higher!"

Herrie turned round, amused, "I thought you had come in the character of knight and defender? and here is not even a terrier to alarm one."

"Oh, it is not the gipsies: they are all right enough, it is the people in the vale, they are such an ugly set, and they hate papa; don't go near them."

"What are they like, Edmond?"

"They are the dirtiest and most uncouth set."

"Ay, you shall take a proof of them, sir," said a loud, grinding voice, not far distant, and at the same time a sharp stone, sent with unerring aim, laid open little Edmond's ear. Two inches higher, and Edmond Gray's last words had been uttered; for such a blow on the temple would have assuredly killed him.

"God's anger blight thee!" screamed one of the women gipsies, who had apparently seen the hand that dealt the blow.

"Bring the child hither, my lady," she cried, hurrying towards the bleeding boy, "We'll staunch it, we'll staunch it, my lady; don't mind it, pretty gentleman;" and binding Hermione's handkerchief tightly round his head, she lifted him in her arms, and carried him up to the tent. "Just clear about, ye scared maids, clear about, an' fetch fresh water some of ye;" and while the curiosity of the children so addressed led them to peep in at every hole and opening in the canvas, the woman tended Edmond with the skill of a surgeon.

"It is badly bruised, and a teared wound, my lady, but we will make it fair; it would be hard to leave a scar on his gentle face," and she sewed up the wound most adroitly while she talked.

"Do you know at all who it was?" inquired Herrie. Half a dozen of the banished children were round the entrance in an instant, open-mouthed and eager to give the information.

"My lady, if you please it was—"

"Whist!" said the mother, in a tone that controlled every tongue; "My lady, we know well enough, but we may not say: God will reward him for this. They would burn up our tents, and poison our beasts; we dare not tell. Leave loose, Maive," she added to the infant, who was nursing Miss Murray's pretty parasol in no very delicate fingers, and then washing the stains from Edmond's jacket, and administering a reviving cordial, she pronounced him in a state to be making his way homeward. Hermione, during the operation, had leisure to study the woman at will. She was of pure gipsy origin, tall and finely made, with the rich—almost olive—complexion and piercing eyes that mark the race: in her turn she, too, had been scanned.

"You'll not be brother and sister, my lady? asking your pardon for the liberty."

Hermione smiled graciously for Edmond's sake, where under ordinary circumstances her haughtiness would have kept the humble interrogator at arm's length.

"We are friends only," she replied.

"Your own gentlefolks will be biding miles away, London side of England?"

"Yes," replied Herrie, but somewhat less complacently,

for she did not understand the drift of the woman's inquiries, and became impatient to escape them. She distributed some silver among the children, for which, though there appeared two or three distinct families, all came eagerly forward. Then the woman called Ronald, and bade him attend the gentlefolks as far as they required protection. The tallest and handsomest of the men answered to the name, and was husband of the energetic doctress. He walked down the hill behind them, smoking his short pipe, but never a word spake he until they reached the rocky steps that led down to their own domain, when, lifting his hat with a grace peculiar to the tribe, he wished them "good evening," and sauntered slowly back. Herrie and Edmond had been equally silent: he, from languor and pain, she from necessity as reflections forced themselves upon her. Dwelling in what was now her home, among a new set of people, to whose friendship she had a sort of right, cares and responsibilities such as Mrs. De Lisle had set before her, faded into air. Example, influence, words that bored her ears at Clavermere, might now be laughed at as old dreams. These belonged to others, not to her. Herminione intended to realise a Utopian felicity, without trial or trouble. Sorrows might come into the house, but she was neither child nor kindred to feel them; sickness might hang heavily over the village, but the people had no claim on her attention, and she would keep free from infection.

Hermione's definition of heroism was different from that of most young ladies of these days, and her charity, known not by its best, holiest name, was concentrated in herself. Yet withal she was kind-hearted, ready, and merry, and unconsciously self-denying in promoting the happiness of others; and these qualities had won for her the admiration and good-will of all the Grays, from great teasing Tom, down to baby Allie.

Their mother's constant calmness, and the lack of sisters and visitors had set Herrie up on high in the boys' favour: she was the something always wanting heretofore,—the tint of light and softness in the bold, rough household character.

The innate power to be useful, to play her common

part for the good of others, belonged in no small degree to Hermione; she only wanted to believe in its possession, and be taught to apply it to its proper purpose.

Great concern was shown by every one about poor little Edmond's accident. Mrs. Gray exerted herself to listen to particulars, and even desired to examine into the real state of the injury, but she was restrained; as Edmond declared that he would run back to the camp and stay all night there if any one laid a finger on his bandage.

Hermione's pity was roused for Mr. Gray. He had but few home joys, and yet possessed a loving heart. He appeared less hurt at the wound, than at the malignant spirit which had caused it. He sat with his boy's head resting on his knee, smoothing his bright hair, and hearing his story of the gipsy's kindness, and Miss Murray's coolness, as one who listened not: the shadowy face grew darker, and the brow bent in meditation, till Herrie grew puzzled, as she glanced up from time to time and marked these changes, which seemed to denote struggling bitterness within. She knew it was connected with the events of the day, for his hand rested soothingly on his child, and he asked again and often if it pained him. Hermione thought herself a physiognomist, and such she was within the limits of her young experience; but holy sorrow is shown differently to all other, and such was his,—so very gentle, as if a loud word of anger or reproach would have magnified the offender's fault. This was beyond Herrie's understanding, but it set her to try and make herself useful to him as a daughter or sister.

"What shall we do for your physician, my boy?" he presently inquired. "Dr. Phipps will be very jealous."

"Build them a nice house, papa," said Richard, a great heavy boy, about fourteen.

"Nonsense, they would only pull the staircase down and make a fire in the doorway," said Tom.

"Give them the alms, papa," was Edmond's idea of gratitude, "and fill the schools with their children; the people in the vale deserve nothing good."

"Ask Miss Murray whose opinion she recommends," said their father.

The boys one and all looked at her, and Mr. Gray's eyes followed theirs for a reply.

"I don't know," she said ; but she put down her book, as though she meant to consider the matter.

"Don't know," said Tom, sneeringly, "what thorough woman's idleness."

"You thought Miss Murray superior to the generality of womankind, eh?" said his father, trying to draw her out.

"Well, then, I like Edmond's plan the best," ventured Herrie, "He is quite right ; there is nothing so disheartening as labour in vain."

"Wherefore, you would have us turn to these wandering Jews?"

"If you think of setting up as camp reformers, you must begin with camp meetings and open-air preaching," observed Mrs. Gray, who very rarely joined in the conversation.

"You shall be the moving spirit and come and lecture," returned her husband. "Miss Murray," he added, "if ever you marry, stipulate for your share of active duty from the outset ; if you begin by doing nothing, you may end by doing worse."

"Rather say, Aldwin," remarked Mrs. Gray, with more than wonted warmth, "that if ever you marry again, it shall be a practised hand, not a novice."

He laughed away her reproachful tone, and, seating himself by her chair, read aloud awhile, leaving Edmond to choose a softer pillow in Hermione's lap.

Almost every evening Mr. Gray read aloud, while the boys played chess and drew, Herrie worked, and Mrs. Gray knitted, but he so often looked too wearied and unfit for aught but rest, that Hermione ventured to-night to ask if she could read for him sometimes.

"I shall be only too glad to accept your offer," said Mr. Gray, "though it appears to be anything but a popular measure with the children. It is either a high compliment or quite the contrary."

"I should say there need be little doubt which," remarked Tom, his ironic tone concealing his annoyance at her devoting herself in this manner. "It will be tolerably tame work to have a woman to treat us to Alison and

Gibbon, but we are to begin Plutarch in the winter, and that will be a foorer."

"That is enough!" and no one ever ventured on further remarks when Mr. Gray said these three words; and he resumed his reading aloud until the nine o'clock chimes told out the hour for Compline, or prayers before bed-time, after which the boys severally retired.

"I should like you to tell me what you think of my five boys, Miss Murray," said Mr. Gray, on their return to the drawing-room, when all felt quiet.

"That is a hard query," observed Mrs. Gray, looking at the same time as though for a young girl to be asked to discuss the respective merits, and opine on the characters of her sons, were infinitely out of place.

"Is Edmond brave?" continued Mr. Gray. "I intend him to see service in the Queen's livery some day: how did he bear his infliction!"

"Most bravely," replied Herrie, "there is no lack of courage; he stood like a little hero while the gipsy probed and dressed the wound; but I like Tom the best of all your boys," she added, energetically; "he has a finer character than one can discover at a glance."

"Magnificent as a Triton to the minnows around him."

"That is not his fault," said Mrs. Gray, decidedly.

"He has the elements of something bright within, but he must find his level: the eldest in a large family often has more disadvantages than privileges; we seem to have given him the one, and deprived him of the other."

"It is the hardest human fate," remarked Hermione, somewhat consciously.

"Nay, that is too severe, Miss Murray, especially since we made it poor Tom's fate."

"Made him the eldest? I do not understand."

"Even so, though we took from him the rights of the eldest. Have none of my children talked of Milton to you?"

"No, never."

"Milton's priority being only a matter of a few minutes, makes it hard upon your friend."

"It might naturally sour him," observed Mrs. Gray, in her usual discontented tone.

"My eldest brother has no children, and offered to make the senior twin his heir ; and considering that I am not overburdened with this world's wealth, and am somewhat overdone with sons, I gave away Milton to be his uncle's child."

"How could you do it ! oh ! indeed I do not like to think of that."

"You are something inconsistent, young lady," returned Mr. Gray, in an amused voice : "I gave away only half my firstborn, long before home love and the society of his brothers could be missed ; but cases have come before my eyes far more censurable than this."

"I hardly imagine so," murmured Herrie, in a half incredulous, half begging tone.

"We must know the world beyond our own firesides, before we discover the plainest home truths. My brother is a man of worth and standing in his county, and when I consented to part with Milton, I had an eye to my boy's advancement."

"You sold him !" and the white cold line of real disappointment shaded her face.

His answer came nearer home this time. "Heaven forbid that money should put it into the power of any child of mine to be unfilial. I would rather they should eat the bread of charity, or earn it at the humblest trade." Mr. Gray was studiously regarding the quick changes in Herrie's countenance, he felt that his way with her would be anything but plain, he had to grope into such strange intricacies of taste and temper before he could understand her even a little ; but at this moment, Hermione flushed deep crimson, and clenching her small white hands, she stood up before the calm priest, unable to speak a word.

"Cases have come before my own eyes," he said again, as if assuming her position to be one of inquiry ; "for such we must be compassionate and entreat, as for those who fall from God's lesser commandments."

"But, Mr. Gray, did I buy the power to be undutiful when I came here ?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Then you have hated me ever since ; and do your children know it too ? that I have done what their father and mother cannot approve ?"

Mrs. Gray quite pitied her, and glanced uneasily at her husband, as though she wished him to relent.

"Why should we hate you?" he inquired.

"Because all good people hate everybody who does wrong!"

"No one who strives after goodness is uncharitable; now charity is love, universal love."

"Is that charity? I thought I could be charitable when I gave away money or clothes; but I scarcely love any one, and I thoroughly hate a good many people."

"We have seen nothing of a rancorous spirit since you have been here, I can assure you."

"But, Mr. Gray," and again the deepening colour dyed her angry face; "how could you let me come, a clergyman too?"

"The simple act of coming to stay here for a short period is not wrong, and fulfilling your godmother's request that I should become acquainted with you, is what you were in a measure bound to do, but—" then the look of such stern severity almost made her shrink back, "when a child in seeking her own pleasure runs counter to the will of father and mother, or obeys them only in the spirit of opposition, she makes her presence injurious to her juniors and irksome to her natural guardians, and compels them perforce to let her go elsewhere; does she not raise the most potent barrier to the progress of that cause to which she deems herself a martyr?"

"They blazoned my character to you beforehand, as if its imperfections would not be discovered all too soon."

"I am sure you have been gentle and very winning since you have been among us; my boys look upon you as an oracle," said Mrs. Gray, pacifically.

"The unkind masterpiece of cruelty," continued Herrie, "they made me what I am, and then set me up on high for you and all the world to mock."

Mr. Gray's quiet "that is enough," silenced even her storm of angry sorrow. "Such words are not meet for one whom I trust as the constant companion of my children. The sun is gone down and you are wrathful, wrathful against those whom to honour is long life; do not close your eyes in sleep before you have cleansed your heart of its unholy guest, until your spirit is at peace



with all against whom you have so grievously erred. I say this to you in the twofold character of the servant of God and in behalf of your Aunt Abigail. Go to your room, now," he concluded, lighting her night lamp. Opening the door, he shook hands kindly with her, (she thought feelingly,) as he said, "Good night: the LORD's gracious mercy be upon you, the LORD bless and keep you."

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## PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF BASIL MORTON.

### CHAPTER VI.

AFTER we had remained about a month in the hut in which we had been lodged by our friendly chief, during all which time his hospitality was untiring, we endeavoured by signs, assisted by some few words which we had learned, to make known to him our desires. It was our wish to have some spot assigned to us where we might commence the cultivation of the ground and rear for ourselves habitations fitted for the whole of our company. Our protector for awhile appeared distressed at our wish to remove from 'the shadow of his presence,' as he termed it, and endeavoured to dissuade us by representing to us the danger we might meet with when away from his care. He informed us by signs that some of his people might perhaps fancy our heads as ornaments for their houses, or that our lives might be sacrificed by some of the many pirates who throng these seas. But when we gave him to understand that our wish was only for commodious abodes and land on which we might grow the food we required for our table, he promised to select for us a proper situation. We had indeed debated as to whether we should fix our dwelling near to the village, or rather street, in which the chief abode, or should remove to a convenient spot about a mile distant. There were some reasons for imagining that the former

might be the better course; for, first, to dwell amongst the people was clearly an advantage; secondly, it would appear distrustful if we removed from the neighbourhood of the huts. On the other hand it was urged, that we should be both safer in a more distant situation, and less liable to injury from any sudden jealousy which might arise; and we could not yet tell whether the disposition of the people was such as to be trusted,—the fickleness of barbarians having become a proverb, and that, though we were commanded to *cast all our care upon God*, yet He expects us to make use of His gift of reason and to manifest prudence. Moreover, that greater freedom from interruption, and larger liberty for retirement and private prayer would be secured in a more distant spot, than if we continued to dwell in the midst of the village, and also that we might thus be better able to visit more distant people when, as we hoped, a door should be opened for us to preach the Gospel.

For these reasons we at length determined to fix our dwelling at a convenient place about a mile from the abode of Tahau—as the chief was called—and two miles from the mouth of a rapid stream. We had, in our walks, happened upon a little dell or hollow scooped out as it were by some freak or convulsion of nature, in the centre of a rising ground that jutted out like a spur from a range of low hills running nearly due north and south throughout the island. Thus, though we were embedded so to speak in a kind of crater, and saw the crags rise around us on three sides, we were yet situated above the level of the country, and had the benefit of the sea breeze which arose every evening about sunset, bringing with it the pleasant coolness of the south; whilst the rising ground, covered with jungle, shut out the hot winds from the north. Below us, at the distance of less than half a mile, about half a dozen huts were seen scattered in a thicket of cocoa-nut trees: between them, however, and the hill on which we were perched, ran a small stream, which rising from some high land near, tumbled over the rocks to our right, within less than a quarter of a mile, in a beautiful cascade, and foaming along in a rapid but shallow stream, after many windings, mingled its waters

with the sea which broke upon the beach about two miles off. The hills were fringed with dwarf shrubs and an infinite number of creepers, whose bright scarlet flowers enlivened the sombre hue of the green. Here and there an irregular crag, bare of vegetation, stood out from a thick mass of miniature forest; with this exception, however, the hills appeared everywhere buried under shrubs and brushwood.

The plain at our feet, which stretched towards the north, bore forest and fruit trees in almost equal plenty; and the peaked roofs of the huts which dotted the face of the country, seemed set in one unbroken plantation. No where, except at the village of the chief, could we see any save solitary huts; as though men distrusted their neighbours, or the untutored savages had adopted the hermit life. The hollow where we were perched, and which the natives called by a name meaning 'the bird's nest,' might perchance have been the crater of a burning mountain long since extinguished. On one side and one only, the crag had fallen in and opened a view of the country to those who were standing at the bottom; large trees had however, thrust their roots into the rocks, and the rich soil at the bottom gave support to bananas and the palm sago. In another quarter, that which looked seaward, the crags which swelled out like a mighty crescent, rose steep and abrupt from the bottom of the dell, and descended on the other side, equally precipitous. One only difference there was, that whereas the inner side of the natural wall was fringed with various bushes bearing aromatic flowers, and hung with festoons of creeping plants in every direction, shooting out their long tendrils, and intertwining with each other, or the shrubs at the base of the crags, until the whole appeared one mighty hanging of tapestry work of living green, enamelled with flowers of various colours, though white mostly abounded, on the other face, the crumbling rocks were utterly naked, unless where the luxuriant vegetation that matted the innermost side, had crept to the top of the crag, and hung over here and there in thin patches. Except for this the rocks on its outer side rose bleached, sparkling, and barren from the fertile plain. To the north and east, however, the

limits of the crater were rather to be traced by a line of gentle swellings like the breastwork of those Roman fortresses of earth which we meet with so often in our native land. On the west, however, the crags rose to the height of seven or eight hundred feet; and over this ledge of rocks, a little cascade trickled down in a stream of cool refreshing water, and fell into a basin which it had worn for itself at the foot of the rocks.

It was in truth a lovely spot to dwell in, and would, I am sure, have tempted us by its beauties, even although it had not been most conveniently placed for our purpose. Often when we looked out from it on the face of a country of unsurpassed richness, and noted the thick array of trees smiling in the blaze of the midday sun, whilst every where peace and quiet reigned throughout the island, and remembered the scenes of strife and blood we had escaped from, and the peril and distress of so many of our brethren in our own land, truly we were reminded of the language of the prophet, being taught content by his words. *The land is as the Garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness.* And we acknowledged with gratitude that whereas *ignem et aquam transivimus*, we had passed through the fires of civil strife and the fury of tempestuous seas, yet God had indeed at length brought us into a wealthy place.

Below the little hill on which we had determined to fix our dwelling, on the south, extended a grassy plain of about a mile and a half in breadth: a few straggling cocoa-nut and palm trees scattered here and there among low bushes and clumps of brushwood, marked the limits of fertile land; and beyond, at the distance of half a mile, the sea broke upon a beach of dazzling white sand. The whole of this tract of land was unoccupied; and though of the richest description, the natives feared to occupy it lest its exposed situation might tempt some of the many pirate prows which haunted those seas, to land or carry off its inhabitants for slaves. Indeed this, as I have before said, was one of the reasons urged by Tahau to hinder our removing from the forest where he dwelt, as in a fortress surrounded by tangled woods and almost impenetrable jungle.

Having, however, for the causes afore-mentioned determined on a more remote abode, and having after some delay prevailed upon our protector to approve of our intention, we set about building, upon a little knoll of ground within the dell, a hut, which for extent at least, should be sufficiently commodious. A few scattered trees were selected, and some of them being felled, the rest were joined together by a double row of strong posts and stakes, the interval being filled with shrubs, until the outer wall of our house was impenetrable, save to the breezes which in this climate were welcome, because of the heat of the day. And now we deemed it sufficiently strong to support any roof that might be needed, or even, if necessary, to resist any sudden attack of pirates.

As, however, we were sheltered from the view of all persons at sea, we trusted that we might thus escape the notice of these rovers ; and we knew, from the information of our good friend, Philip Vander Kempt, that these robbers dreaded the prowess of Europeans, and would not, unless provoked, or in danger of their own lives, attack the abodes of any others save the natives.

By the labour of the people, under the direction of Tahau, our roof was framed ; and over the strips of bamboo, fastened together with the fibres of vegetables to the outer side of the rafters, a thick covering of reeds tied down with rope made from the husk of the cocoa-nut, a use to which this substance is put throughout these islands, defended us from the rain, which for nearly half the year fell every evening in torrents.

Our house, it must be confessed, was at first sufficiently rude, but by degrees we added one comfort after another, as there appeared occasion, until the inside vied at least in convenience with any abode we might have procured in our own country. As to furniture, we learnt to adapt ourselves to the simple contrivances of the natives, or we instructed them to furnish us with such articles as former habits had made somewhat necessary to us. Some of them were speedily imitated by the chief, and one article after another was added to his palace hut, without indeed any very clear notion of their uses, though with a satisfaction which displayed itself in

the prominent place assigned to the new convenience. In the outside, our dwellings appeared one long house, but the interior was so fitted as to present three separate abodes, united by one common apartment, in which we all took our meals in common; and another smaller one, in which we arranged the books belonging to each of us: our library indeed consisted of not more than one hundred and fifty volumes—the larger portion having belonged to myself. The scarceness of books was indeed favourable to knowledge. Our attention was directed to a few, and those mostly of value, and we soon discovered that that reading which, had our library been larger, would have been scattered over many subjects, was more useful to us when limited to a few. Methinks the abundant number of books which the art of printing has sent forth has tended, it is evident, to the decrease of true learning. At no time have pamphlets and newsletters and sermons so abounded; but yet amongst them all how little real wit is to be found. So soon as my family had been lodged from the weather, we set about selecting wood and preparing to erect a chapel in which for the present we might ourselves worship daily, and which hereafter we hoped would be thronged with Christian converts.

And now since we knew but little of the building of a church, and remembered ourselves that perchance this present work of our hands might hereafter become an example to whole nations, we endeavoured to make it as worthy as might be; and to this end I drew from recollection the plan of my church at Chigwell, and attempted to build ours like it, which we were the better able to do, inasmuch as the church was itself largely built of timber; where however aisles stood in the one, were arches framed as the rest of the building of wood, and filled in with dried bricks which the natives were wont to make, but which they reserved for the houses of their chief and his great men. One or two long lancet openings in the side walls furnished all the light to the interior that was required in addition to a fair window framed of wood, but skilfully made by the natives after a drawing upon board, to accord with the

window of an ancient church, and situated at the east end. Instead of glass, were inserted rude boards of venetian work. And the whole edifice, though unsightly to those who had beheld the stately buildings of former ages which are in our native country, was esteemed a marvel of workmanship by the untutored savages of the island in which we had made our new home. Indeed we were careful so to build, that the house of GOD rude though it might be and humble, should yet outshine all the other buildings around. And when it was finished, although without a tower of any kind, there was no house within these seas that could compare with it, for extent and height and fairness of proportion. Around one side of this our chapel ran a cloister which connected it with our abode, which was at right angles with it. And when the whole was completed, with many prayers to Almighty GOD for His blessing upon this work of our hands, and the solemn offering up of the Holy Communion of CHRIST'S Body and Blood, we dedicated it to His service and the benefit of the souls of the inhabitants of these seas; hoping fervently that the time might come when this edifice or at least another in the same place might be the seat of a Christian bishop and the centre of light and learning to surrounding tribes.

Daily during the progress of the building Tahau, together with some one or another of his chief men, would visit our little settlement, and we endeavoured to make him understand the uses for which the building was intended. Often he would come at our hour of prayer, or linger until we had begun our stated worship; and always we noted that he behaved himself on these occasions with decent propriety and even reverence. And although we judged it not expedient to speak of our religious belief to him at this time,—yet we beheld with satisfaction that he was learning to respect our observances, and doubted not but that at a fitting time we should find him prepared for instruction in the way of righteousness. Beyond his belief in a great spirit whose dwelling was to the west, over the great waters, he seemed to possess but few religious notions of any kind,—rite or ceremony were we never able to discover: no temple, no altar, was to be seen throughout the island;

and the only places deemed sacred or venerated were four or five mounds of earth,—such as in England we meet with constructed by the Britons or Saxons for the burial of their dead: these mounds ran in a tolerably straight course from north to south at the foot of the line of low hills afore mentioned,—but in what light these people regarded them we were unable to learn, save that they feared to approach them after dark, and never ventured willingly near them when alone, and that in all accusations an offer to swear standing on the top of one of these mounds was sufficient to insure the belief of the party tendering the oath. Perhaps they thought them the abode of spirits, and that the ghosts of departed men wandered thereby; and this we were the more disposed to believe because we judged them to be the burial places of some former people: but neither tradition, nor recollection, nor trace indeed of any such fact was to be found. Two only constant traditions were every where met with, namely, that themselves were the children of a great nation lying, as they pointed, to the north; and that a people or tribe of instructors,—it seemed not that they meant priests,—would come to them from the west, whom they connected in some way with the great spirit, and it appeared to us, joined them in the mind, but in what way we could not discover,—for all their notions on such matters were confused, but yet—in some way joined them with the mysterious hillocks afore mentioned.

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## THE PARISH AND THE PRIEST.

### COLLOQUY THE SECOND.

#### CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

ERNEST.—Parson! I have often wondered within myself what was the state of religion in this country in the middle of the seventeenth century among what we should now-a-days call the uneducated classes. I remember hearing one of the most distinguished Churchmen of the



present day make an observation in reply to an inquiry as to the spiritual state of the workpeople of the huge manufacturing town in which he exercises his ministry, to the effect, that each man there had his strong feeling with respect to party-politics, but with respect to religion the mass of the artisans had little or none. Is it possible that in 1640—50 the political question of Churchman or Puritan, Cavalier or Roundhead, had so absorbed all other subjects of interest, that the population had ceased to have much thought about Christianity itself?

PARSON.—I can hardly think so. If the Manchester or Birmingham mechanic of 1857 has no religion, it is only fair to assume that he has never had the opportunity of becoming religious; that the teaching and ministrations of the Church have never been brought within his reach. The growth of population, and its agglomeration round centres of trade and manufacture, have made missionary work as needful in this our day, for the heathendom of English cities, as for the heathendom of Nigritia, or Zanguebar. The character of the mass of the population in our generation is that it is "without God,"—that it knows Him not,—has absolutely ignored Him,—has no fear of Him, nor thought about Him. But in the generation which saw the Great Rebellion this was hardly so. True, the Reformation was only a hundred years old, and the frightful licentiousness and profaneness which that event had produced on the many who had cast off the old religion without adopting the new, would still be bearing fruit: but I think that all the evidence we have goes to show that the character of the people had not become, as now, irreligious. There was abundance of error, and wilfulness, but still there was life. God was not altogether forgotten. There was, probably, in many minds, a strange intermingling of old superstitions with new fanaticism,—but even that was better than the apathy and tacit, if not open, infidelity of our own day. The religion, such as it was, of centuries had been overthrown, almost within the memory of man: there were wants in man's spiritual nature which the newly established system failed to supply: the

public service of religion was crippled: her externals were mean and poor: the influence and the charities of the old religious foundations had come to an end: there was great poverty, and much crime: a growing dissatisfaction with, and impatience of the existing state of things, and a feeling after something better, if haply it might be found. But Faith was not dead, though the love of many had waxed cold; and in its steadfastness and constancy the English character clung to old associations, which were all on the side of religion. Revolutionary England was not like Revolutionary France: it did not war against God as well as against the king.

ERNEST.—But if this be so, how could the legislature dare to take upon itself to forbid the observance of Christmas? If the mass of the people was actually heathenised, and cared for none of those things, there might be no great risk in such an ordinance; but if *any* feeling existed in favour of the Church, this was just the thing to stir it up, and create a violent opposition.

PARSON.—Yes, and so it did. Witness the Mayor's proclamation at Canterbury so early as 1647 against the superstitious festival of Christmas, and the furious riots which immediately ensued!

ERNEST.—Do you think that Puritanism when it so ruled, intended to carry out its principles by exterminating those who differed from it?

PARSON.—I should not willingly adopt such an opinion. It is true that on the other side of the Atlantic Puritanism showed itself in very hideous colours, very inquisitorial, very merciless: but here, in England, the murders committed by the Puritan government were few. The Roundheads did not love bloodshed for its own sake. They had nothing, or very little in common with the leaders of the French Revolution of 1793, though both brought their sovereign to the scaffold. Still when the Puritans got the upper hand, they fell into the common, but very suicidal mistake of triumphant partisans: they set to work to pay off old scores by making such enactments as they felt would be peculiarly galling to their beaten antagonists. They were big bullies, and altogether unscrupulous, as, for anything I see, to the con-

trary, the cavaliers would have been, if they had got the upper hand; only their bullying would have been of a different kind. Nothing could be less wise, or tend less to the ultimate and permanent establishment of Puritanism than the irritating system of petty persecution which that party adopted towards its opponents. But they are too perverse to see this. *Perverseness* was their inseparable characteristic.

ERNEST.—O, yes :

“ A sect whose chief devotion lies  
In odd perverse antipathies ;  
In falling out with that or this,  
And finding somewhat still amiss :  
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,  
Than dog distract, or monkey sick.  
That with more care keep holyday  
The wrong, than others the right way.  
Still so perverse and opposite,  
As if they worshipped God for spite.  
Rather than fail, they will defy  
That which they love most tenderly,  
Quarrel with minc'd pie, and disparage  
Their best and dearest friend plum-porridge,  
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,  
And blaspheme custard through the nose.”

PARSON.—Exactly. And so, as they might have anticipated, if they had had common sense, mince-pie, and plum-porridge proved too strong for them. The gentleman who said “ Let me make a people's ballads, and let who will make their laws,” might have gone a step further. The effects produced by long established national customs are more indelible and irradicable than any which have been called forth by the most stirring ballads. I will back mince-pie against “ Lilliburlero ” any day ; and though, no doubt, that song stirred the people's hearts like a trumpet in a former generation, I suspect that John Bull cares more for his dinner than for the best song that ever was sung.

ERNEST.—It would be curious to trace the merely secular influence, direct and indirect, which this same institution of Christmas exercises over all classes in this country. Sweep away Christmas, and all our schoolboys would re-

bel for Christmas holydays : and not they alone, but all who, through months of exertion to overtaxed minds and bodies, look for a little rest and refreshment beside a Christmas fire. Sweep away Christmas, and when will you find another season so suited to family reunion, when the men can have so much of the sports of the field, and the females such opportunities for . . .

PARSON.—Winning hearts! Well: go on, my boy.

ERNEST.—Sweep away Christmas, and Christmas gifts, and how many a delicate act of gratitude or affection will be left undone. Sweep away Christmas, and how many a help towards heavy rent which the "Christmas-box" fails not to provide, will come to an end. Sweep away Christmas, and you will forego the advantages of Christmas hospitality. Sweep away Christmas, and see whether the butcher, and the baker, and the grocer, and the poulterer, and the confectioner, and the tailor, and the dress-maker, and the draper, and the bookseller will thank you! The Christmas bills . . .

PARSON.—Never have any, lad! Christmas would get on better without them.

ERNEST.—Not a doubt of it, my good friend: but I am only enumerating a few of the scores of things connected in all our minds with Christmas, each one of which affects many interests.

PARSON.—You have not yet enumerated one of the most important, and most widely felt of all,—our Christmas Doles, and Charities; for I suppose that there is hardly a parish in England which has not some endowment, whereby gifts of food or clothing are bestowed year by year upon the poor and needy.

ERNEST.—I had not forgotten them, for, in fact, I have plenty of inquiries to make of you, by and by, respecting them. But without prolonging our list, it is quite evident that even apart from its religious hold on our hearts, Christmas is an institution which is part and parcel of English Society,—so identified with us that it can only be uprooted and destroyed when our land is occupied by some alien race, and they heathens. The manner of its observance may change: the coarseness and licence which were tolerated at "merry" Christmas in a

former age are now comparatively unknown, but still it is made universally a season of joyousness, and harmless mirth.

PARSON.—You are thinking of the ancient Lord of Misrule. I should fear that in what folks are apt to call “the good old times” the observance of Christmas was of the most objectionable description. I remember that Leland in his *Itinerary* quotes a proclamation made, as it should seem, yearly, by the sheriffs of York in which, (after hearing mass!) they give notice that “all manner of unthrifty persons,” (“thieves” and “dice-players” inclusive) “shall be welcome to the town, whether they come late or early, at the reverence of the high feast of Yule.” Did you ever see Philip Stubbs’ “*Anatomie of Abuses*?”

ERNEST.—Never. The grim old Puritan’s volume is a prize for a Bibliomaniac, is it not?

PARSON.—I believe so: but I possess a copy. Here it is, and here is the passage in which he opens his battery against Christmas. If one could believe him, one should feel that the Puritans were not altogether wrong in setting their faces against Christmas observances: but his swelling indignation smacks largely of exaggeration: his wrath evidently runs away with him; and Master Prynne, and other writers of the same kidney, have been so often detected in enormous lying that it is hardly safe to take their uncorroborated assertions on trust. You see he declares that it was the custom of “these hell houndes,” (the Lord of Misrule, and his companions) “to marche towardes the church, and churcheyarde, their pipers pipyng, drommers thonderyng, their stumpes dauncyng, their belles jynglyng, their handkerchefes swinggyng about their heads like madmen, their hobbie-horses, and other monsters skyrmyshing amongst the throng: and in this sorte they goe to the church, (*though the minister bee at praier or preaching,*) dauncyng and swyngyng their hankercheefes over their heades, *in the Church*, like devilles incarnate, with such a confused noise, that no man can heare his owne voyce. Then the foolish people, they looke, they stare, they laugh, they fleere, and mounte upon formes and pewes, to see these goodly pageantes solemnized in this sorte.”

ERNEST.—A frightful picture truly; and there appears to be a good deal more to the same purpose. You disbelieve the whole statement?

PARSON.—By no means. The probability is that in some few parishes some sad profaneness was actually permitted, and that in many there was a great deal of drinking and uproar, and that Stubbs took occasion from these particular abuses to assert a general usage. Looking at the character of the Bishops of the seventeenth century, it is quite impossible to believe that they would permit the existence of such a state of things generally. Still, I do not doubt that Christmas was kept in old times in a manner which to our notions would be quite intolerable. I remember to have heard an aged peeress (who has now been dead for many years) declare that at the Christmas after her marriage (about 1760) she had to submit to be “kissed under the misletoe,”—(a custom which now only lingers here and there in a servant’s hall or a farm-kitchen) by her husband’s tenants.

ERNEST.—The misletoe is never found in our neighbourhood, and I believe that we have no such usage.

PARSON.—Neither is it known hereabouts, but “the bush” is still a Christmas decoration, and I have helped to make many a one when I was a boy. It was an affair conducted with great secrecy. A bush of ivy was chosen, well covered with berries, which were dipped in flower and water, to give them somewhat of the colour of those of the misletoe. From the centre of the bush depended an apple, stuck over with oats, and whitened also; while, by way of relief, there were festoons of holly-berries hung cross-wise round the bush, which was suspended by a hook from a beam, in that part of the hall or kitchen through which was the greatest thoroughfare; for any female who passed under it was liable to be kissed. And as care was taken to suspend the bush in the course of the night, and as it would not be noticed at first, perhaps, by many, the penalty was often claimed. I believe, however, that in the misletoe countries a berry was plucked off for each kiss; and so the sport, such as it was, was speedily brought to an end.

ERNEST.—I suppose that we may not be altogether fair judges with respect to usages which to us seem so

utterly offensive to good taste (to take no higher ground,) but which to our forefathers were mere matters of course. Probably they would have been quite as much scandalised at a waltz, or a polka, as we are at the thought of the misletoe.

PARSON.—And rightly.—At any rate, the less we boast of our superiority in any respect, the better. Let us get what good we can from past ages; and let their faults be buried with them! Depend upon it, the principle was a wise one which made Christmas a time of joyousness for all classes, and which proclaimed “good will towards men” in something more than words. Be it our care to retain what was unobjectionable in the old usage, and to guard against all that is bad in itself, or may lead to evil. For my own part, I have lived too long in the world to wish anybody a “merry Christmas.” “None but they who have not as yet begun the battle of life can have much to do with mirth: but I wish a “happy Christmas” to those I love, with all my heart: for a happy Christmas implies something more than what Jeremy Taylor calls “a mere secular joy and wantonness of spirit;” it implies an appreciation of and participation in those consolations which the great mystery of the Incarnation reveals; it implies a mind at peace, and a conscience void of offence toward God and man; it implies union and communion, sympathy and unselfishness; it implies the desire that those on whom we invoke the blessing should attain the mind of little children, and such guilelessness and love as may enable them to find happiness in things which make children happy.

ERNEST.—I cannot understand how any man’s mind should be so constituted as that he should be wholly insensible to the “admonitus temporum.”

PARSON.—I do not suppose that any man’s mind is so constituted, if by constitution you refer to natural disposition. Just as the mind of every child is catholic till the worldly influences of the nursery or the school have *de-catholicised* it, so is the instinct of association strong in us all, till we make it our pride to extinguish it, or lead such lives that all the better and nobler qualities of our nature die out. But really, when one comes to in-

investigate, there is always a soft spot somewhere, even in the hardest heart. Watch the sternest, grimmest, old hunks you can find. Let his soul be set on money; and let him be an attorney, or a diplomat, or of whatever profession you may deem least infected with human sympathies; and down at the bottom of that man's most secret drawer, among the valuables that his soul most loves, you will probably find his *mother's* old brass thimble, or some such relic; and if you would know why he always opens his big (and I fear, neglected) Bible on the sixth of August, and turns to the page on which a few colourless rose leaves are resting, I will tell you: It is the anniversary of his *only child's* death; and those few withered petals were all that he could rescue of the rose which lay beside her when she died. Talk to that man of the associations of past years, and he would answer with a sneer: but he knows what you mean, for all that.

ERNEST.—Truly it is as you say. And it can only be in early life that any can speak of Christmas as being "merry!"

PARSON.—I think it is one of the Authors of the "Guesses at Truth," who makes the exclamation, "How melancholy are all memorials!" With equal truth might they, who have arrived at the midway stage of this mortal course exclaim, "How melancholy are all anniversaries!" I remember, when I was a boy, that the sounds of the church bells on Christmas Eve, and the carols of the village choir, were the happiest in all the year to me. They made my very heart leap with exultation as I thrust my cheek against the frosty pane in order that I might hear them more clearly. What busy joy in decking the house with holly and ivy! What excitement to peer into the kitchen! What anticipations of Christmas greetings on the morrow, and of the Christmas service at the Church! and of the jubilant, exulting burst of sound,

"Hark! the herald angels sing,  
'Glory to the new-born King!'"

And the thought of the Christmas dinner,—the whole family, young and old, dining together on that day!



And the barrel of oysters from London, (though the taste of an oyster made me sick !) and the raised pie, and the boar's, or at any rate, the pig's head,—its skin blackened with some culinary preparation which served as the foundation for an elaborate pattern of holly berries, all stuck in a sort of lacework of butter, that made a muzzle for goodman Swine, as he rested on the sideboard, with a lemon between his tusks ! What a glorious sight ! And the collar of brawn too ! And, above all, the anticipations of "Christmas gambols" on Christmas night : snapdragon, perhaps, or bullet pudding ! I could put the clock back fifty years, and grow excited with the remembrance still. But the vision is only for a moment. The instant that memory supplies what I bid her, how much more does she supply that comes unbidden ! The dear old home of childhood which I shall never care to see again ! Parents and friends, and not only those who in the course of nature must have been removed long ere this, but many who I had hoped might be the companions of my pilgrimage and survive me,—all gone ! I do not mean that the contemplation is altogether sorrowful. One needs but to live on a few years at most, after the heaviest affliction, to see with one's own eyes what one has tried previously to receive in faith, that all is ordered by the most tender Mercy and Love ; and that they are happiest who being "made perfect in a short time, fulfilled a long time," and so were "speedily taken away, lest wickedness should alter their understandings, or deceit beguile their souls." All I mean to say is, that Christmas has its sobering, chastening influences, as well as its joyousness. And so it is best to keep its chastenings for oneself, and to extend as much of its joyousness to others, as one can.

ERNEST.—I know you have a strong feeling as to the duty of making childhood happy.

PARSON.—Of course. And as I should always wish to make Sunday the happiest day in the week to every child with whom I have any connection, so would I endeavour to add as much as I can to their pleasures at such a season as Christmas. It takes no great trouble or cost to kindle a child's mind into a state of ecstatic delight ;

and at Christmas, so to speak, the work is ready to one's hand; the old games and the old sports are looked forward to from year to year; and the talk about them, and the preparations for them are as full of pleasure as the treats themselves.

ERNEST.—I presume that the essay on the wickedness of Christmas-trees did not proceed from your pen?

PARSON.—Heaven help their silly gullets, that strain at such gnats as that! Of course, if you are so disposed, you can grow a crop of wickedness out of anything. And the devil will always be on the look out to help you. You may elicit half a score of evil passions, envy, covetousness, gluttony, selfishness, vanity, what you will, from the boughs radiant with lights and sugarplums: but if you are to keep the young from the enjoyments that are innocent through fear that they may be perverted to evil, they will very soon find out for themselves some kinds of enjoyment which are *not* innocent. No, no, give the children Christian principles, and then let them have their Christmas sports in peace. At any rate, while I live, they shall have them here. My daughters are already hard at work, for we have a deal to do for our poor folks before Christmas.

ERNEST.—I hope I may be allowed to make myself useful: but I should like to have some knowledge beforehand of the nature of your revels; for I do not infer that it is a case of making a feast for rich neighbours, but rather of exercising hospitality under the conviction that

“ A Christmas gambol oft will cheer  
The poor man's heart through half the year.”

PARSON.—A country parsonage is not apt to have much capacity for holding numbers; but we generally contrive that, when my own children have their “Snap-dragon,” or “Bullet-pudding” they should share their pleasure with some of the most promising of our village youngsters.

ERNEST.—Many persons would be afraid to do this, expecting that evil would result from intermingling of ranks.

PARSON.—And most likely in their case it might. And, obviously, among a population which has not been at all humanised or broken in, the experiment might be rash. All these things must be done carefully, and by degrees. But when you have got one or two tame elephants they soon bring the wild ones into order. A little shyness and stiffness of course there is at first, but it soon wears off, and I have never seen the smallest rudeness or impropriety. Girls are always well-behaved on such occasions, for of course we should only invite those who are steady, and well-nurtured. And I have never found it otherwise with boys. Some people imagine that village boys are the worst of all savages,—a mixture of rudeness and profligacy. Some bad ones there must be everywhere, but so far as my experience of them goes, I should say that beneath those fustian jackets beat some of the bravest, and truest, and most affectionate hearts that are to be found in all the world; and as I do believe that, taking one with another, their minds are a great deal purer than those of lads of the higher ranks, so am I quite sure that their instincts are to the full as gentlemanlike and honourable. But of course you must go the right way to work with them. They do not “wear their hearts on their sleeves for daws to peck at.” If you put no confidence in them, they will give you no trust in return. If you treat them as if they were made of different clay from yourself, of different clay they will make themselves to the end of the chapter. If anything can try boy-nature, it might be the snatching raisins out of a dish of burning brandy, but I always observe that there is as much delicacy and consideration of others displayed in the game of snap-dragon by our lads, as there is by those who have lived all their lives in the atmosphere of drawing-rooms.

ERNEST.—And your bullet-pudding?

PARSON.—I take it that that is a very local custom. In the centre of a big pewter-dish is built up a structure of flour, in shape and size like a sugar-loaf, only rather wider at the base. The flour must be pressed together so as to form as hard and compact a substance as possible. And on the apex of the cone is placed a bullet. The

company stand round a table placed in the middle of the room, with the pudding in its centre. And each in turn, with carving-knife in hand, takes a slice from the mountain of flour. Bold are the slices at first, for risk there is none, but as, by degrees, the sugar-loaf assumes more and more the appearance of a column, and that column becomes, (as it is pretty sure to do) more or less undermined, and there is a certain shakiness about the centre of gravity, the process becomes sufficiently nervous and exciting; for when the pillar of flour topples over, and the bullet subsides into the mass below, the unfortunate carver is expected to lay down his knife, and putting his head into the flour, to ferret out the bullet with his teeth.

ERNEST.—I shall certainly shut myself up in my room and bolt the door whenever that operation takes place! I can hardly imagine anything more formidable.

PARSON.—On the contrary, we find it such a popular amusement, that the pudding is built up half a dozen times in succession in the course of the evening, and the last catastrophe is witnessed with just as much merriment as the first.

ERNEST.—I know you have a dinner of roast beef, and plum-pudding, and apple-pie in the Christmas week for your schools.

PARSON.—Yes, thanks to our kind-hearted neighbour at Fisherford Hall. And it is one of the most pleasant sights of the year. And not the least pleasurable part about it is to see the care with which every child almost always stows away a great lump of pudding, so that "mother," and all at home, should have a taste of it for supper. We hold our feast usually upon Childermas-day,—thus setting at defiance the old superstition which held it to be the unluckiest day in all the year. And instead of adopting the ancient discipline which whipped the school all round upon that morning, in order that the memory of Herod's murder of the Innocents might have a more vivid place in the scholars' remembrances, we devote the evening to the Christmas-tree, (on which are suspended the school-prizes,) or to an exhibition of such Dissolving Views as may be suited to children's tastes and capaci-

ties. That evening is a very happy one : and education owes a great deal to Messrs. Carpenter and Westley, for the improvement which they have made in the magic-lantern ; and the high art which they have called into requisition for the production of their pictures, has enabled us to bring subjects of interest before the people, from which, till of late, they were hopelessly excluded. We can now elucidate by pictures on a very large scale, scenes and processes, which formerly could only be shown through the medium of very expensive books, that could only be inspected by a few persons at a time. Formerly, the slides of a magic-lantern were, nine times in ten, coarse and vulgar, if not offensive and profane. *Now*, the phantasmagoric paintings are made subservient to the best and noblest purposes. And of such representations our people never seem to tire ; and the beautiful manner in which, by the simplest of contrivances one view "dissolves" into another, is as much a marvel to them here at Fisherford, as on the first evening on which it was exhibited, when they came to the sage conclusion that the parson painted each picture, as he went on talking to them.

ERNEST.—This sort of apparatus is very expensive, is it not ?

PARSON.—Yes : and I fear necessarily so, for each picture being a perfect miniature, the artist who executes it must be paid accordingly. Poor folks, therefore, like country parsons, must be content to make their collection of sliders slowly. It has taken me a good many years to get a series illustrative of the chief localities of Scripture : but I have had my reward in the assurance of many of my people that they had been unable to form any notion of Bible-lands, or to understand many passages in the Bible till they had seen these views.

ERNEST.—Of course you accompany each scene with a *vivid voce* description, or embody them in a lecture ?

PARSON.—Yes, and I relieve my audience of the sound of a voice of which they must be very tired, by interspersing the narrative with such choruses and other sacred music by our choir-boys, as can be appropriately introduced. Our school will hold an assembly of a hun-

dred and fifty people, or thereabouts, and there is always a great press for tickets for the two or three nights on which the dissolving views are displayed.

ERNEST.—I dare say that you find the parents of your choristers taking an interest in their performances.

PARSON.—So much so, that we add a couple of concerts to our Christmas festivities.

ERNEST.—Confining yourself to native talent, of course ?

PARSON.—Yes, and therefore you may form your own opinion of the quality of the performance. Rough, and noisy, and shrill for the most part, for when boys get excited, it is very difficult to induce them to tone down their voices. Occasionally they scream, or sing flat, or commit some atrocity, which would horrify a professed musician, and make many wise folk exclaim, "What a pity it is to murder good music!"—I remember once seeing a monstrous design for a Church submitted to the Committee of a Church-building Society, and upon a shout of reprobation being raised at its ugliness, a very worthy man who was present quietly inquired, "Why shouldn't they build an ugly Church, if they prefer it?" I cannot say that his line of argument altogether satisfied me, but I thought then, and think still that no good can come of throwing cold water upon honest, earnest efforts of any kind, even though the result of those efforts should not be the best imaginable. If those Church-builders had been repelled, because they had fixed their hearts on an ugly Church (if I remember right, it was the effort of a knot of small farmers in an out-of-the-way hamlet) probably they would have laid aside their design, and taken to the simpler and more inexpensive process of joining the Ranters. And I have the same feeling with regard to music. By all means make it as good as you can : spare no efforts to improve it continually. But do not deprive those who are not very fastidious, of that which to them is a real pleasure,—the sound of some popular glee or chorus, in which the heartiness of the performance shall make up for the deficiencies of the performers. It is something to accustom village ears to the compositions of our best composers ; to make them

feel that there is a real difference in the comparative merits of "Here in cool grot," and "Ocheer, boys, cheer!" And we are gradually doing this. But meanwhile we think more about giving an evening's pleasure to our neighbours and friends, than about anything else. And as they are pleased, we are satisfied, even though now and then we should break down in the middle of a round, as happened last year, and our friends should have a hearty laugh at our expense.

ERNEST.—Whom do you admit to your concerts?

PARSON.—O that is no affair of mine. I wash my hands of it, and entrust the arrangement to their High Mightinesses the choir-boys. Each has so many tickets at his disposal, and he distributes them as he pleases. Half the pleasure and excitement of the whole affair flows out of the importance which for six hours or so rests on the shoulders of our youthful directors.

ERNEST.—Do they make money by the sale of tickets?

PARSON.—O no. We should do more harm than good if that were permitted. It is pleasure enough to the choir to have their friends listening to them. And to their friends it is a pleasure to listen. The more interest the parents take in the progress of their children the better it is for both. And indeed, on them as well as on their children, the concerts have their humanizing effects.

ERNEST.—We shall be a thoroughly musical people by and by.

PARSON.—There can be little doubt of it. The making music a part of school-instruction is about the best feature of the educational movement,—a redeeming point amidst a mass of intolerable quackery. And that which makes it so valuable is that it enables us parsons to hold out a counter-attraction to draw our young men from the public house, and the other temptations which beset them when they have nothing to do with themselves, after work hours. The practices for the Fisherford concerts occupy several evenings in the week during the winter months: and the time so spent is, at any rate, spent harmlessly, and I think not unprofitably.

ERNEST.—You can have but few evenings at home.

PARSON.—I have none. The evening is the only time at which many of our people can be got at at all, for they are at work in the fields all day: and so I have long found it needful to accommodate my hours to the habits of those among whom I live. Of course I shall not go down to the grave with the reputation of having been "a diner out of the first water," but it enables me to see the company with which it is my chief duty to associate myself. At Christmas time I often find myself wishing that I could find eight days in the week instead of seven, for it is the busiest time in all the year.

ERNEST.—No more festivities, surely, to prepare for, than those you have mentioned?

PARSON.—Well, a tea-drinking to all the oldest folk in the parish, some of whom are too feeble to get to Church, but who have contrived to creep to a sort of cottage lecture, has been found agreeable to them as well as to ourselves, and so it is an event that comes off every Christmas: the preparation, however, for this is rather the cook's work than mine. But there is much to be done in the way of preparation for the services of the Church, and you know that the distribution of the parochial charities at this season occupies a good deal of time.

ERNEST.—I wonder what you think of the system of "Christmas gifts," and "Doles."

PARSON.—I suppose there can be only one opinion about them among practical people, namely, that they have a good and a bad side,—like almost everything else in this world. That 'Avvocato del Diavolo,' the political economist (in petticoats, or out of them, as it may happen) takes the line, I believe, that all such distributions are an unmitigated evil; while, on the other side, persons are found who can only see Christian wisdom as well as love in them. The truth, I take it to be, that under mismanagement they are abominable every way; and that well managed, they are a great help and comfort to the poor and needy, and do not destroy independence of character, nor encourage idleness nor unthriftiness; but that it is no easy matter to manage them well. In the first place, when most of these charities were bequeathed, society was in a totally different state from what it is at



present. The English labourer was not indifferent to the humiliation of being ranked among paupers. He would be ashamed to be guilty of the acts of mendicancy which multitudes in tolerably comfortable circumstances are now-a-days not ashamed to practise. Here, for instance, in Fisherford, it is almost within the memory of man that two or three tenements were bought from the accumulated interest of a charity, which none of the labouring poor of that day would condescend to accept. There are plenty of applicants for it at the present time, I can tell you! And every year I live I find the distribution of parochial charities a greater puzzle to me. There are a certain number of cases about which there can be no doubt whatever that they are proper objects for relief: but these are always the minority. And with respect to the rest there is quite enough of uncertainty to make one very uncomfortable. Whatever is done, nobody is satisfied. That is only to be expected, and to that I make up my mind. But it is very difficult to exercise a right judgment, and entire impartiality. For my own part, I hope that my endeavour is to be honest, and to do the best I can by all; but I believe no year goes over my head in which I do not make some great blunder, giving where I ought to withhold, and refusing where I ought to bestow. There is something, moreover, that is very sad and very irritating in watching the claimants for a parochial charity now-a-days,—the jealousy of some, the utter thanklessness of others, and the covetousness of almost all. Very much of this, as it seems to me, has grown up from the injudicious, and almost indiscriminate distribution of the Sacramental alms. Here, till very lately, the whole of the offertory collection of the preceding year was distributed at Christmas, and at the ensuing Easter; the money was scattered broadcast, as it were, over the parish: the moment a young man had made an unthrifty and improvident marriage, he invoked the churchwardens to put him on the list, which in their dread of increasing parish rates they were ready enough to do; and the gift was extended to parishioners living, perhaps, a hundred miles off, of whose circumstances nothing could be known. The consequence of this dismal

system was that for any distress which arose during the remainder of the year there was no relief fund whatever.

ERNEST.—You have broken through the system?

PARSON.—Only partially so; for you know the tenacity of the agricultural mind with respect to long established usages. But the small end of a new wedge has been introduced; and I have no fear that the old plan will not die out. We must do the best that we can for the present, in all things; and bide our time till we can do better still. And there are many things which seem unpromising enough in themselves, but which yet afford a handle for the introduction of an improvement. When I first settled here I found that there had been a custom, time out of mind, for each household in the parish to come to the parson of Fisherford for sixpence on S. Thomas's Day. It was not a heavy tax, after all, but it was a silly unprofitable proceeding. I did not care to refuse it, for to some few even the sixpence might be a help, and so I turned the visit to account this way. I wrote a short address, commenting chiefly on the parochial events of the last year, and offering such pastoral advice as seemed most needful. And I also drew up a list of Church services, and notices of parish matters of a secular character, a remembrancer of which was likely to prove acceptable. These I printed,—the latter on a card to be hung up on cottage walls; the other, in good legible type, for perusal by the fireside. These I distribute with the sixpences, and I am thankful to say that the scheme has answered; and at the end of a score of years' experience in the matter, I think I can say that the address is a means of good.

ERNEST.—Well, certainly it will not be your fault if Christmas is forgotten at Fisherford!

PARSON.—We must use all the means that God has placed in our power, whereby we may help forward His work. But we must not mistake the means for the end. All these things would be powerless to kindle a feeling for the time, were it not for the Church's voice with her tidings of great joy to all people. Our work is to contrive to give the greatest effect to those tidings, and to make, so far as we can, all external things harmonize

with them. To preach "peace on earth, good will towards men," would seem a mockery if no special pains were taken at the same time to maintain and set forward quietness, peace and love among all Christian people; to draw all classes together; and to strengthen the bonds of union and brotherhood by sympathy and hospitality. And so, to talk of great joy, and go on just as usual, and have no tokens of joy anywhere, would be altogether unreal. And so we try to give it expression in the Church, and out of it. Out of it by such gatherings as I have described; and in it, no less by thanksgiving and the voice of melody, than by such decorations as old custom sanctions. I believe the greatest treat in all the year to our school-children is the preparation of the Christmas decorations for the Church. It is very hard work for them, but they never tire of it.

ERNEST.—I hardly know how you can contrive to make it hard work.

PARSON.—We have always a night-service on Christmas Eve, so that everything within the Church must be in its place before dusk on that day. And to effect this we have usually some twenty boys and girls at work all day long, for three days previously. Everything is prepared in the school, so as to avoid the mess of trampled leaves and squashed berries in the Church: and it is only when the wreaths, and festoons, and sacred monograms and so forth are finished, that they are carried into the Church, and set up in their proper places. Holly and ivy, you know, are the weed of this county, and we have plenty of woods close at hand, so there is no stint for materials. Hence, we can wreath our pillars, and trace out our arches, and follow the lines of the building generally, without fear of our supplies failing us; and therefore our Church on Christmas Day is a very beautiful sight. And, moreover, a very cheerful, pleasant sight it is to witness the growing skill and taste of the children in the work of decoration. Their little fingers are as handy again as our's, and they have got to know quite as well as their elders what kind of decoration will be most effective. A few laths which can be bent into the required shapes, and a few balls of packthread, and some

the backs are all the needful apparatus: intelligence and hearty goodwill supply the rest. It is a wonderful scene of activity, that long school-room of our's, with its heaps of holly and ivy, and crowd of children, merry as grigs, gabbling away, chattering, laughing,—with some monkey trick every now and then performed in the exuberance of spirits,—some winding packthread, some stringing holly berries, some breaking up boughs, some serving the most experienced dressers; some making stars or wreaths for the walls; some preparing decorations for the font, or corona, or pulpit, or chance-screen! So wears the day,—"the brief December day,"—and when we can see no longer, down comes a tray of tea-cups and saucers, and good store of bread and butter, and then ensues for three evenings in succession, the jolliest tea-drinking I ever see.

ERNEST.—So being crafty, you catch young hearts with gale: and give them associations in their childhood which shall bind them through life to the Church of their fathers!

PARSON.—Such is my effort at any rate: and so I close for the present, my long,—perhaps over long,—talk. A happy Christmas to you, Ernest, and to every one who for our dear Lord's sake, strives to make Christmas a happy time to His poor, and His little ones!

## THE PARSON'S WIFE.

DRAW an imaginary equator or equinoctial line (such as one invariably sees in that round thing Wyld calls "the World,") through the centre of Guy's, or Guthrie's, or Goldsmith's map of England, and not to be too particular, somewhere southwards between the above drawn line and the English Channel, you may, or rather, some years ago you might, have found a most unsightly church; whilst as if to heighten a certain displeasing impression it could not fail to create, to its right stood one of the most perfect Gothic parsonages mind can well picture.

The occupants of this parsonage at the time of which I write, were the Reverend Charles Lendon ; Maggy Bridges, his housekeeper ; Susan, the girl who after school-hours came to scour and scrub ; Black Nose, an indulged old tabby ; two or three kittens, and a leathern purse, which in the course of twelve calendar months bore the weight of somewhat more or somewhat less than one hundred and twenty golden guineas.

For five long years had "Parson Lendon" tenanted this beautiful parsonage, and ministered within the white-washed walls of the dilapidated church. As day by day he returned from the barn-like building to his picturesque home, his heart was wont to sink within him ; and yet, in very truth, it was a farce to reproach himself for dwelling in a house of cedar, since, however charming might be its exterior, there was nothing to admire within, save the wonderful air of cleanliness, which (thanks to Maggy) pervaded the establishment, from the untenanted attics, to the empty wine-cellar.

The drawing-room, the dining-room, and what certain young ladies of the nineteenth century, might perchance have termed the Boudoir, positively displayed nought beyond well-papered walls, and uncarpeted boards. The library, or "den," as the vicar more familiarly designated his exclusive sitting-room, could certainly boast of a few fair prints, a round and a long table, a time-piece, an ample range of book-shelves, some half-dozen cane-bottomed seats, and an easy chair, the one solitary luxury in which the vicar was wont to indulge.

Here the worthy priest lived, and here he might have died, had not a violent cold, threatening to settle upon his lungs, driven him from home, and compelled him for a year to change duties with a friend. At the expiration of that period, a thorough change had stolen over the whole state of affairs. Charles Lendon married, ere his term of absence had expired ; and whilst he and his bride wandered through Switzerland, his father-in-law took up his abode at the vicarage, and as Maggy expressed herself, turned every thing "upside down'ards."

Most determinately did this ancient domestic set herself against her future mistress. "What in the world,"

exclaimed she, "could master be thinking of? What did he want with a wife? Wasn't he very happy without? and hadn't she, Maggy Bridges, done all she could to make him comfortable? Why should he go, and bring back a fine lady to turn out of house and home the identical old woman, who'd received him in her arms at his birth? Mustn't she know a pretty deal more about his ways, than one who nine months since was a perfect stranger? Was it at all likely that an old servant like her'd ever get on with a grand lady, who'd ever so many great relations, and who couldn't sleep in master's iron crib, but must needs have a 'French 'poster,' though sure enough there was room, and to spare? One who must have all the rooms 'got right?' Got wrong indeed! with their papers on the walls, and carpets on the floor, and writing-tables, and candlesticks, and easy chairs, and such like finery, as if every body was a' going to sit up all night long. Wouldn't she want her made dishes, and her sweets, and her this's, and her thats! And if she's got money, isn't she likely to henpeck master? not that he's the exact sort to come over that easy. But if she hasn't, how are they to live? and make ends meet? and where's the wages to come from? Not but if ever master chances to want, he's downright welcome to her'n as are saved, and her service gratis free; but how is she to manage a pack of giggling lasses, and perhaps even an out and out French 'Mumsel,' just fit to waste the victuals, and twiddle them fine ringlets they've been and stuck in a gilt frame in master's study. Not that it's an ugly face neither, only she'd wager tenpence she'd never do without some pert boy in buttons. So it's all like to be up with me," soliloquised Maggy; nevertheless, despite her grumbling, she, with Susan's assistance, contrived to get through as much work as generally falls to the share of double the number of hands, and her wrath was slightly mollified when the father of her future mistress slipped a guinea into her hand, and with evident sincerity heartily eulogised the effect produced by her industry.

Others moving within the parish bounds shared Maggy's spirit of dissatisfaction. Gossips, busy with everybody's

affairs but their own, wondered "how a 'parson,' poor as a church mouse, could ever have ventured to 'pop the question' to an heiress." The very squire was heard to say that "he thought the granddaughter of a baronet, and third cousin of an earl, might have found a better match than a penniless 'parson,' without so much as the remotest prospect of preferment;" whilst till well rated by their wives, several hurly-burly farmers roundly expressed their disapprobation; "for," said they, "a pretty likely thing that 'parson,' when he's got a wife and chite, will even bother himself with our affairs."

"Nonsense, Jamie, he'll mind his business every bit as well, and better," retorted one of these good women. "A pretty lonesome life he's led five year and more, in that great house, with a kindly word for all the world, but ne'er a soul to cheer him by his own lone fireside. Parson will never do, his work the worse for looking out for a wife's sweet smile at eventide. Why Jamie, man, where'd you have been without your own old wife? It isn't right to set a lady down as proud, because God's made her rich. Great folk 'll often stoop to a lowly work of love, and I'll tell ee, Jamie, there's no knowing the world o' good a gentle lady may do 'mouget us; there is a dreary world of ours, and there's a cheery word we women sometimes want, most special from one of our own sex too."

So some were for, and some against the "parson's wife," and excitement and curiosity had reached a wonderful height, when the village bells rang forth a joyous peal, and, amid smiles and curtsies, bows and nods, the vicar and his bride drove through the village in a low pony phaeton.

"A bonny winsome ledy," muttered old Scotch Dolly, as the chaise passed through the turnpike-gate.

"Not exactly what I reckoned on," exclaimed the village prophet, (in other words the blacksmith,) who in leathern apron, hammer in hand, had left his forge to salute the 'parson,' and inspect the bride.

"No flowers, no flounces, no nothing, no nobody," chimed in the grimy assistant at the bellows.

"'Tain't in her, to row like Maggy," speculated Susan,

the *ex-débutant* school girl, now taken into regular employ as general help.

"Not so bad, neither," groaned the old housekeeper: "I'll not give warning yet." And in the course of a week, all idea of seeking another situation had vanished from Maggy's brain, albeit the following day, who should appear but her mistress's maid; an individual bearing no resemblance to the dreaded 'Mumsel,' but as the old housekeeper herself described her "a neat, civil, well-spoken young woman enough, one as wouldn't be no wise amiss much, if she didn't wear them gimcrack caps all tumbling off."

The night of the bride's arrival was the occasion of the vicar taking tea in the drawing-room for the first time in his life. Well might his present home seem strangely different to that which he had vacated some twelve months since. Mr. Dallas, his father-in-law, with the touch of a golden wand, had, to the view of its simple-minded master, turned the whole "vicarage" (the "den" excepted, which was left untouched at his particular desire) into "fairy land;" and yet, when the "parson" looked wonderingly, even anxiously around, his eye could not light upon a single mark of undue luxury, or wanton expenditure. As to the bride, her face liberally beamed with pleasure. In the choice of the prints on the wall, in the tone of the piano, in the situation of her harp, in the books that lay on the table, in the flower-stands, in old familiar vases gay with myrtle and roses, she could discern at a glance her father's touch, and understand as well as appreciate the feelings which had thus prompted him to consider, and gratify her taste, even in the most trifling arrangements. But other thoughts soon occupied her mind.

Mary London was the only surviving child of rich, and on the mother's side, high connected parentage. Her education, station in life, and worldly prospects, had alike fitted her for an exalted position in society; but though carefully trained to adorn the bright circle in which she might probably move, still greater diligence had been bestowed in preparing her for that, about which there is no uncertainty: and so, when Charles London, offering his hand and heart, spoke honestly and unpar-



ingly of the simple, unostentatious life which as a "parson's wife" she must be content to lead; of the many self-gratifications she must renounce; of the many trials and troubles she must be prepared to encounter and to share; she only dwelt upon the high vocation to which God had in His mercy called her; and it was this, mingling with a kind of vacillation between hope, that she might succeed, and fear lest she should fail in the discharge of the onerous, yet arduous duties laid out before her, that suffused her eyes with tears, and led her to her husband's shoulder.

"Charlie," falteringly whispered the young and happy bride, "can your little wife ever be good enough, and humble enough, and thankful enough?"

Yes, Mary Lendon; go but through thy wedded life, bearing about thee the same meek quiet spirit with which thou hast commenced it. Daily take up thy Cross, and nerve thee to follow Him, Whose life from the cradle to the grave was spent in doing good. Be often in thy closet, seeking ghostly strength, yet ever at thy post: the cheerful friend, the meek reprovcr, the gentle adviser, the loving comforter. Be thy hand as prompt to relieve, as thine ear is open to receive, the tale of distress. Joy with joyous, weep with weeping hearts. Forget rather to raise thy cheek for thy husband's kiss, than to bend thy knee for his nightly blessing; his loving partner, be thou ever the most obedient of his flock. So in this world shall thy God be thy Strength and thy Shield. He shall send forth His Light and His Truth, and they shall lead thee; here shalt thou be as a polished corner of the Temple, whilst in the world to come thine eyes shall behold the King in His Beauty, and awakening with His Likeness, thou shalt be satisfied.

\* \* \* \* \*

Seven years glided swiftly by, and in their course wrought great and pleasing changes in the church, the parish, the parsonage, ay, and even in the very "parson" himself, whose step had grown lighter, and whose smile shone more sunny like, as old Dolly at the turnpike-gate had been the first to notice. The busiest village gossip could in nothing discern the slightest trace of a "hen-

pecked husband ;" whilst contentious spirits, who, when the vicar first took possession of his cure, most rancorously opposed all innovations, as they were pleased to style their parson's strict adherence to the Rubric, but who from the time of his marriage had eagerly watched if perchance they might "catch him tripping," were more than disappointed, and at length could find nothing worse to condemn, than the taste of a wife so devoted to a husband, whose whole time appeared to be divided between the services of his church, and the duties of his school and his parish.

"Yes, when I look round and see the line of life she is pursuing, I can never regret having given her to a 'poor parson,'" observed Mr. Dallas, in reply to some foregoing remark, when the butler had left the sideboard, the ladies retired to the drawing-room, and he was left alone with his host—the lord of the manor.

"*Régret!*" exclaimed Sir Graham. "No, indeed! Mrs. Lendon's influence is wonderful; consistency is at the root of it, and I can truly say for one, that my home is the happier since your daughter came amongst us."

"How so?" asked Mr. Dallas, with an air of eager interest.

"Oh, it's a long story," replied Sir Graham, "but I'll make it as brief as I can. From the first, she and my girls took very kindly to one another, and from her quiet unobtrusive way of going on, they've learnt more than from all the preachments and pumpings and exhortations of a score of wiseacre governesses. You must know that from an early age our Gerty was inclined to unhealthy mental crotchets. There was no extreme into which she was not ready to rush, and ere she left the schoolroom, she had made up her mind on the earliest opportunity to turn a second Mrs. Fry, to visit prisons, to become a hospital nurse, a female missionary, a tract hawker, a humaniser of the Red River Indians, in the furtherance of which latter philanthropical undertaking, she spent all her hours of recreation in knitting baby-hoods and socks for the hitherto neglected offspring of the benighted squaws. She would have deluged the Press

with *Essays upon the Horrors of Slavery*, had not five editors of five magazines declined her contributions with thanks; and no sooner was she free from a slack school-room curb, than from morning to night she must needs race over the parish three days in the week, keep the whole family waiting for dinner, and come down at last with her hair *à la frie*, her face crimson, and her feet still pained in the clump-soled boots she'd not found time to lay aside. What she did in those cottages I never could divine,—boiled the kettles, and scraped the potatoes, for aught I know to the contrary,—but for certain, she went from one thing to another, and at length, took a decided rage for monastic life: to retire to a Sisterhood was, she felt convinced, her calling. Society was fascinating, she must shun it; the world was brim-full of temptation, she must leave it. Her mother and I strongly disapproved of these views, and as we felt that she did not as yet know her own mind, we pretty plainly told her ours; and considering her far too young to judge for herself, I insisted upon her remaining under my roof, and conforming to my rules, whilst at all events she was a minor. About this time Mrs. Lendon appeared amongst us, and as she did not attempt to laugh down Gerty's crotchets, the two grew very thick, and a change stole over the face of affairs, which I could not at all make out, till her younger sister Bella let me into the secret. We were one day riding slowly over the Downs, when Bell broke out, 'Papa, isn't it fun? Gerty's changed her mind, and means to live at home, and she's bought some Berlin wool, and is going to make a mat for mamma's birthday. Gerty at Berlin woolwork, isn't it capital! We went to ask an old woman to whom she wanted to take some things, and she made me carry a great parcel,—there was a flannel-waistcoat, and a bottle of wine, and a book, and some eggs,—it was dreadfully heavy, and tired me so, that getting over a stile, I dropped it, when one of the eggs knocked against the bottle, and broke, and spoilt the waistcoat; and just as Gerty was beginning to storm, up came Mrs. Lendon, and looked so pitifully droll, that we all laughed outright. She picked up the book, and Gerty wanted me to carry the flannel, which I wouldn't; but I hid the wine under my shawl,

though it was the heaviest of the three, and we went to the parsonage; and whilst old Maggy mended the waistcoat, Gertrude and Mrs. Lendon had a long talk. I don't suppose they remembered I was in the way, for Mrs. Lendon asked Gerty why she didn't send so heavy a parcel, or at all events divide its contents, and said it was hardly fair to make me carry it all the way. Gerty said, that to send such things might have appeared ostentatious, as if we wanted to make a parade of good works, and she tried to make Mrs. Lendon think so too, but she wouldn't. And then came a long argument, all about such odd things,—as shaking old people's beds, and washing their feet, and lighting their fires, and cooking for them; I was so glad when Mrs. Lendon said that as a general rule it was not advisable for us to take upon ourselves the duties of other people, and that in performing these little offices, relations had a prior claim. Then they talked about different forms of self-denial, and Gerty at last came round to own it would be less pleasant to pass an afternoon at home, making out that tiresome library list for mamma, than to spend it in Dame Sinkin's cottage, rubbing her rheumatic finger, or cooking up her gruel. Gerty seemed a little put out, and said that as soon as she came of age she meant to give herself up to a religious life, and turn Sister of Mercy. Mrs. Lendon told her that we were all pledged to a religious life, and as to becoming a Sister of Mercy when she came of age, she need scarcely wait so long. Gerty said that you would not hear of her joining a Sisterhood before. Well then I thought it was about time for me to slip out of the room, as I knew they would not go on much longer if I were in the way, so I popped myself down in a chair just outside the veranda, and there I just heard every word. I can't remember half they said; I only know that Mrs. Lendon spoke a good deal about renouncing self, and practising that kind of thing in one's own family, and she quoted these lines:

“ The trivial round, the common task,  
 Would furnish all we ought to ask;  
 Room to deny ourselves;—a road  
 To bring us daily nearer God.”

And then she read her something from a book about 'Hidden Saints.' You should have heard her talk about reverencing one's father and mother, consulting their wishes in everything, and making one's home happy, and comfortable. Gerty said, she wasn't likely to please you, unless she spent her evenings fiddling at the piano, or at chess, or backgammon, or reading dull bits out of your paper, or working slippers or braces, or crochet; and she did not know how she should be able to answer at the Day of Judgment for any such absurd waste of time; and besides, you would like her to be ever so particular about her toilet. Oh, papa, I wish you could have heard all Mrs. Lendon's answer: she said time spent in gratifying a parent in the way Gerty mentioned was not lost, and that it was a sad mistake when really good and earnest people carved out for themselves unhappy and mistaken views of religion. She said it gave such advantage to the enemy, because it impressed thoughtless minds with the idea that unsociability and dulness, and sometimes even moroseness, must be inseparably connected with a holy life; she told her that love and courtesy and gentleness should shine pre-eminently in the home circle, and lots more that I've forgotten, only it's ended in the fact, that yesterday Gertrude borrowed Charlotte's pony, and went out with Willie; she's going to ask if she may sometimes ride with you again, and instead of lumbering up the table with 'Linsey Woolsey,' she means to bring down mamma's mat, and to get up at six instead of half-past seven for her poor work. Don't you say a word, papa, but to-night she's really coming out, and you mustn't pretend to notice or make fun. It'll be a joke to see Henderson's amazed face while Gertrude for once stands to be dressed like a rational body, for though you won't perhaps believe it, 'tis a fact that sometimes she'll wash her face, do her hair, toss off her boots, and drag on her stockings, all the time that poor unhappy maid is trying to lace up her gown so as to meet.' Well, Mr. Dallas, to make a short close to a long story, your daughter took mine in tow, and as the upshot, there's not a more useful, unselfish, sensible girl in the county, than our Gerty.

Since Bella married and went out to India, she has more than supplied her place to her mother, and yet I believe the tenants' wives and cottagers are as much looked after as ever, and in a more legitimate way, as Mrs. London would observe."

One more bright year, and then the bells, which had pealed forth so joyously on the day which celebrated the restoration of the church, tolled out as Maggy said, "a deeper sadder knell, than e'er she'd thought to hear."

In the thronged churchyard, there was not an eye undimmed with tears, and when earth was committed to earth, dust to dust, ashes to ashes, more than one hale hearty man sobbed outright.

"To think that but seven years ago she was a bonny bride," muttered Scotch Jamie, as his weeping wife clung for support to his arm.

A gleam of sunshine crossed the good woman's face, as through her tears she whispered,

"Ay, Jamie, and a bride for ever now: she's not been long a' following our Willie boy; oh, how the wee lad loved her! We'll think o' them both, and pray the good LORD let us join them, Jamie."

"If the cussin' and the swearin' ain't as good as died away, and more than one bad heart veered round, fro' that sweet life o' her'n," faltered old Jacob, the grey haired sexton, taking a last long look at the plain oak coffin, which held the earthly remains of her, who had been his "very next best friend to the parson hisself."

"No, I won't go to meetin', an' ye begged me on yer knees, and gived me ten times six and sixpence," growled Tom, the grimy smithy's man. "And as ye say I did go to church just to please the 'Parson's Wife,' though she wouldn't let me cleek with the choir neither, cause I persisted o' singing o' Saturday nights in the public. Yes, and I do mean to go more reg'lar than ever, though she mayn't be there to see," and Tom turned gruffly from the teacher who was trying to enlist his services for the chapel psalmody, and brushing his sooty face with his coarse shirt sleeve, muttered, "It wasn't all her talk, that might have gone for nothink, 'twas what one see'd

her do herself, and that queer look o' hern so touching like, when a feller went wrong out ten times more than the biggest hiding. . . . Yes, I did bide steady a bit to please her, and now I'll bide steady to please myself, no that ain't it either," and Tom scratched his shaggy head; "it's just for to strive for to try somehow to please Him as lives where she's gone, and where she said she felt as how she hoped we'd some day meet. The bits o' things and dainties like when I was sick was well enough, but to read for a poor feller, and talk so kind like, when she all but lay a' dying; oh, sir, it makes a chap a very gal." Down came a shower of honest tears, and Tom had to sit on the stile, and scan himself ere he ventured to re-enter the blacksmith's forge.

"He never could have comforted me so, if he had not known what it was to lay low his own wife," soliloquised a thin delicate looking man, who habited in deep mourning a month afterwards went against a cottage porch, watching the deep rich rays of a summer sunset.

"True, Master Andrews," exclaimed in reply an old familiar voice, and Maggy's rough palm in an instant grasped the schoolmaster's hand. "I reckon the self-same thought as comforts him, is the only thing 'll bring comfort to you. Little did he guess seven weeks gone by, when he preached so earnest 'bout the 'Communion of Saints,' some fighting here, some watching there, all bent on doing the Great Master's work; how soon his own home-saint was going 'mongst those whose warfare's o'er. Master Andrews, if I was up in larning, or a scholard, I'll tell you who I'd write about: not them who makes a noise in the world, like the pop of a gun, and it's over; but of such as our 'Parson's Wife,' who, thank the LORD, has turned many, I reckon, to righteousness, and who's to shine, as the Blessed Book says, like a star for ever and ever. Ah well, Master Andrews, there's this to be said, much mayn't be written 'bout 'em in books, but a pretty deal 's graven in the heart of simple folk like we, which is a Book one's fellow men mayn't prize; but we know Who does. And the reward . . . . Yea, yea, with their works, it follows them—it follows them."

## CHRISTMAS HYMN.

Glad tidings ! glad tidings ! O list ye the strain  
That angels on high are come forth to proclaim ;  
With joy have they left their bright dwelling above,  
To bring to mankind the glad message of love.

Glad tidings ! glad tidings ! O hear ye the strain !  
No longer in sin and its suff'ring remain,  
Though the strength of the Spoiler mighty may be,  
Your Almighty Deliverer is stronger than he.

Glad tidings ! glad tidings ! O list ye the strain !  
Let not its deep music be thrilling in vain,  
For, lo ! your REDEEMER, your SAVIOUR is come,  
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

Glad tidings ! glad tidings ! O hear ye the strain !  
And hasten to bow before Him Who became  
An "Infant of days" to restore you to bliss !  
Oh ! what such glad tidings for mankind as this !

L. M.

## FLY-LAND.

I DREAMED, and methought I had become a fly amidst  
flies, and, curiously and wonderingly I sought out my  
fellows, and watched their occupations. I admired those  
only who were exactly like myself. Large and wide was  
the field where we moved and lived, and many and diverse  
were those, who, like myself, poised on their gauzy wings,  
flew hither or thither, on business or pleasure. Housed  
in the earth, or in the hollow of trees, were many indus-  
trious communities, all adding together, and laying by in  
store continually, ever multiplying in numbers and in  
labours. But I was not of them ; and when one in his  
steady flight, heavily laden for his work, passed by me, I  
darted out of his way, for I understood not the occupa-  
tion he followed, and despised it as common, mean, and  
laborious.

L. Bess.



Some<sup>1</sup> there were whose time was spent in tearing and devouring all the beautiful and lovely creatures<sup>2</sup> they could meet with. Wide gaping mouths had they, fierce eyes, and swift wings, and I shuddered and wondered at them, and went my way. High<sup>3</sup> up in the air, continually singing and dancing in mazy and indescribable figures, and over and around the trees in thousands of thousands, existed a tribe of flies, whose whole work appeared to be to amuse themselves. Of these I entertained a supreme contempt; which they returned with the utmost indifference, parting their gambols as I passed through their midst, yet not interrupting their play for one moment. And methought I condemned them bitterly, for my name was ichneumon, and a work was given me to perform, which appeared to me alone worthy of the power to absorb all the energies of a fly, for I was commissioned to destroy destruction, and raise out of it a higher life, to perpetuate the same check. And yet I went about my work intent only on myself, and my species, satisfied and exultant, examining and judging my kind, but not understanding myself or my work. Yet had we all large and numerous eyes, and looked at everything, with large ideas of our own capabilities; but we worked only in our own round, despised others, and understood but faintly our own avocations: for the field was very wide, and the sky very high, and though our power of vision was wonderful, yet it was only so for a fly. It might prove a wearisome task to read a description of all the numberless shapes, and shades of colour of my brother flies. There were some big, some little, some white, some black, some brown; some with gayest clothing, and ornamented with splendid jewels, and bands of gold. Others in most homely dress of russet brown or grey, while some even had scarce any clothing at all, so ragged and bare were they. Not more varying in size and dress and colour, were these occupants of my world, than they were in action, occupation, and disposition. Some resented even a look, and were armed with poisonous daggers, which they wielded with or without provocation. Some were continually busy in the air, while others found

<sup>1</sup> Dragon-flies.<sup>2</sup> Butterflies.<sup>3</sup> House-flies.

their incessant occupation on the earth : ever boring and groping everywhere, whose very eyes pointed downward, so that they could not look up, by reason of their bent.

Now everywhere in this great field, on the hedges which surrounded it, on the trees which adorned it ; over cavities in the ground ; on the green grass that carpeted it ; and even floating in the pure bright atmosphere, I saw a beautiful shining substance, sometimes as if curtains, made out of our own gauzy wings, were hung about the world, like tents for flies to dwell in. At others, we beheld it in the form of a beautiful round house, to which a staircase of the same fabric was attached, and often in the centre of this sat a wonderful being<sup>1</sup> with many eyes ; and on its back some curious white characters, which we flies spelt into a word we dearly loved, 'Self.' The sun shone on the regular and even lines of these beautiful round houses, and their dazzling colours like our own emerald, ruby, and diamond eyes, appeared to shine all around 'Self,' seated in the midst, and those bright colours formed characters, that in our fly language read thus :—  
c o n c e i t !

How we buzzed round and past, and admired ourselves in the tiny mirrors the reflected colours presented ! How pleasant 'Self-conceit' seemed to the flies ! I saw every sort and every kind jumping and dancing in one place or the other ; and that beautiful creature 'Self,' so very pleasantly welcoming them, and encouraging their intimacy, even working fresh clothes for them of this lovely substance, and wrapping them up so kindly closer and closer.

And I considered I understood it all very well, and that I too would visit 'Self-conceit ;' and straight into the brilliant house I flew.

Ah ! how strange was it, how very different from all I had thought. My wings were suddenly held by strong bands, and nearly torn off my body, as I tried and tried to use them. And I found all that I thought had been dancing and rejoicing, was but agonised struggles and dying throes. In a moment, the beautiful creature around whom I had so often flown with fond admiration, and

<sup>1</sup> Crusader Spider.

who seemed to me at a distance so lovely, rushed upon me with open jaws, and then I saw plainly, that it was a terrible devouring monster: and oh! how horrible now began the making of my clothes! At last I was quite covered with that I had sought so much—'conceit,' and all was so dark, so dark; I could no longer see the great 'Self' without, who made my fine clothes: nothing but the wretched little 'Self' within!

How cramping! How wretched! Indeed it seemed to me an iron shroud; and, compelled to look within, I beheld nothing but myself! Could I ever have believed 'myself' so ugly, so frightful: my legs bent and twisted, my beautiful wings crumpled in disorder, my very body bent and humped up!

Giving a violent struggle to straighten myself and break my bonds, I awoke! And waking, I thought, 'How many flies there are in the world! How few of them escape the cobwebs of self-conceit!' While far off in fly-land, I heard a faint echo of 'Saved, saved from the Destroyer!'

E. H.

## THE DEATH OF LORD BROOKE.<sup>1</sup>

He came in his glory, so gallant and brave,  
He came to our city with helmet and glaive,  
And the rebels around him they swore one and all  
That Lichfield's good ramparts before them should fall.

He came to the pool by our Minster so fair,  
He looked on our steeple high rising in air,  
And he swore by his faith that beneath his glad eyes,  
The spires of our Minster in dust they should lie.

He bent on his knee, and he prayed for a sign,  
If his way it seemed right to the Mercy Divine;  
He prayed—and a bullet came whizzing in air  
From the leftest spire of our Minster so fair.

<sup>1</sup> This Poem, by E. A. Freeman, Esq., is taken from the "Original Ballads," edited by the Rev. H. Thompson, M.A. London: J. Masters.

All other it passed, and sped right to his eye,  
 Who swore that in dust our fair Minster should lie;  
 And high rose our shout from roof, steeple, and wall,  
 When we saw the proud robber-chief stagger and fall.

No hand of a mortal that bullet did guide;  
 Saint Chad by his city doth ever abide,  
 And vain was their boasting, who came on his day,  
 In dust the good walls of his Minster to lay.

Then cry we hurrah for the Church and the Crown,  
 Hurrah for the steeples of Lichfield's good town,  
 Hurrah for Saint Chad, for he stood by his own,  
 And low in the dust the proud spoiler hath thrown.

Haste on to the chancel, Te Deum to sing,<sup>1</sup>  
 And pray for our Country, our Church, and our King;  
 For the pride of the robber is turned into shame,  
 And perish all like him whose hearts are the same.

## The Children's Corner.

### SCENES FROM LIFE.

#### CHAPTER XII.

"New mercies each returning day,  
 Hover around us as we pray,  
 New perils passed, new sins forgiven,  
 New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven."

BEAUTIFUL indeed is autumn to childhood and youth, for with them hope is ever upspringing, and winter though approaching has no terrors for them. Young hearts leap with joy to think of snowballs and icehouses; and long evenings by the cheerful hearth; young limbs shrink not from the chilling snow mantle of nature, but meet it with gay beaming smiles as if it were—which in truth it is—a playfellow robed in the shyness of long absence; and then as childhood looks on only through

<sup>1</sup> It is well known, that during the Siege of Lichfield, the usual service was continued in the Choir, till the fall of the great spire rendered that part of the Church roofless.

the green vista of hope, brighter far brighter is their enjoyment of the present,—or if not, why are the clustering nuts that crackle in their withered shells now caught with such rapture by the children, and piled so carefully in the baskets as the brothers drop them into the ready pinafores: why are the straw hats so gracefully wreathed with briony and harebells, and bracelets of daisy flowers hanging from the dimpled arms; why is the rush basket lined with leaves and filled with the latest wood strawberries, shaded up with ferns that mamma may have them fresh and unfaded; why above all does the music of childish laughter ring, and merry voices echo through the wood, unless here is indeed great present enjoyment?

Ethel was recovered, so they said, but a languor so unusual hung over her, so different to her former gay wild spirits, and a flush would so suddenly overspread her face that Mr. St. Clare was far from thinking her quite convalescent. Her memory was strangely changed,—it had been a full week after her so-called recovery that she could not recollect what it was she had to confess to Lord Flemyng, and he at last helped her to the discovery in a gentle tender way that quite won Mr. St. Clare's heart; and he hoped that the shower of tears that followed the full and free forgiveness might relieve the little heart still so full of memory, and help to make Ethel a child again.

But she had grown graver and more thoughtful, except when actually at play; she asked strange questions in the evening when they sat to watch the stars come out; sometimes she begged to be excused from reading or lessons, evidently from disinclination to work. Her grandpapa would remind her that she was growing a great girl, that she had much to do in a short time, but the pleading look, the hand pressed to her head, the words "I feel so tired—do let me rest," were always sufficient to alarm him, and fill his heart with sad forebodings. He felt that were this last one, this child of his old age taken from him, the blow would be perhaps too heavy for his fortitude and submission, he dreaded lest he should dare repine at the All-wise decrees, and

dear as Ethel had been to him, she seemed to grow dearer every day.

The Flemyngs were going very shortly to London. It was rather late, but they had been afraid of the heat of August and the early part of September for Cecile, who was of course to be one of the party, and Lord Flemyng paid a visit to the vicarage expressly, to ask as a great favour that Ethel might accompany them. Mr. St. Clare could not refuse—it was just what he thought she really wanted, and so kindly asked, that it would have been uncourteous not to accept. The greatest care and attention to her health he knew Lady Flemyng would give her; and when he heard that Mary Arden was to be added to the list on Ethel's special account he felt that such great kindness to his little girl must not be lightly rejected. So after a short conversation it was settled, Lord Flemyng only begging that Cecile might have the pleasure of telling Ethel of the proposed plan.

Lord Flemyng had become quite cordial with Mr. St. Clare since Ethel's illness, and evidently looked up to him with no small respect, indeed he had more than once desired Mr. Graham when he had come to him with any difficulty respecting his pupils, to carry it to the vicar.

"I believe," he said one day, laughing, "we shall all have to take him our troubles sooner or later; he really is a clever man, and so when you ask me what you are to do with Erskine when he positively refuses to learn Greek, I can't do better, not having the smallest idea on the subject myself, than send you to the vicar. I have no doubt we shall hear that his highness is quite humble and penitent in a week."

Still it was only when they were alone together, and these were rare opportunities, that Lord Flemyng relaxed from a certain amount of polite coldness towards Mr. St. Clare, and he had never been so thoroughly cordial as during this short visit when his thanks for granting this favour, as he chose to call it, were both warm and sincere. He knew how much more Cecile would enjoy herself, with Ethel for a companion, and he looked forward with no small pleasure to showing them those sights and exhibitions which might still be open.

It was hard to tell who was more pleased, the hearer or the teller that evening. Ethel did not forget amid her delight, blushing up to the eyes at the same time, to thank Lady Flemyng very much for her kindness, on which Lord Flemyng called out, "It was me, ma'am, her ladyship had nothing to do with it, so now please to come and give me those kisses you have just bestowed upon her."

And Ethel came nothing loath, whispering, "I will give you some more," and smiling to herself as she thought of the time when the idea of seeing him had been so frightful to her. But Cecile was waiting, and off they went to some secret unknown haunt of theirs to talk it over confidentially, and to settle what books and dolls to take—and as Cecile added, "What dresses for ourselves, you know."

Ethel did not care much about her dress. She never had so many frocks as Cecile, but she wanted to get home early that evening to tell her grandpapa, and talk it all over with him, for spite of her gay life at the park, and her companionship with those of her own age, she never really cared for any one so much as him, and no pleasure was complete until they had shared it together.

There was no languor about her this evening, as she sat telling him of all they were to do, but suddenly she stopped short with a troubled look.

"What is it, my child?" he asked with anxiety.

"How naughty to be glad to go away from you, grandpapa, but I would rather stay with you than see all the fine sights in London; if you only say one word I shall not go."

"My sweet child," and she was lifted to his knee; "it will do you good, and I shall be so glad to hear from you; whenever you have time you will write to me, tell me what you have seen and what you like best, and why; and then you will come home with bright eyes I hope, and leave these pale cheeks behind you," for the colour had all gone before he finished speaking, and Ethel's head had drooped on to his shoulder.

"I shall miss my sweet bird of course, but then I would not be so selfish as to keep her here while Cecile is enjoying herself."

"Oh, grandpapa! don't say so; I would never never leave you again—if you the least wish me to stay, indeed I had rather not go."

"No, my love, it is right for you to go to London; it is what I have been wishing for, but could not manage to leave home myself: now with Lady Flemyng to take care of you I shall feel quite happy. I hope you thanked her, Ethel, for her great kindness."

"Yes," she said, laughing; and then told how Lord Flemyng had claimed her thanks.

"They are all very kind to my little girl. I think Lord Flemyng rather spoils her."

"Not half so much as Mr. St. Clare," said Ethel, with a roguish laugh, kissing him as she spoke; "he was very kind about my disobedience, grandpapa," she said directly in a changed tone.

"Yes, he was perhaps more willing to forgive when it was for the sake of his little girl that you needed it."

"I never quite knew about that, grandpapa," she said, thoughtfully: "did you think me very naughty; I know you would have said more, only I was so ill."

"Perhaps I might, my love, but what is it you want to know about it now?"

"You know Cecile's head was so bad, I should not have liked to refuse; would it have been right not to fetch the water for her if I had remembered in time?"

"Were you right or wrong in going to the river? is that what you want to know? Well, I think you were wrong."

"Yes, I suppose I was," she said sorrowfully; "but, grandpapa, I used to pray when I remembered, it was only sometimes I could remember, I was so very ill; do you think my prayers were heard?"

"Every one of them, my child! not one faint breathing was lost; such prayers are powerful, my Ethel, they go up like sweet incense before the throne, and bring back abundant blessing; I prayed too, you cannot doubt how fervently for my treasure, my richest earthly treasure."

Ethel laid her head fondly on his shoulder, and watched the bright stars as they came out more distinctly in the deep blue sky.



"Do you ever thank Him for sending me to you, grandpapa?" she said at length.

"Oh, Ethel! can you ask—seldom do I pray without that great mercy rising before me, and claiming a large share of praise; yes, my child, I shall ever thank Him for throwing such a beam of brightness over my declining days."

Ethel's eyes slowly filled with tears—she thought of her home, of her own father—if she had one—of her brother Arthur, and the tall dark stranger of the mountain seemed to rise before her; at last she spoke.

"Ought I to pray ever to see again my own brother, grandpapa? or should I try and forget him, and only love you and the Flemings?"

"I cannot bid you not pray to find your home, Ethel, for indeed it would be cruel in me to wish your brother, if you have one, to live without you; but it would be very hard to give you up, my darling."

"Oh! I will never leave you, grandpapa! if we could find Arthur he should come and live with us; we should be very happy; but it is not very likely I shall ever know whether I have a real brother. I am so happy now—quite happy with you, grandpapa."

The church clock struck. Ethel started up; the evening service was read, the simple supper over, yet still in the moonlight sat those two, and talked of days to come, gilded by the sun of Hope, and of days gone by, tinged with memory's brightness; it was at the unusual hour of ten that Ethel ran lightly up stairs to show her grandpapa how strong and well she was: and later, when risen from her knees she stood in the moonlit window, and looked on the lawn sleeping in broad shadows, and the smooth pond where the moonbeams struggling through the trees, danced like fays on the glittering water, and wooed the smile which lingered on the child's lips, few perhaps could have detected a shade of unrestored health under the glowing cheek, and polished ivory brow.

## The Editor's Desk.

THE Editor of the *Ecclesiastic* has acted wisely in selecting from that periodical a number of papers affecting the interests of the Church. The volume is entitled *The Spirit of the Church*, and the anticipations we had formed beforehand, have not been disappointed. The methodical arrangement, and the development of an idea, which are such peculiar features in the editor's own writers, are here observable. The articles are thirty-one in number, and the subjects treated of are divided into—I. The Church Catholic.—II. The English Church.—III. The Prayer Book.—IV. The Worship of the Church.—V. Doctrinal Theology.—VI. Holy Scripture.—VII. Parochial Work.—VIII. Church Councils.—IX. The Priest in his Inner Life. The work is interesting as a specimen of the high character of our Church Periodical Literature, and most valuable for the high tone that pervades the various articles. The volume is handsomely got up, and in its present form is a valuable addition to our Theological Literature.

Under the title of *The Purgatory of Prisoners*, Mr. SHIPLEY, Deacon in the Diocese of Oxford, gives us a lengthened treatise on prison discipline. He advocates the Irish system, and thus concludes :

“To conclude ; in addition to matters elsewhere particularised, one desideratum for the efficient working of the Irish system consists in a course of training for prison officials, in some Establishment where an uniformity of plan, both for education and discipline, may be adopted. The great element of success, however, which we possess in England is our elaborate organisation of the parochial system. This is a subject too large for discussion here. It is one which will well repay consideration. It is one which requires much thought and much discussion. It must play a very important part in any extensively designed scheme of penal reformation. It is much to be hoped that some comprehensive plan for the employment of the parochial clergy—a plan tempered with experience and not devoid of zeal—in the service of philanthropy, may be made public. Men's minds are now turned towards the amelioration of the criminal classes. Let them see to it, that the attention now attracted, result not in empty curiosity or in idle inquiry ; terminate not in selfish inactivity or in careless apathy. Men's minds are conscious that much may be done towards the reformation of the prison population. Let them see to it, that much, morally, socially, and religiously, be done. One system, and one system only of prison discipline should prevail in Great Britain and Ireland. One plan, and one plan only should be permitted to be continued at home and abroad. If the English system be all that is satisfactory ; if the results obtained from its working, do accomplish all that is desirable ; if there is nothing wanting to improve the condition of our convicts within the prison, to change their condition

without it; then in the name of all that is Holy, let the English system prevail. But if not: if the old system be weighed in the balance, and be found wanting; if it be not suited to the advanced principles of philanthropy; if it be contrary to the dictates of common sense; if it fail to treat criminals as men, and as Christians; and if it does not produce the favourable results that by other means may be obtained; then for the uninterested benefit to the prisoners, for the selfish good to ourselves, for the cause of Religion, for the benefit of CHRIST'S Church, Which suffers in all Its suffering members, let some other system, some new plan, some fresh theory, some tested idea be adopted. This is no time for sitting with our hands folded before us. This is no season for discussing with the condescension of a patron, paper schemes of philanthropy. We must be up: we must be doing. We must give the new Irish system a fair, open, honest, patient trial."—Pp. 132—134.

*The Royalty of Christ, and the Church and Kingdom of England*, Four Sermons by Dr. BAKER, originated by the present crisis, are written with the preacher's usual eloquence, and set forth the duty of the Church in a wise and thoughtful manner.

A noble effort is being made to restore the Pariah Church of Deddington, Oxfordshire, one of the largest in the county. On All Saints' Day the Bishop of Oxford preached on behalf of the funds. The parishioners have contributed with very great spirit.

The Chapel at Harrow School was consecrated on All Saints' Day by the Bishop of London. There was a good gathering of old Harrovians, and the offerings for a stained glass window amounted to somewhat above £100. S. Matthias, Stoke Newington, has been enriched with a memorial window; and the cenotaph of Bishop Kaye placed in Lincoln Cathedral.

The stirring Charge of the Bishop of Oxford is the event of the day. The *resumé* of matters in the Diocese is cheering indeed, and shows what may be done, where a Bishop is really the "overseer" of his Diocese,—preaching amongst the people from parish to parish, carrying the Church's ministrations among them, and sweeping away the reproach that existed, that people had formerly to travel some great distance, to solve the problem that perplexed them, and find out for themselves an answer to the question, what is a Bishop? We cannot pretend to give any adequate notion of the whole by a few extracts, but the following remarks demand the attention of all. In referring to the recent interference with the laws of the Church on the question of divorce—he speaks in language for which we heartily thank him, as it goes to the root of the matter as to whether CHRIST'S Kingdom is of this world:

"But if, on the other hand, that which is enacted is a violation of the Church's law, then no clergyman ought to be allowed to perform it, not because this Act will cross any scruples of his own or violate his own conscience, but because it violates the law of his Church, and so is an injury and an insult and a degradation to that Church, and

every member of it. For I am most anxious that you, my lay brethren, should distinctly understand that this is not a question concerning us clergy with any particularity of application to us, but it concerns every one of you equally, for the purity of the faith and the certainty of its being propounded to us by Divine authority are treasures just as precious to you as to us. It is this, and not our scruples, which are brought into question by this Act, for if a body external to the Church can claim the right to alter a law in the Church—the law of matrimony—then it may at another time seek to alter the law of baptism, or the Lord's Supper, or to interfere with our creeds. And remember, this is not a question as to who has in the Church the right of revising these matters. I am not arguing that this should rest with the clergy rather than with the laity, but merely that it is a right inalienable for the Church herself, that it is a power which she cannot abdicate in favour of any external body, but must use herself in whatever way or degree she deems right; and it belongs to her laity and clergy and bishops, according to CHRIST's ordinance, to exercise it lawfully. It is, believe me, most important that the clergy and laity of our Church should weigh this matter well, for depend upon it if this alteration is successfully established, the principle involved in it will not be allowed to sleep. The same external power which has interfered with the Church's law of marriage will interfere with her Book of Common Prayer, and we shall have the attempt made from the vantage ground of previously permitted encroachments to thrust upon us an altered form of our printed Prayer Book. There were two ways in which this evil might have been avoided,—first, in exact harmony with the best precedents of past times, the English Church might have been required to revise her law on the subject,—and I far from willing to dogmatise as to what relaxation she might or might not have been enabled to allow; and, secondly, the Church might have considered what marriages she believed to be expedient, and then have provided for their legal celebration by that system of civil contract for which the full machinery is already at work, and her authority would have been supreme. Unhappily, neither of these courses were adopted, while the dangerous one was followed and—I pray you to mark it—was performed, and was justified by the yet more threatening assertion of the Attorney-General; that it was the duty of the clergy as the ministers of the national Church to do whatever the State ordered them, drawing therein a picture of a national Church as being necessarily, because she is national, utterly degraded, as incapable of retaining truth, as powerless as a witness or instrument of good. This certainly is the bitterest invective which any of her bitterest enemies has ever endeavoured to apply to her. Our duty under these painful circumstances seems to me to be plain. We cannot let the matter rest where it is. For whether or not we think that the innocent parties ought to be set free from an adulterous union and suffered to marry again is not the question. It is, whether for ourselves and our children we can permit the Church of this land to be degraded from being a witness for God, to be a mere earthly machinery, and to

speak the words which the State may put into her mouth. And against this we ought to protest, by requiring that these marriages, which the State resolves to legalise against the Church's law, should be contracted before the civil magistrate without the profanation of our appointed prayers through their use, which words cannot honestly apply, rather than we should submit to a degradation of our apostolical communion by having a variation in our Church's doctrines and in the faith which she has once for all received, or that she should be dictated to in matters of such momentous importance by any earthly authority. And now, my brethren, after this review of our affairs within the diocese, and this light touching upon the general affairs of our Church, I part from you, commending you to God and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up and give you an inheritance among all them that are sanctified. May He by His Holy Spirit—may He by His exceeding mercy, accept for CHRIST's sake our poor labours! May He enable us to remember more abundantly in all our ministrations that it is His glory in the conversion and sanctification of souls, for which alone we labour. May He make us to be more of one mind in His work,—free from party spirit, free from personal peculiarities,—and enable us to avoid falling into extremes of opinion in the practice of His word—tender, forbearing, loving, conscientious, and, above all, may I say active! May the Spirit of Peace enable us to be at peace among ourselves, enabling us, wherever we see activity in His work among our brethren, to work heartily and trustingly with them, that even though there may be upon some points a slight and perhaps inevitable difference of views between us, may He enable us to remember how short at the longest is our days of service, how near our sentence, how near our doom, how near our eternal recompense! Surely all things around us teach us this lesson. Of you, my reverend brethren, who are only the incumbents of this diocese, thirty-seven have been taken to their great account since my last visitation. For myself I have had the warning that of all my predecessors in this see since it was founded but six have administered the diocese longer, and one as long, as I have served among you, while eighteen have had fewer years than the twelve of my episcopate, called to render their account and trust to the great Bishop of Souls. With increased earnestness, if I know anything of myself, do I intend pursuing my work, to live as a brother among brethren, to love all, to be loved, if God will, by all, to be prayed for by all, to help you all without distinction or difference in your works for CHRIST, that so through His grace I and you may finish our course with joy in the ministry which we have received from the LORD JESUS CHRIST, and testify to the gospel of the grace of God.'

The Bishop of Oxford has given notice that he will require a Credence-table to be set up in every church, in conformity with the Judgment recently given.











